

**THE BARNWELL PEOPLE**

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1925  
About Hazing.

Two Furman University students were indefinitely suspended and various forms of punishment meted out to several others last week for their part in hazing a fellow student. While it is to be regretted that these young men must pay the penalty, The People commends the college authorities for their stand in attempting to stamp out the vicious practice of hazing, which has been outlawed in practically every college in the country.

Of course, college students think it fun to subject first year men to various forms of humiliation and in many instances they go to such extremes that their victim's health is endangered and there have been cases on record where fatalities occurred.

It is necessary for a large number of parents to make big sacrifices to send their sons and daughters to college. Their object is to give the young men and women the advantages of a college education, not to have them made the butts of practical jokes on the part of others. If the practice cannot be stopped in any other way, The People suggests that the legislature make it a criminal offense, punishable by a chain gang sentence. In the meantime, however, let other colleges follow the lead of Furman.

It is interesting to note, in connection with the recent recommendation of the Grand Jury that Barnwell cooperate with other counties in this section in the establishment of a district alms house, that a meeting of representatives from Saluda, McCormick, Laurens, Newberry, Edgefield and Greenwood Counties was scheduled to be held at Greenwood yesterday to discuss the advisability of establishing such an institution for those counties. The People thinks well of the proposition and trusts that the counties in this section will get together on the matter.

The Bureau of the Census is now making an investigation to determine the completeness of birth registration in South Carolina. To conduct a test of this kind, it has been necessary to make a partial canvass of the homes in this State. To this end over 100,000 post cards have been distributed by the postmasters and carriers, the completeness of birth registration is now universally recognized and The People urges that those who receive these cards fill them out and return promptly to the Bureau.

"The occasion (New Year's Eve) passed off in what was, for Allendale, a very quiet manner indeed," says the Allendale County Citizen, from which paper we learn that the only untoward incident was the setting on fire, by parties unknown, of a negro lodge hall in that town.

We see by the papers that beauty parlors are being established in two insane asylums in Missouri. Judging from some of the products of beauty parlors, that is where they belong.

With the weather as bad as it has been of late, there's no telling what will happen when the General Assembly meets next week.

The Legislature meets this year on January 13th. We have always heard that 13 is an unlucky number.

**The New Year.**  
The New Year was ushered in here by the blowing of the fire whistle, the ringing of church bells and the cracking of pistols. A few minutes before 12 o'clock Wednesday night the noise began and kept up unabated for some time.

**Large Crowd Here Salesday.**

One of the largest salesday crowds seen in several years was here Monday. The streets were lined with automobiles and parking space was at a premium. The Master and Sheriff made a number of sales of real estate, the former under foreclosure proceedings and the latter under tax executions. Several dealers in livestock had droves of horses and mules for sale. The crowd was orderly and at an early hour in the afternoon the visitor's departed for their homes.

**THE GOVERNOR'S DECISION**

By FRANK ALLEN

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THE governor sat at his desk, staring at a letter in his hand. Presently he touched his bell.

A smart, alert secretary appeared.

"I shall not see anyone this afternoon except—a woman named Mrs. Winthrop," he said. "She is to be admitted as soon as she arrives."

"Very good, sir," answered the secretary, and disappeared again.

Governor Smith read the letter again, and his thoughts went traveling back along a road that he had kept closed, even against himself, for 20 years. The letter was a pathetic appeal from a mother on behalf of her only son, sentenced to serve ten years in prison for killing a man in a drunken brawl. "He is a good boy," wrote the mother, "but his father was a convict, and he never had a chance. I implore you to give me a hearing. I shall come to the executive mansion this afternoon at four. Do not refuse to see me, if you have any mercy. Lucy Winthrop."

The governor was back 20 years inside the penitentiary at Mansfield.

"Smith," said the head warden, "the governor wants to see you."

The convict followed the man into the office, where the governor was standing before the window.

"This is the man, sir," said the head warden, and the governor turned round and took the prisoner's hand in his.

"Smith, you are a free man," he said. "I have decided to issue you an unconditional pardon. In due time, if you show yourself worthy of it, your rights of citizenship will be restored to you."

He paused and added: "Remember, Smith, there is the stain of murder on your soul. You killed a man. There is no way of disguising that, even to yourself. That you had great provocation extenuates your crime, but does not excuse it. I hope you will report to me, Smith, from time to time. Now you can go back to your wife and child."

It was three years since the convict had seen his wife. The child had not been born when he was sent to prison. When Smith saw the free heavens above him and heard the clang of the prison gates behind, the tears streamed down his cheeks.

He went to the little cottage where his wife had lived. The place was for sale. Nobody knew anything about her. Smith spent weeks trying to locate her. That he did so at last was purely by chance. He met her father in the street. The old man passed by as though he did not see him. Smith ran back and seized him by the arm.

"For heaven's sake tell me where she is," he cried. "She is not dead."

"She is dead to you, forever," answered the old man.

"You have no right to keep her from me."

"I am not keeping her from you. She is keeping away from you because she wants no more to do with you. She helped you to gain your freedom, now she is going to keep hers. She has secured a divorce."

Smith had killed one man, and the memory of his crime was strong upon him. Nevertheless he was ready to kill another. He looked around; the street was almost empty and it was growing dark. He seized the old man by the throat.

"Tell me where she lives, or I will strangle you," the ex-convict shouted. He saw a look of terror in the other's eyes. The old man stammered out the address, and the ex-convict, releasing him, hurried away.

The old man had been too terrified to lie. Smith found the place; it was a clean little cottage on the outskirts of the town. Smith would never have found it without the information. He rapped at the door, and a moment later he was staring into his wife's terrified eyes.

"You have come back!" she whispered.

Before the man could reply he heard a child calling from one of the rooms. He hurried in. Upon a little cot the baby was seated, and, as the father entered, he looked up at him and smiled. Something seemed to burst in the man's heart. He snatched the child in his arms and covered him with kisses.

"Put down my child!" exclaimed his wife's voice at his side, and Smith turned to see a fury confronting him.

"You—murderer!" the woman gasped. "How dare you come here and pollute my child with your touch?"

"Your child?" the man stammered.

"Yes, mine. The court gave me the custody of him. You have no part with him any more. You have no right here. Leave this house and never let me see you again!"

This was the woman who had clung to him so lovingly when the guard led him away to begin his sentence. The man looked helpless, and the woman, seeing his distress, softened a little.

"I don't want to hurt you more than you have hurt yourself," she said. "Don't you see that you must not come into my life again?"

"No," said the man stupidly.

"For the boy's sake," she answered. "What do you think his life will be if he grows up to discover that his father was a convict?"

"We can go somewhere," the man

pleaded. "We can begin life anew." "And live a lie? No," she answered. "The court has set me free, and given me the child. I am sorry for you, but you must go. It is for his sake."

Smith put on his hat and went out without a word. He had hardly set his foot outside the door before it closed.

From that moment he had set to work desperately to retrieve himself. He had taken a position, through the kindness of the governor, who saw to it that his past should never come to light among his associates. He had saved money, had gone into politics. He was elected a congressman. Then, the record of his unflinching integrity aided him, and he had been swept into the governor's chair by a large majority of the voters of his state. And the secret of his past died when the old governor, his friend, died, leaving him a legacy sufficient to insure him against all future want. It was the supreme act of the old governor's life, that he, who had not been all he had dreamed of being, should have raised this convict out of the dust.

"Mrs. Winthrop, sir," said the secretary.

A black-garbed woman hurried into the room and sank down into the chair which the governor had courteously accorded her.

"I got your letter, madam," said the governor.

"You will pardon him," the mother pleaded. "He never had a chance. He was a convict's son."

The governor was looking into her face. She did not know him. But he would have known her anywhere.

"Tell me what happened to the father," he requested.

"He was a murderer," sobbed the woman. "When he came out of prison I cast him off. I could not let the boy grow up to know that his father had killed a man. But it was in the blood. Still, Henry struck in a moment of anger. He had no intention to kill."

"But the father, madam," persisted the governor. "What became of him?"

"How should I know?" answered the woman. "He went to the bad, I suppose. He was a worthless man. I could not let Harry know that his father was a murderer."

"You have never regretted your decision, madam? It did not occur to you that you had some responsibility for the father's future?"

"No!" she cried wildly. "Don't let us talk of that scoundrel; tell me that you will pardon my son."

She raised her eyes for the first time and looked into the governor's face. Something there seemed to terrify her, for the moment, for she looked hard at him, and the governor met her gaze patiently. If she recognized him—but she did not recognize him. Her eyes fell, then she sank to the floor and, kneeling before the governor, with her hands clasped in appeal.

"You must pardon him," she said. "You, who are so upright, to whom temptation has never come; cannot understand the temptations and passions of a boy bereft of a father's love and protection. I did everything I could for him. I changed my name. I moved to another city. But it was hard to give him the proper environments, and in spite of all he turned out wild, but he will never do wrong again."

"Get up, madam," said the governor. "I have decided to pardon the boy on one condition. This is, that he report to me from time to time, that I may know how he is progressing. I hope to help him, too; if he wants his chance to run straight, he shall have it. That is all, madam. The pardon shall be delivered to the warden tomorrow. And—if I may venture on a suggestion to you—remember that charity covers all sins. Be charitable, even in your memories of the man you married and cast away. Good afternoon."

**One Mother's Tribute to Daughter-in-Law**

When I first saw my son Tyler's angelic manner under his wife's regime I held my breath, because in the old days Tyler in a beatific state of mind meant Tyler getting ready to break out in a new place.

But as time goes on and the serenity remains unbroken, I repeat to myself that perfect line from the "Last So Stories"—"Not always was the Kangaroo as now we behold him"—a text that I recommended to all mothers who have seen their brisk sons neatly trained by well-selected wives.

Indeed, the longer I live the more ready I am to believe that a young man's wife may be better acquainted with his actual current present day self than his mother can possibly be. My daughter-in-law sees in her husband a forceful man of affairs on whose judgment she implicitly relies. I respect his judgment, too, in a way, but I cannot help knowing that he is the same Tyler who, at the age of four, howled himself into a high fever one day because I would not let him lead a bloodhound in the parade when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to town.

Mothers view their sons with what psychologists might call an "associative fringe." We are handicapped by assorted memories. We cannot estimate our sons exactly as their wives estimate them. They came upon us at a different stage.—"A Maternal Philosopher" in the Atlantic Monthly.

F-15-2-A

**Furman Athletes Discharged.**

Greenville, Jan. 3.—Indefinite suspension for hazing of J. R. Bivens, captain-elect of the 1925 baseball squad, and J. V. Herlong, star of the football team, were announced today by Furman University authorities. At the same time, disciplinary steps affecting other athletes also were taken. F. H. Orr and E. S. Harrel, both of the football squad, were restricted to the campus for 30 days. E. P. Riley, also of the team, was suspended from living on the campus the remainder of the session. M. T. Shull, of the baseball and basketball teams, was suspended for two weeks. Other students have been summoned by the faculty discipline committee for questioning in regard to charges of hazing.

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