

The People

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DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, July 6th.

The nominee of the Convention may be a winner, but—

Who will be that nominee, Parker, Hearst or Gorman.

If Parker, can he win in the face of opposition in his own party and State. We think not.

If Hearst, can he win despite the opposition of nearly all the leaders, even though the great body of the people would stand by him? No. For which largely blame the little penny-a-liner newspapers, who, taking their cue from the national dailies, have almost hounded him to death.

If Gorman, can he win, having no opposition in his party, and being looked upon with a great deal of tolerance by the leaders? We think he can.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is the nominee of the Republican party for President, with Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, as his running mate. If the Democrats cannot draw a better pair than that, they ought to be beaten.

REPUBLICAN success this fall means an autocracy of the most pronounced type. Let the people of the whole country get together and at the polls stamp out the danger. You have the opportunity only every four years, and the coming election is, we think, the last you will have.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Before the next issue of The People reaches our readers, the National Democratic Convention will be in full swing. It will not be a harmonious convention. Too many unkind things have been said by the partisans of the various candidates against every one who has been suggested except their own, to give the faintest hope of harmony. The very best that we can pray for is that out of chaos will come order, and with order, mutual concessions by which apparent harmony may be secured, and a solid front shown to the enemy in the coming struggle for our very existence as a National Party.

With the present lights before us, we must confess that the Democratic party has a tremendous lot of work cut out for it, and we cannot see but that their wisest plan will be to concentrate their best efforts towards securing the next House of Representatives, devoting to the Presidential canvas only such time and money as can be spared from the other equally important, and more easily attained object.

Any true patriot will sacrifice himself in an emergency for the good of his country or party, so if Parker, who says nothing, Hearst, who has something, Gorman, who is something, or McClellan, whose name counts for something, should be nominated and defeated, he will not suffer an ignoble defeat, provided the other object be attained. Our greatest fear in the election of President Roosevelt, is that we will live under an autocracy before his term is out, instead of under the Republican form of government we are now said to live under. This fear will be obviated by the election of a Democratic House. Teddy is not half a bad fellow, but he needs a collar pretty often, and our people, if in a majority in the House can furnish that.

THE COURT HOUSE.

One more heavy shot on that court house business, and we are done. At the beginning, we want to say that what we do say, is said in absolute parity of motive. If the interests of our brother should come in conflict with our duty to the public, the interest of that brother would be

swept aside as chaff before the wind. This is the kind of a public citizen we are, whatever we may be in private.

Now, we want to say, and to emphasize this candid expression of opinion, in which we are sure that we are joined by two thirds of the citizens and taxpayers of the county: the only logical site for the erection of a new court house, is on the jail lot on upper DeKalb Street. In the first place, until a few interested parties took up the Man site, no other than the jail site had crossed the minds of anyone.

When we use the words "interested parties" we use them in all kindness, but in fairness to the public, we must state the facts.

The jail site is the site because a court house on that site is convenient to two thirds or three fourths of the citizens of the county, having business there; and "a court house is built for the convenience of the many, and not of the few," as one of the Man site advocates very aptly remarked. In the second place, we already own the jail site with a frontage of one hundred and thirty feet, and a back-

In the third place, the people of Kershaw county do not want a palace in their court house. They want a strong building, ample in its accommodations, and with just enough of ornamentation on it to cause the average taxpayer when looking at it, to say, "well, there is a little bit of ginger-bread that I helped to pay for, but its only a little bit, so I do not mind it, for it makes things look pretty."

In the fourth and last place, the people of Kershaw county voted but twenty-five thousand dollars to build a new court house.

Twenty-five thousand dollars will not begin to build it if matters are allowed to drift. We know that in some quarters and by certain people, the man who preaches economy in public matters, is looked down upon but that does not make that man the less honest, so we say: If twenty-five thousand dollars will build a new court house, build it. If twenty-five thousand dollars will not build it, then let it stay where it is until we can afford to spend more on a new one.

THE EDITOR.

The Editor is one of the happiest, care-free mortals on the footstool. Three-thirds of the time he has nothing to do but walk the streets, shaking hands with every one he meets, and by the seductiveness of his smile, causing every other fellow to go down into his jeans for that little dollar and a half or so that he owes on subscription, at the same time begging the editor not to stop his paper. He (the editor) also indulges in another pleasant little pastime at odd moments. He walks into the various stores, and strikes the proprietors for an ad. "Why, certainly," says the merchant, "I am glad that you reminded me of it. How much space can you spare me," and down goes his name on a contract with no haggling as to terms. These are only examples of why the editor should be the happiest of men. In addition to them, his sayings, when he says anything, which is not often, are widely quoted and universally commended. His suggestions on public matters are always promptly adopted, and no measure of local or county importance is ever undertaken without his consent and approval has been previously obtained.

There is only one little rift in the lute. When the average country editor attends Press Associations, banquets, &c., unless he can top with the toppers, smoke with the smokers, and tell his lewd, or broad story as well as the best of his company, he is pretty apt to be what is known in slang parlance, "small potatoes and one in a bill."

As these disagreeable incidents however occur away from home where few know him, and fewer care to, it is a small matter, as when he returns home, he is as big or bigger man than ever for he has been rubbing up against brain, and the effects of it will be noted at least two weeks. This, is the sort of a life the editor is supposed to lead, but

Society Notes.

Mid sunshine and flowers on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents on upper Broad street, Miss Margaret Carrison was married to Mr. Athol Miller, of Columbia, Rev. N. B. Gordon of Grace Episcopal church officiating.

Though only the relatives and a few intimate friends had been invited, the numerous presents and quantities of cut flowers displayed, testified to the love and good will of the entire community.

One could not but be struck with the simplicity, grace and beauty of the wedding and the quietness of the early morning, made it peculiarly impressive. Just as the first strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march were played by Miss Lottie Boykin, the bride, tastefully and becomingly gowned in a suit of tan pongee, with hat to match, entered with her father: the maid of honor, Miss Cora Carrison, clad in dainty white, following; the groom and his best man, Mr. A. M. Meetz meeting them in front of a long French mirror, before which stood Mr. Gordon.

After the ceremony, an informal reception was held, during which light refreshments were served.

The truth of the old saying "there's nothing new under the sun" has certainly been called into question since Mrs. G. H. Lenor's original and delightful card party of last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Scotta Salmon. It was given in honor of the Matrons, but a few spinsters were fortunate enough to be included.

The idea of a hen party was developed in every way, the score cards were faintly but substantial white hens, the table markers, the quaintest chicks, while the necessary cackle was soon supplied by the pleased guests. Six-handed euchre was the game indulged in and after ten games were played, Mrs. D. A. Boykin was announced as the "hen of the walk," receiving an ornamental and useful bon bon dish. Somehow a whisper of a most mysterious consolation prize leaked out and all cut in fear and trembling in hopes of getting the Joker, but it was no joke to Miss Lily DePass, when, as her reward, a large white hen with a gold ribbon around its neck, sedately seated on a nest, enclosed in a gift case, was presented to her, while her envious sisters crowded around. Those present were: Mesdames M. R. Singleton, H. B. DeLoache, D. A. Boykin, J. W. Corbett, Jack Whitaker, W. S. Burnet, Caleb Whitaker, and Miss Kate Villepique, Lily DePass, Florie DePass, Henrietta Bratford, Bet McDowell, Sadie Kennedy, Emma Shannon, Margaret Burnet, and Honor Lang.

Delicious cake and ice cream and sherbet were served, and all went on their way rejoicing.

An ideal summer day ushered in one of the largest card parties of the season given by Mrs. H. G. Carrison in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jordan Carrison, of Columbia, Ga., on Tuesday from 11 to 2 o'clock, at their home on upper Broad street. Although intended somewhat as a reception to the bride whose short stay has made her friends here, numbered by her acquaintances, the devoted formality of such an occasion was eliminated by the merriment, furnished by the game of six-handed euchre. The entire front portion of the old colonial house was thrown in one, giving light and air enough to relieve the heat of the season. The topic of the day, the question of the far East, was represented by John Chinaman and his queer ways on the score cards. Another of the season's brides, Mrs. Hamilton DePass was also a guest of honor.

After several games had been played dainty ices and cakes, so palatable at this time of the year, were served by pretty girls. The prizes were awarded, a Chinese vase to Mrs. Wm. Burnet and the consolation, twelve delicious fresh pineapples, to Mrs. Jordan Carrison, and every one declared the hostess had added another bright day of pleasure to the year's social calendar.

It is with regret that their friends learn that Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Carrison will be here only ten days longer.

The Acorn Club will meet with Miss Meta Boykin at Bloomsbury next Wednesday, the present week having its full quota of outings already.

An engagement which is of great interest to the Camden people has lately been announced, that of Miss Bessie Steedman, formerly of Camden, to Mr. Mauldin, of Greenville, now cashier in a bank at Hendersonville, N. C. He has the congratulations of the community.

Several moonlight parties have been enjoyed this week by the college boys and girls now at home.

Summers of a new engagement, interesting to Camdens, are abroad, but the curious must possess their souls in patience yet a little longer.

Bethune Items.

A farmers institute will be held at Bethune, July 11th for the benefit of the farmers and general public by some of the faculty of Clemson College. The public are cordially invited to attend this institute.

Rev. Mr. Howerton, of Greenville, S. C., filled the Presbyterian pulpit last Sunday evening. He preached a fine sermon.

There will be preaching at Turkey Creek church every first Sunday at 11 o'clock, by Rev. T. Ellison Simpson.

Mr. Willis Mayor of Yorkville spent last Friday in town. The Bethune Baseball team goes to Kershaw today (Tuesday) to play a match game with the Kershaw nine.

Mr. J. C. Bealand spent Monday at Columbia.

Picked Up at Random.

Manila.—Monsignor Guidi, apostolic delegate to the Philippines, died today of heart failure. The funeral will take place here next Friday and the remains will be interred two months later at Rome.

Chicago.—While crossing the tracks of the Aurora, Elgin and Chicago electric railroad in Austin today in an automobile, George E. Dixon, head of the George E. Dixon company, manufacturer of heating apparatus, and his wife were killed in collision with an electric car.

Roanoke, Va.—A most unusual death is reported from Appalachia, a mining town in Wise county, this State. Mrs. Thomas Sykes was rubbing the mouth of her little 3 year old girl Lillie, with a live gold fish in an effort to cure the child from slobbering having been told that such a remedy would break her of the habit, when the fish slipped down the child's throat, choking her to death before it could be gotten out.

Columbus, Ga.—Pure spring water was given away free to the people of this city today, the city hauling it in from Wynton in sprinkling carts.

Each citizen who applied was given two gallons or less, two gallons being the maximum for any one person. The incident was unparalleled in the history of the town.

Various people are now selling spring water, running lines of wagon and there is plenty of water for all who are able to buy. The supply has been rendered unfit for drinking by the drought.

New York.—Coroner Ogorman, who handle most of the bodies recovered from the Gen. Slocum disaster, has contracted blood poisoning.

He pricked a finger of his right hand in removing a breast pin from a body last Sunday. Shortly the finger began to swell and the poison spread rapidly. Anti toxin probably will be injected in the coroner's arm today.

New York, Members of the Democratic national committee now here say that John Sharp Williams the Democratic leader in Congress undoubtedly will be temporary chairman of the St. Louis convention and make the keynote speech.

It is expected that his selection will be ratified when the national committee gathers next week in St. Louis.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, has been mentioned for permanent chairman of the convention but it is believed to be unlikely that both presiding officers will be chosen from the South.

Charters and Commissions.

The Secretary of State issued a charter to the Cook-Estridge Company, a general merchandise concern of the towns of Kershaw, Camden and Lancaster. The capital stock is \$12,000. A commission was issued the Conway Telephone Company, capitalized at \$3,000. Among the petitioners is Robert Scarborough.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

The stock raiser in the West and the consumer in the East are already wondering what is the matter with the price of beef.

"Judge Parker stands before the world as God made him," says a Southern paper. He will probably stand before the St. Louis Convention as David B. Hill made him.

An Indiana minister opened a dance with prayer. Now, if he will open his prayer meetings with a dance, there will be an end to this talk about men not attending church.

Attorney General Knox is charged with having received a \$800,000 fee for legal services in the organization of the steel trust. If he can prove that he did not take his pay in common stock, his reputation for sagacity will not suffer.

Colonel Bryan again declares that he stands just where he did in 1896. He is, then, just eight years further behind the times than he was then.

Russia is said to be adopting the American style of tent. It must be a relief to Russia to borrow an invention from somebody besides Japan.

Mississippi Democrats have instructed for Parker and demanded freedom for the Philippines. That is a good safe, issue, one upon which even the Judge might talk.

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Restaurant.
Winyah James, the old and well-known Restaurant of our city has discontinued his restaurant for the present. New location will be announced later. "Nine" will be glad to have all his old patrons call on him there. Meals at all hours. New patronage solicited.

TRESPASS NOTICE.
All persons are hereby warned not to trespass in any manner, whatsoever upon my lands or lands under my control situated on Little Lynch Creek, about three (3) miles South-east of Abney. Trespassers will be punished to the full extent of the law.
J. E. BAXLEY, Abney, S. C.