

**THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE**

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Camden, S. C., Aug. 15, 1913.

**CELERY IN THE SOUTH.**

Best Method for All Southern Hill Country.

A reader says: "I am anxious to know how to cultivate celery, and what variety is best to plant in this section of the state (South Carolina, N. C.) Will you kindly give the information along this line."

You will find that the production of early fall celery is a very uncertain matter here, for it is hard to blanch it in the hot weather. I sow the seed in late May for the winter crop. But you can buy the plants from dealers. The Giant Pascal will answer your purpose very well, and the last of August is about the best time to set them.

Celery likes plenty of moisture and will thrive best on low black soil like the drained swamp land if it is well fertilized with a high-grade fertilizer, especially strong in nitrogen and potash. It is usually planted after an early crop that was heavily manured, and then a heavy application of fertilizer added for the celery.

The best way to grow celery in this climate is to plant by the Baltimore method in beds six feet in width. To grow celery in this way you will need first a planting board six feet long and 12 inches wide, necessarily rounded at the ends. Then a garden line and you are ready to set the plants. Stretch the line tight across one side of the proposed bed. I should have said that planting board must have not less than six inches apart. The plants will make 12 matches. To begin setting press the board square across the bed and set the plants on both sides. Then move the board to coincide with the last row and get another row, and so on for as long a bed as you choose. When grown on a large scale a row is left between the beds for carting.

After setting the plants, all that is needed for some time is to keep the plants clean of weeds. But do not "huddle" when wet as that may increase rust. After a time the outer leaves will begin to spread and we need to straighten up and get the celery into shape for earthing. To do this, I use two cords with pegs in each end. Stick a peg at the end of the first row across the bed and take a turn of the cord around each plant and stick the other peg at the far end.

Treat the second row in the same way. Now shovel in the soil between these rows and pack it close to the plant to hold the leaves erect. Go over row after row in the same way. Then, as the nights get cool you can commence the earthing by shoveling the soil between plants and carrying it up six inches outside the ends of the rows, thus making a bed six feet wide.

Just keep the growing central bud above the soil and avoid getting earth into the heart of the plants. Keep earthing as the celery gets above the first and finally, when real freezing weather threatens in December cover the bed all over with earth and then cover thickly with pine straw, and you can take out the celery as wanted during the winter.

You can get small plants at any time and set them in rows close together and keep clean and will then have them at hand at planting time. Progressive Farmer.

**To The Public.**

The undersigned beg to announce that they have formed an insurance agency to be known as Kennedy & Garrison. We have secured the representation of some of the strongest fire insurance companies known and purpose to write general fire insurance. It may be recalled that we have been in the business before and did not at that time see our way clear to form a permanent agency. Now, however, we are not in the case, and we shall use every effort to establish such an agency as has long been our desire.

Our office will be located over Mr. L. J. Whitaker's store and our assistant will be found under business hours.

Thanking you for many past favors and soliciting a renewal of the same, we are

Very respectfully,  
R. M. Kennedy, Jr.,  
H. G. Garrison, Jr.

Lightning struck one of the out-looks in the yard of Mr. Dan McDonald last Saturday afternoon. No damage was done to any of the inmates of the house.

Mr. E. O. McCright came down from Washington Tuesday to spend several days in Camden. The trip was made on a Twin Indian motorcycle. Mr. McCright left Washington Thursday.

**GAVE UP RICHES FOR LOVE**

German Prince Sacrificed Career and Estates for the Sake of the Woman He Loved.

It was with a proud spirit of self-sacrifice that Prince Eberwyn zu Bentheim-Steinfurt, cousin of the queen of Holland, gave his hand a short time ago in the London registry office to Fraulein Lanfenfeld, the daughter of a tradesman who had begun life as a peasant. The German emperor himself had in vain tried to dissuade him from such a "mad step." He turned a deaf ear to all the threats and entreaties of his family, and formally renounced his heirship to \$1,250,000 a year to his younger brother, Prince Victor. And when he had thus condemned himself to poverty and obscurity, he declared, "I need not say that I am more than happy. As long as I live, I shall rejoice that I had the firmness to place my happiness and that of my bride above the medieval prejudices of my house."

When Prince Eberwyn was thus gladly sacrificing rank and riches for love, Count Hans von Hochberg, heir to the Duchy of Rohnstock, was standing at an altar in New York state with Fraulein Louise Carow, a German shop girl, for whose sake he had abandoned his claim to the family estate and dignities. "I am going to earn my living as a chauffeur," this young hero of romance said; "and I know that I shall be happier sharing a poor home with the woman I love than if I were Duke of Rohnstock with \$500,000 a year but without her."

Such romances of today could be multiplied almost indefinitely—from the love adventures of the Archduke Leopold of Austria to the nephew of the emperor, who was content to be a royal outcast for the sake of Fraulein Ritter, farmer's daughter and domestic servant, to the Prince de Broglie, who not long ago was conducting an orchestra in a New York theater, while the wife for whom he had sacrificed everything but happiness—the greatest thing of all—was singing on the stage.

**Court Doctor to Pharaoh.**

Surgery is necessarily one of the most ancient of the sciences. Archeologists have for instance just discovered records of a surgeon who lived during the fifth Egyptian dynasty, and must have been court doctor to the Pharaoh Sahura, some 4,000 years before Christ. The first surgical implements of which anything is known are splints found in the Nubian desert. In one place a graveyard was found, and here were remains of bodies with fractured limbs that had been set with bark splints. One was a right thigh-bone that had been broken, and was still held in position by a workmanlike splint and bandages. All the knots were true reef-knots, and the wrapping showed how the strips of palm-fiber cloth were set just as a good surgeon would set them nowadays, so as to use the full strength of the fabric. In other cases bodies were found with compound fractures, where the broken ends of the bone had broken through the skin.

**Hello Nation.**

Hello! We are the greatest telephone users in the world. The daily average of talks over the telephones last year was over 26,000,000. There are 79,000 places, towns, cities and hamlets from which telephone messages may be sent. This is 3,900 more than the number of our post-offices, 10,000 more than the number of our railroad stations, and three times the number of telegraph offices in the country. There are nearly 7,500,000 telephone stations in the Bell system—an increase last year of over 800,000. These are the facts reported by the American Telegraph & Telephone company in reference to the Bell business. It earned last year nearly \$43,000,000. Will it be believed that the majority of its shares are owned by women and less than seven per cent by brokers?—Leslie's.

**Cushion Stuffed With Love-Locks.**

Among her personal friends, Miss Loie Fuller, the famous dancer, numbers Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer. "I shall never forget," she says, in "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life," the impression that Camille Flammarion made upon me the first time the Countess Wolska took me to his house, Rue Cassini. He wore a lounge jacket of white flannel, edged with red lace. He had a veritable forest of hair, which formed, as it were, a bonnet around his head. This was so remarkable that I could not repress an exclamation. Mme. Flammarion then told me that she frequently had to cut some of the locks, for her husband's hair grew with such vigor that was tormented by it. Then she showed me a cushion on a divan, and remarked: "There is where I put his hair after cutting it." To give an accurate idea of Camille Flammarion's style of wearing his hair you have only to multiply Paderewski's head of hair by twelve.

**As to Drowsiness in Church.**

The discovery has been made by a western art professor that drowsiness in church is due not so much to the sermon as to a clashing color scheme in church decoration. "How can a person listen to an address when the decorations of the church are inharmonious? When the curtains are pink, the cushions red and the decorations are yellow and blue the eyes of the audience are affected and they become drowsy." Yet a professor in the pulpit doubtless has a salient effect on the congregation.

**ONE MAN RAILROAD.**

Reticent German Keeps on Working on Kansas Line.

In the spring of 1908 a farmer in the Spring Creek Valley, in Hodgeman county, was approached by an old German, a stranger, who asked to buy a strip of land across part of his farm, says Dodge City, Kan., correspondence. Surprised at the request, the farmer questioned the German and finally learned the land was wanted for a railroad right of way.

The farmer could not believe that his visitor was the representative of a railway company and his belief was justified by the frank admission of the stranger that he was not backed by any company. He wanted the land for his own use, he said. He was to be the sole railroad builder. That was the way. Rudolph Meyer started on his railroad construction. His queer enterprise provoked no end of comment among the farmers in the neighborhood, but comment did not interest this hard-working, uncommunicative Teuton in the least. Mea sunt five years ago that he would soon quit his quixotic campaign to throw up a grade across a broken prairie country, where some of the hills had to be 70 feet.

But Rudolph Meyer is still working. Men believed that when he exhausted his supply of money—and his appearance did not indicate that he had much—he would have to quit work because of lack of way to work on. But he has always had the cash ready to pay for the next strip of land, no matter how much the owner asked for it.

Meyer has worked five years now and has hardly five miles of road grade to show for his toil. A little mule team and a single scraper comprise his complete outfit. With it he works all day when the weather is fine. When the ground is frozen or soaked with water he whistles away his time in his little "cook shack," which is always stationed near the part of the grade he is at work on.

The work of Rudolph Meyer has been the topic of keen speculation among railroad men in western Kansas. What induced him to undertake a job of that kind? Who furnishes funds for carrying on the work? What route does he intend to follow? What railroad is interested in the project? Is he crazy? These are the questions that have been asked over and over again the last five years.

And Rudolph Meyer is the last man in the world to throw light on the subject. The questions have been put to Meyer on different occasions, but they might as well have been withheld so, far as eliciting information is concerned. No cross-examiner has yet managed to extract from the old grader any information that amounts to anything. And no information has been dug up from any other source. It is a peculiar project, carried on in a peculiar manner by the peculiar man.

A party of visitors to the scene of the strange railroad grade recently found the lonesome cook shack of the grader huddled down in a valley between two high hills. Towering above it was the grade of 70 feet, hauled into place a scraper full at a time by the patient labor of the old worker and his mules. Stretching away to the northwest toward Jetmore are the few miles of grade which Meyer has to show for the five years of work. All the dirt in the grade was hauled by Meyer, he holds and dumps the scraper. He is the workman, the hostler, the cook, the whole crew on an enterprise that should have the service of a high-grade engineer and an experienced contractor.

Meyer never objects to talking to visitors. He seems to enjoy a chat with those who swoop down on his little camp to find out all about his business and he always manages to work out an extremely indefinite answer to all questions visitors wanted to find out how he happened to start a railroad grade there.

"Oh, I just plucked out an easy place to build one," Meyer replied. Where was he going? Meyer had no objection to telling. Just going over onto the flats, but he hadn't figured any farther than that.

Just ahead of where he is working another man is built, and just beyond that is a discouraging raise where a cut must be made thru the high soil. When a visitor pointed to these Meyer merely observed that farther on it was level. When it was suggested that the Santa Fe, which had a branch to Jetmore, and might like to have a line up the valley of the Pawnee, might be interested in a line there he said: "Well, I guess the Santa Fe is an right in some ways. I don't know much about 'em."

plan is to cross the Hodgeman county line about six miles farther to the south than Jetmore, and he also thought it would be a good place to start a town near the county line.

Some of the people say the terms of the deeds are that unless trains are running over the grades within six years after the deeds are executed the land shall revert back to the original owners. If that is true, Meyer will have to hurry. But it is pretty hard to get accurate information when the only man who knows won't tell.

It is the right of way that may cause a hitch in the work at Jetmore. Meyer has almost completed the work on the right of way he has and has tried to buy some more. The owners of the land wanted have so far refused to sell and hope that that way to force the builders to show his hand. Anyway, they have decided to hold up the work for a while.

But Rudolph Meyer does not appear to worry. He thinks he knows a way in which difficulties of that kind can be avoided.

**FINAL DISCHARGE.**

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on Saturday, August 30, 1913, I will make to the Probate Court of Keershaw county my final return as Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. Julia M. Boykin, deceased, and apply to the said Court for Letters Dismissory.

A. H. Boykin,  
Administrator.  
Camden, S. C., July 28, 1913.

**TAX EXECUTIONS.**

Under and by virtue of sundry tax executions to me directed, I will sell in front of the Court House door in the city of Camden, S. C., on the first Monday in September, next, being the 4th day thereof, the following described property:

1 house and lot in city of Camden, bounded on the north by Jno. Timbers, on the east by Gus Carlos South by Harris Carlos, and West by Nettie Brunson. Levied upon as the property of Daniel Brown, and to be sold for taxes for 1912.

1 acre of land and one building in school district No. 1, DeKalb township, bounded on the north by Mose Kirkland, east and south by John Boykin, West by King Salmon. Levied upon as the property of Minnie Wilson and to be sold for taxes for 1911-12.

1 house and lot in the city of Camden, bounded north by York Street, east by Harriett Scureton, south by Alice Childers and west by town ditch. Levied upon as the property of Laura Cureton and to be sold for taxes for 1912.

1 house and lot in Camden on Lytleton street, bounded north by L. L. Block, east by Lytleton st., south by Catholic church and S. A. Witkowski and west by H. G. Garrison. Levied upon as the property of the estate of M. E. McCright, and to be sold for taxes for 1912.

1 house and lot in City of Camden, fronting west on Campbell st., bounded north by Geo. Crosby, east by \_\_\_\_\_, south by Estate of Millie Young, west by Campbell st. Levied upon as the property of Washington Carlos, and to be sold for taxes for 1912.

125 acres in Waterree township, Dist. No. 11, bounded north by Chas. A. Ray, east by C. Noelkin, south by Holland Harris and west by the lands now or formerly of J. I. Middleton & Co. Levied upon as the property of the estate of E. F. A. Welters and to be sold for taxes for 1911-12.

1 house and lot in City of Camden bounded north by G. T. Little, east by Willie James, south by H. G. Garrison and west by G. T. Little. Levied upon as the property of Jasi James and to be sold for taxes for 1912.

W. W. Huckabee,  
Sheriff Keershaw County.

**FINAL DISCHARGE.**

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on Friday, September 12, 1913, I will make my final report to the Probate Court of Keershaw County as administrator of the estate of G. A. Clyburn, deceased, and apply to the said Court for Letters Dismissory of the estate above mentioned.

J. M. Clyburn,  
Camden, S. C., Aug. 14, 1913.

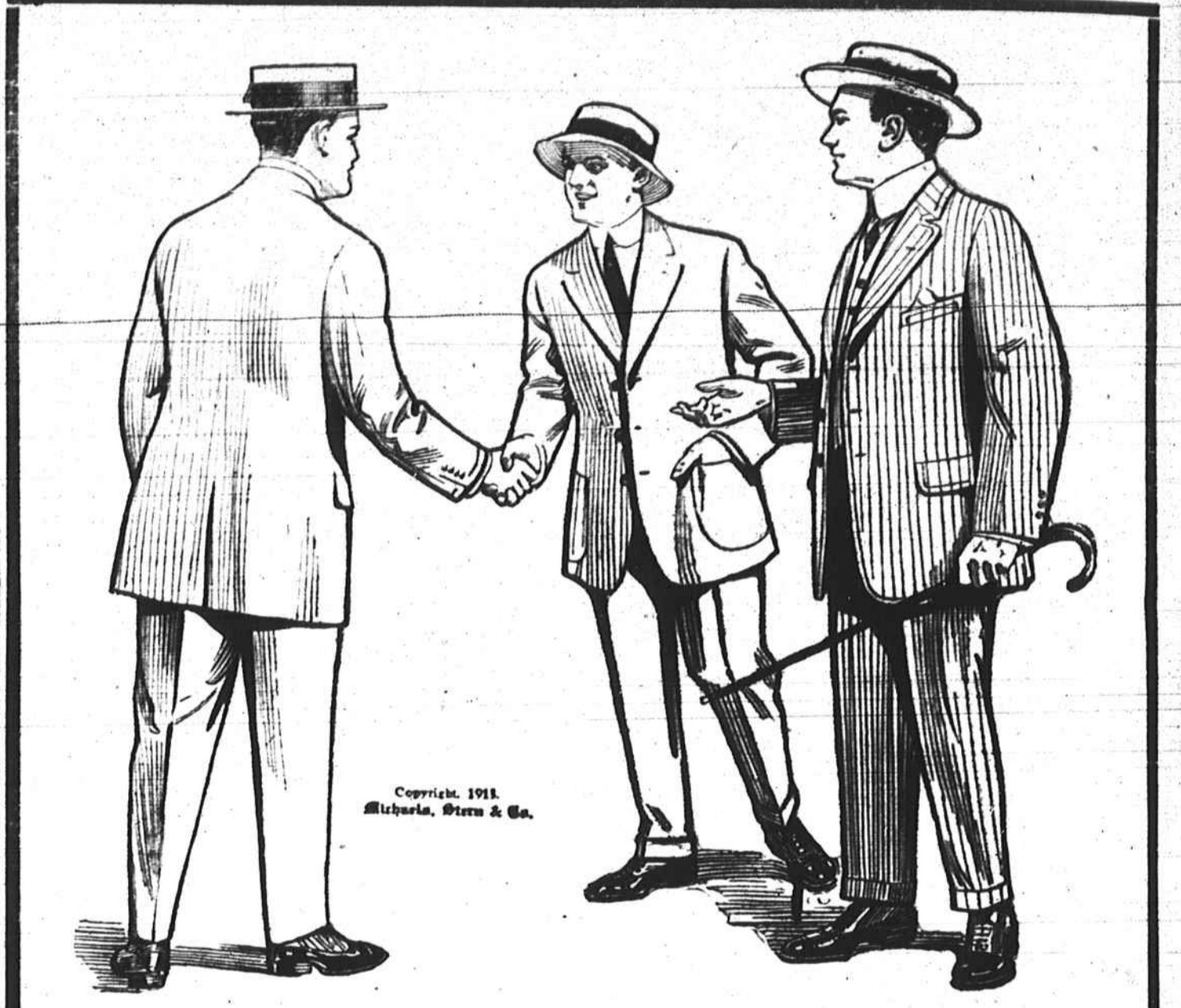
**NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.**

Notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to the estate of John C. Horton, deceased, to make payment to the undersigned, and all parties, if any, having claims against the said estate will present them duly attested within the time prescribed by law.

James J. Horton,  
H. T. Horton,  
Qualified Executors of Estate of John C. Horton.  
Camden, S. C., August 14, 1913.

**Birthday Celebration.**

Bethune, S. C., Aug. 13.—Quite a number of friends from different sections gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baxley in the Shamrock section last Wednesday. The occasion was the celebration of the birthday of their daughter, Miss Cornelia Baxley. The rooms had been beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns, and during the afternoon ices and cake was served. Sweet music was enjoyed throughout the afternoon and the occasion was a most enjoyable one.



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Michaels, Stern & Co.

**Even We Admit**

that there are more important things in the world than having the right clothes. We realize that, as the poet says, "A man's a man for a' that."

But, unfortunately, people will judge a fellow by the way he looks—and even more unfortunately, lots of fellows don't look as well-dressed as they might. It isn't because they don't want to, or because they don't try, it's because they don't know how or where to get garments that will bring out the best of them and hide the worst of them. We don't say that we can (because it wouldn't be modest) but we are morally sure that we might show you a Hart-Schaffner & Marx or a Michaels-Stern suit that would cause the first friend you met to congratulate you on your improved appearance.

**BARUCH-NETTLES CO.**

"The Place That Sets The Pace"