

The Bamberg Herald

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Thursday, Feb. 27, 1919.

It was announced Tuesday from Washington that the thirtieth division will sail from France on March 27th, which will be good news to a large number of Bamberg county homes.

The war taught us many lessons. One of them was that of the necessity of people working. During the emergency vagrancy was not allowed. This was a valuable lesson, and ought to stick forever. There is plenty of work in Bamberg county and yet many of the colored soldiers who have been discharged are out of employment. There is no occasion for this, and we strongly suggest to the colored leaders to see to it themselves that it does not continue to exist. If there were not employment for everybody, the matter would be different. Idleness is the devil's workshop, and no one can long indulge in without getting into trouble. We have as much respect for the colored soldier as anybody and we want to keep that respect. The colored people responded in a splendid manner to the call of their country. Now that they have come out of the war with honor, we hope that they will strive to keep it. But honor is not helped by vagrancy, as vagrancy was never known to produce anything but evil results.

If we're reasonably certain that the women of South Carolina wanted the ballot, we cannot say that we would oppose the measure. The women are entitled to anything they really want, and they usually get it. A handful—a mere small handful—of women in this State say they want to vote. We no more believe they represent South Carolina womanhood than we believe it would snow in July. We are really astonished that there are women in South Carolina who are willing to be led by that crowd of Northern women who have proved themselves a disgrace to the nation. These "suffragettes" who a few days ago so far lost their dignity, if they ever had any to burn an effigy of Woodrow Wilson in Washington, have about as much sympathy and respect for Southern women as they have for their poodle dogs—doubtless not as much, yet they are willing to haul their "prison special" to South Carolina to try and induce our women to join in the movement. The whole thing is a disgraceful procedure. The Columbia State the other day called attention to a phase of the question that ought to have the earnest consideration of these few women who are trying to shoulder on the State by national amendment woman suffrage, the gist of which was if the ballot is given to the women, are they going to use it? There are estimated to be 175,000 white women in the State of voting age. Who supposes that even 10,000 of them would vote if they had the opportunity? There are perhaps more negro women in the State. Who supposes that they would not vote if given the opportunity? It is a dangerous proceeding, and the mass of women in this State will be sorry to see the day when the ballot is put in their hands. We are not old fogies and all that sort of thing, but we are badly out of joint if the women ever consent to leave their babies and go out and vote and participate in political affairs from choice. If the ballot is granted, they would have to do it as a matter of duty. Before we are ever willing for this condition to exist in South Carolina, we shall have to have more than the word of the few who have spoken.

Paste This in Your Ford in Japan.

You must drive your automobile at the speed of eight knots per hour on the city roads, and at twelve miles per hour on the country roads.

When you see the policeman throwing up his hands you must not drive in front of him.

When you get ahead of the passenger on foot or the horse, you must ring the horn.

When you meet a cow or a horse speed slowly and take care to ring the horn and not be afraid of them. Drive slow when you meet the horse or the cattle, do not make them afraid and carefully make the sound. If they are afraid of the sound you must escape a little while at the side of the road till they pass away.

Do not drive the motor car when you get drunk and do not smoke on the driver seat.—Japan Chronicle.

Read The Herald, \$2.00 per year.

JANITOR MAKES BIG HAUL.

Broke Into County Vault at Columbia and Stole \$15,000.

Columbia, S. C., Feb. 24.—Odell Thompson, the negro janitor at the Richland county court house, confessed, late this afternoon, to robbing the vault in the office of the county treasurer here yesterday when \$15,000 was stolen.

Thompson has been janitor at the court house about twenty-five years. He says he was assisted by another negro, Henry Dark, who is also under arrest.

The authorities immediately recovered more than \$12,500. Of this amount \$10,485 were found in packages and under the steps of the court house. More than \$2,000 were found in the basement of the home of J. Frost Walker, clerk of court of Richland county, where Thompson had placed it, Thompson also being the janitor at Mr. Walker's home.

Dark has thus far not divulged where he put his part of the money. The manner in which the robbery was executed showed that the robbers were well acquainted with the arrangement of the packages of money and interior structure of the vault. The opening was driven through the wall at a place so as to miss entirely any obstruction on the inside. Also the robbers brought to the office in the equipment a fish pole with a loop on the end, with which to drag out the packages of bills which were piled in the vault. The bills were made up in \$500 packages and there were between 30 and 40 of these packages.

WILSON COMES HOME.

George Washington Arrives at Quarantine in Boston Harbor.

Boston, Feb. 22.—President Wilson's ship arrived in Boston harbor early this evening and anchored, with all the presidential party remaining aboard. Tomorrow sometime before noon the president and those accompanying him from the Paris peace conference will come ashore for brief ceremonies of welcome and a short speech by the president in Mechanics' Hall. The whole party will leave for Washington by special train at 4:30 in the afternoon, arriving Tuesday morning.

The possibility of a change in the French government should the premier not respond to treatment for his wound and the further possibility of a delay in the peace conference or even a change in the delegation of France complicate the situation.

Bannister-Fant.

A quiet but very impressive wedding was solemnized on Sunday, February 16, at the home Mrs. Lida Bannister, south of the city, when she became the bride of Mr. E. G. Fant, Sr. Before the ceremony, Mrs. E. K. Garrison, the accomplished daughter of the bride, very sweetly played and sang "Just You," and when the last strains of the wedding march ceased the bride and groom entered the parlor where Rev. Z. I. Henderson pronounced them man and wife. The bride was lovely in a gown of midnight blue satin messaline with accessories to match.

The groom is one of Anderson's prominent merchants and is well known by people throughout the county who will wish for him a long and happy married life. Among the out of town guests for the wedding was Mrs. E. K. Garrison, of Bamberg, who is well known here as Miss Celia Bannister before her marriage.—Anderson Mail.

Well, Maybe You're Right, Butch.

The following contribution comes from Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:

Editor Literary Digest: As a reader of your periodical or weekly I have as a matter of fact figured out in my own way that you are all bad in your humorous dept. and if you don't mind I would advise you getting together some afternoon and talking it over with the boys and make a change.

It is characteristic of you high brows to dissect a letter with a touch of satire which comes rather natural and I feel as you read this you will smile and under your breath damn the author. But I can't resist the writing and a good clean class. A late draft I take this liberty to assure myself regardless.

"You need a few good stories, as needless to say you do, write and let me know, and since I am not overly busy I will let you have them."

"I will write again and tell you what I think about your high brow poetry. It might be all right for the fellow who reads Browning for a bluff or talks grand opera, but to me and many others it's a bit misty, and the general structure is too artistic for the foundation, give us something with the humble touch and the Gettysburg simplicity, we get this. Your friend, if you wish."

BUTCH McDEVITT.

BODY OF INFANT FOUND.

Coroner Requires Father to Give Child Proper Burial.

Columbia, Feb. 23.—Coroner Scott has just completed an investigation of a case where the body of a one day old white infant was discovered by a man while raking straw on a farm about three miles from the city on the Two Notch road. The officer picked up thread by thread and located the father and mother. The father was required to come to Columbia from a neighboring country and give the remains the proper burial. It developed during the investigation that a Columbia physician overlooked giving a death certificate after the child had passed away at a local hospital.

The coroner said he was notified that the body of an infant was discovered near Heise's place on the Two Notch road, and he and Rural Policeman Marsh went to the scene.

The man who discovered the body removed the box from the ground and an examination was made. The baby rested on two copies of The State dated January 3, and was covered by a copy of the Saluda, (S. C.) Standard. On the Saluda paper was the name of a woman and the paper was addressed to a Columbia hospital. Another name was written with a pencil.

The coroner visited the hospital and traced the father who removed the body from the place after death. He ascertained that the child was born at the hospital and died shortly afterwards. The official obtained the father's address and notified him to come to Columbia at once and give the remains proper burial. He came yesterday and the little body was interred in Elmwood cemetery.

Coroner Scott then searched the records in an effort to locate the report from the attending physician, but none could be found. The State health department was notified and further developments are expected. The coroner said the birth and death of the child were perfectly legitimate, but that the burial and failure of the physician to issue the death certificate was contrary to the correct method of procedure. All parties connected with the affair are well known in their respective communities.

BABIES REDUCE INCOME TAX.

Uncle Sam Lays Plans to Increase Population "Higher Up."

Washington, Feb. 22.—Babies born in 1918 will bring varying income tax exemptions to their parents depending on the month of their birth. A child born in January, 1918, gives \$200 exemption, in addition to the \$2,000 allowed married persons, but if a child was born in July, the parent is entitled to exemption of only \$100 on the infant's account. If the child was born in October, the tax paying parent is allowed only \$50 exemption, or one-fourth of the \$200 normal exemption.

This new policy established for income taxes is explained by the internal revenue bureau as follows:

"If you were entitled to any of the foregoing exemption (\$1,000 for a single person, \$2,000 for a married person or head of a family, and \$200 additional for each dependent child) during part of the year only you may claim as many twelfths of the exemptions stated as there were months in such part of the year; any part of a month may be counted as a month."

This applies also to marriage and divorce or death figure as inexorably as marriages or births in counting the income tax.

This is a reversal of last year's policy. Then the status of a taxpayer on the last day of the year determined his personal exemptions.

Old Time Barley Bread.

We find more entertainment than instruction in an editorial of the Hartford Courant and on the revised use of barley. It refers to its use in Bible times and finds the verse in the Book of Judges to give an idea of its quality.

"And when Gideon was come, behold there was a man that told a dream, and lo, a cake of barley tumbled into the host of Midian and came unto a tent and smote it that it fell and overturned it, that the tent lay along."

The Courant seems to approve of the use of barley flour, though admitting some difficulties in preparing it for bread. But it takes this Bible verse as evidence that its density would make it serviceable as a projectile.—Waterbury American.

Compliment to Conscience.

"Here comes that Miss Gabbins. I think I'll have Nora say I'm out."

"Won't the still, small voice reproach you?"

"Yes; but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers."—Boston Transcript.

When Hubby Fooled Her.

Mrs. Scatterbrain was constantly bemoaning her lot. Her husband, who was entitled to place half of the letters of the alphabet after his name had the most treacherous memory in the world. He could remember nothing his wife told him, in spite of bits of string round his finger and knots in his handkerchief. Only once did Mr. Scatterbrain remember his wife's bidding.

Said a friend of Mrs. Scatterbrain: "I think you are getting as bad as your hubby. I got a letter from you yesterday dated a whole week ahead."

"Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Scatterbrain, trembling with the shock. "My husband must have posted it the day I gave it to him."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Wanted to Help Both.

A little boy at school saw his teacher faint and fall. In the confusion it was impossible to keep so many heads cool, and the little ones flocked around the unconscious lady and her sympathetic colleagues. But the small boy kept both his color and his coolness.

Standing on a bench and raising his hand he exclaimed: "Please, teacher, can I run and fetch father? He makes coffins."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

You Know Who.

The new version: "When the devil was sick he turned to a parliamentary form of government."—St. Joseph News.

TO-NIGHT
Wednesday, Feb. 26

AT THIENEN THEATRE

"Over There"with
Charles Richman and Anna Q. Nilsson
In Seven Parts

ADMISSION: 20c and 35c

FIRST SHOW 7:45

Bamberg Banking Co.

Monroe, Banker And Diplomat

Capital and Surplus
\$100,000.00

4 per cent. interest paid on
Savings Accounts

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YOU can't help cutting loose joy's us
Remarks every time you flush your
smokespot with Prince Albert—it hits
you so fair and square. It's a scuttle full of jimmy
pipe and cigarette makin's sunshine and as satisfy-
ing as it is delightful every hour of the twenty-four!

It's never too late to hop into the Prince Albert pleasure-
pasture! For, P. A. is trigger-ready to give you more
tobacco fun than you ever had in your smokecareer.
That's because it has the quality.

Quick as you know Prince Albert you'll write it down
that P. A. did not bite your tongue or parch your throat.
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Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin
humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidors with
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