

The Bamberg Herald

ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1891.

A. W. KNIGHT, Editor.

Published every Thursday in The Herald building, on Main street, in the live and growing City of Bamberg, being issued from a printing office which is equipped with Mergenthaler linotype machine, Babcock cylinder press, folder, one jobber, a fine Miehle cylinder press, all run by electric power with other material and machinery in keeping, the whole equipment representing an investment of \$10,000 and upwards.

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Communications—We are always glad to publish news letters or those pertaining to matters of public interest. We require the name and address of the writer in every case. No article which is defamatory or offensively personal can find place in our columns at any price, and we are not responsible for the opinions expressed in any communication.

Thursday, July 10, 1913

We thought the parcels post system was a good thing until this c. o. d. attachment went into effect. Now we are agin it.

The Columbia State says four aces beat four kings, "if we be correctly informed." Just as if Billy Ball don't know one thing about the national game.

We are publishing in this issue a speech delivered by Senator John L. McLaurin at Elloree on the fourth of July. When the Senator speaks at any time he has something interesting to say, but in view of the fact that he is viewed with suspicion as having gubernatorial aspirations his public utterances at this time will have a peculiar interest for the voters. It will be noted that the Senator seems to advocate woman suffrage, while his discussion of the labor question and the currency problem is timely. The speech is a good one, and is well worth a careful reading.

That the members of the Press Association are as honorable an aggregation as ever assembled none can dispute, but for the life of Mike, we cannot understand the cause of inviting Norman Hapgood to deliver the annual address, when it is recalled that a few years ago he wilfully and wantonly made a tirade upon the womanhood of the South. We have never heard of his recanting and until he does, he justly belongs to those unworthy of consideration or esteem. None but who themselves are false hearted cowards and lowbred miscreants would allow such statements to come from their head or pen. Notwithstanding the fact that he was winned and dined.—Lexington Enterprise.

Train Robbery in Mississippi.

Memphis, Tenn., July 4.—Four bandits held up southbound passenger train No. 1 on the Illinois Central railroad, south of Batesville, Miss., early today, awed the train and locomotive crews with weapons, blew open the safe in the express car and ransacked the mail packages and then escaped. None of the passengers were molested because the bandits compelled the locomotive crew to detach the mail, express and baggage cars and run them some distance from the passenger coaches. After they had finished their work in the mail car the robbers ran the locomotive to Enid, Miss., and fled to the open country.

Bloodhounds were placed on their trail, and a few hours after the robbery a big posse was in pursuit.

Passengers on the train awoke in surprise this morning to find their coaches still standing on the main line of the track, where they were abandoned when the bandits detached the mail and express cars.

Express officials here say the robbers did not secure over \$5,000. Four charges of dynamite were used and the explosions blew out one side of the express car and completely demolished the safe.

The bandits carried away 50 pieces of registered mail.

Train No. 1 usually carries a heavy mail from Chicago and St. Louis to New Orleans, but post office officials stated the mail was light on this run.

After the dead engine was found at Pope, 15 miles from where the passenger cars had been cut off, the train was reassembled and the line re-opened to traffic. It was found that the robbers had cut the telephone lines.

AIKEN PRISONER WOUNDED.

Shot by Chain Gang Guard while Trying to Escape, Alleged.

Aiken, July 1.—Anderson Permenter, colored, who is serving a 25-day sentence on chaingang No. 1, was brought to the city this afternoon desperately wounded. Permenter, it is alleged, tried to make his escape and was shot.

This gang is working just this side of Bath, and it is stated that about 1 o'clock Permenter went to the guard and told him he was going to leave the camp, and immediately he tried to make his escape. Guard Powell gave chase to him, but Guard Frank Sarge, seeing that the negro was about to make his escape, opened fire with a gun loaded with buckshot. Permenter fell with two shot through his body, one penetrating his lungs and another going into his abdomen. The wounded negro was brought to Aiken this afternoon and is being given medical treatment.

Permenter was sent up by Magistrate Coley, of Windsor, on June 23, for violation of contract, being sentenced to \$25 or 25 days. He is recognized as a bad character and there are several other charges pending against him.

The Dispensary Election.

Editor The Bamberg Herald: Will you kindly permit a citizen of Colleton, one who lives very close to the Bamberg line, to offer a word of solemn protest against the re-establishment of the dispensary in Bamberg county? The pro-dispensary people of Colleton and Hampton have failed in their efforts to call an election on the question. But Bamberg is a close neighbor, and should her citizens vote for the re-establishment of this iniquitous institution it would doubtless prove a curse to that part of Colleton's territory which lies near that of Bamberg. We have learned to think well of Bamberg county. Will she imperil the weak of a sister county? We are exposed but we cannot vote. Surely your good citizens will consider this appeal. We can deal successfully with the "blind tigers" in our own territory, but if you legalize it and put a dispensary on the border of your county near us we are powerless to deal with it. It would prove a curse to us and to you.

But some one may argue that we should have allowed the dispensary to have been re-established in our own county. The answer to that argument may be stated thus: we will not have a rattlesnake in our own house for the reason that some unwise or vicious neighbor may see fit to keep one in his. We have protected ourselves as far as we could, and now it is but right that you be asked to remember us and protect us when you go to vote.

It ought to be safe to assume that the good people of Bamberg will put up a strong fight against the institution. They have the courage and the ability and so need no admonition from me. May God help the good people of your county to fight it to the last ditch and win the victory.

J. C. LAWSON,
Lodge, S. C., July 3, 1913.

GIRL MAKES ESCAPE.

Aided by Chauffeur, Pretty Italian Balks Abductors.

Youngstown, Ohio, July 3.—With her clothes torn and her face scratched, Lena Guaiorino, 17, a pretty Italian girl of Leetonia, Ohio, reached her home late today after escaping from five men who tried to abduct her.

Edwin M. Gergal, the chauffeur who was forced to drive the automobile in which the girl was carried off, aided the girl to escape.

When the kidnapers approached Youngstown, four of the men became frightened and got out. Gergal and the girl overpowered the other man, who is said to have been a rejected suitor, and threw him out of the machine. On reaching this city, Gergal put the girl on a car for home. Police are searching the country for the five men.

Psalms of Advertising.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Advertising is a dream,
For the business man who slumbers
Has no chance to skim the cream.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
Competition's something fierce;
If for dividends thou yearnest,
Learn the parry, thrust and tierce.
In the business field of battle
Mollycoddles have no place;
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a live one in the race!
Lives of great men all remind us
We can bring the bacon home,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on somebody's dome!
Let us, then, be up and doing,
Otherwise we may be done;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Advertise and get the mon'!

VETERANS FIGHT.

Several Wounded when Veteran Resented Remarks About Lincoln.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 2.—Seven men were stabbed tonight in a fight in the dining room of the Gettysburg hotel as a result of a fight which started when several men aroused the anger of a veteran in blue by abusing Lincoln. Several of the wounded men are in a serious condition at the Pennsylvania hospital. The State constabulary are making efforts to find the men who did the stabbing.

The wounded men are: Edward J. Carroll, sergeant of the quartermaster's corps, U. S. A., David Farber of Butler, Pa., member of the State constabulary; John D. Maugin, Harrisburg; Malcolm Griffin of Bedford City, Pa.; Charles Suster, West Fairview, Pa.; Hayder Ranter, Gettysburg; and Harry A. Root, Jr., Harrisburg.

Faber, Maugin and Griffin are in the most serious condition. Surgeons at the Pennsylvania State hospital would not venture predictions as to their chance of recovery.

According to all the information the authorities could gather the fight started suddenly and was over in a few minutes. It began shortly before 7 o'clock when the dining room was full of people and caused a panic among the scores of guests. The veteran who was unhurt and disappeared in the melee was sitting near Farber and Carroll, when he heard the slighting remarks about Lincoln. He jumped to his feet and began to defend the war president and berated his detractors. The men who were stabbed, according to the information the surgeons gathered, jumped to the defense of the veteran when the others closed in. The room was thrown into an uproar. It was all over before the rest of the men in the room could get their breath and the men responsible for it all had fled. The fight spurred the medical men again tonight in an effort to have the Gettysburg saloons closed during the remainder of the celebration.

The constabulary later arrested a man who gave the name of W. R. Henry and said his home was in Camden, N. J., as one of the men concerned in the affray.

PLEADS GUILTY, FINED \$20.

Young Man Caused some Excitement at Lexington Barbecue.

Lexington, July 8.—Taking offence because, it is said, the young lady whom he carried to the barbecue at Gilbert took a liking to another young man with whom she took a short stroll, Joe Rose, it is alleged, proceeded to raise a "rough house" at the Fourth of July barbecue at Gilbert on Friday, swore vengeance against the young man, threatening death and destruction to him on the spot. Sheriff Miller, who happened to be on the ground, took hold of the situation, arrested Rose and carried him before Magistrate Ioor Hayes. Young Rose pleaded guilty to the charge, asked for the mercy of the Court, whereupon the magistrate imposed a fine of \$20, took possession of the weapon and Rose left promising to be good forever afterwards.

The Kind that "Oughter."

Raymond, according to a recent story, had been playing hard all day. In fact, he was so sleepy that he wanted to omit saying his prayers. "But dear," his mother remonstrated, "you must be a good boy and thank God for all His goodness to you. Just think what a nice time you've had all day, playing, and remember all the other little boys who have no nice home or nice clothes or mother to love them."

Raymond's eyes opened a little drowsily, and out of his relaxed mouth came this protest:

"But, mother, I think them's the fellers that oughter do the prayin'!" —Chicago Record-Herald.

DEPOT AT EDGEFIELD BURNS.

Southern Station Destroyed with Considerable Freight.

Johnston, July 4.—The Southern Railway depot at Edgefield was destroyed by fire this morning. The fire originated on the interior of the building and it is thought was caused by rats. A large quantity of freight was lost.

Injured by Dynamite Blast

Spartanburg, July 8.—Claude Willard, foreman of a construction gang on the Greenville, Spartanburg and Anderson Railway, near Saxon Mills, was painfully injured last night by a dynamite blast. The shortness of the fuse prevented his getting to a safe distance before the explosion came. Mr. Willard has been removed to the Spartanburg Hospital.

Edward Jackson, a negro, was shot and killed early Sunday morning by Willie Hayes, another negro, on Dr. Weekley's place near Ulmer, Barnwell, county.

SHOT AT THE PRISONER.

Uncle of Assaulted Girl Tries to Kill Accused in Court.

Tampa, July 3.—Just as County Judge E. V. Whitaker adjourned court Wednesday in the preliminary hearing of W. E. Maddox, a white man who is accused of criminal assault upon the person of Hazel Oliver, a 13-year-old girl, E. E. Green, of Sylvania, Ga., an uncle of the girl and who was attending the hearing, drew a revolver and fired three shots at Maddox. All three shots went wild and Green was disarmed by a court deputy before he could get the range on his intended victim. Green was placed in jail.

The first shot fired by the infuriated man struck the ceiling. The second punctured a law book, the third splintered the top of Judge Whitaker's desk.

Maddox was seated between his counsel, former Supreme Court justice C. B. Parkhill and Municipal Judge H. P. Bailey. As the first shot was fired Judge Whitaker dodged behind his safe door, Judge Parkhill leaped out a window, Judge Bailey and the prisoner dived beneath the magistrate's desk. Green was about to fire at the prostrate man when the deputy sheriff grabbed him.

The hearing had just been postponed because the main witness, the girl, had not been produced. And there was some question as to whether she was within the boundary of the State, it being alleged that Maddox's wife had taken her to Georgia.

Left Eye Shot Out.

Mr. Isidore Ussery, a young man 21 years of age, will lose his left eye as a result of being shot with a rifle in the hands of one of his companions with whom he was shooting fish near his home in Elko, S. C., Saturday morning.

The story of young Ussery is that he, together with several of his friends, was out fishing, and they were shooting fish with their rifles. He says that he had shot and wounded a fish of extraordinary size, and had jumped into the water to capture it when his companions evidently became excited at the thought that the fish would get away, and shot at it again.

The shot struck young Ussery in the left temple, passed through his left eye, and made its exit just below the right cheek bone. The attending physician attributes the consciousness of the young man to the fact that the ball, which was of 38-caliber from a rifle, never touched the brain.

An operation was performed upon the young man Monday morning. His condition is not considered dangerous, but the wound is necessarily painful.

NEGRO LYNCHED IN FLORIDA.

Florida Posse Shoots Man Who Killed Sheriff of Clay County.

Jacksonville, July 6.—Sheriff T. S. Cherry, of Clay County, Florida, adjoining this, Duval County, was shot and killed by Roscoe Smith, a negro, at Yellow River this morning, the negro later being captured and lynched by a mob of infuriated citizens.

Sheriff Cherry, hearing that gambling was going on at Stuart and Harrison's turpentine still at Yellow River, started for that point, accompanied by one of his deputies. As he reached there he met the negro, Smith, who, armed with a shot gun, was walking down the road. Sheriff Cherry hailed the negro and asked:

"What are you doing with that gun, wait a minute I want to see you."

The negro made some reply and the sheriff left his buggy and started toward the negro. As he neared Smith the latter took aim and fired, the load entering the sheriff's side and killing him instantly. The deputy, who was armed with a revolver, started in pursuit of the negro, but his revolver failed to fire. As the news of the tragedy spread, a posse was formed and fully one hundred men, headed by a pack of bloodhounds from Highlands, started in pursuit of the negro, who was finally captured. He was taken back to the scene of his crime and commanded to take a walk down the road. As he started, fully one hundred guns and revolvers were fired at him, the bullets riddling his body. The angry mob then surged around the dead negro and his ears were cut off for souvenirs.

Sheriff Cherry was one of Florida's most popular officers and was well known in this city, where he spent much time. Reports from the scene of the crime to-night are that everything is quiet, but the negroes, fearing further trouble, are keeping within doors.

"Booze Everywhere" in the heading of an article in The Bamberg Herald this week. Probably that it was the way it appeared to Knight after getting away from the dry Isle of Palms.—Greenville Piedmont.

CAPTURE OF EDWARD COFFEY.

Detective Tells How Chance Meeting in Barber Shop Led to Arrest.

I never knew a more desperate and puzzling criminal than Edward Coffey.

He was a lawbreaker because he was moved by impulses that he could not control, or at least he apparently made no effort to respond to the efforts that were made by his friends to make an honest man of him. I had known him as a boy, and in later years I made earnest efforts to direct him towards a law-abiding career. But all in vain.

Coffey's parents were most respectable and his home influences were of a kind that should have stimulated him to honesty; but long before he had finished his grammar school course, he had committed so many offenses that the police reluctantly marked him as a lad bent on a life of crime.

Eddie Coffey became notorious even in Pittsburg, where there was no lack of reckless and hardened criminals. On one occasion when he was brought before a local magistrate, the judge remarked that he never had met a lad who showed such obstinate opposition to the kindly efforts to reform him.

"If you do not change your ways," said the magistrate, "you are bound to end your life on the gallows and that very soon."

This warning was indeed prophetic, and very nearly came true.

Coffey had a taste for neatness, even elegance. He was noted for the fine clothes he wore. Eddie was a bookworm, too; his knowledge of literature was unusual. But he could not seem to combine his criminal instincts with the prudence and cunning which often act as a safeguard for the person who makes a livelihood by violating the law.

It was not long before Coffey showed his reckless daring in a way that astonished the city where he was so well known.

In company with a crook known as "Three-Fingered Jack," Eddie dashed into Workingmen's Bank in Allegheny City, just across the river from his home, and seized a huge roll of bills from the counter in front of the astonished cashier. The latter snatched a revolver and pursued the desperadoes, firing at Coffey as he ran. Coffey halted in his flight and shot at the intrepid cashier, but did not hit him. The robbers ran along Chestnut and Ohio streets and jumped into a skiff that they had provided for a getaway.

Being powerful oarsmen they made their escape despite the hail of bullets. But immediately a red-hot pursuit began. The robbery was the most daring ever committed in Pittsburg, and Coffey and his pal made away with thousands of dollars. The entire police force and all the private detective agencies practically dropped everything to take up the chase.

A score of people, as they rushed to escape the fusillade, recognized one of the fugitives.

"Why, that was Eddie Coffey!" they gasped. They were astonished that the lad should commit such a desperate crime where everybody was bound to know him.

As I had known Coffey for so many years, I was assigned at once to the case. "Get him, no matter how long you go without sleep, no matter how far you follow. But get him."

It is an axiom as old as life itself—as old as the art of catching criminals—that the first thing to do to find a hidden man is to discover the woman with whom he is in love.

That was my first care. I was fortunate enough to locate the home of a girl who was known to have fascinated Coffey. Unseen by her, a close watch was kept on her every movement. An espionage was set up of so secret but thorough a kind that every message that she received, every letter that came through the mail, first passed through the hands of a detective.

At last came a clue, faint and indefinite, but it was a clue. A letter was received by the girl that bore a Chicago postmark. There was no time to find out the contents of it. I did not dare to arouse the suspicions of the young woman. It was enough to know that Coffey was in Chicago, because that letter was addressed in the handwriting of the much-wanted fugitive.

So off I rushed to the western city. I made up my mind to make a search of Chicago in secret. I knew well that if I notified the police there such a hue and cry would be raised that Coffey's friends would help him to make off again.

I realized that it wasn't the easiest task to take Coffey single-handed. He had told his pals before embarking on his desperate adventure that he would not be taken alive. He invariably carried a gun and knew how to use it. His previous record showed that he was afraid of neither man nor God!

Fortunately, I was unknown to the underworld in those days. I was able

to visit all the haunts of the crooks without being recognized as a sleuth. But a week went by and I could find no trace of my quarry. I was beginning to feel nervous, and blamed myself for not taking a chance and finding out the contents of that letter. But I was soon reassured. A letter came from my chief bearing the good news that the young woman who was still under watch had received another communication from Coffey, and that also was postmarked Chicago.

Still I was baffled. Two weeks elapsed, and it began to look as if I would have to return to Pittsburg empty handed. There was no trace of Coffey.

Then happened one of the most unusual and thrilling experiences of my life.

I was reclining in a barber's chair in a Wabash-avenue shop. It is certainly true that I was very down in the mouth. The barber had covered my face with lather and was stropping his razor when I happened to raise up slightly and glance in the mirror.

To my dying day I shall never forget what I saw in the glass. Coming down the steps into the shop, hardly six or seven feet away from my chair, was Edward Coffey.

I had to use all my wits in a twinkling. To have jumped up and tried to capture him would have been suicidal. Coffey would have fired before I could have drawn my revolver. I realized that in an instant, and I sank back to my reclining position. All the chairs in the shop were occupied, and the head barber motioned to Coffey to sit down and await his turn. The lather on my face would keep Coffey from recognizing me.

My shave was finished. But when I would be obliged to stand I knew it was only a question of who would be able to fire first and shoot straightest.

But I formed a plan swiftly. While the barber was busy with his razor I managed to transfer my revolver from my hip pocket to my right-hand side pocket. Then I whispered to him.

"See that man over there?" I said, describing the robber. "Call him over. He's a friend of mine."

Coffey was off his guard. The barber motioned to him and he walked slowly toward my chair. It took only a moment, but it seemed like hours. At last he was standing by my chair. In the wink of an eye I had whipped out my gun and pressed it against his stomach.

"Coffey, I've got you," I cried. "If you don't put up your hands you're a dead man."

"Roger O'Mara!" he cried. He was petrified with astonishment. In another second I had slipped the nippers on him and had him secure. The surprise was so great that the desperado had not been able to act.—New York World.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Scholarship Examination.
The University of South Carolina offers a Teacher's Scholarship to one young man from each county. The scholarship is worth \$100 in money and exemption from all fees, amounting to \$158.

The examination will be held at the county seat Friday, July 11, 1913. General entrance examinations will be held at the same time for all students.

The University offers great advantages. Varied courses of study in science, history, law and business. Write at once for an application blank to

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