

## The Barnwell People.

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CHOICE COUNTY CIRCULAR 'ON

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1912.

### "WE TOLD YOU SO."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is held every fourth year, is in session in Minneapolis. That denomination is one of the largest, wealthiest and most powerful organizations of the Protestant world. For the supervision of its Confession the services of twenty-four Bishops are required, and that number is likely to be increased at this session.

For several weeks the College of Bishops has been at work in mapping out the work of the conference. That these twenty-four Bishops are well informed as to conditions in all the North is a fact that no doubt Thomas can deny or disbelieve. In one of their late pronouncements they make the startling statement that in thirty-three of the largest cities in the United States the foreign born citizens out number the natives. It is also said by them that half the people of the United States are either immigrants or the children of foreign-born men and women. These Bishops are mighty exercised, and well they may be over the stupendous problem of converting to American religious faith and civic ideals this enormous army of aliens and semi-alien. For the past year that church has expended over six hundred thousand dollars for missionary purposes among these new comers of many tribes and the harvest has been almost as complete a failure as would be a wheat crop attempted to be grown in the sands of a rainless Eastern desert.

The greater part of these new people, negroes, ventures, know little of and care less for liberty. It is license and food and easy life that appeal to them. Many living there are espousing the trade of the cities and breaking the laws of the land with their black hand deeds. In its protest against the immigration craze that swept the country only a few years ago this paper was about as foreseen and as little noticed as a sparrow upon the house top.

But the awakening of the people has commenced. The eyes of the rural population have been opened in time for their salvation. The world is coming our way, but let the degenerate streets of Paris, Syria, in fact the streets of the Mediterranean shores and no welcome in the country places. Keep the South for the sons and daughters of the men and women who have so far preserved it as the best land of all the world.

1876-1912

As this issue of *The Project* is being printed the Democratic State Convention is in session in Columbia, the principal purpose of its meeting being for the election of delegates to the national convention to be held in Baltimore next month to nominate candidates for President and Vice President. More attention of the quiet, button holding, whispering sort will no doubt be given to State and local politics than to national affairs. That has been the case in every State convention of which we have had personal knowledge since that of May, 1876, when the winning campaign for home rule blessings and against reconstruction wrongs was commenced.

Things were quite different then from present conditions. Columbia bore the appearance of a heart broken, hope less, ruined city, all seamed with the scars of war. The State House looked like a great, unfinished, leaky stone barn. Installed in the offices on the ground floor was the carpet bag Governor, Daniel H. Chamberlain of Massachusetts, and in his cabinet were adventurers from the North and Africa from everywhere. One coal black was a Justice of the Supreme Court and others of lighter hue and darker principles held positions as State Treasurer, Secretary of State, &c. In the suburbs were the tents of Federal soldiers whose bayonets safeguarded the pirate rulers.

Within a twelvemonth the work commenced in that secret heart to heart night conference in the hall of the House of Representatives had cleaned out the capitol and saved the civilization of the State.

The Barnwell County delegation in that history making convention of May, 1876, consisted of Gen. Johnson Magood, Col. T. J. Counts, Capt. L. S. Bamberg, Drs. G. R. Lartigue and J. S. Stoney, W. T. Blanton, T. J. Black and John W. Holmes. Col. Counts and the writer are the only survivors of that delegation. A reunion of the remaining few would be a gathering of unrepenting men.

### A CAT IN A MEAL TUB.

Arthur Brisbane is said to be the best paid journalist in the United States, his salary for writing editorials for millionaire William Randolph Hearst's yellow dailies being a considerable thousand dollars a year. He certainly handles a splendid pen and his arguments are well calculated to hypnotize all the unwary and to deceive some of the elect.

Of late he has been working overtime in praising the excellent advantages of the country weekly papers as advertising mediums. Each can guess for himself why this modern Arthur is so exerting himself. He must be a rare philanthropist if he looks to the gratitude of the country scribes for the praise that might come in place of price.

So great is the interest of the aforementioned Arthur Brisbane in his country scribes that he is championing the

inauguration of a parcels post delivery through the mails as a means of giving each rural publisher an abundance of advertising that will bring an annual profit of six dollars for each subscriber.

"Revolutions never go backwards" and the parcel post will likely play a large part in the business of the future. It would be a great convenience for any citizen out of hearing of a railroad engine's whistle to have a parcel weighing eleven pounds bought by him from New York and delivered at his door by the R. F. D. carrier, for a quarter, but it would eventually cause an increase in the quantity of grass grown in many small town streets, and reduce the demand for stores to be routed.

### PLANT MORE CORN.

It may save every farmer a lot of money to plant a few acres of good land in corn this month, and some more in June. Such late plantings may hit the season better than the early crops planted in March and April. The following clipping from the Columbia Record of Friday is worthy of the attention of all bread, rice and hominy eaters. What is needed for people as a food is not for stock. The Record says:

"One hundred and twenty-five tons of corn, extra meal, corn cobs, coarse meal, flour brand, rice flour and the like were destroyed Thursday at the order of the agricultural department of the state government. This was probably the largest day's seizures made by the department when its establishment. The seizures were made in many parts of the state."

Commissioner Watson stated that the still seized Thursday was of the lowest grade that men have ever confiscated, being not only far below the legitimate standard but also far below the grade guaranteed. Col. Watson stated that season and weather conditions were probably the cause of the degradation of the grain products.

The agricultural department has in recent weeks made many seizures of grain products throughout the state, much of which was along the coast. When seizures are made the holders of the products are the losers. However, the agricultural department has sent out numerous warnings to merchants and distributors as to the handling of products not up to the required standard.

### KEEP THE CAMPAIGN COOL.

There is enough political news on the first and fourth pages to inform our readers of the full beginning of the contest for nominations at the election to be held on the last Tuesday in August.

In some of the counties there are indications that the fight of the Democratic forces will be the most vigorous and violent ever known. So far as we are informed all has been quiet and fair to Barnwell and that the situation continues calm and unvaried should be the constant endeavor of the candidates and their friends. All men have the State and all have an interest in its future. All must live together after the election and each voter should be content himself that there should be no heartburning after the coming battles of the polls is fought and finished. Respect the belief of others and you will be respected. Give all the square deal and it will be given back. Anger is no argument and the State has need for the safety of its friends of the best thought and behavior of all its sons. Let us see to it that no detriment befalls to the State as a community or of the county as a neighborhood.

Inquiries into the causes and circumstances of the sinking of the great steamer Titanic in the North Atlantic show that over confidence that the master work of triumph of the British ship builders was "unsinkable" led to destruction and the death of 1,500 beings in the icy waters.

The captain and crew were informed by wireless telegrams from another vessel that icebergs were near and abundant, yet they drove ahead at full speed. So great and unthinking was the confidence of the passengers in the ship's officers that some slept, some danced, some played cards until the collision with the silent mountain of ice sounded their death knells.

Munday's dailies contained a letter from Senator Tillman lamenting the conditions and circumstances characterizing some of the county conventions held on the 6th inst. and advising fair play and forbearance to his constituents in the conduct of this year's campaign. The Senator wrote with all his old time force and freedom. His interest in home affairs is as keen as ever.

"Let us have peace," and keep it even if the breakers of it have to be tabooed in the voting.

As an evidence of the dust passing of all the passions inherited from the War between the States the Grand Army of the Republic has invited their former Confederate enemies to meet them in July on the battle field that decided fifty years before at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, the struggle and gave the ultimate victory to the North. The Confederates at Macon last week accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was tendered.

The Laurens County Democratic Convention adopted a resolution requiring all candidates for the Senate and House of Representatives to say whether they favor Governor Bienville or Judge Jones.

John J. Hemphill, formerly of Chester, died suddenly of heart failure after attending a banquet in Washington on Friday evening. He was our delegate in the Legislature in 1857 and a very able man. He served ten years in Congress as Representative from the Second District, when he was defeated by Senator T. J. Strickland of Lancaster. He was one of the five candidates to succeed J. L. McLaughlin in 1862. Since that defeat he has practiced law in Washington.

### DEATHS.

#### CALLED TO HER REWARD.

Mrs. Eugenia Owens departed this life at her residence in East Marion Saturday afternoon, aged about 65 years. She had been in impaired health for some time but was apparently improved and had spent the day with friends. Within a half hour after her return to her home she died of heart failure. She was a widow of the late Arthur M. Owens Esq. and daughter of the late James Patterson, one of the most prominent citizens of the late generation.

Her body was laid to rest on Monday afternoon in the Baptist Church yard. She is survived by several sons now living in Georgia and Alabama and two daughters, Mrs. Ryndom and Mrs. Peter of Columbia.

#### ANOTHER VETERAN PASSES.

Mr. Henry C. Dickinson died at the Confederate Soldiers Home in Columbia on Thursday morning last. His body was brought to Allendale for burial in the grounds of the old county cemetery, so well known in the days of the Civil War. It was a fitting time, Confederate Memorial Day, for laying to rest a veteran of so pure and true and kindly a heart, whose soul had kept its whiteness through a long life of endeavor, of suffering, of sacrifice. But his courage never failed him, to the last he kept the faiths that had grown from boyhood to be tested parts of his character. He was born near Butler's Bridge and grew to manhood in that choice community. In 1850 he was graduated from Wofford College, and when the call to arms came he quickly put on the gray and wore it with knightly loyalty until the hush of peace. His spirit has entered the rest beyond the river, and with the comrades who have gone before it is at peace forever.

#### TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from us our beloved Mrs. Mary W. Barker, mother of three daughters, a distinguished woman of noble character, whose love and example of self-sacrifice and devotion inspired us with admiration and respect; and whereas, it is fitting that we should pay tribute to her memory, therefore be it resolved,

Resolved, That in token of our deep grief and sympathy at the loss of our beloved Mrs. Mary W. Barker, we, the members of the South Carolina Free Masons, also in the vicinity, present a wreath to the family.

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#### SOME NEWS NOTES.

Charleston is getting better. Mayors here or hereabouts are more interested in the sale of liquor after making it to be stopped.

This year's campaign is to be a short one. The overflow in the Mississippi valley and coastal areas of Texas have caused a large reduction in acreage.

New York Republicans are preparing for a candidate for the nomination by their party for the Presidency who would be a stronger opponent than Taft and a safer one than Tamm.

The Southern Methodist Church is making rapid progress, especially in the West and North West. A church and a parsonage have been built during the past year.

Editor W. M. Brown of the Lexington Daily Register has sold his newspaper to his son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Dan C. Brisbane. He died recently after his paroxysms.

The Economic Division of the Presbyterian Association of South Carolina has voted to give \$1,000,000 for the construction of a new building for the use of the Negroes.

One of the last things done by Pres. Grant T. Coffey before he left the State right was the signing of a bill passed by the legislature of Seneca and democratic House increasing the number of Union soldiers \$1,000,000 for the first year and \$1,000,000 for three years.

The will of John Joseph Astor, one of the victims of the Titanic disaster, makes his twenty year old son Vincent the head of the Astor fortune, estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000. The newspaper pictures make him a very hairy looking youngster. John Joseph's young widow who was a widow of the Astor fortune, is still a widow and the sum of \$1,000,000 has been left to her again or else it is said that she may receive a few months later. Mr. Astor gave her \$100,000. His first wife, who had been divorced, was well provided for when they separated.

"How do you know?"

"By the ring, or, rather, the want of it."

"And you'll keep the flowers?"

"Certainly, and I can't sleep nights for the obligation I'm under to you for teaching me how I must have appeared to persons coming in here on business. The truth is, the interruptions are so frequent that I have become accustomed to going right on with my work merely nodding toward the booth and talking the part."

"I expect you'll have to keep it up while you're trying to do two things at once."

After this I did a great deal of telephoning. I had an instrument put into my house and went frequently to the pay station, professedly to send messages, but really to chat with the manager. I took up so much of her time that she was finally discharged. But it didn't make any difference, for I wanted her for a wife."

"The CHAIR of DEATH.

By an act of the last General Assembly of this State the electric chair takes the place of the hangman's rope for the legal execution of death sentences.

The unfortunate who must pay the penalty for their crimes by death will be carried to Columbia and electrocuted in the death chamber in the Penitentiary. The chair has been bought from a New Jersey concern at a cost of \$20,000. It will be ready for business by June 21st, when two Charleston negroes will be put to death in the chair.

## Doing Two Things At Once

By OSCAR COX

I went into a pay telephone station to send a message. The place was in care of a young lady, who worked a typewriter as well.

"How much for a city message?" I asked.

"Ten cents."

"Where's the booth?"

"Over there."

How the girl could carry on the conversation with me and go on working her typewriter I couldn't conceive. I would not have been able to do anything else when talking with her. She never stopped her clickety-clack once during the brief interview. I vowed that before I got through with her I would make her stop rattling the keys if I had to pull her hair. However, for the time being I was satisfied and, going into the booth, delivered my message. When I came out I asked how much.

"City or long distance?" she asked, still punching the typewriter.

"City."

"Ten cents."

"Isn't that pretty steep for a city message?"

Perhaps she didn't hear. At any rate she made no reply, keeping on hammering the keys.

"Can you change a five dollar bill?"

"No."

"A dollar?"

"No."

"Well, here's 10 cents."

She stopped just long enough to take the 10 cents, open a drawer, then re-commenced the clicking. I said "good morning," but she made no response.

The next day I went into the telephone office again.

"Can I send a city message?" I asked.

She turned her head toward a booth without speaking or ceasing to type the typewriter. I went into the booth, left the door open and called up Charley Jones that is, I pretended to do so.

"Hello, Charley, is that you? I'm at a telephone station. I want to ask you something. You can consider it polite if a gentleman has business relations with a woman only for her to tell him all about it except what is absolutely essential to the transaction, or should she be decide?

I told her to tell all, keeping my eyes on the girl—I was pretending to listen to what Charley had to say about it. My heart beat no more steadily than the girl's when she had been stone deaf.

"You say very well, she deserved a jiving." Well, what is a flogging going to do if he has no authority, no way of inflicting punishment, no hold what ever?"

"Not let it bother me. How can I help it? I am all broken up over her."

Another instant for Charley to say something more.

"It's not. She won't have her, that is, from me. I have a mind to try."

Again I listened for further suggestions from Charley.

"Well, that's all very well for talk, but it isn't the real thing. When a fellow can't sleep nights, can't eat and all that, what's he going to do? However, I'll try the flowers. If they don't do any good, I'll tell you again again Goodby."

I hung up the receiver, went to the bar and asked "how much?"

"Ten cents."

I took out a dime, laid it on the desk beside her and went out. There was not a sign of interest in her face, and I was literally kicked out onto the sidewalk.

The next day I went back with a bouquet of flowers, and, walking leisurely up to the girl, I handed them to her, saying:

"I've bothered you so much during the last few days and you have been so patient, so affable, so amiable, so kind that I feel compelled to offer you some compensation."

My assurance was too much for her. She leaned back in her chair while a peal of musical laughter rang out from her beautiful throat. At the same time she reached out for the flowers, pressing them to her face. The victory was won, the fee was broken.

"Here's the 10 cents for Charlie's message," she said, handing out the dime I had given her the day before. "There's no charge for one sided messages."

"How do you know?"

"By the ring, or, rather, the want of it."

"And you'll keep the flowers?"

"Certainly, and I can't sleep nights for the obligation I'm under to you for teaching me how I must have appeared to persons coming in here on business. The truth is, the interruptions are so frequent that I have become accustomed to going right on with my work merely nodding toward the booth and talking the part."

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