

CAMDEN CHRONICLE

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Camden, S. C., Dec. 29, 1911.

CHRISTMAS

Nineteen hundred and eleven years ago at Bethlehem in Judea was born an infant of humble parentage. With that child was born into the world a new civilization, a new Christianity, a new hope. It matters little to our rejoicing whether this Child was human or divine—whether he was God or God's messenger of love. Christian and Infidel alike agree that the life He led was pure and blameless and the principles He taught have blessed and sanctified the world. All over the country, all over the world—a few years hence it will be also thru the air—sounds the greeting Merry Christmas! On the sea and land, to the palace and in the hovel, in the hospitals and in the prisons, in the asylums amid the orphans and in the homes for the friendless and for the aged, wherever even two persons meet who know and love the story of Christmas, the greeting is exchanged. Where can there be a parallel to the universal greeting? Is there any other sentiment that has the sovereignty of this cheerful and heartfelt word? It travels thru the mails like nothing so much as the doves to the altars of which the Scripture speaks, for surely the sentiment fills from altar to altar of the hearts of men and is as gentle as the dove. Grudges and animosity vanish before the wafting of Christmas greeting, the smile of hope illumines the countenances of those under the pall of depression, the dimpled cheeks of the babies seem like veritable nooks for fairy hiding as the lips coo in response to the Merry Christmas, with the little emblem of the day that comes to the infant from its loving parent. In the days of romance hostile forces passed upon the field, sheathed their swords and clasped hands across the battle line, greeting one another with the sentiment of universal good will.

Christmas stands for love and for charity, for hope and for joy at the fruition of that long-made promise of the prophet of the coming of one who should bring peace and good will to earth; so the churches hold their services and the people congregate to join in singing or to listen to the rendition of carols, some of which have come down from the early ages of the church. The children have their Christmas treats, and they are the very merriest of the merry in the participation in these annual school festivals.

There is one way to make a white Christmas even though there may be not a flake of snow in sight. Let the whiteness be in your heart. Put aside all thoughts of guile. Forget all the big or little bitterness you may be entertaining against some other person. Cast out all envy, all covetousness, all unkindness. Endeavor to harbor in your heart only such thoughts and feelings as the Nazarene knew when he dwelt by Galilee. Cultivate human brotherhood. Practice Christian charity. Look beyond and above your workaday horizon. Get out of yourself. Get into the heart of others.

Brotherly love was the one original concept of the man whose birthday we celebrate at the winter solstice. He discovered no new law of nature; he formulated no new principle of philosophy. He added nothing to science, nor did he reveal the least mystery of the unseen world. When in the bitterness of his cruel death he reproached the Almighty with deserting him, science, philosophy and theology stood exactly where they were on

that starry midnight thirty-three years before, when heaven opened before the eyes of the wondering shepherds and shining angels proclaimed his birth. But one thing was not the same, and that thing was enough to make all difference between the ancient world and the modern. No Confucius with all his golden rule had ever dreamed of it. No Socrates had dragged it from the depths in the net of his dialectic. No stoic ponderings on secret of the highest good had conceived it. Of all the crucified saviors of the world not one had revealed it. The shepherd of Galilee alone of all the human race perceived that men are brothers. In the solitudes of the Syrian desert with struggles which the imagination can only typify as fought soul against soul with the living principle of incarnate evil, he wrestled the truth from the secret archives of the Almighty. Despised and rejected by the men he loved, hungry and unfed and unvisited, he taught the truth by word and deed. Nailed to the cross, he proved it by his death.

At this season of the year, the Christian world reverently turns to the little town of Bethlehem and lovingly recalls the story of the Savior's birth as set forth in the simple yet beautiful language of the gospel narrative. In spirit let us go over to Bethlehem and view the place where Christ the Lord was born.

Bethlehem is situated about six miles south of Jerusalem. Starting from Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate, the journey is over a rough and hilly country road amid scenes that awaken in the mind reverent memories and fill the soul with loving emotions. On the west is the Gihon valley, where Solomon was crowned and on the south-east is the valley of Hinnon, whereby, in the field of Pepphal, King David defeated the Philistines.

But a short distance from King David's wail Bethlehem greets the eye. There on a high hill it stands, with its closely clustered houses of white stone, its massive walls and towers looming forth in the brightness of the morning sun.

Official statistics sent out from Washington show that there are 331 Indians living in this state.

Seventy-seven people have been killed in flying machine accidents this year. 32 in 1910; four in 1907 and one in 1908.

The day when the farmers of the country were considered "rubes" and "hayseeds" is fast passing into history. Records of the department of agriculture compiled for the last ten years indicate in most unmistakable language that the agriculturist, far from being backward and out of date, is rapidly becoming one of the most enlightened of all citizens.

J. W. Harper, who surrendered to Jailer Owens at Sumter last Friday was Thursday morning released on bail of \$2,500, his bondsmen being H. T. Edens and J. D. Harper. The release of Mr. Harper came as a surprise as Thursday at 3 o'clock was the time set for the hearing of the habeas corpus proceedings. The release was consented to by Solicitor W. Hampton Cobb, of Columbia, who was asked by Solicitor Stoll to appear at the hearing in his place. Harper killed a negro hackman in Sumter last Christmas.

The Chronicle has received many complimentary letters on its Christmas edition from out-of-town parties as well as words of commendation from the citizens of Camden. One of the letters received came from the Keystone Type Foundry, who fitted up The Chronicle's new outfit, which we highly appreciate. The letter says: "We have received your edition of Dec. 15, and want to congratulate you on same. It is certainly a beauty and the city of Camden should be proud of such a paper, and we hope the advertisers of your section will feel this way about it and that you will have a heavy patronage from them."

Don't forget "The Thief" at the Opera House next Tuesday.

Peoplar Camp No. 369 W. O. W. Meets Monday night on or before the full moon in each month.
B. E. Sparrow, C. C.
J. E. Campbell, Clerk.
Holiday Rates via Southern Ry.

Account Christmas holidays the Southern Railway announces attractive round trip excursion fares from all points. Tickets will be on sale December 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, 1911, and January 1, 1912, limited good to reach original starting point returning not later than midnight of January 8, 1912.

FINAL DISCHARGE.

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on Saturday, December 30th, 1911, at 11 o'clock, in the forenoon, we will apply to the Judge of Probate for Kershaw county for a final discharge as Executrix and Executor of the Estate of Benj. T. Truesdel.

Laura T. Truesdel, Executrix,
Charlie H. Truesdel, Executor
Dec. 1, 1911—lmo.

W. K. TAVEL

CIVIL ENGINEER
and
LAND SURVEYOR
Office over Bank of Sumter
SUMTER, — S. C.

Doing Ellis a Favor

Conrad, threading his way across the steamboat dock littered with boxes and trunks and trucks and people, saw Ellis at a distance and headed his way.

Ellis was a man that it paid to cultivate. Conrad was glad they were crossing the lake on the same boat, for there was the chance of a smoke and a chat together.

"Great jam tonight, isn't there?" Conrad remarked after greeting Ellis. The man with whom Ellis had been talking when Conrad came up laughed at this. "There sure is," he remarked. "I can't get a berth, let alone a stateroom! Guess I'll have to sit up all night!"

Conrad eagerly grasped this chance to do a favor for a friend of Ellis. "You can have a berth in my stateroom," he said, cordially. "I'm alone in it."

Later on Conrad sought his room. Somehow he had lost Ellis after the boat started. He had patiently patrolled the decks without finding him, and was consequently disgruntled. Ellis had not even seemed decently pleased at the kindness to his friend. The stateroom door was locked.

Conrad rapped. There was no answer. He rapped louder. He repeated it.

The man in the next stateroom swung open his door crossly and asked Conrad to stop trying to knock in a side of the boat. He said he had pressing business in port, and if Conrad sunk the vessel and he had to swim in he would be late for his appointment.

Thereupon Conrad kicked the door of his stateroom. It was opened six inches and a sleepy and blinking face peered forth. Conrad shoved himself inside.

"Who are you?" demanded the blinking man.

"Here, wake up!" replied Conrad, disgustedly. "This is my stateroom, and I'm going to bed. Don't you remember that I offered to share with you?"

"Oh!" said the blinking man, comprehendingly, sitting down. Then he rolled over and went to sleep again. Suddenly Conrad gave a howl.

"What have you got in here?" he asked.

The sleepy man sat up and regarded the floor on which Conrad was dancing. "Oh," he said, and seemed amused. "They've got out, haven't they? I must have kicked a hole in the paper covering! There's a hundred of those crabs!"

"Then there are just a hundred too many!" Conrad announced as he made a leap for life.

"You see," said the other passenger, sociably, "I'm going over to visit a friend, and he's daffy about eating little fresh water crabs. He asked me to bring him some. I put 'em in a basket."

"Well, put 'em back!" Conrad ordered, ferociously.

Crouched on the edge of the berth, he watched the other man try to corral those agile crabs. He chuckled and shooed and coaxed and dived headlong and at last had most of them back in their basket. Then he promptly went to sleep once more.

Vastly irritated, Conrad retired. He awoke later to find himself being violently shaken by two strong hands.

"Don't you see it? Don't you see it?" shouted a voice. Can't you stop it?"

"Are those crabs loose again?" Conrad cried in horror, making a spring for the electric light switch.

"No, no!" moaned the voice. "That automobile! It's toppling over and they'll all be killed!"

Conrad shook the sleep walker violently. "Where am I?" the man asked when he came to.

"You'll be overboard in the lake if you repeat that performance!" Conrad told him. "I want to get a little sleep."

In an hour a yell once more sent Conrad to his feet. It seemed that a crab which they had missed in the roundup had ascended a blanket to the berth and had fastened upon its owner's ear. No one could reasonably object to a man's yelling under these circumstances, so Conrad merely detached the crab, threw it out of the window and tried again to sleep, but by that time the boat had reached shore. Sleepy and angry, he started to dress. The other man was slumbering as sweetly as a baby. He woke up, though, when Conrad tried to put on his shoes, because the shoes had crabs in them.

As he disembarked Conrad met Ellis, who was looking fresh, rested and vigorous. Conrad longed to smite him.

"Here," he growled at Ellis. "You let me in for an awful night with that friend of yours! I've had hardly a wink of sleep and have nearly had heart failure besides! What's the matter with him, anyway?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ellis, gently. "I never saw him before last night. He had just stopped to ask me for a light when you came along and took him in like a brother!"

Specifications.
"I believe in a man of deeds, not words."

"So do I, if they're tittle deeds."

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