

The Bamberg Herald

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In the city of Boston since January 1 of this year there have been 13,747 arrests for drunkenness. During the year 1919, when there were barrooms in Boston, there were 31,630 arrests for drunkenness. Figures like these cannot be explained satisfactorily by those who would like to see a return of liquor or a modification of the enforcement law.

The Barnwell People has taken an advanced step in the elimination of its ready print service. This means that the People is now printed entirely in Barnwell, and is, therefore, an entirely home product. The People explains that heretofore it has not had sufficient advertising patronage to warrant printing its whole paper at home, but that its patronage has recently increased to such an extent that hereafter the whole paper will be printed in its own office. We congratulate the People on its prosperity. In this connection we might say that the Bamberg Herald has been a home printed paper for the last fifteen years, and is now the only paper in the County setting all its own type and doing its own press work. The people of Bamberg long ago realized the benefits attached to having a modern paper, and have given liberal support to The Herald. We might also add, however, that because The Herald is a modern weekly and, therefore, cannot cut its legal advertising rate it is deprived of practically all the legal advertising of the county of Bamberg. This accounts for the absence of the county advertising. If we thought the county was financially unable to pay full rate for its advertising we would run it free, but we don't think so. We have always had an idea that the purpose of the county advertising was to give publicity, but it seems that this is not entirely correct; get it as cheap as possible. correct. This appears to be one disadvantage of giving the people a modern all home print paper, but we trust the Barnwell People will not have this experience.

ON THE SITE OF HIS WORK.

Remains of Founder of Wofford College Rest on College Campus.

The remains of Benjamin Wofford, founder of the college which bears his name, now rest on Wofford campus. The reinterment of the remains of Dr. Wofford and his wife took place last evening at six o'clock, says a Spartanburg dispatch of last week. There were no exercises. Two or three of the members of Wofford college faculty strolled down to the grave and stood by while workmen under the direction of Mayor Floyd placed the boxes bearing the ashes of the man who gave in his day the greater individual sum of education, and those of his wife, in soil shadowed by the institution he founded.

The remains were taken from the old burying ground near Cross Anchor yesterday, and brought to the city late yesterday afternoon. After having rested in the earth for nearly 90 years, the coffin of the peculiar shape of that date was found in fairly good state of preservation.

The graves of Benjamin Wofford and his wife on Wofford campus lie 70 yards, one foot and 13 inches from the portals of the college building, representing the age of the founder, 70 years, one month and 13 days, at the time of his death.

Early in November a suitable marking for the graves will be placed and probably there will be some ceremony held on the occasion.

Best Wishes For Brother Jones.

A celebrated revivalist came to address his flock, and before he began to speak the pastor said: "Brother Jones before you begins this discourse there are some powerful bad negroes in this here congregation and I want to pray for you," which he did in this fashion:

"O Lord, give Brother Jones the eye of the eagle, that he may see sin from afar. Glue his ear to the gospel telephone, and connect him with the central skies. Illuminate his brow with brightness that will make the fires of hell look like a tallow candle. Nail his hands to the gospel plow and bow his head in some lone-some valley, where prayer is much wanted to be said, and anoint him all over with the kerosene oil of thy salvation and set him afire."—Congressional Record.

An authority on finance, after exhaustive investigation, finds that in America only one rich man's son in 17 dies rich.

A Caution to the Negro Farmer.

It is true that we have had a hard fight this year with the boll weevil trying to save our cotton; many sacrifices were made because of the high cost of living. Millions of dollars were used in the form of fertilizer and labor that has proven a total loss. This is very shocking and heart rending to the farmer.

The thing that has caused the greatest depression in the hopes of the farmers was the great drop in the price of cotton. He cannot pay his bills of various kinds, his many obligations in many instances prevent the supplying of home needs and making those happy who were prominent in waging the terrible war against the boll weevil. This has caused or brought about a great business depression not only on the farm but in all lines of business.

With the unusual condition surrounding us many of our people have left the farm, gone north and west. Many are threatening to leave. This, I think, is one of the greatest mistakes the negro farmer and worker has made in a long time and should be checked at once.

Listen! The leaving of the thousands of my people from South Carolina and the south has caused the loss of thousands of acres of lands, homes, and millions of dollars. Because of the great flurry in the nation's business centers, the closing of mines, factories, mills of various kinds, thousands have been thrown out of employment, without any income and in many instances friends. Those who are able are returning. Those who are not able are writing their former friends to send tickets that they may return. What a shame! One thousand returned to their former homes in Georgia last week.

I want to caution the negroes of Bamberg county, of the state and of the south, to stay on the farms because it is one of the greatest places in the world. Upon it depends the progress of all business enterprises, sustenance and support of the cities, industrial enterprises, even the assured life of a progressive nation.

Now, if this is true, which I firmly believe deep down in my heart is true, then the thing for us to do is to not make the mistake of our friends, but let's be thoughtful, less wasteful, produce more sustaining products on the farm and in general and technical way, carry out the caution of the sage of by-gone days, Booker T. Washington, to let down our buckets where we are. Through this, which I believe to be a wise action, we will not only save the day for ourselves and our beloved south, but will prove ourselves to be a great asset to our beloved country and nation.—E. D. Jenkins, local agent.

PIGMIES HUNT ELEPHANTS.

African Midgets Have Hard Time Slaying Biggest of Beasts.

One of the queerest regions under the sun—a land peopled by midgets, scarcely four feet tall—has just been explored by Dr. Leonard John Vandenberg, a Catholic missionary. Almost a year ago the doctor's party entered the Congo seeking traces of the tribe of Mabut, which, living deep in the jungle, had heretofore repelled all attempts of white men to learn of its methods of living, its beliefs, and its history. Dr. Vandenberg, however, after a generous gift of salt and tobacco, succeeded in winning the favor of the pigmies and he not only lived for a time among them but he got their permission to film them at work and play.

He brought back with him, along with the pictures, numerous interesting stories of the Mabut. Among them is the account of the slaying of an elephant, which is described as follows:

When they smell an elephant in the vicinity, the whole tribe goes out to hunt him. They keep on his tracks for weeks at a time, slinging their spears at him with steady hand and eye. The men climb trees and jump from branch to branch as the animal below them makes his hurried way through the undergrowth. They throw their weapons at him, their aim being to strike him deeply in a vital part. They haven't the strength to throw a spear with sufficient force to deal a death blow. All they can do and all they aim to do is to have the weapon sufficiently imbedded to impede the progress of the animal as he is continually prodded from the sides and from the branches above. They force him to butt the spears into the trunks of trees, and very often succeed in virtually making him commit suicide by having him force the weapons into his body.

They will follow the wounded and tortured beast for as much as a month. When he shows signs of complete surrender, they deal the final death blows by the whole mass of them throwing their spears into his sides. Once assured he can do them no harm, they swarm over his body like so many ants and proceed to cut

away his flesh, which they eat. They have no method of preserving the flesh. They simply stay near him just as long as there is anything to eat, then depart to their village taking the much cherished tusks with them. They bury them in the ground and keep the tusks there until some of the neighboring tribes come along with offers of salt and tobacco.

Robber Attacks Moore's Brother.

Adj. Gen. W. W. Moore has returned from Gilmania, where he was called to see his brother, Joseph H. Moore, who had been attacked and badly beaten up by an alleged robber. Mr. Moore was in charge of a store and Wednesday afternoon some one hit him on the back of the head several times with a billy, fracturing his skull in three places.

The robber then ransacked the cash register and made away with all the funds. General Moore said yesterday that he had been advised that a man had been arrested charged with forgery and that upon searching him officers had found the contents of the cash register on his person. He is being held in connection with the attack on Mr. Moore.

General Moore left his brother resting well and hopes no complications will result from the serious wounds.—The Columbia State.

Persuasion Needed.

To those who contribute to the support of humane work and the animals' welfare only under pressure on when cornered by some humanitarian financial strategist the attitude of Farmer Applegate's cow applies: "How much milk does that cow give?" asked the summer boarder.

"Wal," replied Farmer Applegate. "ef you mean by voluntary contribooshun, she don't give none. But ef ye kin git her cornered so she can't kick none to hurt, an abie bodied man kin take away about lev'n quarts a day from her."—Our Dumb Animals.

New Argument.

"Re the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, may I quote from 'Twelfth Night,' Act I, Scene 5? Thank you.

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

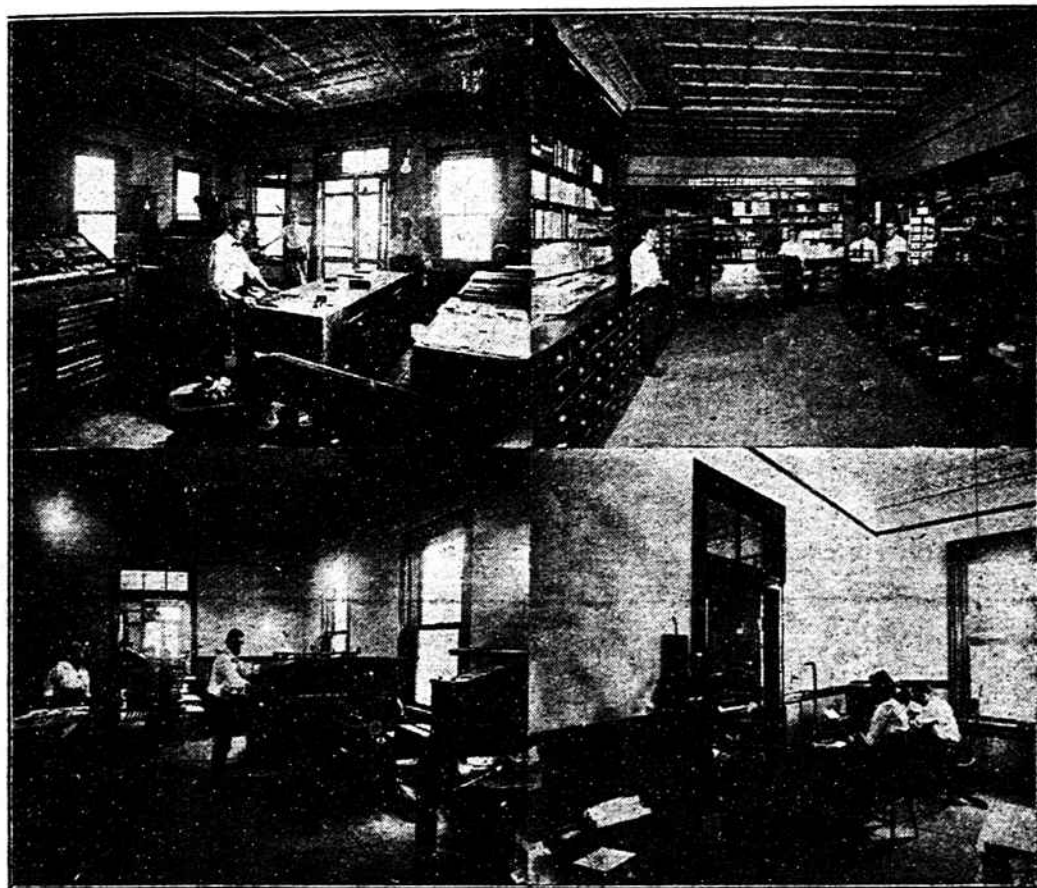
"This is unquestionably bacon."—Punch.

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YOUR COUNTY PAPER

Is the best asset your town has

SUPPORT IT



The Herald Supports Bamberg and Bamberg County.

Your advertisement in The Herald is read all over the County, and reaches the people as no other paper reaches them. It is read from cover to cover, not merely the headlines, as daily papers are read.

The Leading American Industry

Women are engaged in America's leading industry, one which requires ability of the highest order—that of managing the home.

Successful home managers pay their household bills by check because it is convenient, systematic and safe. Disputes about bills or the paying of one twice is impossible because the cancelled check is indisputable evidence of payment.

This institution pays particular attention to the requirements of women.

"SERVICE AND SAFETY."

Total Resources Over \$500,000.00

Peoples Bank

BAMBERG, SOUTH CAROLINA

A. M. DENBOW, President
C. W. RENTZ, SR., W. S. BAMBERG, Vice Presidents
C. W. RENTZ, JR., Cashier.