A SMOKING CASE

Story of a Woman's Exchange

By EDITH V. ROSS

After Chester Barnes turned his thirtieth birthday, having tired of society, when he came to his room from business in the evening he found it irksome to get into evening dress. So he dined in business clothes, thinking as would dress after dinner for any function to which he might have been invited—for the theater, opera or whatever entertainment was in store for him. But after dinner he found it more difficult to exert himself than before and, sitting down to his evening paper or a book, failed to arise till 10 or 11 o'clock, to get into his pajamas and go to bed. After having done this quite continuously for a few months, one evening he mused thus:

"There's no use denying the fact any longer that I've outgrown social, or rather society, life. Which is hollow, selfish and altogether unprofitable. I'm getting out of it very fast and will never go back to it. I can't marry because the girls I associate with are all brought up to spend money, and I am not earning enough to supply my own wants. As for marrying a helpmate, I can't do that because I don't know any girls of that kind. Being forced to live in bachelor quarters alone, I'll procure books from the libraries and read. But first I must get the bareness out of this room and make it as homelike as possible."

Mr. Barnes consulted with an elderly lady friend as to how he might get the "bareness" out of his room and was advised to buy a few attractive pictures to cover the walls and knickknacks to adorn his furniture. He bought the pictures, and, as for the knicknacks, he found a profusion of articles that no man would ever have thought of at a woman's exchange. One thing he purchased there which only a woman would have thought of, though it was useful to the sterner sex, was a case for smoker's articles made of a woolen fabric bound with silk and decorated with a number of beautiful bowknots.

Barnes laughed at this when he saw it, but bought it because it was so distinctly feminine. When he got it to his room he hung it on the wall, stringing the pipes along the cloth of loops, expecting to keep them there till the smoking case became odoriferous. He also dropped a rubber tobacco pouch in a pocket probably intended for it by the fair smoker, then sat down in his easy chair to admire his decorations.

They all looked attractive and were a great improvement to the room. But there was still something wanting. Barnes knew very well what it was. He had not rid of the barreness, but not the loneliness. Going on his smoking case, he selected a pipe and took his tobacco pouch from its pocket. With it out came a bit of lace, which dropped down to the floor. He picked it up and read in a feminine hand as follows:

Lonely Bachelor—If this work of my hands falls in such, I sympathize with you in your loneliness. Perhaps when you read this you will be passing an evening by yourself in your room. If so think of the girl who is doing the same after teaching all day, making things like this smoking case to help to keep herself alive. By the bye, does or does it strike a bright idea where I thought of making it?

Ned thought she struck a brainless idea when she put this missive in it, though at first he was disposed to consider her doing so a trifle—well, a trifle irregular, but it occurred to him that a girl stupid enough to make a smoking case out of wool and silk adorned with bowknots might suppose she could put out such a message without her locality being discovered. However, there is something attractive to men in woman's misconception of man's requirements, and vice versa. At any rate, Ned was very much interested in his find.

He was more than interested. He was sensibly, or, rather, sentimentally, affected by the sympathy of this poor girl, who was like himself yearning for something which nature intended for her, but which she was denied. He lighted his pipe and began puffing clouds of smoke, through which he formed conceptions of her. Was she there? Was she fair? Was she disposed to be merry? How would she look sitting on the other side of the table doing some bit of needlework, not to sell to strangers, but for some one she loved?

This simple picture grew into others, but all of the same kind. The young heroine was of course. Then came a fairy. She rose and went to an adjoining room, from which she had issued. There was a minister, which in a few minutes ceased. The dreamer arose and looked into the room where the groom and child were, and saw the baby standing the minister bending over it.

Leaving the child, these wicked ones used to frolic and dance in safe forgetfulness of all but themselves, in which the little one was the central figure.

The curtain descended. The curtain rose after another interval on the dreamer, now middle aged. He was still living in the same room, but it was changed. The child was grown to a young woman, who could have been none other than the girl who had written the note. The doctor had been called for and would soon be there. Going upstairs, the father put his hand on his child's hot brow and spoke tenderly to the little sufferer. Then he turned away, quietly pressing the mother's hand.

The doctor came, and after an examination a serious look settled on his face. Then followed a night of anxious watching and waiting, while the child tossed and moaned, and every moan cut the parents' hearts like a knife. The doctor came again in the morning and looked graver than yesterday. Before he left he told the man and wife to be prepared for the worst.

In the night a change came. Two alternatives arose before the dream, one that the woman came out of the sickroom with a blighted look on her face, saying, "It's all over." He groaned and shut the vision out by closing his eyes. When he opened them the other alternative was before him. "Ned, there is a change. He is sleeping quietly, and his skin is moist." He went to the sickroom and put his hand on the child's cheek, then turned and, clasping the mother in his arms, said fervently, "Thank God!"

Day dreams as well as those that come in sleep shift quickly. Ned saw himself prosperous, rich. He sat at one end of a dining table, his wife at the other, with children of all ages on either hand. The oldest was now a sturdy collegian, who had carried all the honors of his class; the next, a girl of nineteen, just engaged to one of her brother's classmates, while the others, boys and girls, rattled their knives and forks, making a greater clatter by all talking at once.

"Do you remember, dear," he said, "that smoking case you made of some woolen stuff bespattered with bowknots? That was the stupidest thing you ever did in your life. I can't imagine anything more ridiculous. Ha, ha!"

Ned Barnes had gradually been succumbing to the quieting influences of coziness, and when he spoke these words he was dreaming in slumber. His loud "Ha, ha!" awakened him.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, yawning, "my dream must have been part while awake and part sleeping. I'd like to dream a continuation now. No; not that part about the child dying! No, no!"

He shuddered and gave a quick pull at his pipe. But no smoke came. It had gone out. Laying it aside, he arose, undressed and went to bed. But before going to sleep he made a mental memorandum of turning his dream into a reality, and the next day he put it into practice.

"Can you tell me," he said to the manager of the woman's exchange, "who made the smoking case I bought here the other day?"

The woman hesitated, asked why he wished to know, consulted with another woman, then said that the article had been made by a young girl whose necessities were considerable. If giving her address would be of any issue to her it would be given. Barnes said that it would. He had been so pleased with the article she had made that he would like a dozen of them. To this the lady replied that he could order a dozen through her, but he said in so large an order he would prefer to deal directly with the manufacturer. After much delay he finally got the address.

Ned was tempted to write the girl that he had purchased her smoking case and had received her missive, but, fearing its frivolousness, set about finding some one who would give him an introduction to her. He at length succeeded in this and found in the girl he sought one whose faculty had to manage Mars been prominent, but whose property had melted away. She had never known anything but adversity, though she had inherited from her mother the manner of a lady. She was rather pretty and decidedly attractive. Barnes, under the influence of the episode of which she was the end, took quite a fancy to her. He followed up the acquaintance, and gradually it appeared to him that, though she was stupid on the subjects mentioned, was a step current of common sense.

He knew she was the only girl he knew with whom he could begin married life on practical principles, he resolved to ask her to marry him. He proceeded like a gentleman by taking from his pocket the missive he had found in the smoking case and handed it to her. She read it and looked up at him with cheeks aflame.

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

"I bought the smoking case you sold through the woman's exchange. May I ask in the note if I don't think I struck a bright idea in making the smoking case? I certainly do. I reciprocate all the rest you said and propose to end our mutual loneliness by a union. Will you marry me?"

There was a dozen or fifteen years ago. Mrs. Barnes proved an admirable manager, thus giving her husband a great advantage in playing as well as laying up a competence. Besides that, as a result of concentration which he had lacked before his marriage, thirdly, as soon as she was a wife and ceased to take care of all his friends were disposed to help him. The consequence is that today the substance of his dreams has come to pass—he is prosperous and happy with a loving family.

The smoking case betrayed in the Barnes family. When the children ask what it is that father sometimes tells them that it is a monument of human naïve genius, but when they ask him if he means that a girl asks the question for that he hopes she will show as much talent for getting a husband as her mother did for getting a husband.

CORN CLUB IDEAS

The boys' corn club thus far having demonstrated the possibilities of the heavy corn yields in the south at high cost, it is thought best to turn our attention now to the future and to the practice of soil building through rotation and legume cover crops. This will result in economic production. After an interesting discussion on the subject, a committee on "Policy for Corn Club Work" was appointed, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the South Carolina demonstration agents:

Be it resolved by the demonstration agents now in session:

1. That the county demonstration agent be held responsible for the corn club work of the county and that he be permitted one-third of his time, if so much be necessary for its success.

2. That the boy be required to practice, so far as is practicable, the same principles of soil building, etc., that are taught to government demonstrators.

3. That the following be required of each boy. Each acre of corn must have peas or other legume sown in the midde at last plowing, or peanuts planted in the middle and then peas or other legumes sown at laying by time. A winter cover crop of grain and legumes, so far as is practicable must be fall sown and turned the following spring, on land to be planted to corn.

4. That each boy be limited to a uniform cost of fertilizers per acre, including stable manure. This uniform cost not to exceed $20 an acre.

5. That club membership be sought only in such numbers as will enable the agent to obtain the best results in the time alloted for such work, and that such membership be selected as nearly as possible on or near the routes on which farm demonstrators are located, and that all boys located otherwise, inconvenient for visiting, be handled by correspondence, by addresses to such clubs, etc., as the conditions may demand.

6. That large premiums be discouraged but when premiums are offered they be so divided as to offer, if possible, equal incentives to the most for work along the following lines: Cover crop sowing, best written history of cultivation of crop, best paper on how he selected his seed corn in the field, selection of the best ten ears of corn, greatest yield, and greatest profit.

7. That at least five boys in each county be induced to begin in the spring of 1914, a two year rotation of corn and oats, with the winter and summer legumes as cover crops for soil-building purposes.

8. That the boys who enter a two-year rotation be encouraged to plant poor instead of fertile lands.

ABBEVILLE NOTES

Abbeville, May 18.—Quite a number of people from here attended the convention of Shriners in Atlanta this week. Among them were Dr. F. E. Harrison, Dr. W. G. Harper, Dr. W. D. Simpson, Mr. M. T. Coleman, Mr. W. D. Barksdale, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Cheatham.

Rev. and Mrs. Louis J. Bristow expected to return Saturday from Nashville, Tenn., where they have been attending the Baptist convention.

Mrs. M. T. Coleman the president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs has been in Spartanburg to the council meeting. Mrs. Jas. L. McMillan, Mrs. F. B. Gary and Mrs. J. A. Hill were delegates from the different clubs.

Miss Mary Lawson Link is at home from a visit to Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Katharine Link has gone to Augusta, Ga., for a month's stay.

Dr. G. A. Foster attended the Odd Fellow's meting in Columbia this week.

The delegates from the missionary societies in the Presbytery met at Long Cane church Saturday. Quite an interesting session was a talk on China by Miss Lacy Little who is on a visit to the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gilliam attended the Shrine convention in Atlanta and were the guests of Mrs. Herman Benton.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Milford spent several days in Atlanta this week on the Shriners convention.

Mr. Richard Smalley visited his son, Chevas in Atlanta last week.

Messrs. Albert Henry, R. E. Cox, Jas. L. McMillan, W. E. Leslie, and Allen Link spent Thursday and Friday at Clemson college. They went over for the ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ellis and Miss Mary Hodges spent a few days in Hodges, Coleabury and Coronaca. They went in their car and took several little fishing trips while away.

Mrs. Fannie Livingston of Clinton is at the home of Miss Mamie Lou Smith.

Miss Fannie Harris has returned from a visit to Miss Thomson in Laurens.

Fair Weather.

Washington, May 18.—Generally fair weather over much of the country is the official weather forecast for this week.

"With the exception of showers the first half of the week in the Southern States and the Middle Mississippi and Ohio Valleys and about Wednesday in the Middle Atlantic and New England States, the coming week promises to be one of generally fair weather over much of the country," said the bulletin. "Temperatures will average near or slightly above the normal over most of the country East of the Rock Mountains. There is no important storm charted to strike the country."

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and Her Two Dolls

A Great Big Beautiful Doll and 2 small dressed dollies for every boy and girl in the city. Hurry and get yours!

These 3 dollies are beautifully printed on one large piece of muslin all ready to cut out and stuff. They have golden hair, big brown eyes and are very life-like indeed.

ACTUAL HEIGHT, 25 INCHES

ACTUAL HEIGHT, 7½ INCHES

Bigger Than a Baby

ACTUAL HEIGHT, 7½ INCHES

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Bring or send to this office $1.25 which will pay for a three months' subscription, and we will give or mail you the above beautiful dolls absolutely free of cost. This offer is good on new or renewal subscriptions to The Daily Intelligencer only. Fill out the blank below and bring or mail it to this office with $1.25, and the doll will be sent you immediately. Remember we have only a limited number of these dolls and you must act promptly.

THE ANDERSON DAILY INTELLIGENCER,
Anderson, S. C.

Gentlemen:

Please find Enclosed $1.25 to pay for a three months subscription to the Daily Intelligencer for ..... of ..... S. C. Please send Anna Belle and her two dolls to

Name .....

Address .....

BARNES NEWS

Miss Beulah McAdams of the First Creek section and Miss Mary Herron from near Pelzer were with the picnic crowd on the 16th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Wiles a daughter, baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Manning of Belton spent Sunday at the home of J. T. Wiles.

Rev. J. B. Herron was visiting here last week.

As was previously announced, the Barnes High School closed with a picnic at Shamrock Springs on the 16th. To insure good behavior, Miss Herron had invited the Rev. H. W. Stone and the Rev. J. S. Herron. Both were present and with the aid of the school teachers, the guests and the patrons of the school the picnic was conducted in the most orderly manner. The grounds, the spring and the beautiful plate near the house, Mr. J. E. Young was also there with his phonograph and a choice selection of the record music was rendered.

About 2 o'clock a provisional table was constructed in the grove and was soon groaning under the load of good things to eat that the ladies had prepared for the occasion.

After the dinner was over lemonade was served on the ground at the expense of the school. The crowd was large throughout the day and those present say that one long to be remembered. At first was present.

In behalf of the Barnes School we wish to publicly thank Mr. Austin for his kindness and courteousness shown the crowd on that occasion.