

The Pageland Journal

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C. M. Tucker, Proprietor

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January 12, 1916

Governor Richard I. Manning delivered his annual message to the legislature yesterday. A few sections are reprinted below:

The number of deputies now provided by law will not be sufficient to enable Sheriffs, Magistrates and other local authorities to prevent the illicit sale of liquor. You must realize that it will require unceasing effort and vigilance to prevent violations of this law. There is need of new machinery if this law is to be effective. I ask that you will make adequate provision for the pay of special deputies whenever and wherever needed to enforce this law. The law must be respected and obeyed; the law must be supreme.

I commend to your special consideration the report of the Superintendent of Education. The work of this department is most gratifying. It shows increased enrollment, increased average attendance, longer terms, better equipment, more and better schoolhouses, and increase in the number of school districts which are making special levy. These facts indicate clearly a greater interest in education by our people than ever before.

From a personal inspection, the experiment of teaching agriculture in the rural schools in Washington county has so impressed me with its desirability that I do not hesitate to advise that provision be made so as to make this character of work possible in other counties.

The foregoing on agricultural education in the common schools is emphasized by the rapid approach of the boll weevil. No way of checking or destroying this pest has been discovered. The boll weevil is the destroyer of our chief money crop. It is now within 146 miles of the South Carolina line. Its appearance in our fields in a short time seems to be beyond question. When the boll weevil reaches us, it will produce financial and agricultural disaster, unless we prepare for it by diversification of crops, by proper seed selection of early varieties, by raising food crops, by raising cattle and stock. To change a large part of our acreage from cotton to other crops will require education in farming which will give better methods than now obtain. The boll weevil will be upon us shortly; we must prepare for it.

A number of plans have been suggested to bring about a system of roadways throughout the length and breadth of the State, with construction that will be permanent and the cost of maintenance light, and I commend this subject to your earnest consideration. We unquestionably need these highways. They must be constructed if we are to keep pace with the progress of our sister States.

At the last session of the Legislature you generously appropriated two thousand dollars for special legal advice to the Governor. This action on your part was warmly appreciated by me, though it was done without my request. I desire to express to you my thanks for your action, and my appreciation of the motives which prompted you to make this appropriation. I desire, however, to state that not one dollar of this appropriation has been used, and that the entire amount, two thousand dollars, has been turned back into State treasury.

Letter from Rev. J. M. Sullivan

Ridgeland, S. C.—Would like to say that we regretted very much that we failed to have time while in Pageland the other day to speak to all our friends. We would like to ask that they wait until August; then we will do the thing right if visiting and shaking hands is what they want.

Well, we are back on our field after a few days rest. The outlook is real encouraging for a good year. The congregations are growing at every service. The Sunday school under the efficient leadership of Mr. S. B. Owens is making progress along all lines. Our school is not so large in number, but well organized and doing a high grade of work.

We would like to say that we are pleased with our new field, though we all know "There is no place like home."

Love and best wishes to all the good folks in our former pastorate.

Fraternally,
J. M. Sullivan.

Two Marriages Near Jefferson

Mr. Early Middleton and Miss Winnie E. Knight were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Knight, Sunday, January 2nd, by Rev. J. A. White. The bride and groom are popular and have the best wishes of their many friends.

Another marriage of interest to the people of this community was that of Miss Beulah Funderburk to Mr. L. A. Sellers, which took place near Rocky Creek church on Sunday, December 26th, Rev. A. W. White officiating. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Funderburk, and is one of Jefferson's fairest young women. The groom is one of Jefferson's most industrious men and the head of a firm of

... who wish to lead a long and happy life.

... able to mend."

Wrote to His Mother Concerning Safety

Wilmington, Jan. 10.—The British liner Persia, sunk in the Mediterranean, left London convoyed by cruisers and destroyers and the escort was to be maintained "all the way" according to a letter written by Consul Robert Ney McNeely, who was lost when the liner went down. The letter was addressed to his mother, Mrs. W. R. McNeely, at Waxhaw, N. C., and mailed at Essex, England, December 18, the date the Persia left London for Alexandria, Egypt, and was made public here today by Pratt McNeely, brother of the late Consul.

"We are starting out from London on the Persia, a very good steamer, convoyed by cruisers and destroyers all the way, so it is said passage on this steamer is entirely safe," wrote Consul McNeely. He added that another letter would be mailed from Gibraltar the ensuing Friday and that Christmas Day would be spent at Marseilles.

CHURCH NOTES

METHODIST PROTESTANT

John W. Quick, Pastor

Last Sunday we canceled the debt against our church. We owe no man anything but love. Our appointment for next Sunday will be at Rose Hill at 11 o'clock a. m.

Big Silk Sale---

Several hundred yards of silk to be offered at half price. Best 36-inch silk worth \$1.00 per yard at 50c. 50c silk at 25c per yard. These silks are in black and blue colors. We also have a lot of stripes worth 50c and 25c per yard that will be offered at one-half price.

Pageland Merc. Co.

A GAME OF HEARTS

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

The Willow Plate Tea Room was a cozy little bungalow with gaily striped awnings and verandas set with many little tables, and a great room inside all done in blue and white, with a border of willow-pattern plates. The growling purr of a high-powered motor came through the open casement window. It slowed down and stopped at the gate of the Willow Plate Tea Room.

"Oh, bother!" pouted Elsie, as she went into the little kitchen and returned to the room to discover a solitary man seated at one of the white-enamelled tables. He was far from being an ill-looking specimen of masculinity, although his clean-cut features were sternly set. He did not glance up when Elsie placed a glass of water before him.

"You may bring me," he said deliberately, "a poached egg on toast," and, turning away his head, he looked out of the window.

Elsie hesitated and then marched stiffly off to the kitchen. Once there she shook her fist at the back of the unoffending stranger.

"Poached egg! And it's the one particular thing that I can't make!" she groaned.

Three trips she made into the tea room—once to set tempting pats of butter and the pot of tea before the patron, again to serve him with the burned bit of toast on which was sprawled the yellow, leathery-looking egg. The third trip was in answer to his summons.

"Please bring me another egg," he said in a tone of polite weariness. "This one seems—er—rather overdone."

Elsie Wayne always remembered that August afternoon as a perfect nightmare of eggs that refused to be poached and of endless trips into the tea room to present her trophies to the grim-visaged young man at the table.

Invariably he waved her offerings away, always with that look of bored patience.

From a distant table Elsie brought the plate of pink-and-white heart-shaped cakes. These delectable morsels were favorites with Mrs. Burton's patrons.

"Those look very tempting," he said smoothly. "You did not make them."

"On the contrary, I did make them," she affirmed spiritedly.

"Indeed?" His tone was amused. He picked up the top cake and bit it in two.

"A broken heart," he said in a mocking tone. "Easy to break, but impossible to mend."

"It is not worth mending—hearts are all alike," she said, and, gathering up his dishes, she disappeared kitchenward.

She cleared a place on the table, set the egg poacher in its receptacle of boiling water, broke an egg into it, closed the lid and carefully toasted a slice of bread.

She almost shrieked with joy when she laid the buttered toast on the little blue platter and slipped the pinky, white-filmed poached egg flecked with pepper onto the toast.

She had achieved a triumph. It was even more beautiful than anything Susanna had ever accomplished.

The kitchen door swung behind her little young form; in her outstretched hands she carried the silver tray and set before him the perfect poached egg.

"I think I've discovered the knack of doing it," she said.

"That's good," he said.

"Hadn't you better eat it while it's hot?" she suggested.

He proceeded to eat slowly, Elsie watching each morsel as it vanished between his well-cut lips.

"Is it good?" she would ask, and always he nodded. When the blue platter was cleared he looked up suddenly.

"Once upon a time I was engaged to marry a girl. She was studying domestic science, and I thought I knew something about cookery; I've camped a lot. She couldn't manage a poached egg, though. We quarreled."

"Ah!" cried Elsie, pulling the cake plate away from his restless fingers. "You have broken another heart!"

"Are hearts so precious?" he asked. A tear fell from her eyes and splashed on the cracked heart cake.

"Tears will mend a broken heart," he said, taking Elsie's hand and holding it closely.

"Oh—Dick!" she sobbed softly. "I'm sorry we quarreled," he whispered; "that's why I came. Mrs. Burton telephoned she was going away and you were to keep shop for her—and I couldn't stay away!"

"But the motor races—"

"Pshaw!" Taking her other hand. "I believe I can make a perfect poached egg now, Dick," she smiled through her tears. "You shall have them every morning for breakfast."

"Heaven forbid!" he groaned tragically.

"Why?"

"I loath 'em! Don't ask me why I sent you back with your dreadful samples, darling! I just wanted the exquisite pleasure of ordering you around—because—" He paused to kiss her.

"Why?" she asked again.

"Oh, because I know I shall be your slave the rest of my life!" he started.

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