

# PAIR OF KODAKERS

By MADELINE LEWIS

Commodore Binbridge, retired on pay and the owner of a villa on Long Beach, had the gout. He also had an enlarged liver. Further, the element had retired him 35 minutes before he reached the retiring room and he felt that he had been let out of the service to which he given a lifetime. As if this were enough, wise fence and windmill were constantly calling at the and disturbing him, and Kodak slabs and landscape painters trespassing on his grounds.

The commodore swore and growled rumbled, as an old sailor has a right to do, but the public did not like the warning. He hung out signs "Beware of the dog" and "Trespassers will be prosecuted," but no was frightened. He finally made known by numerous signs that he set bear traps and spring guns in the woods back of his villa, and the beach, and that anyone run-of-mind of them must take the consequences.

The commodore did not know his name on the right nor did the one on the left. He didn't want to know. He wanted to be alone with his wife and his gout and his enlarged liver, and pass his few years in seeing the naval yard go to the dogs because he had been kept on. If he had known the name on the right he would have known that she was Widow Parker, a lawyer, and that she had a girl daughter named Clara. He had known the one on the left and had known that he was a street broker and had a son two years older than the other's daughter.

The retired commodore might have known, but didn't, that Harry Bingham of the broker, was home on college vacation. He might also know, but didn't, that the girl's daughter, Clara, was home because the art schools had for two months. If anyone had known these things he would have known his gout and the teller, too, wanted to know what such puerile incidents had to do with the decay of American navy.

It could not have been known to the commodore was the fact that the broker's son and the widow's daughter were what is termed kodak. They stood ready to snap anything from a mosquito to a dead barn. They photographed lying down and bulls on the beach. They would photograph the dandelion and the gnarled oak, shot the shimmering waters of the pond and the shady dell in the trees. They pointed their deadly instruments at the clam on the shore and the squirrel in the tree. They tended without knowing each other the law of attraction, aided by the commodore with the gout and the liver, were to bring them together.

At 10 o'clock of a certain morning, the kodaker appeared on the beach from the north and another from the south. For some time each was ignorant of the other's presence. The girl, a stranded lobster, and photo of him from three different positions jotted it down in her memoir book that the photos were titled "The Lobster's Lament." The young man found a starfish with legs gone and old age creeping on, and snapped him as "Never again." Then the two met. The man removed his cap and bowed. The girl started in a haughty manner.

Kodaking is a profession, those who follow it are always in the presence of each other. Both were on the beach, and both were trespassing, but they did not take that into consideration. Each felt that the other belonged to him. It was their taking marine views, and each determined to hold that beach to the other.

**pearing View of a Mad Young Lady.**  
"Click! Snap! Scream!"  
The old commodore had been in earnest about those beartraps, though the signs about spring guns had been intended solely for general effect. He had set half a dozen traps, and as she had progressed toward the dell Clara had sprung one of them. Her escape from the cruel jaws was marvelous. They missed her ankles but gathered in her skirts of stout cloth, and she presently found that she was as much of a prisoner as if she had been caught by a foot.

Just that one scream and then she realized the situation. The irascible commodore might come charging through the woods at any moment, and at any moment the ungentlemanly, young gentleman might take it into his head to abandon the old boat and follow on her trail. It did not take her two minutes to realize that without a knife to cut away her skirts she must remain there a prisoner until some one came to release her. She could not pick up the trap and walk off with it, owing to its weight, and neither could she sit down and rest.

For the first ten minutes Clara pondered. For the next she silently wept. She could hear that young man whistle down on the beach. In the other direction she could hear the commodore cursing his coachman and man-of-all-work. She had left the young man in a huff about a boat. If he came she must apologize. She believed she had read or heard that retired commodores first caught their victims in bear traps and then burned them at the stake. There was more silent weeping. A photograph of Clara Parker just then should have been entitled "A Mermaid Ashore, Or The Shedder of the Scalding Tear."

Harry Bingham's kodak enthusiasm had led him to be a bit discourteous towards a strange young lady. He regretted it at once. She had no sooner turned her back on him than he kicked the boat into the surf and then theoretically kicked himself along the beach for a quarter of a mile. Then he entered the woods to give her a chance to seek the beach and walk home. After remaining in hiding for half an hour he took a wander among the trees, and all of a sudden he stood before the young lady whom he believed was homeward bound. She was shedding tears and yet seeking to maintain a certain dignity.

"I beg your pardon, but is anything wrong?" he steamed as he came to a halt.  
She choked and swallowed in her efforts to look indignant.  
"Ah, I see," he continued. "You have been caught in a trap. Why didn't you call?"  
She wanted to reply that nothing on earth could have induced her to ask his aid after the episode of the boat, but she simply shed more tears and wiped them away. He found a limb on the ground, and with a "permit me" he used it as a lever to pry the jaws of the trap open and release her.

"Narrow escape for you," he quietly said. "Whoever set such a trap here ought to be sent to prison."  
The girl stood and looked at him, wondering whether to thank him or walk off without a word, when he continued:  
"I'm sorry about that boat and ask your forgiveness."  
"Grant—granted!" she managed to say as she walked off.  
One can never tell how such things will turn out, but as the retired commodore hears their voices singing and laughing over the hedge dividing the two villas on the right he growls:  
"Humph! Another pair of young fools getting ready to make themselves miserable for life!"

**British Tars May Rise.**  
From certain indications which have been made public in various quarters, the surmise is not hazardous that some steps are contemplated which may tend to open wider the portals that give admission to the quarter-deck of his majesty's ships of war, says the London Chronicle. There exists a general feeling that the time has arrived for an advance in this direction to be made. Questions in the house of commons have elicited answers which have shown that the admiralty, though properly cautious in a matter so vital as the constitution of the corps of British naval officers, are not unfriendly to the idea. There is some dissatisfaction at the present time on the lower deck, due in part to the existence of what is regarded as a bar to the promotion of deserving men of character and ability. An idea has also been propounded that some means should be discovered of admitting to Osborne and Dartmouth boys coming from a class less richly dowered with the world's goods than the majority of those who are now found in those establishments. Up to the present time, however, no plan, or even definite proposal, has been made for dealing with either part of the problem.

**To Measure Coal.**  
A porhydrometer, an English invention designed to accurately and practically weigh coal taken off or put on a collier, is to be installed on board the naval collier Neptune at Norfolk for test.  
The device comprises a tube placed as near as possible to the center of gravity of the water lines of the ship, in which tube is a float designed in accordance with the lines of the ship. There is a connection by a system of levers with a beam arm after the manner of a scale, showing by rise or fall of water in the tube the weight taken on or off the ship. The record made is sufficient to indicate the amount of cargo transferred.

## HIS STRATAGEM WAS COSTLY

It Was Designed to Break Him of Cigarette Habit, but Only Left Him Poorer.

Mac Keene is described by Mrs. Meyer, our landlady, as being a "studium" and "poor as a church mouse." The first appellation is true—he is a student of engineering; the simile is rather baffling, but that he is poor I fear is true also. Mac Keene is a philosopher. Many men of little business, I observe, are philosophers. I became acquainted with Mac Keene when I invited him in one evening to share the warmth from my fire—he having none—and he proved a treasure to me during many long winter evenings. I offered him a smoke, and was instantly attracted to the man by his story of the cunning stratagem he employed to break himself of the habit of smoking to excess.

Mac Keene had devised sundry and divers tricks to accomplish his end, all without success; the latest maneuver against the enemy consisted in his buying the most expensive cigarettes he could find, with the idea in mind that the wanton and profligate extravagance of smoking them up too rapidly would materially reduce his consumption of the weed; then, if the campaign were successful, he would not increase his expense in the long run, but when the habit was more under control he could reduce his expense even below the present by returning to cheaper brands. Such ingenuity as this was deserving of reward, but alas! it failed from the start, and left Mac Keene a poorer and a no more temperate man.—New York Evening Post.

## SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO EAT

School Girls and Boys Need Lessons in Mastication for Their Stomachs' Sake.

Nor is it enough that school girls and boys should be taught to cook; they should also learn how to eat. Few learn this at home. They are usually taught to eat silently, and not to take soup off the end of a spoon or to put the knife into the mouth; but the more important art of mastication is ignored. It is a branch of physiology and should be taught by experts in the schools.

If it were, the next generation of mothers and fathers would know that it is a crime to let their children swallow food, particularly milk and cereals and vegetables, before it has been kept for a while in the mouth to be mixed with saliva and made digestible.

If it were indelibly impressed on school children that gluttony is a vice which defeats its own end, that by eating slowly much more pleasure can be got from one mouthful than by bolting a whole plateful, that this pleasure can be vastly increased by consciously exhaling through the nose while eating, and that those who eat in this way will escape the pangs of indigestion—if these truths were impressed on every child mind, two-thirds of the minor ills of mankind would disappear in two generations, and most of the major maladies also; for the stomach is the source of most diseases. As Thomas Walker wrote nearly a century ago, "Content the stomach and the stomach will content you."

## The "Fruite" of Ambition.

"If you are ambitious, and want to get on in life, don't wait for your opportunity—make it."  
So counselled Mr. Kalestick to young Kabbage, whom he had just appointed to the management of a green-grocery stall.

All that day the youth pondered the advice, and he still remembered it when his eye suddenly caught an item in the sporting columns of his favorite paper: "Clodville Football club requires dates for December."

Two minutes later Kabbage was busy with pen, ink and paper, and in ten more minutes he was proudly copying the following note to the Clodville secretary:

"Dear Sir—I beg to inform you that we have a choice lot of dates in stock. Inclose one as a sample, and will be pleased to supply any quantity at two pence a pound, or four pounds for sevenpence ha-penny!"—Ideas.

## Pulse Watch.

Among the ingenious devices of the physician may be mentioned a watch, constructed on the "stop" principle, whereby the number of pulse beats per minute may be indicated. A push-button is pressed at the beginning of the count and again at the twentieth pulsation, when the number of beats per minute is shown on a dial without the necessity of calculation. Still another push on the button brings the counter back to the starting point. In the ordinary method of taking the pulse the observer is obliged to do two things at the same time—count the beats and keep his eye on his watch. With the pulse watch only one operation is necessary, the counting of the population up to 20, when the push button is pressed.

## He Was on Oath.

"Now, Frank, remember you are on oath. Don't testify to what you can't swear to. Did you really see the prisoner bite the other man's ear off?"  
"Well, your honor, I see de prisoner go up to de older man 'n' open his mouf, and place it kinder 'round his ear, an' when he come away de older gemmun didn't hab no ear. But I wouldn't want ter swear de prisoner actually done bite dat ear off!"

# Cause For Alarm

Mrs. Winchester, who has been sitting in an attitude of dejected bewilderment in front of a pile of silks of various colors and descriptions, suddenly rises and plucks her friend Mrs. Palmer from out of the passing throng. She drags her victim back with her to the silk counter.

"Mrs. Winchester—My dear, I'm so glad to see you that I could fall on your neck and weep. You've simply got to select a gown for me. Really, I've been through so much the last two weeks that I'm not capable of selecting a dish towel, even if that would serve the present purpose, which it won't."  
"It's all on account of Tom, poor dear boy! Of course you've heard that he is engaged. You haven't? Well, the fact has so thoroughly filled my horizon that I suppose I have got into the habit of thinking everybody else is absorbed in it, too. I'm just heartbroken about it."

"Yes, I was going to tell you about the girl that poor Tom's engaged to. I'm so distressed about it. She's perfectly wonderful and charming, too, I don't doubt, but my dear, she's the most superior creature that ever was born! She knows everything. (To clerk) Yes, that's very pretty, but I don't think it's quite what I want."

"You know it's to wear at the reception that my son's fiancée's mother is going to give to announce the engagement, and I'm afraid that would look to plain. I wonder how volle would do. I'm fond of volle, but I really don't know what is suitable for the groom's mother. Nobody ever pays any attention to the masculine side of a wedding, anyway, but I suppose if I looked dowdy there'd be no end of talk. (To clerk) Could you show me some of those things quite down at the other end? So nice of you."

"There's no reason on earth why everybody shouldn't be delighted. Her family is very prosperous and Tom is quite able, young as he is, to set up a very creditable establishment. I'm so distressed about it. (To clerk) How much did you say that piece was? Oh, dear, I'm sorry. It does seem just what I want, but really I don't feel that I can pay as much as that."

"When you count the making and the trimming and everything, don't you know, it mounts up so frightfully. Yes, it's true that cheap materials are the most expensive in the end, but then when you have only so much money to spend for a thing I don't know what you're going to do."

"Why should I object to the marriage? My dear, don't for a minute imagine that I object. How could I? Tom says he's the luckiest and the happiest man that ever was, and I'm bound to believe him. It does seem so hard, though, to bring up a boy through all kinds of experiences—measles and mumps, and besides those Tom had a perfectly terrible attack of typhoid three years ago, and I stayed with him day and night, and nobody had any idea he'd live through it—and then to have him marry some perfectly strange girl that nobody ever heard of and that speaks half a dozen different languages! (To clerk) Could I look at that piece at the bottom of the shelf? That sort of pinkish lavender. I'm afraid it's going to be an awful bother to you to get it, but it does attract me so."

"Yes, indeed, I feel almost as sorry for her as I do for myself. Think of the poor creature saddled with a mother-in-law who doesn't even know her own language particularly well. I can just feel how that poor cultured child will shiver every time I open my mouth."

"Yes, isn't that pretty? (To clerk) How much did you say? Well, I believe I could afford that. I have some lace that I could use and that will reduce the cost."

"How nice it would be to be the bride's mother. She always seems to wear gray satin and duchesse lace. It must simplify things so greatly."

"Ethel—that's her name, Ethel Harcourt—knows how to cook! She took domestic science. Of course, I can cook in a way, but I wouldn't dare to ask anybody who didn't have the digestion of an ostrich to eat the things I make. Ethel asked me the other day what I considered the most hygienic way to make bread! I felt like a criminal when I told her that I never had made any, but that I would ask Eliza, the cook I have had for the last 20 years, how she did it. Ethel sighed compassionately."

"She was ready for college when she was sixteen, and Tom says she simply had to fight the whole family to get them to let her go then. How am I ever going to adjust myself to a daughter-in-law with such a superabundance of education? I never wanted an education. I was too busy having a good time. All that I ever learned was thrust upon me. (To clerk) Yes, cut it off and send it up, please. I've got to decide some time, and I suppose I might as well decide now."  
"Ethel seems like a judgment on Tom for having such a frivolous mother, but I don't know why poor Tom should be punished for it. But then he thinks he's perfectly happy, and that's the main thing."

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