

# THE BARNWELL PEOPLE

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JOHN W. HOLMES  
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B. P. DAVIES, Editor and Proprietor.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 30TH, 1923.

After reading the wails that have emanated from the leaders of the defeated faction in Charleston's recent election, we gather that Gov. McLeod acted "militarily" in sending troops to the city by the sea.

Is it accident or design that has carried "The Birth of a Nation", in which the Ku Klux Klan plays an important role, to Charleston this week, so close upon the heels of the recent election in which the present day Klan was featured?

Mayor Grace says that the "little man" won in the recent Charleston Municipal primary election. Inasmuch as his majority was some 1,200 votes out of about 14,000 ballots cast, we shudder to think of what would have probably happened to the Mayor if a real large man had been his opponent.

The People does not believe that the State Highway Commission will seriously consider the suggestion of citizens of the towns along the Seaboard Air Line Railway that Highway No. 1, from Columbia Southwest through Valley, Springfield, Blackville, Barnwell, etc., be changed from the present proposed route to follow one down the Seaboard to connect with the route at Olar. To begin with, the route has already been constructed, partly constructed or surveyed practically all of the way from Fairfax to Columbia. Allendale County and Barnwell County have already spent thousands of dollars and Barnwell County has let the contract for the road to the Edisto River involving other thousands. Surely the Commission will not let this money have been spent in vain so far as Highway No. 1 is concerned. The People has no objection whatever to a road being built that will serve the towns on the Seaboard, but it vigorously protests against any change being made at this late date in the proposed route of No. 1.

The People has read with interest Mayor John F. Grace's letter to Governor McLeod in reference to the recent municipal election in Charleston, at which time the Governor demanded it necessary to have State militia on hand to forestall any violence. Through it all we are unable to read anything but the bitterness of a defeated candidate who seeks to place the blame for his defeat upon another. Viewed from this distance, the truth of the matter seems to be that the people of Charleston were "sunk into death" of the one-man rule of Mayor Grace and sought relief at the polls, which they have obtained by a most sweeping victory. "The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on" and all of Mayor Grace's ink-bling, pety and wit cannot erase one single line of it. If Governor McLeod and the thousands of voters who belong to his faction are guilty of such heinous crimes, we suggest to Mayor Grace that he retire to the quiet cloister of some secluded monastery, humble himself with sack, cloth and ashes and offer up his petitions to an All-Wise Providence to forgive them their sins.

### The Local Merchant and Advertising.

In a recent issue of an eight-page, "all home print" newspaper published in a certain South Carolina town, there were about 18 columns, or 360 inches, of display advertising. Of this amount only 110 to 115 inches (30 per cent.) was local advertising—that is, advertisements for business men in the town of publication. The remainder was composed of advertisements from merchants living in other towns and a nearby large city. The paper in question has persistently advocated a "trade at home" policy, yet in order to keep alive it is forced to solicit advertisements from merchants who are trying to get the home trade, and while advocating that most laudable policy it weekly publishes invitations to its readers to spend their money elsewhere.

The People is not criticizing the paper for doing this. On the other hand, we do not think that the publisher should be censured for doing what he can to keep his paper alive. While decisions to buy the best interests of the community at heart, it

the same time he is publishing his paper to make a profit if possible, and if his local merchants fail or refuse to buy enough space in his publication to assure this, he naturally seeks other buyers. A newspaper, next to its church and schools, is a town's best asset, but two many people treat it as an object of charity. Professing not to "believe in advertising," a few old moss-backs occasionally "give" a newspaper an advertisement "to help it out." The People for one, has never asked for that kind of business. We believe that the price charged for the space in this paper is a most reasonable one and is well worth every penny.

Probably the most widely known automobile in the world today is the Ford. The manufacturers of that popular car have received more free advertising than any other concern in the United States. It would seem that to further advertise it would be useless, and yet the announcement was made a few days ago that Henry Ford is going to spend \$7,000,000 during the coming year on newspaper advertising alone. We wish that every "wise guy" who doesn't believe in advertising would read that announcement.

"Pearline" at one time was one of the best known washing powders on the market. When it passed into the hands of new owners, they decided that the product was so well known that further advertising would be a waste of money. As a result sales fell off to practically nothing and we doubt if there is a single family in Barnwell today that uses it. Other nationally advertised brands have taken its place—and rightly so.

A good slogan for all business men to adopt is this: "Keep on telling 'em and you'll keep on selling 'em." And if you, dear reader, happen to be a business man who doesn't believe in advertising, don't "waste" your local newspaper when it prints an advertisement from an out of town concern that is trying to get your trade. He realizes the value of advertising in the so-called country newspaper and is willing to pay good money for it.

### Angley-Carlton.

Miss Janie Sue Angley, charming daughter of Mr. J. L. Angley, of Seafordville, and Mr. Ernest H. Carlton, of Allendale, were quietly married on Thursday of this week in Barnwell, in the presence of members of the two families and a few very intimate friends.

It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Carlton will leave for Washington Sunday, where they will make their future home. Mr. Carlton having accepted a position there—Allendale County Citizen.

### "Believe It or Not,"

A Philadelphia committed suicide and left the following note: "I married a widow with a grown daughter. My father fell in love with my step-daughter and married her, thus becoming my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother because she was my father's wife."

"My wife gave birth to a son, which was, of course, my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. "My father's wife became the mother of a son. He was, of course, my brother and also by grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. Accordingly my wife was my grandmother because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I AM MY OWN GRANDFATHER."

### Humphries-McSweeney.

Coming as a great surprise to their many friends all over this section of the State, was the quiet marriage on Thursday of Miss Florence Humphries of Hampton, and Mr. Eugene B. McSweeney. The ceremony was performed at Graniteville. The happy couple left immediately after the ceremony for a honeymoon trip to Augusta, Hendersonville and other points.

Mrs. McSweeney is the charming daughter of Rev. R. W. Humphries, pastor of the Hampton Methodist church, and is also a member of the faculty of the Hampton High school. She has visited in Allendale a number of occasions, and is quite well-known here. Mr. McSweeney is publisher of the Allendale County Citizen and The Hampton County Guardian, and is a member of one of the State's most prominent families.

It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. McSweeney will make their home in Allendale—Allendale County Citizen.

### Advertise in The People.

### Fed Him on Raw Meat

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Mike, facing his opponent in the ring, tried to nerve himself to his job, but he began to see the face of Terry Ornstein through a wavering mist. He reeled under his blows. It was the fourth round. And it looked uncommonly like a knockout for Mike. He heard the cries of derision come from the throats of the spectators as he reeled around the ring, evading Terry's terrible punches. He had been taken on at the last moment, Terry's opponent having failed to materialize.

Oh, and he could have licked Terry to a frazzle. He had not trained those months for nothing. He knew that within himself there lay the power to knock out his adversary, to leap at one bound into affluence and celebrity. To knock out Terry meant fame, and more money than Mike had ever had in his life. It was the opportunity of his life.

At home his wife lay sick, more from hunger than fever. That was at the bottom of it all. She had gone hungry that Mike might keep in condition, waiting for the chance that had now come to him.

But that evening Mike had gone supperless to the amphitheater. The last bit of food in the house had gone for Polly. Mike had not dreamed that within an hour he would be facing Terry Ornstein. The dream of his life came true! Fighting—upon a stomach that had been empty for seven hours! That faintness and nausea!

Mike's blows landed light as feathers. Through the bloody mist that swam before his eyes he saw Terry, grinning and confident, as he landed one punch after another.

Catapults of derision arose. "Finish him, Terry! Go, stand up to him! This ain't no dancing school!" And suddenly missiles began to fly. A rotten orange landed in the ring and went bounding along till it came to rest under the ropes. As a matter of fact it was that orange that saved Mike from a knockout. It temporarily diverted Terry's sight from his jaw.

Then something struck Mike squarely under the eye, and he tottered and fell. At that instant the round ended. And Mike lay, clanking in his fingers a loose paper bag, containing a large piece of raw steak that some enthusiast had been carrying home for his evening meal.

"You gonna pull yourself together, Mike," he said. "You gonna hold him. What's your name?"

His eyes fell upon the steak. He looked at Mike and swore softly. "Hungry?" he asked.

Mike nodded. "Well, for the love of—of Mike! You didn't have no supper? Say, think you could get away with that before the next round? Harry, lad, hold it! It don't dig in the mouth—no need to chew steak, get some thing in your stomach, and get it quick."

Somehow Mike managed to get down the raw meat. Nobody was paying much attention to what he was doing. The derision of the audience had turned upon Terry for failing to knock his opponent out. "Finish him next round, boy!" they were shouting.

When the fifth round began Mike walked forward like a lion. That bit of raw meat in his stomach had re-emboldened his courage. He felt his old fighting self again. His second looked at him.

"By the lord, Mike, I think you can beat him!" he said to him. "Finish him, Terry! Attack!" A terrific punch had sent Mike reeling. For a moment the arena swam around him. Then, out of the fog, came Polly's face, wistful and patient as she lay in bed. She had always believed in him.

And the next moment Terry Ornstein was lying flat on the floor, with the most amazed expression on his face. The audience suddenly grew still.

After that a fight was fought which had never been seen since the palmy days of the ring—whenever they were. It was a battle without mercy, without finesse, of two giants who stood up in the middle of the ring and slugged each other. The silence of stupefaction had given place to a frenzy of excitement. Everybody was upon his feet, shouting, shrieking, howling.

It could not last for ever. Terry swung a furious right at Mike's head, and missed. Mike's left, which he had been saving, went straight from the shoulder to Terry's jaw.

The amazed spectators saw the champion reel, fall, and collapse. At the count of ten he was still lying senseless upon the floor.

But Mike was hardly conscious of the frenzied ovation. He only saw Polly, lying white and patient in the bed. Polly would never go hungry again.

### Care of Floors.

If hardwood floors are badly spotted and dirty, the best way to clean them is "wiping" them up with gasoline. Mix in a clean glass of kerosene with gasoline and wet the surface of the floor vigorously with mixture of kerosene, changing cloth as soon as it becomes much soiled.

If floor is not very dirty use a good liquid wax.

Always wax floors are approved by the use of liquid wax and a light wet mop.

Mrs. Julia B. Easterling has returned from a visit of several weeks in Hendersonville, N. C.

Mr. Nick Coclin and family left here Monday for Spartanburg to attend the baptism of Mr. George Coclin's baby.

The People is adding the names of several new subscribers to its rapidly growing list again this week. "There's a reason."

The friends of Mr. Ben Hill Ca'e were glad to see him in the city this week. He has been in a Savannah hospital for four weeks for treatment, which greatly benefited him.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wilson and little son, Walker, left Monday for their home in Orlando, Fla., after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Wilson's parents, Col. and Mrs. N. G. W. Walker.

The friends of Mr. Ralph Smith will learn with regret that he has been quite sick this week, following an attack of heart trouble Sunday. It is hoped that he will soon be quite well again.

The heavy rains of the past several days have greatly retarded the opening of cotton and picking of cotton. They have also been of great aid to the boll weevil and it is feared that the crop will be cut short in comparison to expectations of a month ago.

Col. Harry D. Calhoun, president of the Home Bank of Barnwell, says that if his customers and friends will call at the bank he will gladly present them, with the bank's compliments, a cotton book or ready calculator to keep accounts of cotton pickers and calculate amounts.

### Send your Job Work to The People.

### Find a Gator Nest.

Several days ago Mr. Lige Collins, of this city, found an alligator nest in Turkey Creek Swamp at what is known as Houston's swimming hole and removed 42 eggs therefrom. Since then he has tried several times to locate and kill the gator but so far without success.

### Bids Wanted.

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received at the office of the County Directory on Tuesday, September 4th, 1923, for the construction of a kitchen on a truck chassis similar to the cook-house used by chain gang gang No. 2, the dimensions to be as follows: 12 feet long, seven feet wide and 6 1/2 feet high. The kitchen is to be screened all around three feet from the top and the fire is to be constructed of eight inch terra cotta piping.

E. M. Kirkland, Clerk.

Barnwell, S. C., Aug. 29, 1923.

### MONEY TO LOAN

Loans made same day application received.

No Red Tape.  
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Attorneys-at-Law  
Barnwell, S. C.

ELDRED G. HAY  
SURVEYOR  
LYNDHURST, S. C.

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**BEN DAVIES, JR.**  
Barnwell, S. C.

### "Slimy Taste"

"When I feel stupid, get constipated, or bilious, I take a good dose of two of Black-Draught and it sets me straight," writes Mr. George B. Haislep, of R. F. D. 2, Columbia, S. C. "It cleanses the liver and I feel all right, and have not used any other medicine as I do not see the need of it. I am a guard at the State Reformatory, and have been for three or more years. When I first heard of

### BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine

and the good medicine it was, I had been having a lined feeling when I'd get up in the morning. I would be stiff and sore, and had a slimy, bad taste in my mouth, but didn't think so much of it till I began to feel stupid and didn't feel like eating—then I knew I needed medicine. It was then I began Black-Draught, and I felt all made over, ready for any kind of work, ready to eat and sleep. So, for any return of this trouble, I take Black-Draught, and for 25 years it has been my medicine, and I wouldn't be without it at all. My work is constant. I am on my feet a lot. I am out of doors, and fresh air and Black-Draught are all the medicines I need. I recommend it to others for I know it is good."

Sold Everywhere.

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