

Social and Personal Items

Edited by MISS LOUISE NETTLES Telephone 319-J

Queen of the May Festival.

The contest for May Queen closed Tuesday afternoon, and among all the fair contestants, Miss Harriette Hunter, of Capt. and Mrs. W. M. Cannon, was the chosen one. The lady was good natured and every body is pleased, and Camden people turn out in full at the coronation this afternoon and about with enthusiasm. "Long Live The Queen!"

Roman women suffered no first of May to pass without celebrating the festival, and two thousand years later, Tennyson wrote his beautiful "May Queen." And now in the twentieth century the fair maiden is asking a favor of the month—that the day be propitious, clear and balmy that they may crown their queen in one of the beautiful groves of their native city. There will be many attractions on Monumental Square this afternoon, and we hope everybody will attend.

Fun-Up-Day at The Cemetery.

The cemetery association, and to the Memorial association beg at every one will observe Tuesday 6th as clean-up-day at the cemetery. Mr. Whitaker has promised the ladies that the town carts shall on hand that day—all day, if necessary to carry away the rubbish. If every one will take the proper interest, the cemetery will not only be beautiful and flowering, but an honor for Memorial. The ladies of these two associations are greatly encouraged by the small attendance at the annual meeting. Every one, or should be interested in this work, for have we not all some one sleeping there.

Oh, how far, how far and safe, oh, dost thou keep thy saints, when once gone from us, we may call against the lighted windows thy fair pure heaven, here all the souls are happy; do not one, not even one, look from work or play, "Who is it that cries after you there in the dark?" They are not allowed to drop a leaf on our head from the leafless branch they wave in heaven, or to give one token of tender sympathy. But it is our privilege to keep the city of the dead beautiful, then let us do it, and we can do this by united effort.

For Mrs. Chisholm.

Mrs. A. C. Anicum entertained informally at tea on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Bachman Chisholm, of Charleston, who is pleasantly remembered in Camden society as Miss Octavia deSaussure. Mrs. Anicum's attractive rooms were fragrant with Spring flowers, the dining room was exceptionally lovely—masses of roses were used, they were arranged in graceful baskets and tall slender vases in every nook and corner, and gave a lovely floral touch to the entire surroundings. The table in the parlor was beautifully appointed for course supper, and here, too, the roses predominated, as it had for a centerpiece a large bowl of the pink and white beauties, very appropriately called "the queen of flowers." Mrs. Anicum's guest list on this occasion did not exceed a dozen.

Arlington Day.

A Confederate Monument at beautiful Arlington! That is the dream of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Arlington, the home of Robt. E. Lee, the heroic defender of Southern rights! Arlington—where polished marble, enduring bronze and everlasting granite stands to commemorate Northern valor, but where the Southern soldier is still unhonored.

On Monday, May 5th, at 4 o'clock p. m., the John D. Kennedy Chapter, U. D. C., will meet at "The Oaks," with Mrs. W. L. DePass as hostess. All members are cordially invited to attend and the president urges that each member make a contribution to the Arlington Monument fund. Ladies who have the tickets for the motion pictures show will please make every effort to report to the chairman of that meeting.

Tags for May-Day Festival.

Tags at 10 cents each will be used as tickets at May-Day Festival, Friday, May 2nd, and everyone present, whether taking part or not, must pay for a tag and wear same.

Bon Voyage Shower.

Although not predicted by the weather man there was a delightful shower Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. H. L. Schlosburg, and the little cloud that spanned the sunny sky emptied its contents at the feet of Mrs. Jake Hirsch, and Miss Meyers. A number of friends had come together to wish them "bon voyage," as they leave on Sunday to spend the summer at their old home in Germany, and had brought with them many gifts expressing their friendship and esteem.

The rooms were decorated in roses and sweet peas. The guests passed a pleasant social hour, to which music added its charms. Among them several German selections.

The hostess then invited them into the dining room where a beautifully laid table contained dainty refreshments. The centerpiece to this very attractive table was a tall vase of sweet peas, and the favors were white satin book marks, with "Bon Voyage," hand painted in gilt. About fifteen or twenty guests enjoyed Mrs. Schlosburg's hospitality.

Special Attraction on Memorial Day.

We beg to again call the attention of the people of the county to the motion pictures on Memorial day. Do not fail to see them at the Opera House. Admission ten cents. The veterans will live again amid the scenes of the sixties. They will remember when they were with Lee in Virginia, Chantilly, Manassas and Maryland Heights will come before them once more. Harper's Ferry will seem but as yesterday, and the Wilderness where "Stonewall" Jackson died. In the sunny weather, fair and sweet, with all the bloom of May; the bright trees waving, the long grass rippling, water flowing, the birds singing! Ah! that 10th of May in the long ago, will again be brought before them.

Mrs. Homer Blackwell, of Laurens, Messrs. Burnet and Lewis Stoney, of the South Carolina University, spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. J. M. Stoney.

To Close at Four.

The undersigned merchants have agreed to close their places of business at 4 p. m., this afternoon, on account of the May Day Festival:

Malone-Pearce-Young Co.
Springs & Shannon.
Bank of Camden
H. Switzer
G. W. Crosby
W. Geisenheimer
Burns & Barrett
First National Bank
Enterprise Mercantile Co.
H. L. Schlosburg
A. J. Beattie
J. Sheheen & Bro.
J. C. Nicholson
W. G. Wilson
W. F. Nettles
J. R. Goodale Son's
G. C. Bruce
Miss Mattie Gerald
L. Schenk & Co.
City Grocery
Levkoff Bros.
L. J. Whitaker
I. Wolfe
C. C. Whitaker
M. Mogulescu & Co.
J. S. Rhame
Zemp & DePass
Baruch-Nettles Co.
Camden Drug Co.
David Wolfe.
M. H. Heyman
McCaikill Bros.

Mrs. Legge Hostess.

The spacious parlor of Mrs. Legge was converted into a lovely bower of roses last Saturday afternoon to furnish the setting for a bridge party. Mrs. Legge entertained in a most delightful style and the party was counted among the prettiest of the summer season. There were three tables of bridge and the score prize, a handsome silver orange spoon went to Mrs. Bratten deloache, while Mrs. John W. Corbett found ample consolation in a beautiful hand painted vase. After the game dainty and tempting refreshments were served on the prettily appointed card tables.

WANTED—A man that says he can't be fit to try one suit from us. We fit at first. No alterations to be made. Fit Right Tailors.

Presented With Loving Cup.

The appreciation of the Camden people was most tastefully and graciously manifested by the large and handsome silver loving cup presented to Mr. and Mrs. T. Edmund Krumbholz in return for the generous hospitality shown them throughout the past season, and also as a manifestation of their loyalty and friendship to Mr. and Mrs. Krumbholz. The following letter or note was sent with the cup, which is a very handsome one, beautifully engraved and stands nearly a foot high. There have been many cups won as trophies this past season but none as large and handsome as this one:

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Krumbholz: In behalf of your Camden loving cup, as an evidence of our friends we send you herewith a appreciation of your generous hospitality of the pleasures which this hospitality has afforded us.

"Please accept this gift with our sincere regards and with the hope that there may be happiness without stint for you and yours in the years to come.

Very cordially yours,
H. G. Carrison, Jr.,
J. B. Zemp,
W. L. DePass,
Mrs. Leroy S. Davidson,
Mrs. Jno. W. Corbett,
Mrs. Wm. M. Shannon.
Committee.

Another Winter Resident.

Camden's charm as a tourist and winter resort is spreading each year, and each season sees newcomers to Camden to make their homes among us. Recently Mr. Ralf Ellis, of Long Island, purchased the Mandeville home on Jumelle Hill for a winter home, and the latest to invest in Camden dirt is Mr. E. Z. Norton, of Cleveland, O., who has purchased the von Treuskow property on Kirkwood Heights and will convert it into a beautiful winter home. This property is located among the most beautiful and desirable of the winter cottages—being directly on top of the hill overlooking Camden, surrounded by evergreens and trees and Camden can plainly be seen lying below from the view of the hill. Mr. Norton has been contemplating buying a site here for some time and it was only recently that the trade was made.

WANTED—The people of Camden to know that we haven't made a misfit on a suit since we started. Fit Right Tailors.

A new church building for use by the A. M. E. congregation is in process of erection in Kirkwood, just northeast of Lytleton Street. It will be ready for dedication and occupancy in a week or ten days.

L. L. Berry, and two young women, of Columbia, narrowly escaped serious injury Sunday when a horse they were driving backed the buggy over the banks of the canal. The young women were caught under the buggy, but were saved by Mr. Berry.

The greater part of the plant of the Batesburg Oil Mill company, at Batesburg, was destroyed by fire on Sunday, with a loss of \$50,000 and insurance of \$25,000. The theory is that it caught from a passing locomotive.

Jno. P. Goodwin was run over and killed by a Southern train near Styx, Lexington county, on Saturday. He was 27 years old and is survived by father, mother and wife.

At their meeting on Sunday the congregation of St. Pauls Lutheran church, Columbia, decided to build a new church, to cost \$40,000. The plans were adopted and the committee were instructed to go ahead at the work.

Dr. T. P. Edwards, an inmate of the Old Soldiers home, was convicted by the recorder of Columbia, a few days ago of selling cocaine. He is a native of Edgefield and had practiced medicine fifty years.

IN DEFAULT OF BRIDE

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILMORE.

Though fully twenty-two, young Stamford did not look a day over nineteen in his light flannels as he ran nimbly up the veranda steps of the Etheridge home and pressed the electric bell button.

The door flew open simultaneously and a stolid-visaged personage in livery stood confronting him.

"Is Miss Etheridge in? I wish to see her at once, if possible!"

A minute passed and the butler returned, bearing a slip of paper across the back of which was scrawled in a hasty hand: "Dear Dick: I am, unfortunately, too ill to leave my room. Can you not, just as well, communicate with me through Charley?"

Young Stamford was in a quandary. Decidedly nothing could be done without the co-operation of Miss Etheridge in person, and time was flying. "Tell Mr. Charley to come down immediately," he said.

When Charley Etheridge appeared in response to this summons he found Stamford pacing restlessly up and down the long hallway.

"The fact of the matter is, Etheridge," he began at once, "my uncle is dying. He has always had his heart set on D— on my marriage with your sister. For some unexplained and inexplicable reason, he chooses to fancy at this late day that one of us will draw back from our engagement because of the delay. The bulk of his property, as you have heard, has been willed to me on the specified condition of our marriage." He paused and drew from his pocket the small, unmistakable yellow envelope. "And now, the worst of it is," he pursued anxiously, "he has but a few hours to live, and sends this telegram at the eleventh hour: 'If you are not married before the breath leaves my body—at my very bedside—will shall be changed.'"

Etheridge pondered a second and looked up with a daring inspiration in his eyes. "I have it," he cried. "Suppose I—what if I might rig out in some of my sisters togery and go on with you?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Stamford. "Get ready as soon as you can; we've precious little time to squander." Inside 15 minutes Etheridge was "rigged out" in one of his sister's smartest gowns, with a great loose coat to hide his figure. The daintiest of French tresses surmounted his curling, blonde hair.

Together they entered a coupe and drove rapidly away.

Five minutes brought them to the Grand Central depot, and just in time to purchase tickets and board the east-bound train.

A drizzling rain had set in by the time they reached Springfield, and the night was pitchy. They were met and ushered immediately into the sick man's chamber, where a strange priest, lawyer, and one or two servants as witnesses were already assembled.

Half an hour passed, and the darkened sick room became the chamber of death. The newly wedded couple lingered for a solemn moment, then silently left the room to prepare for the return journey.

Katherine Stamford entered the parlor with some trepidation. Etheridge was standing before an open window looking out into the street, but at the sound of her step he turned and came forward with outstretched hand.

"So good of you to come," she said, placing her fingers in his; "we have been waiting and wishing for an opportunity to thank you for the royal way in which you came to Dick's assistance."

Etheridge smiled and caught her other hand in his, crushing them together in both his own. "And how about you, Kate?" he asked, laughing suddenly into the tell-tale eyes raised to his.

Katherine turned away swiftly to hide the burning flood of crimson on cheek, neck and brow.

"No need to deny it, dearest. Thank heaven luck was the means of bringing to me what no amount of pleading could!"

"How did you guess? I thought—I was sure—"

"That that flimsy disguise of yours was perfect? Never, with me. Because I love you, neither wig, nor clothes, nor the startling resemblance you bear to your twin brother could avail one iota to deceive me. Besides," he went on, "I happened to know that old Dick was hundreds of miles away when that telegram came."

"But Charley, that marriage was all a sham; the proper parties are to be married in two weeks. It our—cannot really count, you know."

It did, however, for a fortnight later there was a double wedding at St. Paul's.

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THE EXACTING PATRON



Is the one that is appreciated in this establishment—for it is here that she will find the display of

EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY

That will gratify and delight her discriminating taste.

The smartest imported and domestic effects are to be found here—all so reasonably priced that they will tempt the most economical.

An Inspection by You Will Be Greatly Appreciated

MISS MATTIE GERALD

SAWYER'S KID

We keep right up to the minute



Whenever any scientists discover a new preparation, which physicians prescribe, we immediately have it in our drug store. Science is daily revealing new remedies. We keep right up to the minute in our business.

When you need medicines or articles for your toilet, come straight to us for them; what we sell you will be the very highest quality obtainable.

Make OUR Drug Store YOUR Drug Store

SAWYER DRUG COMPANY

ELIMINATE THAT QUESTION!



You Should Eliminate NOW that question of "HAVE I ENOUGH FIRE INSURANCE?"

by making an inventory of your property and determining its PRESENT value and comparing the total with your insurance.

New additions in fixtures, improvements, furniture, stock, etc., should be protected by additional Fire Insurance—have you attended to this?

If not, let us talk the matter over—and, if more insurance is needed, place it in our safe companies.

WILLIAMS INSURANCE & REALTY COMPANY

(Incorporated.)
1012 Broad Street Camden, South Carolina

CANDIDATES' CARDS

For Office of School Trustee of District No. 1.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of School Trustee for School District No. 1, at approaching election.

J. C. Rowan.

I announce myself as a candidate for reelection to the office of School Trustee of School District No. 1 for the next term.

J. L. Williams.
Having been informed that two of

the present school trustees will not offer for reelection as Trustees of District No. 1, and having been asked by some of my friends to offer for this place I hereby announce my candidacy.

W. Geisenheimer.

J. T. Burdell

Surveyor and Engineer
Office: Camden, S. C.
Postoffice: Lagoff, S. C.

From the Field, to your Kitchen



AS you bake your bread and pies does it ever occur to you where all that flour comes from—and how it comes?

Think first of a waving wheat field in the yellow falltime, of the whirl of the reaper, the sultry heat of the Autumn sun and the frenzied work of the harvesters to gather the grain at its best; trace it through the hands of the white coated millers, through the big sweet-clean warehouses, till it finally comes from this store—a clean wholesome product of nature. That is flour—OUR flour.

The flour we sell you is all that nature made it—properly milled. It is the best—makes that sweet, sound bread and light, flaky pastry you see so much in neighbors' houses. A sample sack will make you a constant user—send or phone for one today.

BRUCE'S, The Pure Food Store