

The Barnwell People.

J. W. HOLMES, Editor & Prop'r

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909.

How dearly some Northern people love the Sunny South! Congressman Bennett of New York has offered a bill to reduce representation of all the States in Dixie having strict educational test election laws. He would allow South Carolina only three Representatives, instead of the seven she now has.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University, is a wise college man. This one declaration, comparing country with city newspapers, proves it. He says: "I read the country papers for national news because their columns cover a much wider range, having less local matter to print."

Croesus John D. Rockefeller is cautious about expressing an opinion as to the quick revival of business, but he has no doubt about the future. (His oil monopoly will keep the wheels of his business rolling smoothly.) He says the last panic was the most severe of all. No one escaped it, great or small. (And it will take the longer to get over it.)

EDUCATIONAL EXPANSION.

The speech of Dr. S. O. Mitchell, President of the State University, at the dedication of the new Brunson High School Building on Friday, was full of facts showing that South Carolina is doing perhaps more than she is really able to do in the development and increase of school and college facilities. From his talk we take the following facts:

In 1903 the people were spending on schools about a million dollars, today more than a million and a half dollars. Including colleges, academies and public schools the people are putting at least three million dollars into education, twice as much as the total income of the State each year.

There are over seven thousand teachers in this State.

There are now 96 State aided high schools, next September there will be one hundred and forty.

Within five years one thousand two hundred new school houses have arisen, and five hundred and fifty school districts out of a total of one thousand eight hundred and fourteen have local taxes for the schools.

About three hundred and twenty five thousand youths attend the schools and colleges.

In the last five years twelve hundred school libraries have been established in this State.

A successful and wide awake country farmer-merchant who comes to Barnwell occasionally has asked our opinion as to the effect of the tariff revision now in progress in Congress on business.

The political doctors in Washington now attending the patient, business, are not likely to help its condition. They do not understand how really sick business is, nor do they know the cause of its weakness and lingering condition. Like Sangrado of old they continue to bleed, recommend a prosperity diet and no rest or fasting.

Business is in the condition of the little boy who having spent all his money buying Christmas toys stands hungry outside the window of the cake and candy shop. He would like to trade the beaten drum or battered horn but his comrades are in the same class as he and must put up with what they are given on the family table.

When tariff revision is completed business will find that Congressman McCall is one Republican right in one thing. His views are given in a quotation from his Harvard speech.

A PROPER PIONEER.

A brief clipping in today's issue tells of the proposed reforesting by President Hickman of Grantville of a large tract of treeless land. As a man of affairs, looking forward to and keenly interested in the future people of this country, President Hickman sets an example deserving following and imitation by every farm owner, large or small, in South Carolina.

Since the first settlement of immigrants from Europe in this State the axe has been ringing from the tide line to the mountain tops, and its stroke sounds have been esteemed as the music of progress. It is true that up to the close of the war between the States, the creation of the New South, the large real estate owners preserved for their children their woodlands, largely because their labor supply was limited, the use of commercial fertilizers and improved implements of agriculture were unknown, and the blessed absence of railroads made the planter the producer of home supplies, and no successful practical farmer kept his smoke house and corn crib hundreds of miles away, and no town dweller procured his rations in paper bags.

But times have changed. The old South is dead, its memories are fading and new and stern necessities have stripped the Piedmont hills, the mid state levels, of their timber wealth, and barren sways of gullies on the slope, of unproductive sand beds on the levels, now are where majestic oak and lordly white pines lifted their proud heads. The first step imposed on the first man by the Governor was the keeping of the Garden of Eden, and when Adam drove a nail into the plank of the first fence, he was given to him to

be his help meet. Their trespass was followed by expulsion and the sentence of toil upon themselves and their posterity for all coming time.

A timber famine is coming nearer every second of time and with increasing rapidity. When it arrives unprepared men will be in a condition akin to that of the foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps when the bridegroom came.

The advantages to come from reforesting exhausted lands are not confined to the restoration of soil fertility. A larger supply of timber will add to the comfort and well being of the increasing population of the Union, and will secure an ultimate profit beyond any other speculation or investment in the future.

We leave the application of this little sermon to the intelligence of our readers, remarking that nature will aid in the work of reforesting, and reforesting the hills and lands by scattering the seeds of grasses and pines, that birds will drop from their flights to the nests of their infants berry seeds, and while laying up their winter stores will now and then let go an acorn that will find a home in the soil beneath.

Mayor Saller of Alken fined a year old negro boy \$10 dollars on Monday for killing a mocking bird with a sling shot.

The House of Representatives at Washington is debating a Payne tariff 101 hours a day. All the talk changes no votes.

Nearly 10,000 iron and steel workers in Pennsylvania have refused to accept the new wages, from \$1.50 per ton to \$1.75 for puddling iron, and like reduction in other work.

Bishop E. E. Hoos of the Methodist Church, South, who has been under surgical treatment at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, for weeks, has recovered and gone home.

E. W. Durant Jr. of Minnesota, white man of good standing, has been confined as collector of the port of Charleston. In stead of Dr. W. D. Crane, colored, Mr. Durant is a Republican but will not bother with politics.

A case lasting 13 days has ended at Edgefield. The suit was brought by ex county Treasurer J. T. Patterson against the Farmers Bank. The plaintiff claimed that the bank treasurer had defrauded him out of \$3,300. The Bank won.

Helen Gladys Emery, daughter of the Episcopal Bishop of California, was married in Seattle Wash., on Saturday by two preachers to a Jap named Gun-fu Aoki. She had traveled a thousand miles to get to a place where such marriages are lawful.

This is the 12th week of the attempt to kill Patrick Calhoun, formerly of Georgia, who married in this State, now President of United Railroads in San Francisco, California, and no jury yet. The charge against him is bribery, or buying franchises.

Col. Roosevelt had little excitement on the Hamburg steamer a little way out New York. Giuseppe Foati, Italian steamer passenger started to attack Col. R. but was caught and put in irons. The Dago is either crazy or a good pretender of insanity.

Mrs. Mary Farmer was electrocuted at Auburn, New York, on Monday for the murder in April 1908 of a Mrs. Brennan. She was the second woman in that State to die in the electric chair. Her husband is also under death sentence for the same crime.

Booker Washington declined the offer of position of a trip at government expense to investigate conditions, said to be deplorable, in the republics of Liberia, Africa, and his disciple, Robert C. Ogden, also refused to go. They are more comfortable in America.

State Insurance Commissioner F. H. McMaster has revoked the license of the Southern Life Insurance Company of Fayetteville, N. C. and it can not continue to do business in this State. This company was mixed up with the Seminole Securities Company, now in the courts.

The Roosevelt six are due to start at Naples on Sunday. They will start via Admiral and will go away to Bombay. Six of them are Boston publisher, just back from a 25,000 mile trip through Africa and Asia says that Col. Roosevelt is a hunting there as tame as a dog in a back yard.

WHY NOT CIGARETTES?

Ask the doctor; he will tell you that the use of cigarettes makes the heart weak and the nerves unsteady; they affect the eye sight and impair digestion. Ask the athlete, and he will reply, "If you expect to make your mark in athletics you must let cigarettes alone." Ask the educator, and he will answer that the habitual cigarette user can not keep up with his classes. Ask the moralist, and he will tell you that the practice makes criminals or blunts the moral faculties. Ask the business man if it makes any difference to them if employees use cigarettes, and mark the chorus of denunciations. Bank, the plant wizard; Moore, of the United States weather bureau; Edison, the famous electrician, all add their protest to those of railroad and street car managers; superintendents of factories and proprietors of great business enterprises, unite in saying that cigarette users can not be depended upon, physically, intellectually or morally. If further testimony is wanted, look at the cigarette user himself, and the answer will be anything but in favor of the practice. Many states have laws and more should have, prohibiting the manufacture, sale and importation of the cigarette. The W. C. F. U. has a department working against the use of narcotics, and this organization is urging by petition and otherwise the extermination of the little paper pipe.—St. Louis Star.

VERY FORGETFUL.

A minister's wife, a doctor's wife and a traveling man's wife met one day recently, and were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands, says the Washington Post. The minister's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would go to church and forget his notes, and no one could make out what he was trying to preach about. The doctor's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful, for he would often start out to see a patient and forget his medicine case, and therefore, travel miles for nothing. "Well," said the traveling man's wife, "my husband beats that. He comes home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said: 'I better have seen you before, little girl. What is your name?'"

THE GAMING PASSION

Incidents in Actual Life That Outstrip Fiction.

A COLD BLOODED MONARCH.

Louis XV. and the Dead Man at the Card Table—A Woman Who Gambled on Her Deathbed—Lord Denison's Play While His Bride Waited at the Altar.

If the full story of the card table could be written it would surely be the most startling revelation of human cupidity ever published, and almost every page of it would be marked by some incident which would outstrip fiction.

When Louis XV. was at the card table the fascination of the game made him absolutely dead to all externals and even to decency and humanity. On one occasion when he was playing for heavy stakes one of his opponents, overcome by excitement, collapsed in his chair in a fit of apoplexy. His majesty affected to ignore the incident until some one exclaimed, "M. de Chauvigny is ill!" "Ill?" retorted the king, casting a careless glance at the stricken man; "he is dead. Take him away. Spades are trumps, gentlemen!"

Equally weird is a story Goldsmith tells. When the clergyman arrived to prepare a lady parishioner who had a passion for gambling for her approaching death the lady after listening for a short time to his exhortation exclaimed: "That's enough! Now let us have a game of cards." To humor her the parson consented to play. The dying woman won all his money and had just suggested playing for her funeral fee when she fell back and expired.

In the early years of last century a whist club composed largely of clergymen met in the back room of a barber's shop in a Somersetshire town. On one occasion, so the story runs, when four of the club members were acting as fullbeaters at the funeral of a rector and another some delay before the coffin was set down in the church. One of them produced a pack of cards and suggested a rubber. The coffin served the purpose of a table, and the players were deeply immersed in the game when the sexton arrived to announce that everything was at last ready.

Mazurka's passion for gambling was so strong even in death that he played cards to the very end, when he was so weak that they had to be held for him, and the "merry monarch" spent his last Sunday on earth playing at basnet round a large table with his great courtiers and other dissolute persons and with a bank of at least £2,000 before him.

The curious fascination cards possess for their devotees is illustrated by the following story of Lord Granville, at the time ambassador to France. One afternoon when he was about to return to Paris he repaired to Graham's to have a farewell game of whist, ordering his carriage to be at the door at 4. When it arrived he was much too deep in the game to be disturbed. At 10 o'clock he sent out to say that he would be changed. Six hours later the same message was sent out, and twice more the waiting horses were changed before he consented to leave the table after losing £10,000.

An equally remarkable story is told of George Payne, the great turf plunger of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Dinner's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Four after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last laid down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most romantic of gambling stories is told by Mr. Thistlethorpe of a plainly dressed stranger who once took his seat at a faro table and after an extraordinary run of luck succeeded in breaking the bank. "Heavens," exclaimed an old, infirm Austrian officer who had sat next to the stranger, "the twentieth part of your gains would make me the happiest man in the world!" "You shall have it, then," answered the stranger as he left the room.

A servant speedily returned and presented the officer with the twentieth part of the bank, adding, "My master, sir, requires no answer." The successful stranger was soon discovered to be the king of Prussia in disguise.

The most costly game of cards on record was probably that in which the late George McCulloch, chairman of the Broken Hill Proprietary company, once took part. A syndicate of seven had been formed to finance the famous Broken Hill silver mine, and Mr. McCulloch was one of the seven. One day, while sitting in a shanty at the foot of the hill, McCulloch offered a fourteenth share in the mine to a young man named Cox for £200.

Cox would only offer £120, and after much haggling it was decided to settle the dispute by a game of euchre. If Cox proved the winner he was to have the share for £120. If he lost he was to pay £180 for it. He won and for the absurd sum of £120 became owner of the share which a few years later was valued at £1,250,000.—London Tit-Bits.

The beginning of excellence is to be free from error.—Quintilian.

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