

Social and Personal Items

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A Legend of Old Camden.

With every mark of need and want, lank, barefooted, ragged, gaunt, et proving by his every trait, that he was born for better fate, a boy, scarce fourteen years of age, came riding, perched behind the stage, to Camden, where he asked the host to trust him with an holster's post. On Waxhaw's fields our cottage stood, peaceful home amid the wood, the boy explained—when Tories came and drove us out by sword and flame. On Waxhaw's fields my father died, he rebel was my brother tried, my mother wank from wan despair, and lies interred, I know not where and while he spake, no tear or sob revealed his bosom's inmost throb; et every muscle in his face, et his eye-glance bore the trace of iron will and steadfast nerve, et will not from their purpose et swerve; and so impressed, gave him mine host with quick assent the asked-for post.

And well the youngster, from the start, performed his duties every part; he stalls had never so been swept, et since the day, when Andrew here began as holster his career, and had he time, unasked he would fork round the house, at what he could.

But since the British troops had come into the town, with fife and drum, and since the officers of grade their quarters at the Inn had made et kept the horses day and night, et if he loathed their very sight, et would he deign a word or look in British servants, groom or cook!

One day an Ensign at the Inn came down the stairs with rattling din upon the porch, where by a rap he awoke a comrade from his nap, to whom he said: "Come with me, Kean, and take a stroll around the green; I will," said Kean, "so soon I can, to clean my shoes, find boy or man!"

He rang the bell, no servant came; he rang again, 'twas just the same; he third time came mine host, whose call brought Andrew thither from his stall. "Should he clean the Ensign's shoes," the boy replied: "Ask what you choose; but this to do must refuse, whate'er ensue!" "Hear but that youthful rebel do!" he irate Ensign called; he drew his sword and with it cut a whack across the daring youngster's back; et, jumping by one sudden bound, et stretching forth his hand on high, exclaimed, while wildly flashed his eye:

"Through you of all my kin bereft, in orphan-boy midst strangers left, though, powerless now, obliged to bear your gross abuse, by heav'n I swear shall yet,—yet avenge my wrong, then grown to manhood, ripe and

strong That men shall tell in years from now! How Andrew Jackson kept his vow!

"And as he called so, strong and loud, He broke athwart the gathering crowd, And leaving neither clue nor trace, For ever vanished from the place. Soon, too, his mem'ry died with all Who knew him there and heard his call, Till after five and thirty years, It was revived to lips and ears.

"When from the Mississippi's mouth The news was borne through North and South, How Andrew Jackson there and the To glorious vict'ry led his men, And struck the British Lion a blow That laid his pride for ever low; And all the world acknowledged now:

That Andrew Jackson kept his vow! "So he avenged his kindred's wrong, When grown to manhood, ripe and strong, Yet was there not upon his score Against his foes one grievance more,— The blow dealt by the Ensign Kean, Whose boots he had refused to clean?"

Yea! and this day brought him as well Amends for that, as I will tell:

"For when the battle's din was hushed And past the lines, with vict'ry flushed, The Chieftain rode, he reached a spot, Where on a stretcher's blood-stained cot

The Britons' second in command Lay pierced with balls through thigh and hand, 'Twas Kean, the Ensign,—General now. The cause of Andrew Jackson's vow.

Forthwith he had him from the spot Borne to some safe and sheltering cot, And bade his surgeon to attend The wounded, as he would his friend.

Yea! when relieved from duty's care Oft as he could, he would repair To Kean's abode, and with him bide And see his every want supplied.

"But when, restored from wound a maim, The Englishman to Jackson came To thank for his care once more, Before he sailed to Albion's shore— Then Jackson said to him: 'Not I Deserve your thanks, but God on high,

Who by His Mercy made it true That I have been revenged on you!' "Revenged, you say? How can this be?"

Then to the Briton's memory Brought Jackson back that sabre-blow, Dealt five and thirty years ago. And added: "Then my boyish will It was, ill to reward with ill; I changed my mind since—anyhow Hath Andrew Jackson kept his vow!"

Mr. Arthur Griffin, of Greenville, joined Mrs. Griffin, who has been here for the past ten days and spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shannon.

Misses Vivian Yates and Katherine Zemp, from the College for Women, were at home for Easter.

HEROISM

(Paper read by Mrs. M. A. Shannon at the April meeting of the Hobkirk Hill Chapter, D. A. R.)

"Well, Heroism is the subject of my story"—not to be enriched solely by those "Few immortal names that were not born to die," but to establish the claim which I now bring forward for the heroines of history, whose valor and prowess were no less great because they came of gentler mould. For the sake of contrast I shall present some names that all the world admires, and then rescue from a possible oblivion the memory of some who acted well their part in obscurity.

When the Peasant Girl of Domremy hearkened to "The Voices" and went forth to free France from the hated Oppressor, she was endowed with an enthusiasm so miraculous that it inspired her followers; and Joan of Arc under her white banner rode triumphantly on to Victory. But those were the days when men's hearts failed them, and but for the superhuman strength and heroism of a gentle woman, France grovelling in the dust would not have been aroused to drive the foe from her fair shores.

In the "Bloodiest picture of the book of time," the dagger of Charlotte Corday, the young girl of Normandy vainly sought to stop the carnage of her country, and accepted the crown of martyrdom, when failure was the result of her tragic effort. A mistaken heroine whose sublime courage and fortitude ever excited the sympathy of the world and makes it echo the sentiment of the heroic Madame Roland, who before the guillotine's axe fell on her beautiful fair throat—lifting her eyes to a statue which seemed a mockery in that Reign of Terror—cried "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Nor is it alone in the turmoil of war that woman's heroism is displayed, perhaps more instances of forbearance, patience and endurance may be found in the daily trials and hardships that fall to her lot—but time would fall me to touch on that aspect. One conspicuous character presents itself however, and no record of woman's part in exemplification of these attributes should be complete without laying a laurel wreath on the tomb of Louise of Prussia. The indomitable pride which made her rise above her misfortunes, the calmness and serenity which bore her undismayed in the midst of the devastation which overwhelmed her throne, and country, the dignity with which she met defeat and the majestic defiance of the great Napoleon in his hour of victory show her one of the truest types of the heroine. After Tilsit, the Czar, the King's ally, besought her to use her influence in obtaining more generous terms from the conqueror, and she declared afterwards that in all the trials of her life nothing compared in humiliation and self-abnegation with the attitude she had to assume in pleading for her country and her people. As her beauty and the dignity of her womanhood thus appealed to the great Emperor, he, who so well knew how to estimate the suffering and the sacrifice, could not turn with stern denial from granting her such amelioration of conditions as he would not have given to the conquered foe, and when on Christmas day 1808, the last French soldier had quitted Prussian soil, the people cried: "It is the Queen! It is Louise, the Beloved, who has wrought this work our soldiers could not achieve."

But we leave the realm of kings, the conflicts and disasters of those great countries, whose records are known of all men, whose acts of heroism are blazoned upon the pages of history and we come to fresh pages and ask to make record today, of a few names, that should have a place therein, and we claim for them a recognition, which their modesty and their obscurity have never demanded from the world, but whose simple annals are loved and cherished by all who honor true and devoted womanhood. It is the fair province of Carolina that is being overrun by a strong and haughty foe. The mother country is striving to punish and bring back to subjection the lusty sons who are determined to win their independence. Shall the daughters stand aside and leave the struggle to the stronger combatants? This is not the spirit of our ancestors, of those heroic women who endured hardships, toils and sufferings with an unquenchable resistance, that strengthened the efforts of others and sons; and doubtless gave the needed help, that in the end assured victory for the brave soldiers, battling for Freedom. It was after the fall of Charleston, when the whole state lay prostrate under the proud Cornwallis' power, that a body of British led by Capt. Huck

himself a Tory, went up to York county to terrorize the people, already sorely divided by party strife between patriots and Tories. Huck killed peaceable citizens and his threats frightened women and children, as he tried to make them tell of the hiding places of their husbands and sons. With the glare of burning houses, mills and churches, a young girl, Mary McLure, rode by night across the country to Sumter's men, who were encamped at some distance, and told them of the outrage. By daylight, after her warning, the troop of the Game Cock was upon them, and the Red Coats aroused so unexpectedly, were unprepared for the sudden attack, and fled into the woods. Today owing to the energy of the D. A. R.'s a monument marks the place of Captain "Huck's Defeat." In this connection another name well associated with some of our most prominent families, should be remembered, the Wife of Col. Bratton, who received both friends and foes and ministered to their wounds and sufferings, notwithstanding her own losses and privations.

It is unnecessary in this part of the state to dwell upon the deeds of Emily Geiger, whose tireless efforts through bush and mire to carry messages to the Patriots of the enemies movements, have made her name a household word along the banks of the Wateree. Nor can the brave deed of Rebecca Motte be ever forgotten. It required the true spirit of the heroine to furnish the blazing arrows for the destruction of her own dearly valued home. I am afraid that at this day the love of home would check the hand of the patriot if it demanded such a sacrifice. We must go back to the Piedmont, that poor divided section, where a "man's foes are those of his own household," to the record of another brave girl, Dicey Langston, poor, obscure, but as true and brave a soul as the Revolution produced. Again and again she rode through perils and darkness to warn "The Elder settlement," and avert the atrocities awaiting that unsuspecting band.

On one occasion she was taken by a body of Tories, who wanted information, the leader even put a pistol to her breast, but she defiantly bared her neck and said "You may shoot if you dare, but I will die before I tell." Some remnant of chivalry perhaps caused the officer coming up at that moment to knock the weapon from the ruffian's hand, and spare the life so nobly offered.

"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," and these victories won for the cause of Freedom by the gentle hand of woman call for our gratitude.

It is for us Daughters of the American Revolution to perpetuate the memory of their valor and daring. To show to the world that like our brothers, a woman too,

"May be a hero in the strife!"

The interest of the entire state is directed at this time to the monument to be dedicated on the Capitol Grounds by the men who loved and honored them—To The Women of the Confederacy. That noble band of Heroines whose sublime devotion and courage command the reverence of the world. Let us emulate their virtues, and with proud hearts uplifted high, Glory in our Womanhood!

Daughters, whether in the ranks of "The American Revolution," custodians of a priceless past, or "United" in deathless devotion to a "Lost Cause," never forget your heritage. Strengthen the purposes and aims of your life by these memories of heroic deeds. And should the hour come to answer Duty's call, let not your hearts fail you! Be Brave! Be True! Be Strong for the Right!

Mrs. DePass and Miss Corbett Entertain.

The Hobkirk Hill Chapter D. A. R. was charmingly entertained at "The Oaks" on last Thursday afternoon with Mrs. W. L. DePass and Miss Agnes Corbett as hostesses.

The Regent, Mrs. H. G. Garrison, presided, and the minutes of last meeting read, and the roll called by the Secretary, Mrs. Jno. Cantey. After business the chapter enjoyed several beautiful songs by Mrs. L. T. Mills, and piano solos by Miss Charlotte Boykin. The paper on "Heroism" by Mrs. Mary Annum Shannon was indeed a great pleasure, and while it was not written for publication, Mrs. Shannon has kindly given us that privilege, as each member of the Chapter wanted a copy and the public in general will feel interested in a paper written by one so universally loved. One who has instilled the most lofty ambitions and the highest aspirations in the hearts and lives of a majority of the men and women who make up the Camden of today. After the musical and literary program had ended the hostesses served dainty refreshments.

Easter Dance.

The prettiest and most enjoyable event of the season was the Easter dance given by Mr. and Mrs. T. Edmund Krumbholz at the Kirkwood Monday night.

The entire lower floor of the Hotel was a bower of smilax, wistaria and flowers and the brilliant lights, handsome gowns and inspiring music furnished by the talented Wiegand Trio, made one think of Fairy Land. General dancing was enjoyed for about an hour when to the strains of a march everyone was invited into the coffee room where most delicious refreshments were served. But the greatest and most unexpected pleasure was experienced when the cotillion began and unique favors were showered upon the participants—several novel figures being introduced by Mr. and Miss Klara Krumbholz.

Needless to say, when "Home, Sweet Home" was played at midnight all turned homeward with regret, but filled with pleasant memories.

Among those present were Mesdames Baker, of Rhode Island, Dillenback, of New York, Caleb Whitaker, Arthur Griffin, of Greenville, Richardson, Davidson, Miller, von-Tresckow, Miller Boykin and her guests. Misses Krumbholz, Altken, Shannon, Yates, Boykin, Frances Boykin, Brown, of N. Y., Gladys Baker, of Rhode Island, Freddie Bush, Ruth Baker, Frances Todd, Lenoir, Messrs. Pitts, Carrison, Yates, Johnson, W. E. Johnson, Jr., Tainter, Freidhelm, Altken, McCutcheon, Davidson, Rheneburg, Shannon, Kirkland, Boykin, von Tresckow, Drs. Corbett and Altken and Major E. B. Cantey.

Afternoon Tea.

An afternoon tea was given on Thursday from 4 to 6 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Henry Savage, in honor of Mr. Savage's mother, whose home is in Boston, and who has been here for some weeks. The lovely spring weather, a charming crowd in attendance, and the delicious refreshments and the cordial welcome of the hostess, made it an occasion long to be remembered by all who were present, and the handsome home never looked more beautiful both without and within.

Card Party.

A delightful card party was given at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Burdell, at her home on Camden Heights on Tuesday evening. Quite a large party of both ladies and gentlemen enjoyed her hospitality and card games of various sorts were indulged in until about 12:00 o'clock, when, after dainty refreshments had been partaken of they bade the charming hostess good-night.

Miss Margaret Green, of Columbia, was the guest of Miss Vivian Yates for the Easter tide.

We Are



Prepared to do any kind of plowing, harrowing or planting. See us if you want your work done right.

Zemp's Drays

Fire Department Entertained.

On last Thursday evening the gallant boys who fight the "Fire Fiend," were royally entertained by Chief H. L. Watkins at his hospitable home on Laurens street. The rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion. One of the parlors was a fragrant jessamine bower, and the other gracefully festooned in wistaria, lilacs and trailing vines. The hall was like a greenery with ferns, palms and pine and the dining room in white and green. The long banquet table, covered with snowy linen, with a tall vase in the center filled with Easter lilies, and the table laden with everything good to eat.

The informality added greatly to the pleasure of the evening and Mrs. Watkins proved herself a gracious hostess, who made every guest feel that he was the favored one.

The sparkling punch bowl was in evidence, at which Miss Willie Watkins presided and gave out the refreshing drink that contained no element of danger, but only of good cheer.

"The boys" enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent and will long remember the generous hospitality of their popular Chief.

Messrs. Lester Perkins and Lelex Langston, students at the University of South Carolina, spent Easter in Camden.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Richardson, of Denmark, were with Dr. and Mrs. Jno. W. Corbett for the holidays.

Alfred Burdell, who is a student at Bingham Institute, Asheville, N. C., spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Burdell.

SPORTING



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A. D. KENNEDY

Dainty Desserts



Delicious! Delicate! Delightful!!

Are the best words to describe our dainty desserts. Every variety that experience has taught us will do honor to your table and make your meals the delight of your guests and family are here.

If it is fruit, we have carefully preserved its freshness and flavor—if it is any other of our big selection of delicacies, you can be sure it is the best—for only the best can maintain our reputation. Come and look over our stock.

BRUCE'S, The Pure Food Store