

CHERAW CHRONICLE

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June brides will soon be in order.

Baseball has started. The same old story, "Columbia loses a hard fought game."

Peculiar laws, in Cheraw: Some vending machines are allowed to run on Sunday while others must stop.

Now, boys, what are we going to have in the sporting line this summer. What about a little base ball.

It is rumored that Cheraw is to have a union station. Just think of it, if the rumor is only true. Let us hope it is a fact and work for a "Greater Cheraw."

It's getting about time for the Board of Trade to begin to talk about our annual celebration. Everybody is looking forward to the occasion with much pleasure and we are sure they won't be disappointed.

What is carelessness? Who will answer? Is it carelessness for one to leave the door of their business house open at night, or is it carelessness for the night police man not to find it? Please, won't somebody answer.

And now Whittier will go back at his own expense to Cook's records, which Peary would not bring on his ship. The Augusta Chronicle thinks Peary's magazine articles will be more remunerative if published before Whittier's return.

The Columbia Record says that Columbia people have the stay-together and work-together habit. We congratulate Columbia, and would urge on our state board of

health laboratory management that they carefully select the germs and cultivate them.

Why is it, a carless seven year old kid can drop a half burned match in an alley and burn up all the barns in a block, while an able bodied man has to use up a whole box of matches to get a wood fire started in a heater that has draft enough to draw all the furniture up the stove pipe?

We see in the Greenwood Journal where W. F. Irwin, a white man, was found guilty of maintaining a place where whiskey was kept and was given a sentence of six months on the chain gang. In passing sentence Judge Aldrich said that he never allowed a man convicted of selling whiskey the option of paying a fine. If sentences of this kind were always imposed no one would care to run the risk of dealing in illicit liquor.—Lancaster News.

Where is the man so happy as the one who applies himself to manual labor? Where is the home so happy as the one where each member of the household feels, at the close of the day, that they have performed some at least of the many duties devolving upon them? There may be a clash some day between capital and labor. Should this period ever come, the hope is that labor, with the conquering tread of a hero, will trample beneath its heel the power that has to a considerable extent made labor laborious. We are all laborers in our little city.

The "big head" is a popular way of expressing a common and very frequent ailment. It arises from various sources but the real foundation is the lack of sense. A little money develops a big head. A few good clothes gives it to others; a little office, where a chance is given to exercise a little authority, is often the cause of it; while others get it having a little better job than their associates. The truth is, no sensible person gets the "big head." The one who become stuck up and stiff necked from sources of any kind, are weak in the intellectual caliber.

The Carnival

It is not our intention to worry our readers with a whole lot of questions this week, but there is one thing we would certainly like to know. Who profited by the carnival being in town last week?

We can't help but wonder how our fellow townsmen who "run things" can content themselves to allow such a thing to come to our town. Surely they can't see anything good in them. There's nothing about a carnival that is educating or enlightening; there is nothing to be seen at a carnival—like the one that was here last week—that you have not seen before.

Did the best people of our town go to the grounds, not to speak of the shows? Yes, some of them went, lots of them went but they did not go the second time, once was enough.

It is useless for us to try to argue to our people the necessity of keeping such thing out of our town. We have tried before. It is not the desire of the best citizens to have carnivals and the like come to our town, but we are indeed sorry to say that Cheraw is not run by "the people."

Cotton Mill

The Kershaw Era is urging upon its people to put up a cotton mill. You are right, it will go wonders for your town. It is an open secret that Lancaster is to have a new mill and that very soon.—Lancaster News.

Cheraw needs, wants and is willing to have a cotton mill but—well who's going to build it? Not the outside money, that's sure. So long as our business men are afraid of each other and refuse to put any money into new industries there's no "Cheraw Cotton Mill," no "Greater Cheraw." Maybe some of the "old knots" will turn with the silver pages of time and then Cheraw will be a town worth living in; not a flag station on a railroad time table, not a small hamlet run by a "special set" or a one man sav so.

By patronizing home merchants you are rewarded by always having good, enterprising merchants at home. Patronize them and they will benefit you in more ways than one; you are rewarded by seeing your patronage and the patronage of your influence in building up and maintaining your own town. Patronize home merchants, home industry and home enterprise, of all kinds in preference to those of any place. Spend your money at home with people who have interest in your town. By doing this the town is kept up, property is made more valuable, conveniences are enlarged and opportunities for financial improvements are opened up.

And the same thing holds good in the country; where there is mutual good fellowship and co-operation in advancing the interests of the community the churches and the schools flourish, but if

The Telephone

The telephone business is growing and is becoming a necessity. The farmer should wake up to the fact that telephones are a necessity and put in phones and get in touch with the world. They lines and make connections with business people of the towns, and the people of the towns coming in closer touch with the farmers much of the business of our farmers could be transacted over the phone. For a few cents they could call up the merchant, lawyer, doctor or any other person and transact business instead of traveling miles and miles during the busy season through the heat, cold or rain. They could do most of their buying and selling by phone. The time is fast coming when a family in town or country who hasn't a phone will get behind in business affairs and thereby lose more money than it would cost to have a phone.—Black-hair (Ga.) Times.

The Chronicle thoroughly agrees with its distant contemporary in that the telephone is no longer a luxury and only found in the homes of the wealthy in large cities; it is now a necessity to life. We heartily endorse every phase in the above editorial.

Pulling Together

The spirit of faction is the curse of many towns. It causes ill feeling, divides the people, into hostile camps and effectually prevents progress of any kind. How can a town prosper when every man in it is working for a different end, each for his own selfish interests? Where there are so many people concerned and each individual for himself, they are sure to clash and hatred and malice is often the result. Such being the state of things, we need not look for progress as there can be none, for only "in union is there strength." Elwin Markham strikes the key-note when he says:

"The crest and crowning of all good, Life's final star, is brotherhood."

So let us strive always for more of a spirit of fraternity. Doubtless each faction is sincere in wishing to see the community flourish but very often jealousy so completely blinds it that what ever one side proposes, however

the other side is sure to oppose it. Each person should always be mindful of the common good, work for it and not be suspicious when a public spirited man is doing something to benefit his town. Instead of ascribing to another false and unworthy motives let each person examine himself and see what, if anything, he is doing for the town's betterment, and thus with more thought of his own shortcomings and less criticism of "the other fellow" we believe he will awake to the splendid opportunities of good citizenship. The one thing needed is to bury all bitter feeling and narrow prejudice and to work together for the good of the town in which you live. Only in this way can your town prosper.

And the same thing holds good in the country; where there is mutual good fellowship and co-operation in advancing the interests of the community the churches and the schools flourish, but if

there is jealous rivalry and ill feeling existing it is sure to chill all effort in the direction of progress. Mr. A will not agree to work for something because Mr. B is taking the lead, and vice versa. Then there are men who will not go into anything for fear it is going to cost them something. They are glad to see the thing on foot, especially where it helps them, but no risk will they run. Such people may be very clever folks in a way but as helps to progress and development they are veritable drones living upon the industry and enterprise of their neighbors.

A LAUGH ALL AROUND.

And, as Usual, Those Who Laughed Last Laughed Best.

"Common decency is cheap abroad," said the man who had just returned from his first trip to Europe. "During all the time I was on the continent I was subjected to discourtesy in but one instance, and I think I got away with it then, at that."

"We were crossing one of the Swiss passes by diligence, or coach, and stopped off for luncheon at some little town. It was hot, and I suppose I made rather a comical sight in my shirt sleeves and black glasses, with a handkerchief over my collar, as I stepped out of the vehicle to the road. I suppose, too, that the brand of French in which I tried to ask questions was pretty ragged."

"Anyway, a group of young Frenchmen waiting in a carriage while their team was changed saw in me their long lost original, and the way they laughed was convincing, if not flattering. They weren't backward about pointing out the real, racy bits in the picture either, and they only laughed harder when I glared at them mildly. Another American and I trudged off for lunch, and when we came back there was the bunch ready to take up the howl at me again. I looked at my compatriot and he at me. I don't think either of us put the idea in words, but we began."

"We began to laugh. We fell into each other's arms and laughed. We held each other up and laughed. We laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks. We laughed till we couldn't stand. We rolled into our coach, still laughing, taking inspiration for each outburst from a glance at the Frenchmen."

"Well, sir, that bunch of Frenchmen just wilted. First they closed their mouths; then they lost their grins; then each one began spluttering at the other, trying to make out what was wrong. Before we'd been at it two minutes they all discovered they needed a drink and sneaked off to the little hotel. We laughed till we saw the last of them, and then we laughed at the way we had turned the trick."—Chicago Tribune.

MAKING ICE.

The Process is Simple, Though It Puzzled the Negro.

A sailboat in which were a white man and several negroes had just left the wharf near an ice factory at the foot of Main street, Annapolis, and was headed out the mouth of Severn river, toward a point on the Chesapeake.

"Ye-eth, thir," an old time colored man was saying. "I like to git a job workin' round that air ice plant and see 'em make ice with fire."

"I'll tell you how it is done, if you would like to hear my explanation," said the white man.

"Ye-eth, thir, I like to hear 'bout it." "Well, in the first place, they have a tank of ammonia, to which a small amount of heat is applied. It does not take much heat to convert the ammonia into vapor, and even that heat is used up in causing the liquid to expand into a gas, or become latent, as it is called, so that the temperature is not materially affected.

"Now, suppose the ammonia gas occupies a hundred times as much space as the liquid. It is evident that the liquid contains a certain amount of heat, which is afterward distributed over a hundred times the space first occupied. A cubic foot of the liquid becomes a hundred cubic feet of gas, and it is plain that a cubic foot of gas will contain only one-hundredth part of the heat originally in a cubic foot of liquid; hence the gas is much colder than the liquid.

"Now, this gas or vapor is allowed to flow through pipes covered with salt water, which becomes extremely cold, but does not freeze, owing to the presence of salt. The fresh water desired to be frozen is put into large metal cans and placed in the cold salt water and allowed to freeze.

"There is nothing mysterious about the process. It is, in fact, very simple. Do I not explain clearly? Do you understand my explanation?" "Ye-eth, thir, yo' explanation's plain, but I suddenly would like to see 'em make that air ice with fire."—Washington Star.

His Quaint Suggestion. A Frenchman who appears to have been of a thrifty turn of mind conceived the idea in 1878 that too much valuable time was being wasted in cleaning saildines when preparing them for the market. He found a way of preparing them without cleaning them and on this he took out letters patent. Apparently he had some slight misgivings as to whether the public would be perfectly suited with his invention, and so in his ship he makes this parenthetical entry:

"Fish put up by this process may be slightly unpleasant to the customer at first, but he soon gets used to it." A curious custom used to accompany an Anglo-Saxon betrothal. After the giving of the ring the father gave the son-in-law one of his daughter's shoes, with which the son-in-law hit his wife on the head to teach her submission. Later on a more moderate (b) castigation was suggested, and three blows with a broomstick became the custom:—"The Mouths of the Year," by Rev.

Lost Votes. A parliamentary candidate lost quite a number of votes by making a generous promise to his own wife. He promised his better half that if he were successful at the poll he would buy her a new sealskin coat and hat to match. His wife was so pleased with this kindly offer that she at once went and told all her lady friends about it. Every lady to whom this piece of news was imparted, of course, said to the candidate's wife at once, "Oh, how very nice, dear!" but equally, of course, immediately went off home to her husband and said: "Take care you don't vote for Mr. A., dear. Fancy that stuck up Mrs. A. in a new sealskin while my old one is so shabby!"—London Express.

Neighborly. "So you don't like that crowing rooster?" "I haven't anything against the rooster personally. But every time he crows he reminds me that I don't like the people he belongs to."

Wannamaker's Column.

1st.—Pure Drugs and Medicines.

I buy my drugs only from Manufacturers of established reliability. Every article is warranted to be absolutely pure and full strength.

2nd.—Prescriptions.

My prescription department is carefully looked after: Purity, accuracy and moderate prices are points we aim for.

3rd.—Patent Medicines.

I keep all the leading kinds and am constantly adding new ones to my stock. Some I buy in large quantities and will be glad to furnish in 3, 6 or 12 bottle lots at special prices.

4th.—Soda Water and Ice Cream.

Flavored with pure fruit juices. Very refreshing.

5th.—Wedding Presents Sterling Silver Teaspoons

and all odd pieces. I personally warrant all to be Solid Stealing Silver. I have also Rogers Platey Knives and Forks (The 1847 Rogers). None better on the market.

China Ware, Cut Glass.

A large assortment at all prices from one dollar to ten dollars.

6th.—Stationery.

Box Paper, Pound Paper, Envelopes, Writing Tablets, Lead Pencils, Ink, Carbon Paper, etc.

7th.

Blank Books, Ledgers, Time Books, Cash Books, Day Books, Memorandum Books, Order Books, etc., etc.

8th.—Talcum Powder.

Body Sachet, Rice Powder, Face Powder, White and Flesh Colors.

9th.—Toilet Soaps.

A large assortment. All prices. 5c. 10c to 25c a cake.

10th.—Hair Brushes.

The largest assortment ever brought to Cheraw. Carefully selected. Every brush full value, 10c to \$2.50. Combs, All Prices. Extra heavy ones. Last forever with ordinary care. Prices range from 5c to one dollar each.

11th.—Lamps.

Glass Lamps, 25cents to 60 cents. Burners, Wicks, chimneys, kerosene oil, etc.

12th.—Paints, Varnishes, etc.

I carry Lucas' Line. They look good longer, last longer, and cost no more than others.

13th.—Wall Finishes.

Such as Muresco, and Alabastine. All colors and easy to put on.

Theo. E. Wannamaker,

Dealer in

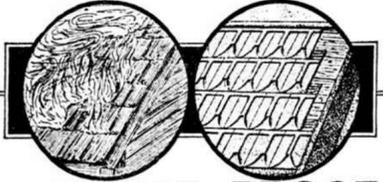
Pure Drngs and Medicines, Cheraw, S. C.

5 or 6 doses "666" will cure any case of chills and fever. Price 25c.

The Call of the Blood

For purification finds voice in pimples, boils, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills make rich, red blood; give clear skin, rosy cheeks, fine complexion, health. Try them; 5c at Wannamaker's.

CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES



ARE FIRE PROOF

THEY will not burn. Will not split or curl like wood shingles. Will not crack and roll off like slate. Will not rip at the seams like plain tin. Neither will they rattle during high wind storms. They never need repairs and last as long as the building. And last of all, they make the handsomest roof and are not expensive.

Cheraw Hardware & Supply Co.

If the Horse or Mule That You Expect to Make This Year's Crop With Should Die Are You Able to go to Your Live Stock Dealer and Buy a New One?

Don't place yourself in this position. The only way to avoid it is to let me insure your live stock against death from any cause. The policy that I write on your stock is exactly like the policy on your life.

The rate on work and driving stock is 6 per cent. Don't wait until your mule or horse gets sick and then wish that he was insured, but do it now.

JOHN H. WELLS Insurance Agency. Next Door to Post office, Cheraw, S. C.

A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said: 'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more coal to carry, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.



New Perfection Oil Cook-stove. It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the Standard Oil Company (Incorporated).