

# SCRAPS of HUMOR



**A Natural Supposition.**  
"No," said the plain citizen; "I can't see this argument about money being the one great and powerful consideration at the present time."  
"What causes you to doubt it?"  
"You hear tell of a candidate who has millions of dollars at his disposal."  
"Yes."  
"Well, if money was the only thing worth going after, he wouldn't put all that cash into politics."

**Suspicious.**  
Magistrate—Why was this man arrested?  
Officer—As a suspicious character, your honor. I found him in company with a felon.  
Magistrate—But the evidence is that he was alone. How could he be in company with a felon?  
Officer—It was a bone felon, your honor.

**For Utility Only.**  
"What do you think of the Never-home Magazine? I see you take it."  
"Yes, we take it, but I never read it."  
"Probably your husband subscribes to it?"  
"No, I subscribe to it, but not for its reading matter. It's the best fly swatter I've been able to get hold of."

**Platforms and Petition.**  
"I see you got what you wanted in the party platform."  
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I am afraid a party platform is a great deal like a petition. It's easy to draw one up and get subscribers, but the hard part of the job is to keep it from being pigeonholed."

## GOING HER ONE BETTER.



Mrs. Dago—My husband is da granda moosician. He carry da people away with his moosic.  
Mrs. Dunn—Shure, awn that is not so much. Me husband carries th' people's music away.  
Mrs. Dago—Carries da people's moosic away?  
Mrs. Dunn—Yis; he is a piano mover, bedad.

## Neglected.

The same harsh epithets we'll hear hurled at the climate all the year, employed when summer is forgot with the word "cold" instead of "hot."

## Money Tight.

Drug Clerk—I've been docked a week's salary for making a mistake and killing a man. Lend me \$5, won't you?  
Friendly Policeman—Couldn't possibly. I've just been suspended a week for killing another one.—New York Weekly.

## A Lack.

He—I don't care to see women mix up with the baser affairs of men. To me, women are angels.  
She—Yes, and it's a great thing for the men they are not recording angels.

## Would Gladly Skip It.

Bix—What would you do if a man threatened to knock you into the middle of next week?  
Dix—Tell him to go ahead. I've an appointment with my dentist at the end of this week.

## Catty.

Belle—Isn't this a beautiful engagement ring?  
Nell—Charming, but you will find it very uncomfortable to wear the way the stone is set. I did, when Harry gave it to me.

## Fitting Garb.

"So that cranky old author is married at last!"  
"Yes, and what do you think? He made his bride have her wedding dress made of book muslin."

## SUPPLIED FOR MANY YEARS

Philadelphia Man Has No Need to Worry About Getting a Suitable Office Boy.

"Talk about luck in having office boys," said a well known Philadelphia business man. "I have hit it great. Back in 1887 I took on my first boy, and he was all that could be desired. After he had been with me for over three years and began to get nearly as tall as I was, he decided that he should learn a trade. Before he left he told me he had a younger brother who would like to take up the job. 'If he does as well as you did, he will do all right,' I said.

"The second brother came, and after four years' service he decided on a trade. But before he left he brought his younger brother, who took up the work. He proved as good as the first two, and then he grew too large for a \$3.50 a week job and passed it along to the next in the family. Well, the fourth brother went to a trade and two more after him. I began to think that it was going to be perpetual. Then I learned something. The boys were all used up. There were no more to come.

"While I was wondering where to get another good boy, he spoke for his nephew. 'Who is your nephew?' I said. 'John's boy,' said he. It was the son of the first boy that I had started in 25 years before, and he had grown up to the same age as his five uncles and his father when they began. 'Send him along,' I said. He has been with me for several months and is as good as any of his uncles. From last reports I understand I am good for a supply of good boys for the next 25 years."

## NO MIRRORS IN ELEVATORS

Reasons for Their Removal in Public Buildings and Hotels in Philadelphia.

Mirrors in Philadelphia elevators are doomed says a New York World's correspondent. The order for their removal from elevators at city hall went out recently, and will be followed by similar orders in the leading hotels and office buildings, notably the Bellevue, Stratford and the Land Title.

The mirrors are being done away with as the result of numerous complaints made. Conductors in the city hall elevators assert that nearly every girl who rides becomes so engrossed in "primping" before the silvered glasses in the elevators that they forget what floor they want and cause delay.

In the hotels and office buildings the conductors of the elevators, who are instructed not to speak to the occupants, utilize the mirrors to flirt with fair passengers, with the result that they pass the floors while ogling the girl. Another reason why the hotels will eliminate mirrors is that occasionally a passenger from the roof gardens becomes too boisterous and puts his fist through the glass, cutting his hand and afterward suing the hotel company.

## Liquid Air as Motive Power.

Scientists declare that as a motive power for operating automobiles and the electric storage air is superior to the electric storage battery, since it requires no tedious waiting for the process of recharging and it delivers more than double the power of former, with half the weight. Gasoline is not in the same class with liquid air, for the latter emits no noxious odors, nor is there any danger of explosions. As a refrigerant there is no source of cold like liquid air. Other than operating automobiles and serving as a refrigerant there is hardly a thing the human mind can think of that liquid air cannot do, from providing a magical entertainment to the production of continuous power. Yet there is lacking a process by which it can be produced cheaply enough to compete with other sources of motive forces now in use.

## Suicidal Habit of Butterfly.

Considerable interest attaches to a migration of butterflies to this country from the continent which recently took place, remarks the London Standard. The migration in question consisted chiefly of the pretty "Clouded Yellow" and the well-known "Painted Lady." The extraordinary part of the story is this, that none of either species will ever get through the British winter. All true British butterflies sleep from October to March, either as eggs, caterpillars, pupae or butterflies, but the Painted Lady and Clouded Yellow perish. It has long been suggested that they migrate back again to France, but the necessity of waiting for a north wind and the fact that such a wind in October is invariably too cold casts some doubt upon this theory. The Red Admiral is another victim to suicidal migration.

## The Illuminati.

The Illuminati would be called in these days "Rationalists," or "Free-thinkers," or "Liberals." Founded in Spain about 1775, the order or sect or whatever you may choose to call it, spread over all Europe, becoming especially strong in France and Germany. They claimed that truth, and the proofs of it, were internal to be found in the reason and conscience, rather than in the outer works of things, such as creeds, forms and acts. The rationalism of the Illuminati was, as Matthew Arnold would say, "tinged with emotion," being a combination of rationalism and mysticism. The opposition of the church was strong, and the first of the Illuminati paid the usual penalty of being "unorthodox."



FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIANS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

## HENDRIK.

An Indian whose lank figure was hidden in the padded depths of a British officer's scarlet uniform, and whose coppery face peeped out from behind the meshes of a coquettish black veil, was standing in conference with Col. Ephraim Williams, leader of a body of Colonial troops. The veiled man was Hendrik, one of the foremost chiefs of the Mohawk nation.

Williams with 1,000 soldiers, and Hendrik with 200 Mohawk braves, had been detached from the main body of the English militiamen who had hurried north to meet a large party of French soldiers, Canadians and their Indian allies who were invading New York. The detachment learned that a flanking force of French were approaching.

"Are our numbers sufficient to meet them?" asked Williams.  
"If we are to fight," retorted Hendrik, "we are too few. If we are to be killed, we are too many."

## The Savage With the Veil.

Williams then proposed a plan to divide his 1,200 men into three detachments for the attack. Hendrik by way of answer picked up three sticks, and bound them together and strove to break them. He could not do it. Then, taking each stick separately, he broke all three with ease.

"Three sticks tied in a faggot," said he, "cannot readily be broken. One by one they are easy to break. So with our forces."

It was by such quaint, common sense phrases that Hendrik had won throughout the colonies a high repute for shrewd wisdom. By far his chief claim to greatness lies in the important services he was forever rendering to the English colonies, not only in the French and Indian war, but among his own people.

Hendrik was born in 1680. He was the son of Wolf, a Mohegan chief, and of a Mohawk princess. As was often the custom, he became enrolled in his mother's tribe and later strengthened his bonds to it by marrying Hunnis, the beautiful daughter of a Mohawk chieftain. His bravery and wisdom soon raised Hendrik high in the councils of the "Six Nations." He was from the first a loyal friend to the English colonists. To his efforts largely was due the celebrated treaty of 1764 between the Six Nations and the English.

It was a dangerous period for the British colonies in North America, for France was planning to sweep those colonies from the face of the earth and to claim the whole North American continent as a huge French province. In Canada and in the west the French were all-powerful. They had made allies of many strong Indian tribes, and were trying to lure to their standard the "Six Nations." Had they succeeded in doing this New York and other colonies would probably have been overrun by local hostile Indians as well as threatened from north and west by the French invaders. It was a perilous moment, and Hendrik, by his staunch loyalty, helped to turn the scales in the colonies' favor.

He even raised hundreds of savage warriors and took part in the battle of Lake George against Baron Dieskau's invading horse of French and Indians. It was during this—his last—campaign that he gave his celebrated advice to Col. Williams—wise counsel which the colonel leader unfortunately had not the wit to follow.

Hendrik formed a lifelong friendship with Sir William Johnson, who was superintendent of Indian affairs. Johnson understood Indian character as did few white men. So when he appeared once in a gorgeously embroidered suit he was not surprised to hear Hendrik say:

"I dreamed, Sir William, that you gave me that suit as a present."

Johnson (knowing the significance of dreams and visions among the savages, and realizing he was being tricked) obediently took off the gorgeous suit and turned it over to Hendrik. Next day Sir William sought out Hendrik and said: "Last night I dreamed you gave me a deed for such-and-such a tract of land."

## A Contest in "Visions."

Hendrik, taken aback, but equally well understanding the trick, grunted sullenly in reply:

"The land shall be yours. But I will never have another dreaming contest with you!"

Yet the incident did not sever the friendship with Sir William. Through the French and Indian War he fought at Johnson's side and did valiant deeds in behalf of his white brethren. He wore a British officer's uniform and, for some unknown reason, always went into battle with a veil on his face. In the expedition on which Hendrik and Williams led the detachment of 1,200 men and during which Williams refused to listen to the chief's sage advice, their camp was pitched for a time near Fort George, N. Y. The two leaders with a small body of men went out September 8, 1755, on a reconnoitering trip to Rocky Brook, about four miles from their encampment. They were ambushed there by a larger force of Frenchmen. Fifty of their followers were killed or wounded. Hendrik and Williams both died in that battle, fighting desperately to the end.

The aged chief's death was amply avenged by his Mohawks, and there was bitter mourning among the Six Nations for the fall of their most renowned warrior.

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