

\$400 Handsome Piano Absolutely Free

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to
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The
Bamberg
Herald

GIRLS, what other occupation will yield you as great returns as a few hours spent each day on this contest will? The piano will be given to some young lady on Monday, November 20th 1911, at 6 p. m., and you may be the lucky one if you will only **TRY!**

Ask
Your
Friends
to
Trade
at
Hoover's
Drug
Store

How to Get Vote Tickets

With every yearly subscription to The Bamberg Herald accompanied by \$1.00 in cash, 3,000 votes will be given. This applies to renewals as well as to new subscriptions, and you can pay for as many as you desire. You can also get votes on advertising and job printing—100 votes for each dollar paid on either advertising or job printing. All leading merchants in Bamberg county patronize The Herald, and they will be glad to give you the votes when they pay any of their accounts. But the best way to get votes is to get subscriptions to the paper, as the schedule of votes is so much greater for subscriptions than anything else. You will be surprised how easy it is to get subscriptions to The Herald if you try.

Renewals
Count Just
As Much
As New
SUBSCRIPTIONS
IN THIS
CONTEST

How to Get Vote Tickets

With every purchase made at Hoover's Drug Store votes will be given—100 votes for every dollar's worth purchased. Votes in the same proportion will also be given to persons paying accounts. If any of our friends need anything in the line of Toilet Articles, Drugs, Cold Drinks, or anything carried by an up-to-date Drug Store, get them to patronize Hoover's Drug Store and give you their votes, or if they owe an account, get them to pay it and secure the votes. Now is the time to get busy. The earlier you start the more advantage you will have in final count. The date of the closing of the contest will be Monday, November 20, 1911.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST

1. No names of Contestants will be known. 2. No names of Contestants will be published. 3. Every Contestant gets 2,000 votes to start with. 4. Every Contestant gets a number. 5. Standing by Numbers published weekly in The Bamberg Herald. 6. All votes must be brought in Tuesday for recording. 7. Votes must not be written on. 8. Tie votes in packages with Contestant's number and amount on top slip. 9. Color of certificates will be changed each month and must be recorded monthly to count. 10. Votes are transferable only before recording. 11. Contestant having largest number of votes on **MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1911**, wins Piano.

The Contest Has Just Commenced and You Have a Chance To Win By Starting at Once

COSTLY NEW DEPOT.

Marvel in the Way of Modern Railway Station Building.

Chicago, June 1.—The new Chicago station of the Chicago and Northwestern railway, one of the largest, most costly and most magnificent railroad passenger terminals in the world, was opened to traffic to-day. Costing nearly \$25,000,000 and with a right of way area of 37 acres, it is regarded as a marvel in the way of modern railway station construction.

The new station is located on west Madison street, convenient to the business and hotel sections, and affords facilities far superior in every way to the old station north of the river.

The main building is a four-story structure of the early Italian renaissance style of architecture, with a lofty Doric portico at the entrance, supported by a colonnade of six granite columns. Immediately back of this colonnade is the great vaulted vestibule, 132 feet wide, 22 feet deep and 40 feet high.

The main waiting-room, which is the principal architectural feature of the station, is treated as a great Roman atrium, with a barrel vault roof. The total area of the building is 69,700 square feet, sufficient to handle more than 250,000 passengers daily. The entire station throughout has marble floors and walls. The train shed is of sufficient length to accommodate the longest train.

Engineer Meets Horrible Death.

Louisville, Ky., June 7.—Hearing an accident had occurred at 14th and Main streets, yesterday, Frank Buck, employed in the local freight office of the Pennsylvania railroad, went to see just what had happened. He found the mangled body of his father, William Buck, a Pennsylvania railroad passenger engineer.

He did so he leaned out from the train from Indianapolis to Louisville, the elder Buck had stepped to the rear platform of a coach to wave to some friends. As train and his head struck a new street sign post. His neck was broken and his body thrown under the train and badly mangled.

The body was taken to Indianapolis to-day for burial.

Legal blanks and blank books for sale by The Herald Book Store, Bamberg, S. C.

BOY CONFESSES MURDER.

Shot Playmate Accidentally.—Comrades Divided Money of Boy.

New York, June 1.—Not until Carmine Piombino broke down today and said he fired the fatal shot were the police able to decide which of four boys was responsible for the death of John Miale.

The Miale boy's body, stuffed into a bag, was found last night in the cellar of a tenement in the Italian quarter. Four of his playmates from 10 to 14 years old, were arrested and while they admitted that he had been killed by one of the four, each claimed his own innocence.

Piombino wept as he told his story, and dropping on his knees called upon the spirit of his dead friend to forgive him. He said that he had shot Johnny accidentally while they were struggling over money. After that the boys confessed that they took the dead boy's money, some \$15, and spent it for candy and moving picture shows.

Excusable.

School children in Greater New York were required some time since to bring to their teachers vaccination and birth certificates. Frequent forgetfulness made one teacher impatient, and word went out that the certificates must be there on a certain morning. On that day an anxious little girl raised her hand the moment school opened, and, on being told to speak, said tremblingly:

"Please, teacher, don't get mad at me. I've forgot my excuse for being born."—Helen Combes.

Erroneous View.

Many are the stories told of Father Healy, the Irish priest, whose wit and wisdom were well matched. One day a vain young woman, who had exaggerated ideas of her own charms, told him she feared that she had a besetting sin.

"And what is it?" asked Father Healy, his shrewd eyes having discerned that his neighbor at dinner wished to be questioned.

"It is this," she said, her eyes demurely cast down. "Every time I pass a looking-glass I think of my beauty."

"Oh," said Father Healy, "that is no sin, my daughter, but perhaps it is a slight mistake, just a little error of judgment."—Youth's Companion.

FRED LOYD IN JAIL.

Bishopville Man Charged with Burning Jackson Residence.

Bishopville, June 1.—Fred Loyd, a young white man, about 20 years old, was lodged in jail here yesterday, charged with the burning of Mr. D. C. Jackson's house about two weeks ago. Mr. Jackson lived in one of Mr. W. M. McKenzie's houses at his brick mill, about three miles east of town, and he discovered the house in a blaze at about 12 o'clock at night. Two of his sons, Mr. W. R. Jackson and Albert Jackson was seriously burned, and the former is still in a critical condition.

Young Loyd who claims to have been at Lynch's River fishing the night of the burning, was seen, it is stated, by a responsible white man standing on a bridge in front of the Jackson house, just a short while before the fire.

Conditions Were Embarrassing.

In Texas the order of the probate court appointing an administrator (or administratrix as the case may be) usually reads: "It is ordered that upon the applicant, John Doe, give bond and taking the oath prescribed by law, letters testamentary or of administration issue," etc.

A very dignified, but somewhat bashful, lawyer friend of mine, who by the way was a somewhat elderly bachelor, had for a client a wealthy and recently bereaved widow. He also had an inexperienced stenographer. The order of the court appointing his client administratrix of her husband's estate had been dictated and was lying on the lawyer's desk, he not having had time to look it over. The client entered, and seeing that the paper concerned her business, picked it up and glanced over it.

The attorney, who had been occupied with some papers, turned to her just in time to see her hastily lay the paper down, while an unmistakable blush suffused her face, and she regarded him with a look of mingled confusion and indignation. Completely mystified, he picked up the offending instrument and to his horror read that: "It is ordered by the court that upon the applicant, Mrs. Blank, giving her bond and taking the bath prescribed by law, letters of administration shall issue."—West's Docket.

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Commits Suicide.

W. E. Henton committed suicide this morning at 7:30 o'clock in the Woodside mill village by shooting himself through the forehead, the ball passing through his brains and coming out the back of his head, killing him almost instantly. The shooting took place at the home of Mary Chandler, the girl, who, it is claimed, caused Henton to leave his wife and children several months ago.

Early this morning Henton came to the home of Mary Chandler in the village and said that he was going to shoot himself in her house. At this the father of the girl ordered Henton to leave his house, and Henton replied that he would not leave for he expected to die there and was going to shoot himself in a few minutes. Mr. Chandler ran to the nearest phone and called Sheriff Poole, asking him to come and get Henton before he killed himself.

While Mr. Chandler was phoning to the sheriff Henton went in the house and shot himself in the forehead with a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver, the ball passing through his brains. Henton died almost instantly.

Henton was for some time a merchant near the Woodside mill, but last winter he sold his stock of goods, and left the city with Mary Chandler. The two went to Savannah, Ga., where they lived for several weeks. Henton's wife learning that her husband had eloped with another woman had a warrant issued for him, and he was brought back to this city about three weeks ago. After remaining in jail for several days Henton was, on May 18, released on a \$600 bond for his appearance at the next term of court.

Until a few months ago Henton was regarded as being a Christian and upright man. He was a member of the church and had several small children. His family and friends are surprised at his conduct in the past few months and think that he was mentally deranged. He is a brother of the Henton who shot his wife near the Poe mill several weeks ago and threatened to kill himself when the sheriff attempted to arrest him.

Coroner Batson was notified of the occurrence and held the inquest this morning over the dead body.—Greenville Piedmont.

The hot weather continues, but refreshing showers have fallen and the crops in this section are growing nicely. The outlook is promising.

HOME OF THE GREAT GUNS.

Many Other Things Made at the Krupp Works in Essen.

Essen the home of the great Krupp gun works, is one of the most conspicuous examples of a one man town. It is practically just a hundred years old. In 1811, when the first crucible furnace for casting steel was set up by a poor hard working young man, Frederick Krupp, the total population of Essen was under 4,000.

In 1891 it was 183,500, of which the Krupp contingent numbered about 84,000. This, and a great deal more, says Cassier's Magazine, is essentially the work of one man, and it is unparalleled in the history of industry. The corporation now owns iron and coal mines and over 4,000 houses.

The products from Krupp's are varied. Compare this with the highly specialized condition of the industries in this country. The Krupp's fame is chiefly associated with war materials, but all kinds of finished and unfinished materials for railroads, engines, mills and other industrial appliances are turned out in large and small quantities.

The shops have been built at different dates and vary accordingly, but as a whole they possess in a marked degree that order and cleanliness which are the most distinguishing features of German factories. This extends to the foundries, where one usually finds, dust, smoke and confusion.

A specialty here is the casting of very large ingots of crucible steel. It is a remarkable sight and an object lesson in German methods. Ingots of eighty-five tons are cast, a feat which is not attempted in any other place. The steel is melted in small crucibles, which are carried by hand, and therefore contain no more than two men can lift.

Scores of such crucibles go to the making of an ingot of considerable size, and they occupy many furnaces, which are ranged on both sides of the foundry, with the ingot mold in the centre. At the signal the furnaces are opened and the crucibles drawn out and seized by a small army of workmen who run with them down to the mold and pour them in.

It is clear that to do the thing on a large scale perfect method in preparation and order in execution are necessary. The manoeuvre is carried out with military precision and

promptness. In a moment the place is aglow with the white heat of the furnace, the figures run from all sides and come staggering down in pairs with the pots full of liquid steel. It is a scene of intense activity, but without confusion.

One after another the glowing pots are emptied; the molten lead runs like thick soup and plumps into the mould with a bright sputter. In a few minutes it is all over; the furnaces close again, the used crucibles are thrown aside and already the cast mass begins to congeal and change color, while presently it dulls to yellow and the tint deepens as you watch. The steel so made is the purest known, close grained, homogeneous and uniform throughout.

This is not done in the United States, where the impatience of hand process which is characteristic and had led to such remarkable development of automatic machinery, has its weak side. The most recently built workshops at Krupp's are quite up-to-date in their construction—light, spacious and airy; but they are no way superior to the ones in Sheffield, England.

The most striking features of German iron and steel factories is their clean, orderly and well kept condition. These qualities seem to be universal, and they extend to the dirtiest and most untidy departments. The German foundries are a revelation to me. They are all clean and well kept and almost as light as any other shop.

Things We Hear Every Day.

"The doctor said mine was the worst case he ever handled."

"It weight just four pounds and seven ounces three hours after I landed it."

"This watch of mine hasn't lost ten seconds in eight months."

"It is almost impossible for me to get a shoe to fit because of the peculiar shape of my feet."

"I told you so."

"I am taking so many papers now that I don't have myshrdlu etat shr them."

Baby Lost.

Nurse—Goodness, mercy, mum, I can't find th' baby nowheres and I've looked everywhere!

Mother—Have you cleaned house this morning?

Nurse—Yes, mum.

Mother—Then look in the vacuum cleaner.—Augusta Herald.