

Printype OLIVER Typewriter

The Only Writing Machine in the World that Successfully Typewrites Print.

17 Cents A DAY

The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which has crowded ten years of typewriter progress into the space of months, is now offered to the public for 17 Cents a Day! Offered at the same price as an ordinary typewriter—payable in pennies! The commanding importance of Printype is everywhere conceded. For who does not see what it means to make the world's vast volume of typewritten matter as readable as books or magazines! The Printype Oliver Typewriter is equipped with beautiful Book Type, such as is used on the world's printing presses. Printype is distinguished by marvelous clearness and beauty. It does away with all strain on eyesight which the old-style outline type imposes. Printype puts life and style and character into typewritten correspondence. It makes every letter, every numeral, every character "as plain as print." The complete story of Printype has never before been told. Here it is:

The Real Story of PRINTYPE

The idea from which "Printype" sprung resulted from the success of our type experts in equipping a typewriter used in our offices to write "The Oliver Typewriter" in our famous trade mark type just as the name appears on the outside of the machine and in all Oliver publicity. The beautiful appearance and the marvelous clearness of the reproduction of our "ebony" trade-mark type, disclosed the possibilities of equipping The Oliver Typewriter to write the entire English language in shaded letters! We worked for years on the plan and finally succeeded in producing, for exclusive use on The Oliver Typewriter, the wonderful shaded letters and numerals known to the world as "Printype."

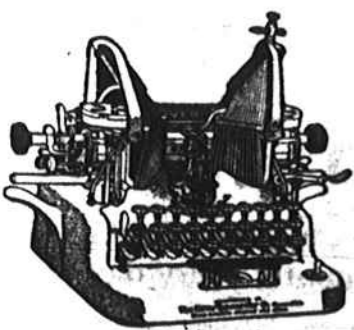
The Public's Verdict

That the public is overwhelmingly in favor of Printype is impressively shown by this fact: Already over 75 per cent of our entire output of Oliver Type writers are "Printypes." The public is demanding Printype in preference to the old-style type. Within a year, at the present rate, 90 per cent of our total sales will be "Printypes." Thus The Oliver Typewriter, which first successfully introduced visible writing, is again to the fore with another revolutionary improvement—Printype, the type that prints print!

To Corporations:

The Oliver Typewriter is used extensively by great concerns in all sections of the world. Our "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan is designed to help that large class of typewriter buyers who want the same typewriter that serves the great corporations, but prefer the easy system of purchase. The masses want The Oliver Typewriter because it stands the test of the largest corporations.

Meet "Printype"—You'll Like its Looks



Ask for Specimen Letter and "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan. Make the acquaintance of Printype, the reigning favorite of typewriterdom. Ask for a letter written on The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which will introduce you to this beautiful new type. We will also be pleased to forward the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan on request. Address Sales Department.

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

The Snake Habit

If Turley Mathers had not had an attractive personality he never would have lasted as a figure in society, because the most amiable of hostesses might be pardoned for disapproving a caller who insisted on skinning snakes on her front porch and demanding admiration for their lines and colors.

The year he spent the summer at Wigwam lake is still recalled solemnly as a landmark by the cottagers. All the children were going around dragging snakes after them because Turley had taught them how to catch and hold the creeping things safely, and more mothers went into hysterics that year than had in the century preceding.

The worst of it was that Mathers was a person of scientific attainments and had a perfectly valid excuse for studying snakes. Nobody could say he did it to be unique or troublesome.

If you feebly said that you weren't crazy about snakes Mathers simply drew a long breath, fixed you with a pitying stern glance and lectured to you on your sins. When he had finished you were in such a flabby state that you would have let a snake perch on your forefinger.

Mathers met Clara Baysworth out west when her party and his combined for a camping trip through a noted canyon, and the acquaintance progressed at the rate of ten miles a minute until the fatal moment when the stage coach driver silently pointed with his whip to the side of the sun-baked road. There, lazily stretched out, lay a rattlesnake. Mathers says it was a mere baby snake of a foot and a half or so, but if you had inquired of the others any of them would have told you it was a horrible monster six feet long, with cerise eyes and a foaming mouth.

Before any one realized what he was doing, Mathers, with a gurgle of pleasure, had slipped to the ground, swept the snake into a heap with his straw hat, deftly grabbed it around its neck with three fingers and held it up to be admired. Persons who do the unusual are instantly pronounced crazy by everybody else, so the conviction instantly settled upon the stageload of travelers that any man who would deliberately pick up a rattler must be insane. Clara Baysworth got her voice first as Mathers, still holding his prize, started to climb back to his seat by her side.

"Go away!" she got out in a strangled voice. "If you come any nearer I'll stick hatpins into you!"

The distracted coachload echoed her cries. Fathers clasped their sons to them and glared at Mathers, women shrunk into corners and fixed him with imploring eyes. Clara frowned at him, pale and desperate.

"Why—" Mathers began soothingly, and put one foot upon the hub of the wheel. But a series of shrieks arose from his victims.

"I—I hate you!" Clara Baysworth told him wildly.

"He's a perfect beauty," Mathers announced firmly, "and I want him for a specimen." Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well," he said, "I suppose I can strangle the little beggar!"

His fingers tightened their clasp around the scaly neck and presently the rattler hung limp. Putting him in a convenient box and stowing the box in his pocket, Mathers remounted the coach, but the atmosphere was strained.

For twenty miles he tried to reform Clara Baysworth. He told her frankly that he was pained and displeased by her foolish prejudice, but even that did not move her. She regarded him with alien eyes.

"I'll listen to you," she said, "when you stop being so perfectly foolish! And if you ask me again to marry you while you are carrying that thing around with you I—I'll scream!"

Somebody who was brave opened the box the next morning to see the dead snake and the camp nearly broke up as the rattler winked one eye and waved his tail at the horrified mediator, having survived his choking, as Mathers had known he would. Mathers paled before Clara Baysworth's accusing eye.

"You certainly have nerve," she told him, "to ask a girl to endure things like this the rest of her life! I don't care whether it is science or not! You might experiment with guinea pigs or ducks!"

"Til chloroform 'em!" Mathers offered, miserably.

"You will not!" Clara told him. "They might have nine lives like a cat and come to life again, and I cannot stand snakes for parlor companions, dead or sleeping! It's between me and your squirming friends, Turley!"

For a long minute Mathers looked at her. Then picking up the rattler he walked to the edge of the cliff and hurled him far out.

"There!" he said simply as he returned and spread out his empty hands.

"Do—do you suppose it hurt him when he landed where you threw him?" Clara wept.



The Sac tribe met in solemn council to choose a chief. At least they thought they were gathered for that purpose. One man—Keokuk ("The Watchful One")—knew better. He knew that the chief was already practically chosen and that he himself was booked for the high office. For years Keokuk had schemed and toiled and intrigued in secret for the chieftainship. He had many obstacles to overcome. For instance, he did not belong to one of the tribe's ruling families, from which chiefs were always taken. In fact, he was a "rank outsider," the last man that the Indian aristocrats of the old school would be likely to choose to rule them. Yet by years of sheer diplomacy he had outwitted them all. And when the election was over he was declared chief.

A Blow and a Feud.
Up from the circle of leaders leaped an Indian warrior—Black Hawk. Disgusted at the choice of his people, he showed his contempt for the new chief and for the election itself by tearing off his folded blanket and striking Keokuk across the face with it. Keokuk bore the blow meekly. But at a far later day he avenged it. Thus began the lifelong feud between Keokuk and Black Hawk.

Keokuk was born in the Sac and Fox territory in Illinois about 1780. Of lowly parentage, in a "nation" where ancestry counted for much, he nevertheless set out early in life to rise to the summit of power. His life motto was that the men who know when to pretend to lose may often win. He was a fighter. Tales of his exploits on the battlefield—both on the side of the British in the war of 1812 and against rival Indian tribes—were told far and near. But mere warlike courage could not avail to win him the promotion he wished. So he turned to diplomacy. He was a wondrous orator and quickly made a name for himself in tribal councils.

Keokuk was too wise not to see the uselessness of opposing the white men's westward progress. He foresaw that the government would soon be all-powerful in the west. So he not only pretended to make friends with the white authorities, but managed always to use the seeming friendship to his own advantage. Where gallant, impetuous Black Hawk broke himself to pieces in the vain effort to thrust back the tide of civilization, Keokuk craftily swam with that tide to prosperity and safety. When the government bought for a mere pittance the ancient hunting grounds and villages of the Sacs and Foxes, Keokuk urged his people to obey the white man's orders and move westward to new lands.

Black Hawk refused to move west with the bulk of his "nation." He called on the Sacs and Foxes to rally to his standard and to attack the white men. The council had practically decided to do so, when Keokuk arose and by a marvelously eloquent speech persuaded the bulk of the "nation" to keep the peace. His pleas are said to have held back other tribes from joining the confederation. Thus Black Hawk went to war against the government with only a small part of the force he would otherwise have had. Keokuk was beginning to pay for the blow Black Hawk had struck him. And, as the war's terrible death list showed, the debt was paid by many an innocent man—both red and white—as well as by Black Hawk himself.

Black Hawk was totally routed by the government troops late in 1832 and was taken captive. While his enemy was in prison Keokuk made his own position so strong with Indians and Washington authorities alike that he was appointed by the president as head chief of all his "nation." He lived in royal state at a village on the site of the present city of Keokuk, Ia. Black Hawk returned from captivity in 1833, found himself deposed, supplanted and utterly subjugated by the wily diplomat.

The Final Revenge.
The local Indian official, Major Garland, at a banquet given in honor of Black Hawk's release, told the returned captive that the president desired him henceforth to obey Keokuk's orders in all things. Black Hawk, in fury at this crowning insult, declared he would obey no one. Keokuk smiled blandly and said: "Our brother is old. Let us forget what he has just said!"

Maddened, helpless before the smiling diplomacy of his foe, Black Hawk gave the impression of being unworthy the loving kindness of his great and good friend, Keokuk. But members of Black Hawk's former band understood the situation and sided with their old chieftain. Between them and Keokuk's followers there was always ill-feeling, and often bloodshed. Soon afterward, Black Hawk, broken-hearted at his treatment, died. Keokuk had paid the "debt of the blow" in full. He settled down on a forty-mile Iowa River estate given him by the government.

But those who had loved the brave, unlucky Black Hawk did not consider the account squared. They bided their time, however, and let Keokuk live on in fancied security. In 1845 he moved to Kansas. There, three years later (June, 1848), an ex-follower of Black Hawk killed him by poison.

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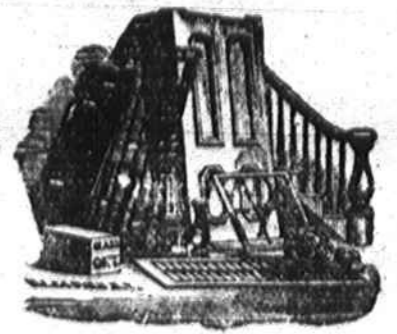
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MAGISTRATE SUMMONS.

State of South Carolina,
County of Kershaw.
In the Magistrate Court.

F. L. Brown, Plaintiff,
Against
W. O. Foss, Defendant.

Summons.
To The Defendant, W. O. Foss: Complaint having been made unto me by the above named plaintiff against you the defendant, W. O. Foss, that the said defendant is indebted to the said plaintiff in the sum of Eighty and 92-100 Dollars (\$80.92) as more fully appears by the Complaint herein, now on file in my office, and that the said sum is now past due and owing. You are hereby summoned and required to appear before me in my office, in Camden, S. C., on the 21st day after the service of this Summons upon you, at eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon, to answer the said Complaint, or judgment will be given against you by default. Given under my hand and seal at Camden, S. C., the 5th day of June, A. D., 1912.

H. M. Fisher,
Magistrate for Kershaw Co.