

AGE OF LOUD SPEAKERS HERE

Results in Straining of Vocal Chords and Throat Trouble, Says a Music Teacher.

A music teacher remarked the other day that more and more people were going to her for voice production...

"We belong to an age of loud speakers," she said smilingly. "Particularly women and girls talk much more loudly than ever before..."

Her statement raises a very interesting point, because we all certainly find that the voice raised the loudest usually gets home first!

The man or woman who whimpers in these crowded days never gets very far.

One man said, quite seriously, the other day, that he thought modern dance music had a great deal to do with people's strident tones.

Occasionally, after all the harsh voices some one comes to town with a soft, crooning speaking voice.

PECULIARITIES OF SENATORS

Senator Eats No Breakfast, Curtis Won't Use Elevator, and Overman Takes Snuff.

During the "lull" in business employments at the capital here had time to take stock of some peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of senators...

Senator Stewart of Utah only showers, or is showered, every other day. He thinks that is often enough and he "likes to give his face a rest."

Senator Spencer of Missouri never eats breakfast. But Senator Moore of New Hampshire, who was his guest at luncheon recently, says "you should see him eat the rest of the day."

Senator Curtis of Kansas never takes an elevator if he has the time to climb the stairs. He says climbing stairs is the best "workout" he has ever tried.

Senator Overman of North Carolina is one of the few senators who have and then take a pinch of snuff from the senatorial staff boxes in the senate chamber which are kept filled during the session of congress.

Senator Cameron of Arizona says he is the best cook in the senate. When a box of steamed peaches is to be the sole cook for a large crew on a sailing smack which operated off the coast of Mexico.

Senator LaFollette carries his cravat after a heated debate by "pulling" on an old, well-worn pipe.

Ray Cyle and Man Kite. Remarkable flying man performed in miniature aircraft and described in the Popular Science Monthly.

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Save Your Nails and Tacks.

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"Play-as-You-Enter" Cars for Kids.

"Play as you enter" is the welcome sign on the sides of the "Jollytown" trolley cars in Baltimore, where the traction company has set aside several cars for the children to play in.

Worse Than a Crime.

Mistake—Chew up, old son. Parents to be warned. "Perhaps that's the worst thing about it. It's generally wise a mother might be able to dodge the possible mistake."

For Bobby's Birthday

By JANE OSBORN

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"Then, Miss Whitman, please consider yourself employed. Report for duty at eight tomorrow morning—and you'll please wear uniform and cap in the office."

"There's just one thing," said Hortense. "The arrangement is for me to be in the office every morning, including Sundays—with two afternoons off a week—I shall not ask for any full days—only if I should be still with you by the 15th of April I'd like to have the whole day off."

Doctor Blair studied the nurse as she made this request and for the first time realized how very young and naive she seemed—unbelievably so, thought Doctor Blair, after the wear and tear of hospital training.

"It comes on a Wednesday—" she was continuing.

"Oh, that's perfectly all right. Of course you'll still be with me. I wouldn't take you on if I thought I was going to have to dig up another nurse in such a short time. Of course you'll have a day off now and then—that's quite all right. Here, I'll put it down on my desk pad—April 15—Day off for Miss W— Birthday, I suppose?"

"Not my birthday," said Hortense, and then feeling that she ought not to go into matters of personal detail and feeling quite sure that the doctor had asked only out of politeness, she said no more.

The truth was that it was Bobby's birthday—and Bobby was her five-year-old nephew. It was for the sake of Bobby and because Bobby had lost both father and mother that Hortense Whitman had given up the career for which she had so ardently longed.

She had planned to continue with the hard grind of hospital work until, through force of perseverance and pluck, she might some day be promoted to the position of superintendent of a hospital.

"They don't make hospital superintendents out of pretty girls like you," one of the internes had teased. "You give us to take private cases until you get a millionaire bachelor or widower. You know that's why you studied nursing."

Hortense had been too busy to reply. No one knew how deeply she felt about becoming a superintendent. Then when her sister and her sister's husband had gone, leaving only Bobby and a couple of Liberty bonds, Hortense tucked away her dreams. She must be father and mother both to Bobby. She must make a home for him where she said he could be together.

It would be wrong, she was sure, to send him off to some school. So Hortense took a quick course in shorthand and typewriting, which, with her hospital work, qualified her as doctor's assistant. In her own town there were no doctors who were sufficiently important to require a trained nurse as an assistant—most of them had no assistants at all.

Doctor Blair, though not much past thirty, had already won renown as a child specialist. And this had made Hortense especially glad to work for him. If anything happened to Bobby, she assured herself, Doctor Blair would be willing to advise her.

Hortense had taken a little flat not far from the doctor's office and she had found a good private school where she made arrangement to have Bobby cared for after school hours until her duties at the doctor's office were over.

Once when Bobby had acquired a black eye and another time when he had been rather painfully scalded on the arm through a too great eagerness to examine the mysteries of the radiator in Hortense's little apartment, it was necessary to consult the doctor. On the latter occasion the doctor had to call at the little flat to see the boy. And on these few occasions the doctor had come to know and like the youngster immensely.

It was Tuesday, the 14th of April. After afternoon office hours the doctor sat at his desk consulting his engagement pad to see what was on foot for the remainder of the afternoon.

"Miss Whitman," he called to Hortense, who was sterilizing some instruments in the little operating room adjoining, "you know you're to have a day off tomorrow. It's the 15th."

"Is it quite all right?" asked Hortense shyly, coming into the doctor's office. "I don't want to inconvenience you—"

"I've made no appointments for tomorrow," said the doctor, "so I shall be able to manage. Of course I shall miss you." He looked intently at Hortense, but she had turned her head, so their eyes did not meet.

The 15th of April was Bobby's birthday, and Hortense had decided to give him the entire day. It occurred to her that mothers and fathers and aunts are forever giving children what they themselves want them to have, talking them to pieces when they want them to go under the suggestion that they are being generous to the child.

"Perhaps what Bobby would want to do," thought Hortense, "is very, very different from what I would think he would like to do." So she went to her room...

his birthday she had told him of her plan.

"You can have just what you want for all your meals, providing what you want won't hurt you; and you can go just where you want to, providing it is a good place to go."

"You can have a party and invite just whom you want, or you needn't have a party at all. It is the one day in the year when you are to have things all your own way," she told Bobby.

It had not been easy to din into the little five-year-old mind just what Hortense meant, but when Bobby did grasp the idea he waited in joyous expectation. So he made his plans and until the morning of the 15th he refused to tell his aunt what they were.

For breakfast Bobby wanted to eat on the "best dishes"—the few pieces of green glazeware that constituted Hortense's afternoon tea set, and he wanted to eat sitting on the floor. His aunt had also to sit on the floor. Thus far his wishes were simple and inexpensive.

"Now," said Bobby, jumping up and down with glee as Hortense washed up the dishes after breakfast. "Now the party's coming. You don't know, do you?"

"No," assured Hortense. "Are you sure?" quizzed Bobby. "Didn't he tell you really and truly? I told Doctor Blair he mustn't say one weeny word about it to you."

"Doctor Blair?" asked Hortense. "What has he got to do with the party?"

Bobby giggled and danced absurdly. Hortense would have tried to force further explanation, but the bell of their little apartment door rang. Quickly she went to the door, opened it and there stood face to face with Doctor Blair.

"Do you want me?" she asked with alarm.

"Are you ready for the party?" asked the doctor, ignoring her question, and then, as he saw Bobby. "Come, now, Mr. Bobby, you said you'd be out to meet me. But it's all right. Pop into your things and we'll start right off—if that suits you, Mr. Bobby."

Hortense protested and tried to get an explanation, but the doctor gave her but five minutes to dress for the street and then fairly carried her and Bobby out of the flat down the stairs into a comfortable and roomy car that was waiting at the curb with a spark and squeak and rattle at the wheel. Bobby, Hortense and the doctor sat together in the back.

"Where shall we go?" Doctor Blair asked Bobby before giving his directions to the chauffeur.

"Way out West," ordered Bobby.

"Out where there are Indians," the doctor smiled a laugh and looked seriously into Bobby's face. "We won't be able to see any Indians, but we'll go just as far West as we can in one morning and then if you want to see Indians we can go to the Hippodrome this afternoon. They have real Indians there."

"But how did you know it was Bobby's birthday?" asked Hortense, with difficulty covering her intense embarrassment.

"Bobby told me," said the doctor. "He said you told him he could do just what he pleased and that what he wanted to do was to have a picnic with me along. So I suggested the car and then we said it would be a surprise for you."

"But where did you see him?" asked Hortense.

"Oh, I happened to be at his school. One of the boarding children needed me and I asked to see Bobby and he told me all about it."

"But we MUST go—it was very rude of Bobby—" stammered Hortense. "But you promised Bobby you'd do anything he wanted on his birthday," insisted the doctor, and so there was no alternative for Hortense.

So they went as far west as the morning would permit, lunched at a country inn and came back in time to see the Indians. It was on the homeward trip from the Hippodrome when Bobby had fallen to sleep between Hortense and the doctor that his hand slipped over that of the little nurse as it rested on Bobby's shoulder.

"Mayn't we go on—sharing Bobby as we have today?" he asked looking eagerly at Hortense, not at Bobby. "You know I've been in love with you from the first—"

"How could I have guessed it?" she asked in surprise, and then, as the doctor looked pleadingly in her eyes—"And this was the birthday Bobby planned. I suppose he wants me too!"

Coal in the Congo. A valuable find for the future of the Belgian Congo is the discovery of large deposits of coal, one on Lake Tanganyika and the other on the Luena. The Tanganyika deposit contains five veins, varying from two feet six inches to five feet six inches in thickness, with an aggregate thickness of sixteen feet. It is estimated that these deposits contain over 1,000,000,000 tons of coal. The Luena deposit has a total thickness of about twenty-one feet, covers 500 acres and includes about 18,000,000 tons of coal.

Financial Rating. "That Chinaman is too keen after his money. I like a little trust now and then. I'll just change laundrymen."

A Poem. "The golden: You show payee, he puts it on the back of your collar for the next laundryman to read."

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