

STORY OF CAPT. ROSTRON.

Carpathia's Captain Describes Boyhood at Sea.

As he busied himself polishing up a large gold disk, Capt. Arthur Henry Rostron, in his cabin on the Carpathia this morning, remarked that this was the third medal he had received in connection with the Titanic rescue. The first medal came from the survivors, the second from the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane society, and the third, which he received on Saturday, from the Life Savers' Benevolent association, which has its headquarters at 51 Wall street, this city.

"There are two more medals coming," said Capt. Rostron, in a modest and matter-of-fact tone, "the congressional medal and the decoration known as the American Cross of Honor. And, by the way, would you like to see a nice loving cup I got the other day?"

Out of a soft blue bag he fished a handsome silver cup standing about five inches high. This was presented to him on the Carpathia's arrival by Mr. and Mrs. Compton, survivors of the wreck.

The skipper of the rescue ship was suffering from a cold and soon laid himself down on the couch in his snug cabin under the shelter of a red and black bath robe. He is congratulating himself these days on the fact that he was able to spend quite a little time with his family recently because he had to return to England to give his testimony before the Titanic board of inquiry. Usually the captains and officers of English passenger ships in the New York-Mediterranean trade get home only when the ship goes to her halting port for the annual overhaul.

Capt. Rostron is the proud father of three boys who make things lively for Mrs. Rostron at their home near Liverpool.

"Are your boys going to follow in your footsteps and go to sea?" the captain's visitor asked.

"I don't know," he replied with a grin; "you never can tell what boys will do. I wouldn't want them to follow anything for which they did not seem to have a natural inclination. When I was a kiddie I was bound to go to sea—couldn't keep me away from it. My father was a bleacher at Bolton, Lancashire. That is not a seaport, but I seemed to smell the salt from afar and it lured me. My father decided that he couldn't do anything else with me, so when I was 14 years old he packed me off to Liverpool, where I went aboard the training ship Conway.

The Carpathia's commander got up and went to the table for a cigarette, which he smoked despite the cough. His mind seemed to have taken a reminiscent turn, for he smiled as he smoked thoughtfully for a time.

"The events of my first voyage come back to me with as much vividness as those of the night the Titanic foundered," he continued. "When I was 15 years old I went as an apprentice aboard a ship called Cedric the Saxon. To me she embodied all the romance and likelihood of adventure that I had ever dreamed of.

"There were three other Conway boys as apprentices on that trip. We sailed from Hull bound for San Francisco with railroad iron. The Cedric was an iron ship of about 1,200 tons, built in 1875, I think. She was a very smart ship and had a reputation for speedy passages, so I was very proud—chesty I guess you call it—to go in her. I can remember her fine lines and towering masts and the black hull with painted ports.

"Nothing very much happened during the first part of the voyage. Routine work, light winds and an intimate acquaintance with the carpenter and sailmaker are what I remember. I was fascinated by the life, learning navigation and seamanship. The carpenter and sailmaker berthed in the deckhouse forward, where we apprentices lived, so they came to be very important factors in our daily life.

"When we reached Cape Horn things took a sudden change and we ran into terrific gales. Heavy winds and tremendous seas from the westward beat us back continually and all hands were almost exhausted shortening sail and getting the canvass during the lulls in the storm. We were always wet and cold and it seemed we would never be dry again. A week passed, two weeks, and it seemed we could not gain a mile in the face of those terrific winds.

"The gales seemed to increase in fury rather than diminish. One morning just as I went into the deckhouse for a cup of coffee a tremendous wave swept over the stern and carried away the wheel. The vessel broached to and lay almost on her beam ends while the sails went off the yards, booming like cannon. I tried to go on deck but

could not. Everything was swamped. We were in a daze of a plight for six hours. Sailors said she was going sure. But she didn't. Somehow they got some canvass on her and we lay to for forty-eight hours while the carpenter fixed up the wheel and the rest of us put new sails on the yards. It was bitterly cold, and I will never forget those gray days and nights.

"Two weeks longer the gales lasted, day after day of wearing ship and beating against the endless turmoil of wind and sea. It was five weeks altogether for us off the Horn that time and one of the worst experiences sailors ever had. And when we finally got into the Pacific we had light winds, and it was almost five months from the time we sailed to the day we reached San Francisco. The captain was very glad when a tug came alongside to take us through the Golden Gate. He was a fine man, I remember, Capt. Haines, the son of the Capt. Haines who was then commodore of the Cunard fleet. That was in '87, I think."

Capt. Rostron was asked by his inquisitive visitor if he had ever been wrecked at sea.

"No, never wrecked," he replied, "but there were many close calls. You have those shaves, you know, and get over them; forget about them."

"What became of your first ship?" "That was rather queer," he said, "I remained in her a year or two and then went back for several voyages as first mate. It was very much like home. Then I left her a second time just before she sailed from New York for Batavia with case oil. She was never heard from again. The theory was that she was burned at sea."

"What ship are you going to have now?" was asked. It is the supposition among shipping men that Rostron is slated for a big ship because of the Titanic affair.

"I'm very well satisfied where I am," he replied. "The Carpathia is not what we call a swaggar ship, but she's a comfortable vessel and a good sea boat. I never worry about promotion. I am quite willing to serve the Cunard line in any ship they see fit to give me. It is not always the big ships that do things, as the Titanic business proved."

It was suggested that the general public thought Capt. Rostron had acted very well when honors came to him in insisting that his crew be given a large share of the credit for the rescue.

"I should have been ashamed of myself if I hadn't given them credit," he said. Then he lay down again under the red and black bath robe to get a wink of sleep before going ashore.—New York Sun.

SCUPPERNONG VINES

This Grape Retains Characteristics Of Uncultivated Species.

The scuppernong is the popular grape with the people of the Southern States, and they are also fond of the vine. But the scuppernong vine is in a class by itself, says the New York Sun. It is the near descendant of a wild species, and retains many characteristics of the uncultivated vine, which loves to run when and where it will.

The vines are propagated from runners which may be had from any established vine by pulling or digging up the overhanging and rooted branches. These should be set out in the fall, and may be trained either on a scaffold or trellis, the former requiring less attention, while the latter affords easier access for pruning and gathering the fruit and gives the vines more fruit-bearing surface.

The running poles are best if of large cypress or juniper saplings, three to five inches in diameter, stripped of their bark; yet any sort of pole or rail maybe used for this purpose, as it may easily be replaced when rotten. If trellising is preferred, convenience may again be regarded in the selection of posts, as on account of their small size it is not difficult to replace them when needed.

The old theory was that the scuppernong vine did not need pruning, but the recent investigations of Prof. Husmann of the United States Department of Agriculture and of other careful observers show that the scuppernong vines, whether grown on arbor or trellis, do better if properly pruned. The grapes grow in small clusters, each of half a dozen berries or less, like bunches of cherries.

When ripe the fruit is not picked by hand as you find in other vineyards, but on account of the high running vines the grapes are shaken into large sheets of burlap or cloth spread underneath the vine. The growers sell their crops not by the ton, but at so much a bushel. According to the American Wine Press the scuppernong grape has a peculiar flavor and odor which are such that they are not easy to handle in a dry wine, and some of the scuppernong is made into sweet wine.

The smallest coins in the world are used in South Russia, where there is a coin worth one-fourth of an English penny; and in the Malay States, where a water is circulated worth one ten-thousandth part of a penny.

In the language of lovers, kisses speak louder than words.

A Country Merchant's View of Advertising.

An unusual feature of the meeting of the Western Iowa Editorial association at Council Bluffs recently was an address on the subject of advertising from the viewpoint of the retail merchant by David Oransky, a well known merchant and advertiser of Atlantic, Ia. Mr. Oransky spoke on "Retail Advertising From the Viewpoint of the Merchant," and he declared that the merchant should advertise the quality and adaptability of his goods. He spoke in part as follows:

"It is a sad but too true fact that country merchants, as a rule, are not extensive advertisers. I am convinced that they should advertise regularly and persistently.

"In this great period of advancement and progress mere storekeepers can no longer succeed. It takes live, wide-awake, aggressive merchants to succeed today. The successful merchant of today, whether in the large city or the small town, must deal with modern conditions. One of the most important of these is the fact that this is a great age of publicity. Printer's ink is today selling more goods than ever before in the world's history, and from present indications its usefulness in this respect is only beginning.

"People depend upon their newspapers and magazines for information on what to buy and where to buy. If we would be successful we must tell the public what we have to offer. We must, through the judicious use of printer's ink, convince the people that our wares are desirable and that our values are consistent with the prices asked. The ultimate end of the nonadvertising retailer is very prophetically depicted in a little incident credited to Mark Twain. During Mark Twain's newspaper days one of his readers found a spider in his copy of the paper and wrote Mark asking what it meant. The reply was that the spider was looking over the columns of the paper to ascertain who were the nonadvertisers so that he could weave his web over their doors.

"So if the small town merchant does not advertise the people of his community are not advised of the fact that he has reliable and desirable goods or that he offers excellent values. They read the announcements of the large city merchants; they are attracted to the cities or, in too many instances, they fall victim to the alluring literature of the mail order houses. Trade which rightfully belongs to them is leaving solely because of lack of publicity. For this reason it is obvious that extensive advertising is one of the strongest weapons that the country merchant possesses against the giant mail order houses.

"But if it is true that it pays the small town merchant to advertise extensively, it is true that advertising is one of the merchant's most extensive means of combating the mighty mail order establishments then you ask. Why is it that he advertises so little?

"There appears to be two reasons, he first applies to, I hope, but a very small per cent of the existing dealers. They are not progressive; they believe what was true ten or twenty years ago is true today; they forget that this is an age of publicity; they do not understand the mighty power of advertising. In short, they are what we would term, 'old fogies.' But, gentlemen, do not class all merchants who are not liberal users of printer's ink as back numbers.

"Advertising is a difficult proposition, and it is especially difficult for the small town merchant. I say advertising pays, but that doesn't mean that if I buy large quantities of space and fill it full of type that I get results. The very fact that this is an age of publicity makes it all the more difficult to prepare winning advertisements. Hundreds of advertisements are being printed daily. The country merchant's printed announcement must compete with those of the city merchants' and mail order houses which, by the way, are carefully prepared by advertising specialists. The advertiser must therefore, make his advertisements attractive. He must study, first of all, the layout; he must carefully plan an arrangement so that he may obtain an effective appearance.

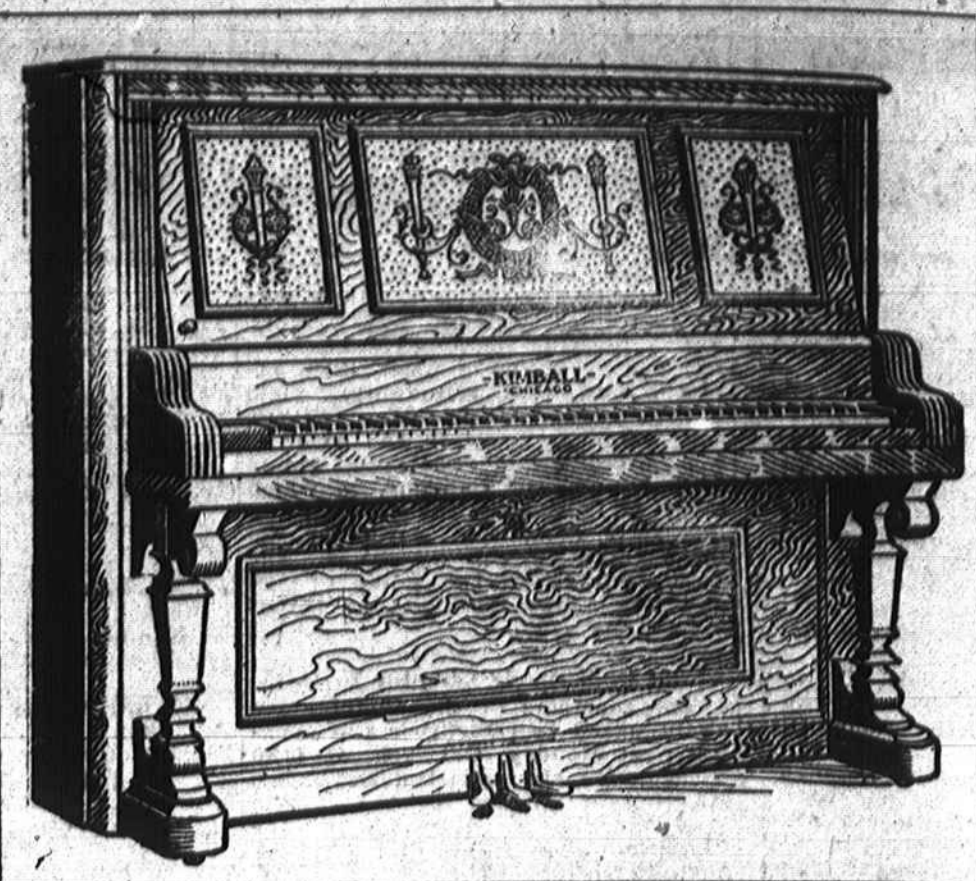
"But, although the arrangement and layout should be first consideration of the advertiser, it is evident from the appearance of most country merchants' ads, that their first consideration is the text. Here again the merchant has some difficult work mapped out for him. He must first determine what to advertise, and then comes the description and argument.

"The most profitable and most difficult method of advertising and which method is seldom used by the

KIMBALL

**P
I
A
N
O
S**

**O
R
G
A
N
S**



IN THE PRODUCTION OF THE KIMBALL PIANO
an active progressiveness is joined with over fifty years of experience concentrated on the effort to produce piano quality of the highest type. Piano customers WHO KNOW appreciate this fact, which explains why so many of them say that the Kimball piano is the best.

WHEN in the market for piano or organ, see the Kimball before you buy. Write for catalogue and price list. State whether piano or organ is wanted.

J. W. MELTON, Factory Distributor for Kimball Pianos and Organs
CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA

For Sale

Store on Broad Street recently occupied by J. W. Smith as garage. For prices and terms apply to

C. P. DuBose & Co.



JEWELRY
Repairing
at Reasonable Rates

THAT piece of jewelry you broke can be made good as new at a nominal cost. Bring it in here today and let us give you a price on it. We can mend anything in reason—stones reset and jewelry altered to suit your fancy.

J. T. Burdell
Surveyor and Engineer
Camden, S. C.

G. L. BLACKWELL,
Jeweler and Optician.
Camden, S. C.