

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE

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"OPPORTUNITY TIME" IN THE CHRONICLE'S VOTING CONTEST

Thousands of Free Votes Will be Given Away in Next Two Weeks—On Every Club of \$8. Worth of Subscriptions an Extra Ballot Good for 25,000 Votes

HEAVY VOTING ALREADY STARTED BY CANDIDATES

The Greatest Opportunity of the Contest is Now at Hand and for New Candidates to Enter and Those Who Are Already Entered This Period in the Contest Spells "Opportunity" with a Big "O"

The next two weeks will be glorious ones in the Chronicle's big Automobile and Prize Voting Contest and will be known as "Opportunity Time" in the contest where everybody takes advantage of it and will be thousands of votes given away during the next two weeks.

Between the dates of Friday, December 20th and Saturday, December 21st, at eight o'clock in the evening a 2,000 extra vote ballot will be awarded on every club of \$8.00 worth of subscription sent to the Chronicle office. In making up the club to secure this extra ballot will not be necessary to hold the subscription until the entire amount is secured. A record of the subscriptions kept at the Chronicle office are turned in and as soon as the club is completed the extra vote will be made out and awarded to the candidates who earn it. There will be no limit to the number of clubs a candidate will be allowed to enter. All subscriptions can be secured on every club of \$8.00 worth of subscription sent to the Chronicle office. For instance, one ten year subscription would make a club and would cost \$2.00 over on another \$6.00. The 2,000 ballot on every club will be EXTRA—in addition to the regular schedule.

The last week of "Opportunity Time" between the dates of Monday, December 30th and January 1st, at eight o'clock in the evening, the same number of extra votes will be awarded on every club of \$10.00 worth of subscriptions. Therefore it will be to the advantage of every candidate to secure as many subscriptions as possible during the week of "Opportunity Time."

The Big Subscription Ballot. The big subscription ballot, found at the bottom of this column, appears today for the last time and candidates who have not already taken advantage of it are advised to do so at once—before it is too late. Clip out, and send in the big subscription ballot with \$2.00 worth of subscriptions before the week is over and you will be credited with 10,000 votes. Also, the subscriptions sent in to earn this big lot will be counted in on the 100 club offer, which is explained here.

Many Pay at Office. Many subscribers pay up their subscription at the Chronicle office each week, and in nearly every case they cast their votes for the lady in the contest. Several subscriptions have been paid since the last issue of the paper and the names of them have been credited to candidates, designated by the subscribers. Some of the ladies who have received support in this contest are among the most active. The names of others, who have not displayed any activity, are being lots of support from their friends and the readers of the Chronicle.

Race Just Starting. Today marks the start of activity in the big contest, and it will be to the advantage of those who enter at the beginning. If you are undecided about entering the contest, just look over the list of candidates, and then ask yourself if you can't make any effort. The time is short, very short, and there are so many prizes to be won. You cannot fall to win if you do not make any effort. A large list of candidates will be given in a manner that it will take sur-

prisingly little to win the biggest prize in the list, and right now is the time when it is easiest to secure the subscriptions. This contest will mean much to the ladies who are alive and eager to grasp a real opportunity, so better send in today and get a list of the subscribers in your vicinity and start to work in earnest.

The big coupon printed on this page offers a splendid opportunity to make your first work count heavily. Send in this big coupon with two dollars worth of subscriptions, before December 21st, and you will be credited with 10,000 votes in addition to the regular amount of votes issued on the subscriptions.

Second Grand Prize. It is a \$100.00 Kimball! It is hardly necessary to say anything about the good qualities of this well known instrument, the name itself is its own best recommendation. The fact that hundreds of South Carolinians and thousands of people over the United States have selected this piano out of perhaps eight hundred different makes, is evidence of its superiority. This beautiful piano is now on display at G. W. Crosby's Ice Cream Parlor, where the public has an opportunity to go and see it.

The District Prizes. The territory of the contest has been divided into four districts. In each of these districts, a diamond ring and a gold watch will be awarded regardless of the vote in any other district. Great care has been taken in selecting these prizes and the diamonds and gold watches are exceedingly fine prizes. Evidence of this is the fact that they were purchased at a local jewelry store.

Diamond Rings. The four diamond rings which are offered as first prize in the four districts, were selected from the stock of a local jeweler. They are indeed sparkling gems of beauty, set in Tiffany mountings. They will be placed on display in a few days where they were purchased, where the candidates and their friends will have an opportunity to inspect them.

Gold Watches. Four gold watches, in the latest style cases, either Elgin or Waltham movements, have been selected from the stock of a local jeweler as second prize in each district. The watches carry the guarantee of both the maker and the dealer and will be placed on display in a short time where everybody will have an opportunity to see them.

Nominate yourself or a friend today while you think of it. The Chronicle is back of every promise or statement made in this contest, which means that every promise will be kept to the letter. On receipt of a nomination the contest editor will call and explain the contest in detail. Assistance will be given you in organizing your friends as co-workers for you.

"A Square Deal" is the motto of the contest and equal treatment will be given every candidate. No favorites will be played. In a few days, as soon as the votes can be counted and properly credited, the names of the candidates and the number of votes each has to her credit will be published and will appear in each issue of the Chronicle until the end of the campaign on January 28.

Getting an early start will mean much to you in the matter of getting votes. The contest is open to ladies only. Any lady, other married or single, residing in the territory of the contest, may become a candidate for the automobile or any other prize on our magnificent prize list.

Save the Free Votes. Be sure to save the 50-vote coupons printed in each issue of the Chronicle. Put the name of your candidate on these votes and either send or bring them to the Contest Department of The Chronicle.

If you do not wish to enter the contest yourself, be sure to save the votes anyway, for some friend will want them and appreciate your help.

Your friends will be glad to help you if you ask them. The contest will be over in a few short weeks and any one of the prizes is well worth the effort put forth to win them. But spare time is all that is necessary to devote to the securing of votes.

The contest will close at 8 o'clock, Wednesday evening, January 28, and the prizes will be awarded regardless of the vote it takes to secure them. The very fact that the closing day will be in the hands of three disinterested business or professional men should warrant that fact.

General Rules and Conditions. Any lady, married or single, residing in Camden or its territory, may become a candidate. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to The Chronicle in order to enter. Just fill out and send in the nomination blank printed elsewhere in this issue. A nomination counts for 5,000 votes.

Payments on all subscriptions will earn votes according to the following schedule. Renewals and back collections count the same as new subscriptions.

1 year	1.00	2,000 votes
2 years	2.00	7,000 votes
3 years	3.00	12,000 votes
4 years	4.00	18,000 votes
5 years	5.00	25,000 votes
10 years	10.00	75,000 votes

A Happy Marriage. A happy marriage took place at the home of Probate Judge W. L. McDowell last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The contracting parties were Mr. George Bright and Miss Catharine Blackwell, both of the Factory village. They were accompanied by quite a number of their friends who witnessed the ceremony. After the marriage and congratulations the young couple left happily and richer for they both possessed valuable property which, in the eyes of the law, they did not own when they came. We extend hearty congratulations.

Mrs. Twitty Dead. Mrs. Jane Twitty, widow of Albert Twitty, formerly of Lancaster county, but late of the New York city, died last Tuesday night at the mill village. Mrs. Twitty was 68 years of age. She was buried at Pine Creek church, and her funeral services were held on Friday, January 18th, at 11 o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. B. Kizer.

When the Toad Doubled. A gentleman, who was a stranger to the usual throng, stepped up to the mahogany, ordered a New Orleans fizz and, reaching in his pocket, pulled forth a live toad and placed it on the bar. Says the Hartford Courant: "For the love of Mike!" yelled the man next to him. "Why the toad?" "That toad played a star part in a system that I have used for many years with great success," replied the gentleman. "Spring it," shouted the mob. "Well, you see, I take my little friend toad and place him on the mahogany in front of me and order my drink. I take my drink and then I order another, and sometimes another, and perhaps then another. I look at my toad, and if there is only one toad there I stay and order a few more rounds. As soon as there are two toads there instead of one I go home. I have never yet stayed until there were three. That's my system. Well, I don't mind if I do. A little more of the same, please."

Dr. Kershaw's Lecture. During the Episcopal convocation here last week Rev. John Kershaw, son of General, afterward Judge Joseph B. Kershaw, gave us a much enjoyed description of his health and weight gaining vacation in Montana last summer. The term "wild and woolly" no longer applies to the west, for the "bad men" have all died, mostly with their boots on, and the influences of the disbanded vigilantes are seen in the general observance of law.—Barnwell People.

DR. BARUCH'S EXPERIENCES AS A PRISONER OF WAR

Cleveland, of The New York Times, Gets the Doctor to Talking and Reproduces Interview in Her Paper.

The following article by Lucy Cleveland of the editorial staff of The New York Times, of Dec. 8th, will be read with interest by the many friends of Dr. Baruch, who at one time lived in Camden and is well remembered by a great many of our people.

I saw a twinkle in the eyes of Dr. Simon Baruch, Professor of Hydrotherapy, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, to whom many titles of distinction in his profession, the world has added a notable one, that of "introducing the free municipal cleansing rain water into the United States."

An element of the truly humorous entered into my sombre acquaintance with war," said Dr. Baruch, and also of heart-breaking pathos.

"The yellow flag was the prelude of the Red Cross in the civil war. The average reader is under the impression that it was absolute protection for the army surgeon from the enemy's fire. This is an error. Every regiment was under the care of a surgeon, with the rank of Major, and an assistant surgeon with the rank of Captain. This latter was my office. The former established the field hospital in conjunction with other surgeons while the latter was on the firing line with the regiment. There was a hospital steward in charge of medical supplies, these being carried in the medical wagon on marches, and a corps of litter bearers in each regiment. In the earlier part of the war the regimental band acted in this capacity; later the whistling of bullets and shrieking of shells became substitutes for band music.

The order came suddenly for us to start for Manassas (Bull Run), and I saw General Jackson's corps, which had been rotten into the rear of the army of the Potomac. Longstreet's division (to which my command belonged) was met at Thorncreek Gap by a Union battery—Buckner's battery, that had been sent to intercept us, as I learned afterward.

"The brigade appeared on the battlefield too late to participate in the fighting; just when Pope's army was in full retreat across an open field to a wooded knoll. As we crossed this field we were greeted by bursting shells thrown from the enemy's retreating artillery. The absence of wounded or dead, the apparent harmlessness of shell fire, the wild huzahs of our victorious troops, and the fleeing enemy in the cloud-enveloped distance, filled our hearts with enthusiasm in which my staff horse shared to the extent of attempting to take the bit in his teeth and to run away. My saddle seat was rendered unsteady by a large blanket which in the haste of the morning call to duty I had failed to secure to my saddle, and whose own cavortings made me very uneasy. I must keep that blanket at all odds! That blanket occupied my attention to the forgetfulness of the yells of the boys.

"Suddenly the enthusiasm of victory was converted into solemnity most oppressive to a novice in battle. Whizzing sounds, penetrated the air above our heads; sounds strange and uncanny to the unpracticed ear were these. Veterans whispered: 'The enemy is making a stand; these are Minnie balls at close range!' There was much ducking and dodging from the invisible foe, and in a trice the command was ordered to 'double quick' into shelter for the purpose of forming a line of battle. Arrived at a wooded position I dismounted. Minnie balls and grape shot were flying through the tops of the trees, and showering torrents of leaves and massive boughs upon us. I saw not far away—my blanket! my white blanket lying on the field through which we had just passed.

"You did not step out through the battle-blur of bullets?" "No," said Dr. Baruch, "though I needed that blanket, prudence had substituted a respect for active firing in place of the foolhardy 'bravery' of the previous day. A litter appeared bearing a wounded man. While ministering to him under shelter of a rail fence, a solid shot landed on its other side, throwing earth upon us. Again the new sensation, prudence, asserted itself; and the litter was removed to a more sheltered place. The sun sank blood-red behind the western clouds. Night closed the pursuit.

"On that day, Bull Run," said Dr. Baruch, "my eyes beheld for the first time the tragic scene of a battlefield in all its overwhelming pathos. Mere remnants of men and animals, arms flung away in the mad retreat; blood pools that were less horrible than the shattered bodies with vermin at feast. Near the China House, which was filled to overflowing with wounded, in a grove of trees, lay hundreds of gaily dressed

of as an exclamation of satisfied humanity.

"Two months were spent in Boonsboro as a prisoner. They would have been the most delightful of my war experiences by reason of the courteous of the Union medical men and the social amenities to which some lovely Maryland 'sympathizers' of the gender sex materiality contributed, but the delightful days were marred by an illness which deprived me of many of the latter. The wounded having been disposed of—many, alas, remaining in honorable graves—the surgeons were sent to Frederick City in an ambulance amid the well wishes of our medical and other friends. Arriving in Baltimore at a late hour—together with a number of Confederate convalescents (a small detachment of infantry), under the guard of a Union Lieutenant, we nevertheless obtained a surreptitious notice that carriages were waiting near the station to take us surgeons to the homes of our friends."

"You would be free?" "Yes. But what was our surprise and chagrin when we attempted to leave the train and were stopped by the lieutenant, who claimed us as prisoners of war in his keeping. Our remonstrances were met by the statement that he was in duty bound to deliver us with the other prisoners to the proper authorities. A compromise was reached, though it seemed inexorable, by our request to let two of our number proceed with him to the Baltimore House, in which the commanding General of the department resided. On presentation of our case to this officer he instructed the lieutenant to release us, and requested us to appear at the Quartermaster's office on the following morning for transportation to Alken's Landing, the station for exchange of prisoners. We now scattered over town. At the house of Dr. Bailey and myself met a most cordial welcome, extended by a large number of the best people of Baltimore. Lovely women and charming men, proved the warmth of a Southern welcome in the midst of a horrid war. After a toothsome supper, lively music invited us to the dance.

"The next morning our hostess announced that we were expected to drive out for a rapid view of the city, in which patriotism and the love of Southern kin were waging a painful struggle, the true inwardness of which only those who had lost brothers and sons of the same family on both sides, could realize. Behind a splendid team we drove down Baltimore Street, we prisoners, dressed in full uniform; the observed of all observers, alighting in front of Bendann's photographic gallery (now called studio); we were requested to sit for our pictures as a memento of the visit. After the sitting we found ourselves surrounded by a bevy of beautiful women who clamored for our photographs, and drew from us a sigh of regret at the necessity of release from such delightful captivity as prisoners of war."

"Who paid for the pictures, Dr. Baruch?" I asked. "The ladies paid for the pictures," said Dr. Baruch, laughing. "On that afternoon we went aboard the Bay boat Louisiana, which conveyed us to Fort Monroe. Here a boat took us in charge of that splendid exchange officer, Major Mulford, to Alken's Landing, the point selected for the exchange of prisoners. Thus ended my first delightful captivity in the Union lines."

"And you were never taken prisoner again?" I asked. "His Second Captivity." "Yes, indeed," answered Dr. Baruch. "The fates had determined that I should enjoy another most interesting if not quite so pleasant and brief a captivity. After participating in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where, by the way, I had an opportunity at Salem church to repay in a very meager way the kindness of Surgeon Daily by assisting the captured Union surgeons with all means in my power, I marched with Longstreet into Pennsylvania. While passing through the streets of Chambersburg, I was indeed impressed with the patriotism of the women of the North. The Stars and Stripes were frequently seen displayed in windows, and worn upon the bosoms of women who stood in their doorways in bold defiance of the 'Rebs.'"

"The dawn of the second day of Gettysburg found McLean's Division, Kershaw's brigade, camped on the dew-covered grass of a meadow where they had halted for a snatch of sleep. It was July 1, 1863. The stars were still twinkling when the column was again formed, and the weary troops wended their way to the most sanguinary battle of the war, Gettysburg, where it was fated that I should participate in the terrific combat. After marching and countermarching we approached the firing line. It was an inspiring sight to watch Gen. Hood coolly directing, under heavy artillery fire, the removal of the rail fence. It was a magnificent sight to see him lead his men into action, at full speed. Kershaw's brigade—to which my command belonged—was deployed opposite the Peach Orchard. They were charging a battery of artillery, (which I could plainly see belching forth fire, and the shells from which were flying in uncanny proximity, when I received orders to proceed to the field hospital, the Black Horse Tavern, on the Hagerstown road.

"We had hardly opened our batteries when I received orders to proceed to the field hospital, the Black Horse Tavern, on the Hagerstown road. We had hardly opened our batteries when I received orders to proceed to the field hospital, the Black Horse Tavern, on the Hagerstown road. We had hardly opened our batteries when I received orders to proceed to the field hospital, the Black Horse Tavern, on the Hagerstown road.

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After This Coupon Has Been Signed by the Contest Manager it May be Held in Reserve

Contest Closes January 29th. Good For 10,000 Votes Prizes for Everybody.

According to Conditions Below

This coupon accompanied by one subscription for two years, or two yearly subscriptions, will count for 10,000 votes on the automobile and other prizes. To be entitled to this coupon the subscriptions must be sent in by Saturday, Dec. 21st. Only one of these coupons will be credited to each candidate.

Contestant _____ Address _____

District No. _____ Signed _____ Contest Manager _____

For touring car, \$400 Kimball piano, 4 diamond rings, 4 gold watches and other prizes to be announced later.

(Continued on last page.)