

**LAWYER, EDITOR, MINISTER**

**WAS HOBO STUDENT AND SOCIETY FAVORITE.**

**Varied Career of Frank W. Barnett, Editor of the Alabama Baptist. Still a Young Man.**

An editor, a lawyer and a preacher is Frank Williams Barnett, of Alabama, who is attending the Baptist Convention, and he is still a young man with many professional and other occupations still open to him, says the Baltimore American of Saturday. In his time he has been a student of hobo life, a social favorite in Atlanta, a pseudo tramp and a student at Yale. In early life he was an agnostic of a most pronounced and argumentative type.

Mr. Barnett is a delegate to the Convention of Southern Baptists now in session in Baltimore. He is more than an editor of a religious newspaper. He is that rare religious editor who owns his newspaper, which he publishes at Birmingham. His parents started him off on his educational career when he was very young. He pursued his studies in universities in Vienna, Berlin and Paris, and took a practical course in sociology at Yale.

Here are some interesting chapters from Barnett's life as related by himself.

"I had picked up agnosticism and other things to be found in European universities," said Mr. Barnett. "When I came back to my home in Georgia, I was pretty well saturated with knowledge. I had developed into sociology and I thought I would like to know something about one phase of the question, the life, habits and aspirations of the hobo. I wanted to know what the average tramp thought of more fortunate beings. I became a tramp. This means I was ragged, dirty and ill-kept, with a shuffling gait. My toes protruded out of my shoes.

**Experience in New Haven.**

"I made up my mind to return to Europe and take up my studies again. I was studying the hobo at close range in New York at the time. I ran up to New Haven to see some friends connected with Yale University. I told them my line of study and was invited to remain there. I met with Prof. Farnum, the head of the sociology department. He had a theoretical view of the tramp. He told me about the United Charities of New Haven. I asked him what the recipients of their charity thought of the enterprise. He said he did not know. I volunteered to find out. He said if I did I would be detected and would not be admitted to the home. I donned my tramp costume, applied for admission, was admitted and was sent to the wood pile to saw wood. It was hard work, but I bucked down to it.

"Great was my relief when a big mulatto, who had just been admitted, offered to saw while I chopped the sawed blocks. Then we were all admitted to the boiler room, in which was conspicuously displayed a sign, 'No smoking!' That sign did not count for much. Every fellow who had a pipe lighted it and went to puffing. Down came the manager, or boss, or whoever he was, and three oaths after us that were not in keeping with the supposed character of the place.

"It was a mistake not to let the men enjoy their pipe. No sooner had the manager disappeared than the pipes were again lighted. It was the time of the famous Seeley dinner in New York. Every tramp wanted a newspaper to read about that dinner, which appealed strongly to them as an exhibition of the luxuries of the rich. Again the manager appeared. Again there were more oaths, and only by threats to put us out in the cold, for it was a cold night, were the pipes laid aside. I lingered until the last and made friends with the mulatto and a big, good natured colored man.

**A Tramp's Troubles.**

We were put through the usual routine in the place and given something to eat. It was tough fare. I conveyed the information to my friends at the university that the United Charities was a pretty tough proposition. The men who supported it did not have to go deep into their pockets to keep it along. That wood sawing and wood chopping proposition was a paying enterprise. There was no display of kindness to the unfortunates who sought its shelter.

"I was told to visit the Baptist Mission and did so as a tramp. I was well treated and genuine offers to aid we were made. I next visited the barracks of the Salvation Army and then the Y. M. C. A., where I made a speech. The man who played the organ here had served twenty years in Sing Sing for murder. After my speech a big hobo approached me and asked me to be his partner. They like to travel in pairs. He said he had the finest circuit in the country and lived on the fat of the land.

"The mulatto tramp interested me very much. He said he was a gradu-

ate of Booker Washington's Institute. He told me that he started on the road in Georgia with \$1.28. While riding in a coal car a big colored brakeman robbed him of his cash. In the North, he said, he lived like a prince. All he had to do was to ring the door bell and tell the kind lady that he was a poor colored man driven from the South and out of work. The 'handout' was fine.

"All the tramps told me that they avoided Buffalo. The experience of the mulatto tramp in that city was particularly interesting. Two cops held him up. He made a bold bluff that he was a native. He was asked where he worked and gave a fictitious name as that of his employer. When pressed to give his employer's address the bluff failed. He was taken before a Judge, who, he said, did not look up from the paper on which he was writing while he was on trial.

"Thirty days," said the Judge. "But, may it please your Honor, I would like to put up a defense." "You can study out your defence during the next thirty days in jail," replied the Judge.

"The prisoner was taken to the yard of the jail and was told to remove a pile of scrap iron from one corner of the jail to an opposite corner. When the jailer reappeared he complimented the prisoner on the neatness of the job.

"Now move it back to the corner where you took it from."

**Ready for an Autopsy.**

"My mulatto friend did as he was instructed, and that was employment for thirty days, moving that scrap iron from one corner of the jail yard to another and then back again. When he was released he made a bee line for the suburb, but was caught by a policeman and again taken before the same Judge, who was writing, as before.

"Sixty days," said the Judge with a glance at the prisoner.

"But Judge," said the tramp, "listen to me. You gave me thirty days and told me to prepare my defence."

"Sixty days," repeated the Judge.

"The next time the tramp got out of Buffalo without being caught. He was next picked up in Washington and put to work a hot summer day in a trench. He did not relish the job and played possum. His punishment was solitary confinement in a cell and a diet of bread and water. He played possum for a week. One day he heard his keeper tell the jail physician that there was a dying 'nigger' in the cell, the number of which was his own.

"The doctor came in," said the tramp. "I played possum. He felt my pulse. Then he listened if my heart was beating."

"Bring me my instruments," said the doctor. The nigger is dying and as I have got to perform an autopsy I will do it now."

"I kept on playing possum, thinking the doctor was only joking. The instruments were brought and the doctor began to cut me open. I didn't play possum any longer. I jumped up and gave a yell that scared the doctor out of his wits."

"So help me Moses," concluded the tramp, "if I ever set my eyes on that doctor again I will kill him."

**Atlanta's Juvenile Court.**

"These and similar stories the tramps told me. I stayed in New Haven for a time and went to Atlanta, where I began to practice law. Incidentally I took part in all the social and other activities of the city. I led an epicure's life, wholly indifferent to the wants and miseries of mankind. One day, while reading one of Dr. Haeckel's books, I came across this passage: 'If God is unknowable, then what is worth knowing?' That set me to thinking. I went up to the State house, where an investigation was being conducted by Governor Northen and a committee of thirty. They were looking into the question of juvenile reformation. I was disgusted with the lack of information on the subject. I was about to leave when a lull occurred in the proceedings, and I asked the privilege of making a speech. I talked for about ten minutes, and when I stopped Mr. Moran, who was reporting the investigation for the Atlanta Constitution, told me that I knew more about the subject than the other speakers. I was requested to draft a bill providing for a Juvenile court, which I did. I was next invited to make a speech on the following Sunday on the subject in the Congregational Church. I told the committee that I was an agnostic and there might be objection to my presence in a Christian pulpit. The objection was waived and I made the speech. I also made other speeches in churches.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Barnett, as a tear glistened in his eye, "a pure, sweet woman came into my life. I became a Christian, and I would not was my happiness and contentment for all the political honors and riches which the world could bestow upon me."

**Prohibition in Alabama.**  
In addition to Mr. Barnett's many

activities he has taken a prominent part in the prohibition movement in Alabama. He says the Prohibitionists were not as badly defeated in the State in the last election as has been claimed. It was only the movement to have prohibition incorporated in the State Constitution that was defeated. He says the prohibition law is respected in the country, but is violated in the cities.

"The last words my printers said to me," said Mr. Barnett, "as I was leaving Birmingham was, 'Can't you do something so that we can get our drinks without violating the law?'"

"Prohibition is permanent in Alabama because of the improvement in unskilled laborers, who do not go off on a drunk as soon as they are paid off."

**Leesville College Commencement.**

Leesville College has just closed one of its most successful years. Commencement began on Friday evening, May 27th, with primary and intermediate departments. The little folks did exceptionally well. The program of the evening consisted of recitations, music and drills.

On Saturday evening the young ladies in calisthenics, under the proficient direction of Miss Wilhelmina McLeod, gave a drill that was qualified to inspire the hearts of the most dullard imaginable.

After the drill given by the young ladies, Commandant James B. Hodges, with his well disciplined military company, dressed in white uniform, gave an excellent drill also. These drills took place on the campus, which was well lighted with Japanese lanterns. These two departments have made marked progress this year, and stand not a few paces in advance of previous years.

Sunday morning at 11 o'clock the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. A. N. Brunson, pastor of the Main street M. E. Church, of Columbia, his text being taken from Job. 11:7, "Canst thou by searching find out God: canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection." Mr. Brunson is a sweet-spirited man. He handled the text simply and carefully. His sermon was very inspiring and elevating; at times a great portion of the audience was moved to tears. He being insisted upon to preach again at 8:30 o'clock in the evening, gave the audience another most excellent sermon.

On Monday morning at 11 o'clock, was the annual concert. The program was composed of solos, duets, and quartettes of vocal and instrumental music, also a couple of choruses. Miss Berte R. Hutchings was the competent director of this department.

In the evening at 8:30 o'clock the audience was interested by the elocution pupils. Everything was carried out nicely, and the pupils in elocution made themselves proud of the evening.

Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, the graduation exercises took place. The exercises consisted of plays from Shakespeare. The class consisted of eight young ladies, namely: Misses Cecil Mitchell, Maynel Mitchell, Georgia Fulmer, and Carrie Collins, of Leesville; Misses Marie and Carrie Mitchell, of Batesburg; Miss Lucile Stanley, of Columbia; and Miss Sudie Williams, of Spartanburg. Lieutenant Governor T. G. McLeod gave the baccalaureate address in the evening at 8:30 o'clock. This closed the commencement exercises.

From the beginning of the exercises the college chapel was filled to overflowing with eager listeners. Visitors attended these exercises from all parts of the State, and we feel sure that each one was benefitted.

President L. B. Haynes seems to have been very much pleased with the work done during the past school year, having a body of teachers who worked together in unity. We believe that this institution is still on the incline, and we are expecting greater work done here next year.

D. U. BLOODWORTH,  
A Student.

**WILL RUN FOR GOVERNOR.**

**John T. Duncan Announces he will Be in the Race.**

Columbia, June 3.—The Record this afternoon prints the following: "Mr. John T. Duncan, a member of the Columbia Bar until disbarred by the supreme court for improper practice, former candidate for United States Senator against Ex-Governor John Gary Evans, and more recently in the public eye as editor and publisher of the Columbia Weekly Reporter, is out for Governor.

"In answer to a question Friday, he said he had definitely decided to enter the race and would file his pledge with Chairman Jones in the next few days.

**Kept the King at Home.**

"For the past year we have kept the king of all laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—in our home and they have proved a blessing to all our family," writes Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y. Easy but sure remedy for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C.

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