

The Bamberg Herald

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Thursday, March 25, 1920.

LIKED AMERICAN FOOD.

Baking Powder Biscuit Took Stevenson's Fancy.

Nellie Vandergrift Sanchez, in her colorful book on her sister, the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson, has thrown new light on the author of "Treasure Island." In August, 1879, Stevenson sailed from England, as a steerage passenger, for this country. From New York he proceeded at once across the continent to Monterey to marry Fanny Vandergrift Osbourne. In August, 1880, he returned to England to present his wife to his people. Though a willing and brilliant conversationalist—he has been described as "deuced explanatory"—he enough "land of gold," and with expressed very few opinions concerning his first impressions of the United States. Now we have them.

Stevenson liked our food. In a letter to Sidney Colvin he said: "You eat better here than anywhere else; fact. The food is heavenly." He had hardly reached Monterey before he told his friends of the wonderful "little cakes" he had bought at the restaurants along the way. He meant baking powder biscuits. Later he fell in love with hot tamales and meat stew and rep peppers.

He found the names of our Western states—Arizona, Colorado—most poetic. The perfume of the pine forest, the Spanish missions on the Pacific coast, the blue of the California sky, and our 20-dollar gold pieces he found beautiful beyond comparison. He was impressed by the way the Indians pronounced Latin at a church service and the mechanical cleverness of our women. He regarded Francis Parkman as our best historian, "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie" as our best songs. For "Home, Sweet Home," he had but little use.

Second Chance of Peace.

If it were possible to hope that the democracy of the United States had the instinct, and its leaders the diplomatic resource to make American participation in an international loan contingent upon political conditions, America might yet write her signature below a great and constructive peace. By all means let the peoples and governments of Europe be required to practice mutual aid. Let the British empire shoulder its full share of the sacrifices and the risks. There is, however, among the European powers none which has the capacity for leadership, none which has the material resources, to indicate as a condition of financial help, the necessary political changes. The American republic alone stands out, alike by its wealth and its aloftness from our many selfishnesses, with the power and the moral authority to enforce the political preliminaries of any economic construction. If the Russian war could be ended, if the indemnities could be reduced and if free trade could be restored over that needy central area a relatively modest loan might suffice to restart work in Europe.—The New Republic.

CLOSE CALL FOR OFFICER.

Highwayman's Gun Emptied, But Something Happened.

Newport News, Va., March 19.—Officer Benjamin Bradford, a Newport News policeman, is thanking a small metal cartridge case, the splinters of his revolver stock and a handcuff key for his life. While attempting to arrest a negro highwayman near the city early today, Officer Bradford had the gunman's weapon emptied full into his body. One bullet stopped after tearing the cartridge case from the policeman's side. A second smashed Bradford's pistol stock into bits, while a third struck his handcuff key which he wore on the front of his belt, and was deflected so as to only leave a skin wound. As the policeman wrenched the highwayman's arm upward two remaining bullets ripped the negro's hat brim away. Officer Bradford sent six shots from his broken weapon after the hastily retiring desperado, but his aim was ineffective and the man escaped.

Where Friendship Ends.

"It is wrong to envy a man his prosperity." "Of course, it is," replied Cactus Joe. "But when Tarantula Tim holds three ace fells in succession, we're entitled to indulge in a certain amount of inquisitiveness about the deck and the deal."—Washington Star.

FRENCH CHILDREN ARE BEGGARS

MOST OF WHOM SOLDIERS KNEW WERE TOUGH LOT.

Tobacco For "Chocla."

Lower French Regarded Soldiers As Natural Beasts of Prey—Encouraged to Beg.

French people—the lower classes of them (the only classes of them with whom American enlisted men ever came in contact) always regarded us as legitimate beasts of prey and themselves as leeches whose natural duty it was to suck our financial blood dry. They not only gouged us and skinned us at every opportunity when we wanted to buy anything; but I think that scores of them used to lay awake at night devising ways and means whereby they might induce us to depart from our filthy lucre. And with most of us they succeeded. If there was nothing they could sell us at ten times its worth they would actually beg—that is a great many of them would. Some of the hard luck stories that some of those French men and women would put up would make real Belgian war sufferers look like pikers. The village of LaPallice, near which I was stationed for several months of my period of service overseas was far removed from the war zone and the people of that district experienced no suffering from the vicissitudes of war but on the other hand were as fat and sleek and prosperous generally as were the people of Columbia, while Camp Jackson was at the zenith of its existence as the mecca for York county lads who were caught in the draft.

Encouraged to Beg.

These Frenchmen would often use their children to procure money from us, and many a time did the little rascals come around the works crying for money and food and tobacco and candies. Soldiers were glad to have the kiddies around at first. They didn't know them at first and the novelty of giving presents of various descriptions to the poor unfortunate waifs of "poor France" struck their fancy at first. But they soon got over it because they were not long in realizing that little Frenchies were like most of their parents—just simply little humbugs. They hung around the mess halls around the machine shops, in the barracks—they were everywhere. They would occasionally swipe great pieces of meat, numerous loaves of bread, sugar and other foodstuffs from the mess halls and they put many a gray hair in the heads of the various mess sergeants.

Wrenches and screwdrivers and pliers and other tools would disappear and sooner or later such disappearance would be traced to the door of these pesky little French kids. More than once a Ford was missing and several days later was traced to the home of some Frenchman living in the village. Orders were issued by various commanders prohibiting the little Frenchies from coming within the areas occupied by troops. It didn't do a bit of good; because they knew nothing except to come and go as they pleased. Their parents were told to keep them at home; but the parents would only shrug their shoulders and extend their hands as French do.

Caused Annoyance.

Tell the kids to "beat it," in French and they would make off, making various signs with their nose and fingers as some bad little American boys will sometimes do. Yet in a short while they would be back again crying for cigarettes and "chocla," as they call candy.

There were three of these little urchins who used to cause me a great deal of annoyance. When I first got into LaPallice, I jayed them a great deal of attention because I am naturally fond of little children. I was inexperienced with French children though and had I had previous experience with them I would have given them a wide berth. These three hung around a good deal and I spent many a franc on them for candy and cigarettes before I wished I hadn't. They swiped my wrenches, they swiped my clothes and they made life fairly miserable for me. Every morning they would come around and there was no getting away from them. Finally one day I decided I would take extreme measures. I purchased a plug of chewing tobacco—thick and black and strong. Few French men chew tobacco, none of the women do and none of the kids.

The three musketeers hung around me all day as usual, crying for cigarettes and "chocla." I gave them cigarettes and candy which they greedily accepted, coming back several hours later for more.

Then I took that plug of chewing tobacco out of my pocket and calmly cutting off a generous slice for each, handed it around. They knew nothing of chewing tobacco; but taking it as

Questions Asked.

A small boy of the Jewish persuasion, was playing at the end of the pier, fell into the sea and was only rescued after great difficulty by an intrepid swimmer, who dived off the end of the pier and succeeded in getting the boy into a rowboat.

Half an hour afterward, much exhausted by his effort, the rescuer was walking off the pier when a man came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you the man who saved my son Ikey's life?" he said.

"Yes," answered the much exhausted hero.

"Then," said the Hebrew in indignant tones, "were's his cap!"

Not Clear.

"Isn't it too bad," Mr. Jones observed, looking regretfully across the dinner table at his better half, "that the things we love most never agree with us?"

Mrs. Jones stiffened warningly.

"I'll thank you to be more specific, Mr. Jones," she said coldly. "Are you referring to something to eat or to—something else?"

The mistress of the house engaged a new servant and gave her instructions how to behave when answering her bell. One evening she rang for a glass of milk and was surprised to see Martha appear with the glass grasped in her hand.

"Oh, Martha," she said, "always bring the milk to me on a tray."

Martha apologized and promised to remember in future.

A week later the bell rang, and the same request was made. This time Martha appeared with the tray and the milk emptied into it. Anxious to please, she curtsied and inquired: "Shall I bring a spoon, ma'am, or will you just lap it up?"

Right.

"When water becomes ice," asked the teacher, "what is the greatest change that takes place?"

"The greatest change, ma'am," said the little boy, "is the change in price."—Our Dumb Animals.

He Missed His Pot.

Employer—Don't you take off your hat when you ask for a job?" Demobilized Politician—"Excuse me. I'm so used to my helmet that I feel bareheaded with this darn piece of felt on."—Le Pays de France (Paris.)

Knockers.

"We have an old family knocker on our front door."

"We have one inside."—Baltimore American.

Shameless.

"I fear Glitthers is a political trickster."

"His conscience doesn't seem to bother him any."

"Probably not."

"At least, he has no objections to being known as a practical man."

Where Danger Lurks.

There is one American sergeant in France who is still uncertain whether or not he gets a wound stripe.

He had gone forward in the charge against machine-gun nests and shrapnel without receiving a mark. Then says the Stars and Stripes, the time came to halt and dig in. While at this place he attempted to open some condensed meat, and the can exploded and injured his right hand.

a matter of course that I was giving them more "chocla" proceeded to eat that Brown's mule quite ravenously. Most of it was wallowed before I saw by their change of facial expression that they had discovered that the "chocla" wasn't.

Of Course They Were Mad.

Then they started spitting and coughing and cussing me in French. Considerable vomiting and writhing and groaning was also on the programme of the evening and taken all in all it was the maddest trio of kids I have ever seen either in the United States or Europe.

They soon beat it for home, balling me out and making faces at me as they went. I was never bothered with that particular trio again and I think they must have passed the word to the rest of the little arabs of that village and vicinity to lay off of me because the "chocla" I gave them wasn't any good. I felt just a little ashamed of myself later for my action and yet I don't know that it was very mean because those French arabs were as much trouble to some of us as the cooties were to some of the rest of us.—L. M. Grist in Yorkville Enquirer.

I have just received my last lot of seed Spanish Peanuts and King's early Big Boll Cotton Seed. Place your order at once for same, as this is the last shipment of the season. I have also just received one carload of wire fencing. See me for prices. S. W. COPELAND, Ehrhardt, S. C. 4-8

The famous Holman Bibles are on sale in Bamberg only at the Herald Book Store. A few family Bibles on hand.

STORES CLOSE 6:00 P. M.

We, the undersigned merchants of Bamberg, do hereby agree to close our stores at 6:00 p. m., beginning April 1st and continuing until September 1st, 1920, excepting on Saturdays:

J. D. Copeland, Mgr.
E. A. Hooton.
Klauber's.
M. E. Ayer Company.
Spann Mercantile Company.
Kirkland Graham Furniture Co.
Milton Shapiro.
A. Rice.
D. A. Reid.
J. Cooner & Sons.
Kearse-Padgett Company.
Mrs. A. McB. Speaks & Co.
G. O. Simmons.
G. R. Simmons (at 5 o'clock.)
Rentz & Felder.
LaVerne Thomas & Co.
C. R. Brabham, Jr.
Smook & Moye.
H. C. Folk Co.
J. B. Black.
W. D. Rhoad.
P. Greenberg.
Sam Zimmerman.

NOTICE OF CITATION.

The State of South Carolina, County of Bamberg. By J. J. Brabham, Jr., Probate Judge.

Whereas H. C. Herndon hath made suit to me to grant him letters of administration of the estate and effects of Mrs. Mollie E. Herndon.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Mrs. Mollie E. Herndon, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the court of probate, to be held at Bamberg, S. C., on the 3rd day of April, next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand this 18th day of March, anno domini 1920.

J. J. BRABHAM, JR.,
Judge of Probate.

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Judge of Probate.

We are now in position to deliver job printing on short notice. We have a large stock of paper and one of the best job printers in the state. Send us your orders.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. D. Copeland, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same duly itemized and verified to the undersigned executor, and all persons indebted to said estate will make payment on or before the 15th day of April, 1920.

J. D. COPELAND, JR.,
Executor

CARD OF THANKS.

We, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Herndon, take this method, though so mild a one in comparison to our feelings, of thanking all who rendered service to papa and mana, and to us, in their sickness and death. The many acts, tokens and expressions, during this double, sad bereavement, have added to our former list of friends and loved ones. May the richest blessings of Heaven ever be shedded around every one.

CLINTON W. HERNDON,
MRS. JASPER B. PADGETT,
March 23, 1920.

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