

**THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE**  
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Camden, S. C., Dec. 8, 1911.

The unveiling of the monument to women has been indefinitely postponed on account of a delay in shipping some part of the monument from Europe.

The number thirteen is usually looked upon as an unlucky one, but the thirteenth clause of the will of Capt. John Burdell is not an unlucky one for Camden and Kershaw county. At any rate there is no danger of its being rejected on that account.

Let the trustees of the "John Burdell Hospital for the Alleviation of Suffering Humanity" get busy, and on December 25th, 1912, present Camden and Kershaw county with a first-class hospital. What better gift could be made to the poor and suffering?

We wish to congratulate the publishers of the Camden Chronicle on the handsome paper they are issuing.—Marion Star.

Thanks. We appreciate the above. The Star has recently joined the ranks of Linotype users and is now a clear cut, all home print paper. It is a "bright star" in journalism.

Congress convened in regular session on Monday morning. This is expected to be one of the liveliest sessions in which many important questions such as the tariff, monetary legislation, foreign relations and direct senatorial elections will come up. Senator Tillman was present when the Senate was called to order.

Duncan C. Ray, a prominent member of the Columbia bar, was on Wednesday appointed by the supreme court as librarian, to succeed the late H. A. Whitman. The appointment is for four years from the time of the death of Mr. Whitman. Mr. Ray is well known throughout the state. He was for a number of years assistant attorney general, under Leroy F. Youmans, and served as attorney general for several weeks, following the death of Gen. Youmans.

There are four well known authors and newspapermen connected with "The Tractor" which comes to the Camden opera house on Wednesday evening, Dec. 13. Thomas Dixon, author of the Clansman, Channing Pollock, a well known playwright and journalist, George H. Brennan, manager of "The Tractor" Co., author Anna Malteen, "Bill Trytell," soon to be dramatized, and Homer Day, author "Indiana Folks," "The Man From Wall St.," "The Tenderfoot Cowboy," and other successes.

It has ever been the policy of The Chronicle to encourage the patronage of home enterprises. We have always advised the people of Camden and Kershaw County to trade with their home merchants, to do their banking business with the banks of Camden, and to sell their cotton to Camden buyers and yet there are some merchants who send out of town for their printing. These, however, we are glad to say, are largely in the minority. The most of Camden men are made of different material.

Now that it is practically certain that Camden is to have a hospital—an institution made possible by "The John Burdell Hospital Fund for the Alleviation of Suffering Humanity"—the selection of a site for the hospital is now or will soon be, in order. An ideal location for the hospital is the W. H. Zemp lot on Lytleton Street, now owned by L. L. Block. Another good location is the old Dr. F. L. Zemp premises on the corner of Lytleton and Boundary streets, now the property of E. D. Blakeney. Either of these sites we believe can be bought at a very reasonable price.

To say that the people of Camden are delighted that Dr. H. B. Brown, the faithful pastor of the Lytleton Street Methodist Church, has been returned here for another year, but mildly expresses the situation. Indeed, we believe that our entire community, irrespective of denominational lines, are happy that this noble man of God has returned to the charge here. Indefatigable in his work as preacher and pastor, he has placed the Methodist church here high up in the scale of South Carolina Methodism and we predict for the coming year still greater achievements. Long may he live and long may he be amongst us!

The seventh annual convention of the American Civic Association will be held in Washington on December 13, 14 and 15. "A More Beautiful America" is the slogan of the movement which the association is fostering. Questions which will be taken up at the convention range from the building of National parks to swatting the fly. City planning, from the business side as well as the esthetic view point, street illuminating, shade trees, the smoke problem and other phases of municipal life will be discussed by many speakers. One feature of the convention will be a review of the civic betterment which has been accomplished by organizations of women.

**McNAMARA'S CONFESSION**  
Dynamiting of Los Angeles Times Causing Death of 21 Men.

Los Angeles, Dec. 2.—James B. McNamara pleaded guilty to murder in the first degree in Judge Walter Bordwell's court. His brother John McNamara, secretary of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, entered a plea of guilty to having dynamited the Llewellyn Iron Works in Los Angeles on Christmas day of last year.

James B. McNamara's confession clears up absolutely the tragedy of the explosion and fire which at 1.07 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 1, 1910, wrecked the plant of the Los Angeles Times at First and Broadway and caused the death of 21 persons. For 19 of these fatalities the McNamara brothers indicted and J. B. McNamara was on trial specifically for the murder of Chas. J. Haggerty, a machinist, whose body was found nearer than that of any other to the spot where the dynamite was supposed to have been placed.

The great contention that the Los Angeles Times was not dynamited is dead beyond resurrection or argument. The total cost to the state thus far of the trial is estimated to be close to \$200,000, and the abrupt ending of it is calculated to save the country nearly \$1,000,000.

President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, was so agitated by the news that he paced the floor at the Pennsylvania rail road station waving his arms and struggling for words to express his astonishment and indignation.

"I am astounded; I am astounded. My credulity has been imposed upon. It is a bolt out of a clear sky," exclaimed Gompers. He retired to the rear of a car and read carefully the accounts of the sensational developments in the Los Angeles dynamiting cases. The veteran labor leader was visibly affected as he read how the men, in whose defense he had spoken and worked so untiringly, had admitted their guilt. Tear came into his eyes and the hand that held the page shook. He said nothing, however, until he had finished the story, and then he broke forth with his exclamation of astonishment and indignation.

**Meeting of Poplar Camp.**

The regular meeting of Poplar Camp W. O. W. No. 369 was held last Monday night. As usual there was a full turnout of the members and a good meeting was held.

This was the for the annual election of officers and the following were elected:

- Consul Commander—B. E. Sparrow.
- Advisor Lieutenant—S. D. Yates.
- Banker—F. P. Rodgers.
- Clerk—J. E. Campbell.
- Escort—C. E. Davis.
- Watchman—E. J. Arrants.
- Sentry—H. F. Trinnal.
- Medical Doctor—D. N. Matthews.
- Finance Committee—J. J. Campbell, W. L. A. Cook and W. L. McDowell.

At the next meeting of the Camp—the first Monday night in January—an oyster supper will be served.

Well Guessed.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "how do they ascertain the measurement of a vessel?" "I guess they measure it with a navy yard," was the unexpected reply.

**GET MORE MONEY.**

Are you satisfied that your present position is equal to your ability, or do you think you are capable of something bigger? Many a man hangs on to a small position when a little training of the right sort would show him just how to make the change to more money and brighter prospects. The first step toward getting better equipped and a better position is to write for a catalogue of Draughon's Practical Business College, at Columbia or Greenville, S. C., or Augusta, Ga., or Nashville, Tenn.

**The Ladies Of Camden**

ARE invited to visit my Soda Water and Ice Cream Parlor, and have my assurance that perfect order is maintained in The Pool Room, as gentlemen only are allowed to visit it. Your father, husband or brother, will vouch for this statement, and I'll appreciate a visit from you.

Respectfully,  
**G. W. Crosby**



"No white man has looked upon Cochise and lived to tell of it!" So ran the New Mexico saying. And for many years it was the truth. Cochise was chief of the Chiricahua Apaches. High in the Dragoon mountains of New Mexico he had a mighty fortress where he and his band of 600 "hostiles" lived, and from which they issued from time to time on havoc-making raids. This fortress was almost impossible for an outsider to find. No body of soldiers could penetrate to it, to say nothing of storming it.

Cochise openly laughed at the government's puny efforts to check his murderous career. He lived like one of the robber barons of old. Scouts would tell him of the approach of some emigrant train, a stage coach or a provision caravan along the neighboring lowlands. Down from his mountain retreat he would swoop at the head of his wild native freebooters, and would slaughter every white man, woman and child in the party, rifling the provisions, etc., destroying the wagons and driving off the horses, mules and cattle.

Wild Raids on Caravans.

Before troops could be sent to avenge the crime Cochise and his band would be safely hidden among the rocky fastnesses of their mountains. At last the roads and trails of the district were practically abandoned by travelers. In only one instance during all his years of freebooting did Cochise spare any white man he met. That was in the case of a red-bearded hunter and guide named Jeffords. Why Cochise not only allowed Jeffords to live but actually chose him for a dear friend, no white man ever knew. But Jeffords was made welcome to the fortress whenever he cared to visit it, and he even received from Cochise the affectionate nickname of Tagli-to (Red Beard).

Cochise, in his own perverted way, was something of an Indian patriot as well as a robber. He saw the long trains of west-bound caravans that yearly grew more and more numerous. He knew the white men were gradually invading the west and that they were little by little driving the Indians from their old homes. He aimed to stay this tide of westward emigration. Therefore he killed every white man he could lay hands on. Yet, in course of time, he began to see the uselessness of such a course. He once said to Jeffords:

"I have slain ten white men for every one of my own warriors that they have killed. Yet my people steadily grow fewer and one day they will vanish from the earth. And the white men's numbers are no less, no matter how many I destroy."

Yet, at the beginning, Cochise had no especial grudge against the government. The first clash, when he was a young man, came about in this way: Some horses belonging to a New Mexico army post were stolen. The local commandant arrested Cochise and several of his Apache followers on suspicion and put them in a close guarded tent. Cochise alone escaped (with three bullets in his body) by cutting his way out of the canvas and breaking through the cordon of guards. Furious at the insult to which he and his braves had been subjected, he captured a settler and sent word to the commandant that if the other Indian prisoners were harmed he would kill his white captive. The commandant paid no heed to the warning, but hanged the Apaches he had seized. Then Cochise made good his threat, and declared war to the death against the white man.

Finally, during President Grant's administration, Gen. O. O. Howard was sent to New Mexico to try to patch up some sort of a peace with Cochise. He met Cochise's nephew, Chie, who, with Jeffords, offered to conduct the general to the mountain fortress if he would agree to take no soldiers along. Howard consented. Bravely he went to the hidden stronghold of the old chief, walking as it seemed, straight into the jaws of death. For he knew Cochise's hatred of the whites and he was going to him alone and defenseless.

A General's Heroic Act.

Perhaps the one-armed general's calm courage pleased Cochise. Perhaps, weary of long, useless warfare, the chief was glad of an excuse for peace. At any rate he greeted Howard like a brother and listened to the terms of the treaty which the general outlined to him. He called a council and prayed to the Great Spirit for guidance. The Spirit seems to have indorsed Howard's requests, for, after the prayers, Cochise said:

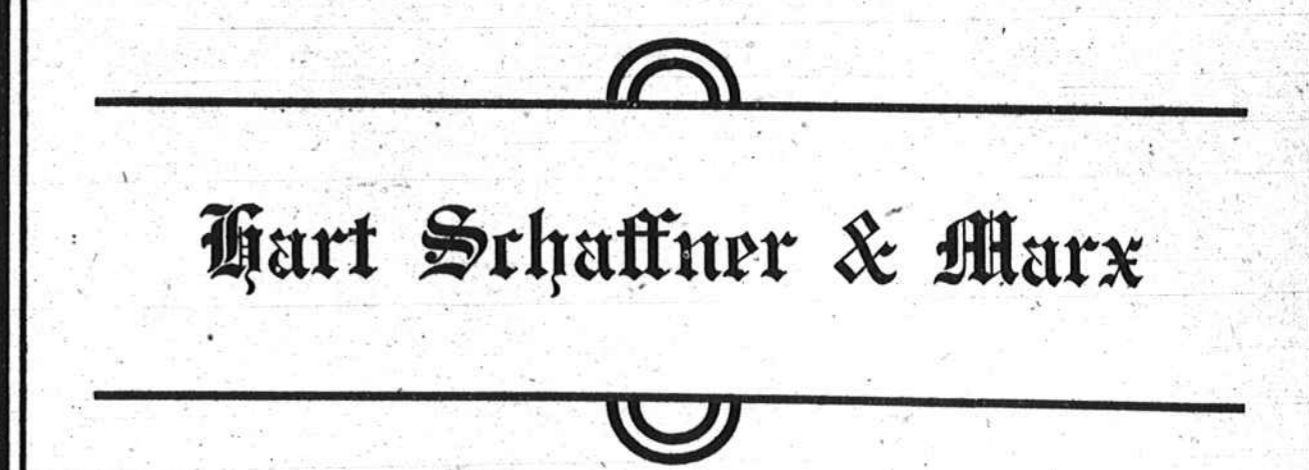
"No one seeks peace more earnestly than I. Even as your soldiers obey you, so I will obey the President at Washington."

He called his tribesmen together, and with solemn formality the "Great Peace" was cemented at Sulphur Springs. In reward, Cochise received a large strip of excellent public land for his tribe, and his adopted brother, Jeffords, was made Indian agent for the reservation. Thus the "robber baron's" melodramatic adventures wound up tamely enough, and he ended his days in the humdrum role of a "friendly Indian."

**BARUCH-NETTLES Co.**



**Y**OU notice that we use the word "Service" in connection with our business, in its relation to you and your clothes. It's a good word to use, and we mean it; it may be interesting to you to know just how we do mean it. "Service" means to us doing for you, in all matters of things to wear, not only what you want done, but what's best for you to have done. We include "what's best for you" because once in a while a man gets an idea that he wants something in clothes that he really ought not to buy; and while we're not here to make you do what you don't want to do, we feel some responsibility to you to see that you get the best possible for your money. In clothes that means



**Hart Schaffner & Marx**

suits and overcoats; and we say that not because they're the clothes we sell but because we believe it's true; and that's the reason we sell them.

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Hart Schaffner & Marx Suits \$18.00 and up  
Hart Schaffner & Marx Overcoats \$16.50 and up.

**BARUCH-NETTLES Co.**  
This Store is the Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes