

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE

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Camden, S. C., Aug. 22, 1913.

Now that the officers have done their duty in raiding and arresting the violators of the dispensary law in and around this city, it remains to be seen if the juried will do their duty and convict these offenders.

Whatever may be the public's like and dislikes to Mayor Brasington's administration, when it comes to enforcing the law against the sale of whiskey in Camden, they have to hand it to him—he is always on the job.

This is the season when all merchants are receiving their fall and winter goods, and there is no better way of letting the trading public know what you have for them than by using the columns of The Chronicle. Plant an ad with us and watch results.

The big barbecue and live stock breeders' rally scheduled for Wednesday proved a success in every particular. The attendance was large especially of farmers from nearby points; speeches were good and the dinner excellent. In every way it was a great gathering and great enthusiasm was shown.

Hon. Joshua W. Ashley, member of the house of representatives from Anderson county, suffered a stroke of paralysis at his home near Horse Path last Friday morning, and although for a time it was believed that the attack would prove fatal, signs of recovery began to develop Saturday and now it is believed that he will get on his feet again. J. W. Ashley is the political boss of Anderson county, having become personally interested in politics more than 21 years ago. He has served 19 years in the legislature, all of his services having been continuous with the exception of one term, when he dropped out, having run, and been defeated for state senator. He is in his 65th year.

Have you ever thought how thoroughly representative a newspaper is of its home town? A newspaper is the only home institution that tries to reach to distant cities. Buildings and streets cannot be seen unless one visits a place. The newspaper sees as far as the mails. The home newspaper furnishes a means by which distant people gain an idea of the place where it is published. If a newspaper is new and clean typographically, and has liberal advertising, every man from Los Angeles to the Atlantic who sees it gets an idea that town is alive. People have no idea how newspapers circulate away from their home town says the Meriden (Conn.) Journal. Every publisher has a considerable list of subscribers who formerly lived where it was published, or are interested in the paper for business reasons. And people send away for papers. If you want your town to cut a good figure before the world, subscribe to the home paper, and advertise as much as your business will fairly warrant. Publishers' Auxiliary.

A STRIKING STORY.

P. Irving Fletcher, at a Spinnaker Club dinner in New York, told a striking advertising story.

"I once made a bet with a city goods dealer," said Mr. Fletcher, "that he couldn't spend in a year on advertising all he made in that year. The man took me up and staled me. But he lost his bet. Though his advertising bills grew bigger and bigger, he lost. For the more he advertised the more he sold, and in the end, after starting eight branch stores, he gave in and paid me my money."

Mr. Fletcher paused, then added impressively:

"Any dealer, dry goods or otherwise, who doesn't believe this story, need only to try it himself to be convinced."

Story of Ten Poor Boys.

John Adams, second president, was the son of a gorer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina and was reared in the pine woods for which the state is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterward clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was a son of a New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. He learned the business of clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Allegheny mountains. His father owned a mill and built the house in which he lived a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was 21 years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio river until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterward worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

GENERAL LEE ON DUTY

LETTER WRITTEN TO SON AT WEST POINT IN 1852.

Characteristic Utterance of the Famous Civil War General is Masterpiece of Parental Character-Building Advice.

The death of Gen. G. W. C. Lee, eldest son of Gen. R. E. Lee, recalled to mind a private letter of the famous general written to this son, under date of April 5, 1852, when Custis Lee was a cadet at the United States military academy at West Point, and which was found at Arlington house during the Civil war, says the New York Sun. The letter throughout is characterized by conciseness, concinnity and clarity, and on this account should find a place in any anthology as a masterpiece of correct English and a model of parental character-building advice.

Arlington House, April 5, 1852.

"My Dear Son—I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My old regiment has been ordered to that distant region and I must hasten to see that they are properly taken care of. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 26, 27 and 28. Your letters breathe a true spirit of frankness. They have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world, frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice.

Deal kindly, but firmly, with your classmates. You will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor. In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as the dark day, a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day, the day of judgment, had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in so that the house could proceed with its duty.

There was quietness in that man's soul, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty.

Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old puritan. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part. Your affectionate father, R. E. LEE.

"G. W. Custis Lee"

How simple, true and honest R. E. Lee appears in this letter; what a noble and conscientious character stands revealed in the tenderness of his devoted paternal solicitude and the grandeur of his terse maxims.

As to the Unsigned Review.

Professor Mahaffy, who has written criticism for more than 50 years, is an advocate of the unsigned review. "If you have the article signed," he says, "you relieve the editor of his responsibility and he will admit a bad article signed by a widely known person, whereas better work by a young and starving writer is apt to be thrown aside." He recalls the old days of the Quarterly and the Edinburgh with the remark that "what was good enough to appear in the Quarterly was good enough for anybody to read." The drift at present is toward the signed review. The Edinburgh, under its new editor, publishes signed articles, and within a month the Manchester Guardian has gone to the extreme of publishing the initials of the writers of their reviews of the variety theaters, though the reviews are so short that four of them make only half a column.

Liberality.

"I am not in the habit of boasting," avers the landlady of the boarding house, "but I think you will agree with me that I always give you all a little more than you ask for."

Yes," acquiesces the Star Boarder, who always pays a day in advance. "You are right—quite right, Mrs. Hammonds." Frinstance, you have given me 11 chicken necks, 11 backs and six fresh eggs more than I asked for in the last two weeks."

"I've got gobs of gloom settled over the table while the phonograph in the parlor began playing 'Swing of the Robert K. Lee.'"

MYSTERIOUS ROMANCE

By A. W. BEER.

Had it not been for the handkerchief I would have said that this was clearly a case for the Society for Psychological Research and have washed my hands of it. But though to be sure a filmy enough object, the handkerchief, with the initials "E. B. M." daintily embroidered in one corner, was of a tangible nature, and in no way to be fitted into any theory of spooks.

And yet the whole thing was absurd on the face of it. No doubt the simple explanation was that the fever which had possessed my body for many weary weeks still dominated my brain.

Wearing at length of the problem, I placed the delicate bit of cambric and lace beneath my pillow and again resigned myself to sleep.

A year later I was in California, ostensibly on a vacation, but also with a view of absorbing color for a novel of pioneer days which I was planning to write.

I was at dinner one evening in San Francisco with my friend Maxfield, a newspaper man, when I caught sight of a familiar face at one of the restaurant tables.

"That's singular!" I exclaimed presently.

"What's singular?" queried Maxfield. "If you have reference to the fair creature at whom you are gazing so intently, I may say that while she is certainly single, I do not know that she is looked upon as singular."

"The fact is," I returned, "that for the moment I imagined that I had met the young woman somewhere before, but I am probably mistaken."

"You've seen her portrait in some of the literary papers, perhaps," suggested Maxfield. "That's Enid B. Merryweather, who is coming to the front as a writer of some rather fetching verse."

"Enid B. Merryweather!" said I. "Then her initials are 'E. B. M.'?"

"Correct," replied Maxwell. "You got it right the very first time. But why get so excited over a bunch of initials?"

"Maxfield," I retorted, "you ought to know that the facetious is not your line, so why attempt it? What I'd like to know is whether or not you have the honor of Miss Merryweather's acquaintance; if so, I want you to present me."

"Nothing easier, old man," he replied promptly.

There are some persons one meets to whom an introduction seems almost superfluous. You somehow feel that you have known them always.

Thus it was with Enid and me. We met, not as stranger, but as old friends who for a time had been separated in body, but never in spirit.

But one evening Enid said: "Do you know that I worried about you a great deal when you were ill last winter?"

"Foolish girl!" I replied. "You had never met me."

"And yet I seem always to have known you," she murmured.

"Enid," I said presently, "there is something queer I want to tell you in connection with that illness of mine. It seems utterly unreasonable, but there are some things beyond our understanding."

"I had been dwelling for weeks in a strange, fantastic world, when one night I awoke calm and rational, and I saw bending over me one who seemed the very embodiment of my heart's desire. I closed my eyes again for a second, doubting the reality of what I saw, and when I opened them again the lovely vision had faded."

"I can't explain it, but it was you who came to me that night; and, more wonderful still, here is the proof!" I took from over my heart the handkerchief which I had found resting lightly on the counterpane after the disappearance of my mysterious visitor.

"She took the handkerchief and examined it."

"Yes, it is mine," she said presently. And then she added:

"As a writer of romances you would perhaps prefer the story left as it is, but I feel bound to tell you just how this handkerchief came into your hands."

"I don't know," she continued, "how or why you came to occupy so much of my thoughts, when I knew you only through your books, but nevertheless such was the case."

"When last winter it was reported that your life was despaired of, I could not rest. Some of my friends guessed my secret and rallied me accordingly. I gave out that I intended visiting Los Angeles for a few weeks, but instead of doing so I went on by the southern route to New York."

"I knew that the physician who conducted the sanitarium in which you were undergoing treatment, Dr. Starbrook had been an old friend of my father's, and upon arriving in New York I made myself known to him. I told him that you were a very dear friend, but that for personal reasons I did not want you to know of my presence in New York. There was no fear of that, however, as for a long time you knew no one."

"At length one evening when I had called to inquire about you and had been admitted to your bedside as usual, you looked at me with rational eyes. To avoid discovery I fled from the room, and this handkerchief I suppose was dropped in my confusion."

"Now then," she concluded, "does not that destroy all your pretty and mysterious romance?"

"But I think the answer I gave her convinced her that it did not."

INVENTED TYPEWRITER

First Machine for Writing Made by South Carolina Man.

To John Jonathan Pratt, of Center, Cherokee county, Alabama, who developed the writer's cramp, the United States owes the invention of the typewriter. His remains now rest near his old log house on the Center-Leesburg road practically unknown by the passerby.

Claude M. Hall, of Birmingham, has lately inaugurated a campaign to revive interest in the memory of the inventor and hopes the result will be the rearing of a monument over the lonely grave of the genius. His plan involves small contributions by users of the typewriter throughout Alabama and even the nation.

R. B. Smyer, of Birmingham, married Mr. Pratt's niece. The story of Mr. Pratt's struggles to have his invention made into a practical instrument and his final success, of which others came near to absolute depriving him, is told in the following article penned by Editor Shropshire, of the Coosa River News, published at Center, Alabama.

There are two or three other claimants for the distinction of inventing the typewriter, but the honor belongs to a Center man by the name of John Jonathan Pratt, who died in Chattanooga, Tenn., on Saturday, June 24, 1905. He was 74 years of age at the time of his death. By birth he was a South Carolinian. He came to Center in 1850 from Union District, S. C. He resided in Center until fifteen years before his death, moving to Brooklyn, N. Y., about 1830. Two years before his death Mr. Pratt moved to Chattanooga. This preliminary information was elicited by the following personal inquiry:

"Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 5, 1912.

"Mr. T. H. Shropshire, Center, Ala., Dear Tol: I certainly would be glad if you will print in the

News a history of the John Pratt typewriter. I have a lot of friends in Birmingham who would be glad to read it. I claim he was the original inventor of any and all typewriters—that is, the first one in existence. Am I right? Remember reading it in the News at one time, but have forgotten whether he was the original inventor or not.

"Claude M. Hall.

"Boyle's Store."

On December 19, 1857, Mr. Pratt was appointed register in chancery of Cherokee county, and held the job until February 22, 1864. He had been working on a machine before this, but while register he took writer's cramp and declared that he would invent a typewriter to save such suffering. He fixed a machine that worked earlier, but did not begin active sales of the invention until 1867, in London, England.

He borrowed \$10,000 from an aunt, Miss Elizabeth Herndon, who resided in South Carolina, in 1865, or 1867, to finance operations and perfect patents both here and in the states of Europe. However, he made his first trip to London early in the civil war and on this very particular work. While in England his machine excited a great deal of comment in London papers and their description attracted the attention of Messrs. Scholes and Gaudden, of Milwaukee, who straightway "invented" the world wide Remington machine. Before taking leave for Europe in 1866, he entered into a contract with some parties in Memphis, Tenn., to perfect patents at Washington and to manufacture his machine. They violated the contract and upon his return from Europe he met Mr. Hammond, a rich merchant of New York, who agreed to defeat the Memphis men, which he did, under consideration of Mr. Pratt allowing him to manufacture the typewriter under the name of Hammond.

Mr. Hammond then kept Pratt in his employ until death at \$2,500 per annum and also gave him 50c

royalty on all machines sold. Both the Remington and Hammond typewriter, therefore, originated in Mr. Pratt's brain back in the fifties.

The grave of the inventor lies two hundred yards of his old log residence, where he made his first models, and within fifty yards of the Center-Leesburg road. Strange to relate hundreds of people, both domestic and visitors, pass by the distinguished grave and pay it no attention. "Such is fame," Birmingham Ledger.

Hospital Help Wanted.

Applications in writing for employment in a twenty bed charity hospital to be opened in Camden, S. C., November 1st, 1913, will be received up to October 1, 1913. Applicants must state experience, if any, file testimonials, and state salary expected. 1 white nurse, superintendent and housekeeper; 1 white nurse; 1 colored nurse; 1 white pupil; 1 colored pupil; 1 orderly and porter for day; 1 orderly and watchman for night; 1 cook; 1 assistant to cook and waitress; 1 scrub and washerwoman.

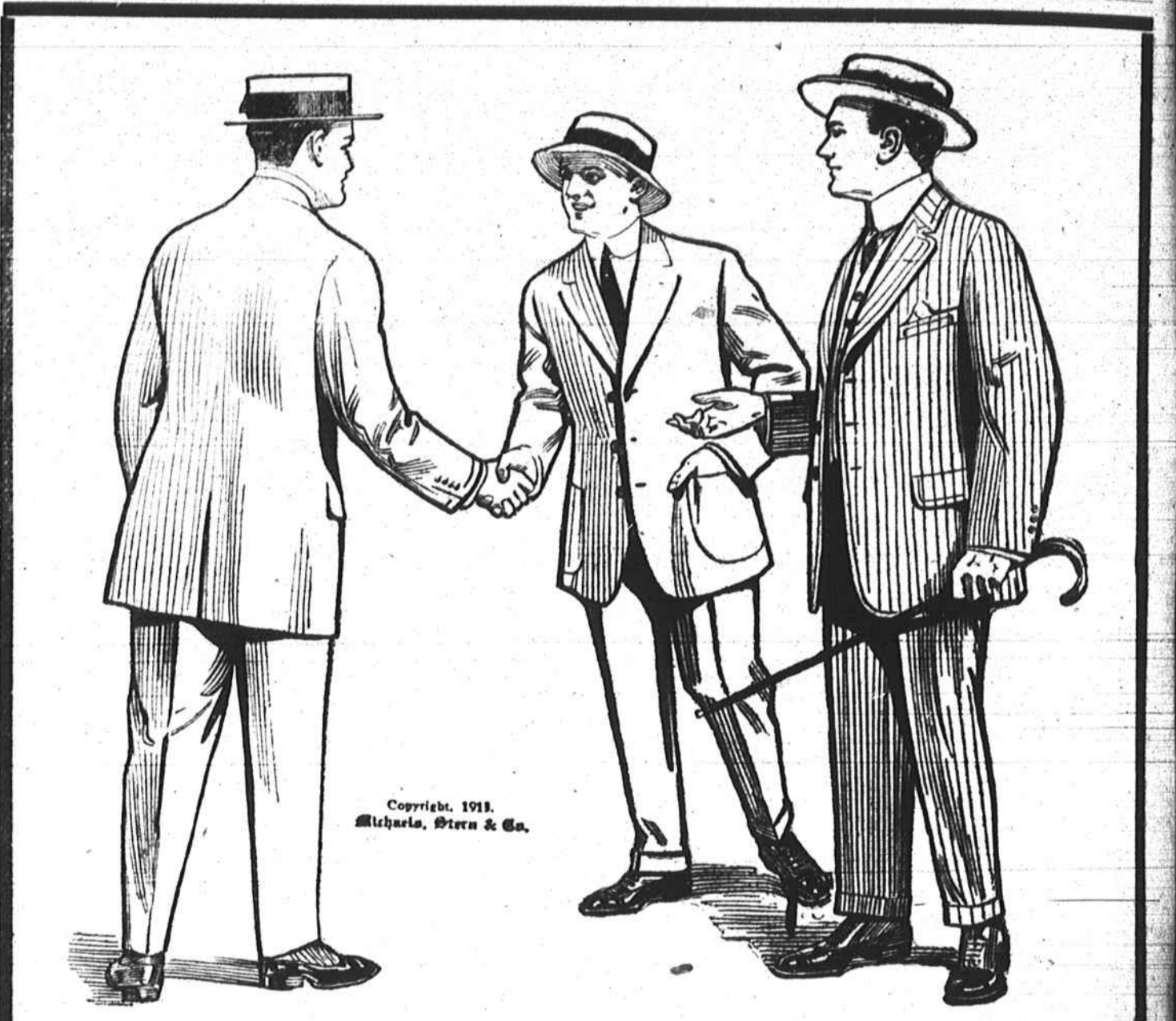
Jno. W. Corbett, M. D., Camden, S. C. For the Committee. August 8, 1913.

World's Largest Tree.

The largest tree in the world is the giant redwood in late California forest called the General Grant tree. It is 108 feet in circumference at the base. Its bark is nearly two feet thick and the trunk is free of limbs to a height of 175 feet, where it is still 11 feet in diameter. The tree stands on Mount Rob Roy.

These giant trees are not considered old until they are 3,000 years of age.

Let The Chronicle sell you your carbon paper and legal blanks.



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"