

THE BARNWELL PEOPLE

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 5TH, 1924.

Blinding automobile headlights were responsible for two accidents in Charleston Sunday night, in one of which a negro man was killed. The other resulted in a Ford touring car turning over in a ditch, but fortunately, the occupants escaped injury. In neither instance did the owner of the offending car stop. Everybody who has driven a car at night knows the danger of meeting another machine with blinding lights. In many instances drivers of automobiles refuse to dim their lights in meeting other cars. With the increasing number of cars on the highways of this State, it is high time to take some action in the matter of glaring headlights. A certain popular priced car is perhaps the worst offender along this line.

One of the most horrible murders ever committed in the United States was the slaying of a 13-year old schoolboy, the son of a Chicago millionaire, by two young college graduates, themselves the sons of millionaires. No motive has been given for the crime, other than "the spirit of adventure." Of course, the parents of the accused young men will pour out their millions in an attempt to cheat the gallows, but stern and speedy justice should be meted out to the self-confessed murderers.

Our good friend, Rion McKissick, of The Greenville Piedmont, in reviling the recent State Convention for its action in instructing the South Carolina delegates for McAdoo, makes allusion to the old maxim that "Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Inasmuch as Rion seems somewhat peeved about said instruction, we wonder if he has been slated for the gods' next victim.

Some of the delegates to the State Convention have been accused of climbing on the McAdoo band-wagon. Well, it's much better to ride on the band-wagon than to be run down by the steam-roller.

"Hand-outs, Honkum and Ford."—Editorial caption in The State. In the interest of aliteration, we respectfully submit that "Hand-outs, Hokum and Hank" would have been much better.

All hail the merry month of June!

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

By ETHEL A. LYONS

CLARISSA leaned forward in the rosy light of the candles, a so-bellious expression on her round little face.

"No, Mother Eames, you're not to do one thing about Roger's birthday dinner this year."

"But, my dear, I'd love to do it," Mother Eames protested. "You must let me make the cake, anyway."

"Indeed, no!" Clarissa gave a little gesture of finality. "It's all planned, and I'm going to do every single thing by myself." The bride of six months looked very wise and determined.

"Come on, Roger, we'll be late for the concert if we don't hurry."

Roger rose obediently, but his face was troubled as he bestowed a good-night kiss on his mother's cheek. He could guess the sacrifice it might mean to her to give up all the happy fussing over his birthday. On the other hand, he couldn't tell Clarissa that he'd rather let his mother do this for him. Oh, well, it was one of the things that were bound to happen, and he soon dismissed it from his mind.

Not so Mother Eames. She responded cheerfully enough to the good-night kiss, but she sat for a long time staring at the candles after the outer door had closed.

Here it was Sunday; the birthday would be Tuesday, and already the ice cream had been ordered from Rissi's—Roger's favorite—vanilla with powdered almonds and a very wonderful caramel sauce.

Monday passed. Tuesday morning found Mother Eames in the kitchen just as the maid was building the fire in the range. "Hilda," she said, "take the day off. I want the kitchen to myself."

Nothing loth, Hilda obeyed. And a few doors down the street Clarissa was saying: "Anna, this is Mr. Eames' birthday, and I want to get the whole dinner by myself."

At 5:30 Mother Eames, mindful of her promise to appear early at Clarissa's, cautioned father not to be late to the dinner, and went swiftly down the street. The winter twilight had deepened into darkness, but there was no sign of a light at Roger's. Strange!

Clarissa must be putting a few finishing touches to the dinner. She'd go around to the kitchen door. No light in the kitchen, either! After a preliminary knock she opened the door and stepped in. In the faint glow from the range she could make out the form of Clarissa, apron-clad, sobbing convulsively at the kitchen table.

"Why, dear child, what's the matter?" Mother Eames' arms were around the wee-begone little figure instantly.

"Oh, Mother, Mother Eames!" Clarissa spoke with difficulty. "It's dreadful! It's almost dinner time, and there isn't any dinner. I've spoiled just everything! Even the cake! Look!" Tragically she led the way to the pantry. The cake was indeed a sorry sight! Rough, hard lumps of icing covered its uneven surface, with here and there a ragged burned edge showing through. Dumbly she pointed to the ice box. A few anemic pieces of chicken were floating about in a liquid, presumably meant for aspic jelly. This was flanked by a dish of curdled mayonnaise, and the garbage pail offered evidence of scorched cream soup.

"Stop crying, Clarissa. Go bathe your face and powder your nose. Put on your prettiest dress and a big apron, and come back to the kitchen." Mother Eames' voice was brisk now.

Clarissa was only too glad to do as she was bade. As she reappeared Mother Eames was just entering the back door, a huge market basket on her arm. Laying aside the white cloth cover, she deftly removed the contents of the basket to the table. A thick, juicy steak, a bag of Bermuda onions (steak smothered in onions, she explained, Roger's best dish), lettuce, washed and crisp, all ready for the table, and, last of all—a cake, four tiers high, its icing smooth, glistening, perfect!

"Oh, Mother Eames, this is wonderful, perfectly wonderful!" Clarissa cried. "But I don't deserve it, I must confess. I wasn't nearly so much concerned with your being tired as I was with showing Roger that I could do everything just exactly as well as his mother could. He's always boasting about your cooking, you know."

Mother Eames smiled a dry little smile. "Since confessions are in order, I must make one myself. I'm afraid in my wicked heart I've been

hoping and hoping that something like this would happen. That's why I made the cake and ordered Roger's favorite dinner and the ice cream. Don't dare breathe a word of this to him. I'm so ashamed, and now we're—"

"Quits!" Clarissa's laugh was actually merry, her cares forgotten. "It's worth it," she added. "We'll always understand now, won't we, mother?"

Dinner was over. Roger leaned back in his chair with a contented sigh. "With all respect to your abilities, Mom," he began lazily, "I'd like to see this dinner, beaten anywhere. And I must confess," he grinned, looking slyly toward Clarissa, "that I expected something entirely different—chicken in aspic, or some such fol-de-rol."

And if Clarissa blushed, he attributed it to pleasure at his whole-hearted compliment to the dinner.

Worse Than Losing the Ring.

The bridegroom and the best man were at the altar awaiting the bride. The former became very white and seemed about to faint.

"What's wrong with ye, Jock?" asked the best man. "Yer face is like chalk. Ha'e ye lost anything? Ha'e ye lost the ring?"

"No," came the reply, "but I doot I've lost me enthusiasm."

Professional Tendencies.

Mrs. Smilax—Henry, I really believe Freddy is going to be a doctor when he grows up. I heard him tell Mary that she must be careful of her health, and that pie was considered harmful.

Mr. Snellax—It looks to me as though he is more likely to become a lawyer. I noticed that he had two pieces of pie at supper last evening.—Boston Transcript.

Vanishing Hitching Post.

A man got out of a buggy in front of a store in Wooster, O., recently, and, after looking in vain for a hitching post, took a long rope out of the buggy, tied one end of it to the horse's bridle, carried the other end with him into the store, and transacted his business, while the pedestrians on the sidewalk jumped the rope.

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Deposit your valuables with me and they will be taken care of during the time you are in swimming.

D. A. Dyches, Hilda, S. C.