

A FEW LITTLE SMILES

In His Mind.
The man who was getting off the elevated railway train at Adams street stepped on a foot that was occupying too much space on the floor in the middle of the aisle.
"For half a cent," howled the owner of the foot, "I'd knock your block off, you—"
"Here it is," said the man, taking a cent from his pocket and tendering it to him. "You can keep the change."
"You interrupted me, sir!" snapped the other. "I was going to add that for half a cent more I'd knock your block on again. You may consider both operations performed, and be banged to you!"
"Step lively!" vociferated the guard, and the incident closed.

Voices of the Night.
"John, I don't believe you put the cat out."
"Confound it, Maria, you didn't put covers enough on this bed!"
"Henry, wake up! I hear somebody in the basement!"
"We won't go home 'till mornin', an' then we won't go home!"
"What's your hurry, Jack? It's early yet."
"Me-ow! Me-ow! Spitt!"
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
"Hands up!"

Intrinsic Values.
"Why did you select Charles instead of George?" asked Maude.
"Well," replied Maymie, "George had eyes like violets, cheeks like wild roses, shell-like ears and lips like cherries."
"Very pretty."
"Yes. But Charles said I had eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls and lips like rubies. It seems to me that his ideas were much more practical."

PROOF.



His Only Choice.
"You must give up cigars," said Anna. "I can never be your bride."
"I pondered, lit a fresh Havana and threw the match aside."
—Judge.

Safe.
"Have you a hair tonic that you can recommend?" asked the man who was growing bald.
"Yes," replied the druggist, as he passed a bottle down from a shelf. "This is thoroughly safe. My baby drank half a pint of it the other night and wasn't harmed in the least."
"It's a Wlee Child."
"ommy—Me father gimme dis nick-nack-a for me birthday."
"ommy—I guess my pop's goin' ter me one like dat, too."
"ommy—Did he say so?"
"ommy—No; he said he was goin' gimme a gold one.—Catholic Herald and Times.

Easy.
"Assistant—Here's an article on how York will look in 1950. What we use to illustrate it?"
"Hor—Get that file of magazines there for 1850, and cut out the one of how New York was to look in 1950."
—Puck.

Practical.
"Send—Look here! There is nothing in the love of this young heiress."
"Sneer—Oh, yes, there is. These are his eyes."
—Puck.

Paradoxical Qualities.
"Hair is a very narrow sort of beauty. It is one which spreads a great

BUOY FLOATED SIX YEARS

Belonged to Ship Wrecked Off Japan and Ocean Currents Carried It to Scotland.
A strange story of the seas and their mysterious currents was told in a letter received by Stanley Dollar, of this city, from John Gear, at Lerwick, Scotland, inclosing a clipping from the Shetland Times, published at Lerwick.
The item is to the effect that there was picked up on the beach at Cullivoe, Papastour, north of Scotland, a life buoy, tattered and stained, bearing the inscription: "Passed by J. Guthrie, San Francisco, Cal., June 1, 1905."
Capt. Guthrie is an assistant local inspector of steamboats for his district.
The Stanley Dollar was wrecked off the west coast of Japan in August, 1905, and the buoy must have been floating in the ocean currents until it landed over in Scotland. Whether it went around the Horn or through the Northwest Passage or down by Australasia and around the Cape of Good Hope into the Atlantic, is a mystery of seafaring men. The buoy holds the world's record for drifting the longest distance ever known.
Equally marvelous is the fact that it was not found before, but this may be explained by the theory that it floated in parts of the two oceans unfrequented by many vessels.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ANTS ARE SMART GARDENERS

They Are Known to Grow Grain, Sowing and Harvesting Like Real Farmers.
Man is not the only animal who has discovered the division of the vegetable world into weeds on the one hand and garden plants on the other. Our ingenious little six-legged workers, the ants, have anticipated us in this, as in so many other useful inventions and discoveries. There are ants in Texas which grow grain, and each nest owns a small claim in the vicinity of its mound on which it cultivates a kind of grass, commonly known as ant rice.
The claim is circular, about ten or twelve feet in diameter, and the ants allow no plant but the ant rice to encroach upon the cleared space anywhere.
The produce of the crop they carefully harvest, though authorities are still disagreed upon the final question whether they plant the grain or merely allow it to sprout on the protected area.
One thing, however, is certain—that no other plant is permitted to sprout on the tabooed patch. The ants wage war on weeds far more vigorously and effectively than our own agriculturists.

Linguistic Donnybrook.

"I observe that the natives of Terre Haute are indulging in a controversy over the proper pronunciation of the name of their fair city," said the commercial traveler. "Some insist upon the good old home flavored 'Terry Hut,' while the more cultured, affecting horror at such provincialism, declare it should be 'Tear-ah-Hote,' and still others prefer 'Tear-Hautay.'"
"I see opportunities for extensive trouble in this discussion. What if other places which have suffered by rank Anglicizing in their names should follow the example of the Indiana town? The result would be a linguistic Donnybrook. Consider the possibilities of these common methods of pronunciation.
"Baton Rouge, Batten Ruge; Bellefontaine, Belfountain; Boise, Boys; Charleroi, Charley Roy; Des Moines, De-moyne; Detroit, Dee-troite; Dubois, Duboys; Fond du Lac, Fondelak; Gallipolis, Gal-police; Montpelier, Montpellier, and Prairie du Chien, Prairie doo-Sheen."

Vanity in Wearing Hair Long.

The church for hundreds of years fought strenuously against long hair, declaring it to be vain, as doubtless it was, and is. Most of the merry, pleasure-loving monarchs in history and their subjects wore the hair in fastidious and elaborate ways. On the other hand, the Spartans, the stern followers of Cromwell, and the Puritans wore their hair short. The wax figures in hair-dressing shops, adorned with masses of puffs and curls, lead one to think that the present-day methods of hair-dressing are not unlike those practiced hundreds of years ago. It seems certain that, while women still continue to consider puffs and switches as part of the necessary paraphernalia of the head, men have discarded long hair for good and all, with the exception of the few musicians, poets, or painters who think it incumbent on them to let their locks grow long.

Not a Bad Precedent.

Some of the beauties of ancient Rome had marble busts sculptured of themselves, on which were placed different wigs corresponding to the changes of style and coloring. If modern woman followed suit there would be fewer atrocious coiffures.
A mirror should reveal unbecomingness, but it does not seem to do so. A bust of oneself, bedecked with chignon, psyche, Greek coils or the present daguerreotype disfigurements, could not fail to be a convincing proof of ourselves as others see us.
The greatest beauty cannot afford to trifle with her hair-dressing. It is only the plain woman who boldly declares looks to be in the style.



Completely Submerged.

A traveling man stopped to watch a small colored boy, who stood on one foot, inclined his woolly head far to one side, and pounded vigorously on his skull with the palm of his right hand.
"Hello, boy," grinned the drummer, whose memory was carried back to his own boyhood days by the familiar action, "what are you doing?"
"Got watah in mah eah," replied the boy.
"Oh, ho," laughed the drummer, "I know just how that is. Many a time I have felt just like that after being in swimming."
"Swimmin' nuffin'," the boy exclaimed, "ah been eatin' watahmillyun."

Absent-Minded Record.

Duluth is the home of a woman who, in the line of absent-mindedness, has the whole world beaten to a finish. She is absent-minded from the time she wakes up until the moment she goes to sleep.
"Emily," a friend asked her on one occasion, "how old was your mother when she died?"
"I don't know," replied Emily sweetly. "You know she died long before I was born."—Popular Magazine.

The Difference.

Visitor—Personally, I don't think much of the American method of spelling.
Hostess—Why not?
Visitor—Well, take parlour, for instance. Having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world.—Tattler.

A Good Account.

Shorty—Before I propose to you, Miss Goode, I would like to know if you have anything in the bank?
Miss Goode—Yes, I have; and he's the manager. We get married next week.—Judge.

VERY LIGHT.



Landlady (after helping him the third time to meat)—I thought you told me you were a light eater?
New Boarder—So I am, ma'am; I eat burning torches in the dime museum.

Precautionary.

When pa. and ma fall out 'tis time for little kids to run And stay at some kind neighbor's house Until the fight is done.

Unsympathizing.

"What barbarous instincts those old Romans displayed at their gladiatorial games."
"Yes," said Miss Cayenne; "they were almost as indifferent to human life as a crowd of people watching an aviation contest at a county fair."

Considerate.

"Why do you argue with your wife?" asked the bachelor. "Don't you know the futility of it?"
"Of course," replied the married man, "but I have to allow her a little pleasure once in a while."—Puck.

Well Along, Anyhow.

Justice of the Peace—How old are you?
Illiterate Prisoner—I don't adsactly know, squire, but I kin recollect when ev'rybody called India rubber "gum elastic."

Just Before the Tragedy.

King Richard III had offered his kingdom for a horse.
"Ha!" exclaimed Richmond. "I'll have to go and nag him a little!"
Grasping a property sword, he rushed to the fray.

Proof Positive.

"You told me this was really cut glass."
"So it was. Cut from \$1.00 to 75 cents."

THEY HAD PLENTY OF CLUBS

Postmaster of Cherrydale Village Names Over Its Various Organizations for the Stranger.
"I suppose that your town is almost too small for the club movement to have affected it much. A town of only eight hundred inhabitants seldom has many clubs, I believe," said the stranger within the gates of Cherrydale to the postmaster.
"Well, we ain't clubbed to death as some places seem to be, but when you come to count 'em up we got considerable many clubs for a town of our size. We got a Woman's Club o' two hundred members, an' a Village Improvement Club, an' a Ladies' Social Club, an' a Friday Afternoon Club, an' a big Choral Club, an' a Current Events Club, an' a Library Club, an' a Dickens Club, an' a Thought an' Work Club, an' a Art Club, an' a mixed club that calls itself the Progress Club, an' a Dancing Club, an' a whist club, an' a Euchre Club, an' a Saturday Night Club. Then the W. C. T. U., an' the Odd Fellows, an' the masons, an' Knights o' Phythias, an' the D. A. R., an' the G. A. R., an' the Ancient Order o' Hibernians, an' the Eastern Stars, an' the Sons o' Temperance an' the Christian Endeavorers all have societies here, an' they are tryin' to start a Y. M. C. A., an' a Y. W. C. A. Then with the Grange, an' the Boys' Brigade, an' five churches, an' some Boy Scouts, an' a Lend a Hand Society, an' a Handicraft Society, an' the Good Samaritans, an' the Helpers' Guild, we got considerable many clubs, after all. Each of 'em has a fair an' a couple o' entertainments a year, so there's something goin' on a good deal o' the club time, even if the club movement ain't hit us very hard yet."—Judge.

HOW BETHLEHEM WAS NAMED

Pretty Story of the Origin of the Pennsylvania City, Now Industrial Center.
It was not unfitting that Bethlehem the center of missionary enterprise and social service should have the name of the birthplace of the Christ. But the name was given it under doubly fitting auspices. In December, 1741, Count Zinzendorf, the friend and protector of the Moravians in Saxony, came to visit them. The original log dwelling sheltered both the people and the cattle. It was in this house that they were sitting on Christmas eve. Suddenly Count Zinzendorf arose and led the way past the partition to the part where the cattle were stabled, and there around the manglers they sang Christmas songs. After that they could think of no name quite so fitting as Bethlehem.
But in spite of church institutions Bethlehem is no longer a religious community. It is industrial. With the coming of industry have come conditions of which David Nitschmann, founder of Bethlehem, never dreamed.
It wasn't an example of the old brotherhood when, in 1909, five men were discharged because they had signed a petition to the management of the Bethlehem Steel corporation asking for the elimination of Sunday work. It wasn't an example of brotherhood when in 1910 another man was discharged for avoiding Sunday work, and then three more because they served on a committee that protested against this man's discharge.—John A. Fitch, in The Survey.

In Imminent Danger.

Mr. and Mrs. Aschenbrenner were touring Europe, and had just arrived at Pisa. Mrs. Aschenbrenner was all excited upon reaching the Leaning Tower and eagerly pattered up the spiral stairway, leaving her husband languidly awaiting her return.
As she weighed a shade over the 200 mark, her husband always dug up an excuse when it came to accompanying her on any altitudes above easy falling distance.
He was just pondering on the beautiful flow of unintelligible language used by their guide, when from the topmost rampart came the "Hi-lee, Hi-lo" trill from his wife, who was leaning far out and waving a scarf.
Mr. Aschenbrenner obligingly looked up and then came to life with an anguished roar: "Gretchen, for your life, get back! You're bending the building!"

Her Nationality.

In the lowest grade of a New York public school the teacher was gleaned from the children who had newly entered the class statistics of nationality for her annual report. They are extremely interesting in New York public schools, for they include youngsters from every known corner of the globe. Having enrolled Germans, Syrians, Poles, Irish, Australians, Natalians, Arabs, Montenegris and others, the teacher asked a flaxed haired mite—hoping to hear the rare word "American"—"What are you, Florence?" Mindful of her home training, Florence promptly and cheerfully replied: "I'm a suffragette."

What He's Going to Give Up.

"For ten years I have been trying to give up smoking."
"That so?"
"Yes, but this year I am going to give up trying."

An Endless Job.

"How do you pass the long winter evenings at your house?"
"Studying the magazine club offers, trying to select a combination that will suit the entire family."

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