

The People

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AGRICULTURAL COLUMN.

We want again to call the attention of our farmer friends to our agricultural column. This paper reaches more than three hundred subscribers weekly of the farming class, and it is fair to say that there is on our list not less than 25 practical farmers who can in good language give the readers of the paper a short or long article on the manner by which they have succeeded in producing certain crops, thereby assisting in a degree that farmer brother who has been less fortunate in the production of that particular crop. There is no use to quote to me that biblical expression, "Am I my brother's keeper," for in some all of us are, so if our farmer friends who can write, but won't, in order to assist in their small way the development of the general agricultural interests of their county and State, we can set it down as simple negligence or carelessness. During the term in which the column devoted to this and kindred subjects remains unfilled by contributors we will endeavor to fill in the blank with clippings from exchanges and agricultural journals, but it would look so much better, and be so much more appropriate for it to be filled by local contributors. As we have stated elsewhere, we want "The People" to become in fact as well as in name, the paper of the people, and the only way that we can make it so is for the people to give us all the assistance in their power. A half an hour of your time devoted to the preparation of an article giving a description of how you succeeded in producing a tremendous yield of corn, a fine turnout of oats, or so many pounds of lint cotton on a certain grade of land may mean much to a brother who perhaps lives in an entirely different section, but who is cultivating the same kind of land but had never been able to attain the same results because of lack of knowledge of just how to do it. We certainly hope next week to give our readers at least one county article in this column.

IN A NEW ROLE.

Under the above heading, the Greenville News gets off a severe bit of sarcasm on the jumping-jack qualities of Senator Tillman in dealing with certain matters affecting the welfare of the State. Now everyone who has kept up with State and County politics since 1890 and even previous to that knows that we was a member of the Reform faction of the State of which B. E. Tillman was the acknowledged head. They must also know that we, as an individual, have not hesitated to condemn, with voice and pen, certain lines of policy that Mr. Tillman attempted to and did carry out after his election. We have had personally several acrimonious arguments with Mr. Tillman on certain matters in which we thought the interests of the people would suffer if his peculiar ideas were allowed to be carried out, so we can't be accused of being a hide-bound Tillmanite.

But we don't hesitate to say that when the Greenville News, or any other paper gets off, as good logic, such stuff as is contained in the clipping published on the last page of this issue, it is, to use a slang phrase, "talkin' through its hat." We are pressed for time this week, or would make our comments longer, but as our columns already contain a little too much of the editor, and too little of the people, we will let it go at that for this week at least.

CHICKENS.

If there is anything that we do know something about besides running a newspaper, it is chickens, and as soon as we can get a little bit straight, we propose to feed you each week on a column of them. Any preacher can tell you that this is a queer way to serve chicken, but as not all of our readers are preachers, and a large number of them haven't had a chicken in their yards for years, I think a little chicken talk may assist in awakening an interest in this much-neglected branch of farm economy. Let our lady readers of the farming class begin to save up the dimes and nickels for the purpose of purchasing a setting of eggs of some thoroughbred fowls this spring, and it is possible that next fall we can have a chicken show here that will astonish the natives. Other counties do it, so why shouldn't we? Of course we can do it.

Society Notes.

The season when society must put away earthly things and don a sober garb has arrived, but the hosts of strangers within our gates are increasing daily, and being for the most part on pleasure or recreation bent, our old town cannot but be lively, though functions given by the town people will be unknown.

One of the most enjoyable affairs, "where men reign supreme," took place last Thursday evening when Mr. Frank Eldredge gave a "smoker" (oh mysterious word) in honor of Mr. Neil Webster, of Birmingham, N. Y., at present a guest at the Inn. The honored few gave most glowing accounts, and hope many more of Mr. Eldredge's boyhood's friends will wander southward, if this is to be the result.

An enthusiastic party, nothing daunted by fog and slush, took part in the paper chase of last Friday afternoon, L. H. Deas again chasing Reynard to his den, while close in his wake came Miss Margaret Eldredge.

Almost one hundred guests accepted the invitation sent out by the two card clubs of the town for Friday night at the Club House, and all report it as the happiest occasion of the season. Perhaps the combination of leap year, Cupid and St. Valentine may be the cause. Six-handed euhre kept all merrily busy for the games, then refreshments held their sway.

Alter Mrs. Whitford was declared winner of the ladies prize, Mr. Henry Savage, victor of the one for the men, and the consolations had fallen to Mr. Arthur Burnet and Mrs. Pinckney, the floor was cleared, and an informal dance enticed both old and young to linger 'til the "wee sma' hours."

The afternoon reception given by Mrs. R. M. Kennedy on Saturday from 4 to 6 o'clock, in honor of her sister, Miss Caroline Hunter, of Alexandria, Va., was one of those happy, sociable affairs that make one feel literally "at home," and robs the word reception of its formidable formality.

Numerous friends and acquaintances paid their respects during the afternoon, partaking of dainty refreshment, and welcoming Miss Hunter to the social circle.

No more thoroughly enjoyed entertainment has taken place this season than the Valentine party given by the little Misses Yates on last Saturday night. The youthful participants were all excitement days before, and mysterious love tokens were fashioned by the dainty hostesses themselves. Each one received a valentine as a place-card at the table, and after the inner man had been satisfied, all revelled in games of many kinds; and then the post office was opened, and each received at least one missive from the Saint, and all were happy. Among those present were the Misses Hallie and Elizabeth Carrison, Claudia Zemp, Bessie Earle, Annie and Willie Alexander, and Masters Harvey Zemp, Raymond Dick, Alston Earle, Henry Bissell Kennedy, Will Johnson, James Blakeney and Robert Pinckney.

The patrons and friends of the Club enjoyed the dance on Monday night to the fullest extent. The occasion was the event of its kind for the season, for Camden's young people were ever devotees of Terpsichore and "the light fantastic," and the mere announcement that the orchestra from the Kirkwood would officiate on this night was sufficient to bring out all the dancing set, and all "went merry as a marriage bell."

Two members of the Kirkwood Orchestra—Mr. Briglio, the violinist, and Mr. Janaushek, the pianist—will continue to lend their services to Grace during Lent, and the people of Camden heartily enjoy such a rare treat.

The music lovers of our city will be glad to learn that Mr. Ticknor has also engaged a band for his hotel, and the young people hope it will mean the opening of the splendid music hall lately added to Court Inn.

Shrove Tuesday was the gala day of the week. Mrs. Mandeville delighted all with the attractive programme

offered at the Wagon at her home on Powell Hill, which on the same hour these otherwise motionless had the zest of an able and interesting lecture given by a Japanese Missionary at the Presbyterian Lecture Room.

The polo game in the afternoon was fast and furious from start to finish.

In the evening the guests of Hobbs Inn were tendered by their genial host and hostess a Phantom Party, the ghost like sheeted figures moving in deathly silence through the winding corridors and large rooms which were enveloped in darkness, except for the weird glow cast by the logs in the large open Dutch fire place. At midnight all unmasked, and jollity reigned in place of the mysterious ghoulish solemnity.

Cupid held sway at the home of Mrs. Hodge Lenoir on Wednesday night, and valentines were again in evidence, and made to chase the gloomy hours for a large party of the younger set, who declared they had the best time of their lives.

On Friday, the 19th, a polo game for the Barstow cup will be played, and a special train will be run over the S. A. L. at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, returning at 9.30 p. m.

This will be one of the most interesting games of the season, and a large crowd is expected from Columbia. A dance will also follow at the Club House that night, and all are guaranteed a jolly time.

Monday, the 22d, will be celebrated as the birthday of the Father of our Country, and, as all the banks and public buildings will be closed—a petition also to the merchant to give holiday, too—the managers of the Polo Association have determined to afford unceasing entertainment for the people of Camden by having a day of field sports on the Polo grounds. There will be races of all kinds and conditions, as well as a tournament and the catching of a greased pig. A band from Sumter will discourse sweet music for the benefit of the crowd.

Miss Ellie Zemp is organizing a class in Swedish gymnastics, and will be glad to add new names at any time.

Mr. J. K. Shannon paid a short visit to his home on last Sunday, and seems well pleased with Jefferson, which is to be his home in future. His family will move up there in a month, or two.

Mrs. Davis Porcher was present at the social functions on Friday, and will pay Miss Sadie Kennedy a visit on Friday and Saturday.

The many friends of Messrs. L. T. Baker and Laurens Mills were pleased to greet them in Camden on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have opened their home on Hobbs Hill for the rest of the season.

The usual meeting of the county Teachers Association met at the High School Building on Saturday morning. The lessons assigned were discussed, and an interesting paper on Rousseau read by Mr. Nicholson, from Boykins. The meetings are not as well attended as they should be, and we calmly allow Richland to carry off the palm for having the best Teachers Association in the State, notwithstanding the fact that our earnest and competent county Superintendent obtained all books free of cost for the teachers in hopes they would become enthused.

GRADED SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS.

ICE.

Ice is water in a frozen state. It is made by rain turning into ice when it reaches the cold air. Ice is used in many different ways. In the case of fever, ice is cracked and put in a bag on the forehead. Then in hot weather ice is put in different drinks to cool them.

Before people learnt about manufacturing ice, when the rivers and lakes were frozen hard, men would cut the ice in blocks and ship it; but now this way is not used except in some places.

Much suffering is caused by ice also. In large northern cities, where there is snow and ice nearly all the time, the very poor people are exposed to the cold; the ice and cold make them sick and sometimes freezes them to death.

Camden is very pretty when covered with ice. When the moon shines, the trees and plants sparkle like diamonds.

In the polar regions there is snow and ice on the ground all the time. The people use sleighs with dogs and reindeer to pull them across the ice.

The Glacial Period was a time when all the land down to California in North America and down to the Alps in Europe were covered with ice.

Helen Phelps.

Age 10, Grade 6.
White Knight cigar, a splendid smoke, call for them at the Camden Drug Company, and take no other.

ICE.

Though ice is nothing but frozen water, we never think of it as such, and children eat it as if it was some great delicacy. As the rain falls and reaches the cold air, it is frozen and clings to the trees and grass and glistens like diamonds in the sunshine.

In the summer we are glad of the ice to put in the water and keep it cooler; and in the sick room it is often used to keep down the fever.

In the winter we are delighted to see the snow and ice, because that means skating and sleighing, which is lots of fun. Although the ice looks so beautiful, it causes a great deal of damage and suffering. It is a great pity we do not think more of the poor people who are suffering from the cold.

Sometimes ice on a mountain slides down the side, bringing trees and earth with it to destroy some poor man's property, or perhaps to kill some one.

I think there is nothing more beautiful than the earth covered with snow and icicles clinging to the trees, which are bent to the ground with their weight, it seems as if nature was trying to cover up every ugly thing and have only beautiful things, at least for a short time. It may be very cold outside, but you do not think of that you are so taken up with seeing how beautiful nature has made herself. In the tropical countries the people never see such a thing as snow and ice, and, when they come north they exclaim at the beauty.

But the northern people have seen so much of it, they get tired and wish the snow and ice would hurry up and melt.

Loree Arthur.

Age 16; high school, 2nd year.

ICE.

Ice is nothing but frozen water. It is formed by intense cold, or by some machine, which is used in the summer time.

Ice is, of course, very useful. It is used in many cases of fever and pneumonia. It is also used in summer in beef markets, etc., to keep the meats fresh. Ice is generally used by most people in water in the summer.

Who can wish for a more beautiful scene than when everything is covered with ice and the ground with snow. Even the little dead tufts of grass are covered. The trees are bending to the ground because they are heavy-laden with ice, and icicles are hanging from every roof and fence.

Large blocks of ice are floated down the oceans from the arctic regions. Although the scenery when everything is covered with ice is very beautiful, think now many of the world's inhabitants are suffering for want of clothing and something to eat.

Another instance, take the birds and other animals which are frozen by the cold biting winds of the north, because they have no place of shelter.

Lizzie Trantham.

Age 14; high school, 1st year.

ICE.

When water is exposed to very cold weather, it freezes and becomes ice.

Ice is very useful. It has great expansive force. It is lighter than water, therefore, in the winter, when the water freezes on the rivers and the ponds, the ice floats, and so it protects the fish from the cold.

In the summer a great deal of ice is used for cooling water and making ice drinks and ice cream.

In the winter, when it rains and freezes, and covers everything with ice, it makes a beautiful picture. I think it would be hard to find anything prettier.

But there is a great deal of suffering caused by ice to the poor miserable people that have no shelter and but little clothes. There is nothing pretty about ice for them.

Jennie R. McClain.

Age 16; high school, 1st year.

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