

**FASHION'S NOTE-BOOK.**

Newly Collared and Cuffed and Skirts Even at the Bottom.

July 7.—This is a season of surprises. Each day sees a fashion detail evolved—if it is only the caprice of a hem. Style changes in a never-ceasing evolution, suggesting yet another, only to be straightway put before the fixed seasons for changes of fashion are entirely disregarded and, in the midsummer, we find such things as Quaker collars, gauntlet and uneven skirts completely up to the equilibrium of established fashion.

Soft, low collars come as a herald after the up-to-the-ears stocks. The swift reverse of the style from extreme to the other is more than a whim of fashion. Women, by paying homage to the high collars as ever, the wedge that forces the mode. Indeed, the American has been so humored by past fashions that it is not surprising that she should be martyred to the stock.

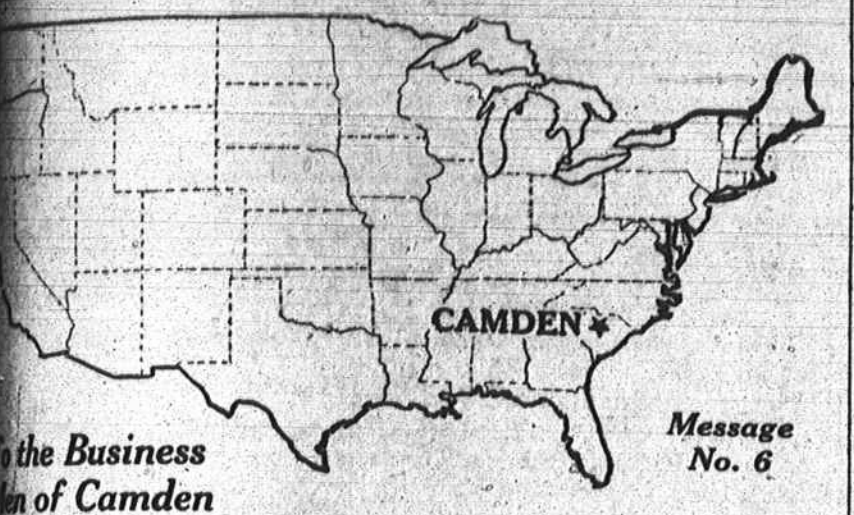
Broad Quaker and deep-pointed collars of Swiss, and the lesser collars that grow out of these two, are more likely styles for the warm season than the ruffled collar.

If you intend being really well dressed, wear one of these and look to your collar as well as your skirt.

"Gauntlet" is the live-wire at present—the last word in cuffs. There is no need to describe the style, the name implies its sleeve-protecting appearance. To-day this is the extreme; to-morrow when its newness is rubbed off by wearing, it will join the ranks of the regular summer fashion, along with the organdy and Swiss turnback cuffs that match the Quaker and Puritan collars and the sheer inner sleeves that show below the "Castle" sleeves of taffeta.

Skirts mark the divergence of the mode. These defy all known rules of fashion, and dip and hike; in fact, do everything, except what is expected of them. Open-front, overskirts are longer than the foundations they are worn with, and fly back in the wind to show bright inside facings. Full dress skirts have bound, cavalier slashes around the lower edges, and even tailored skirts show deep points front and back. These do not need even the excuse of a Flatiron or a Times Square corner to show their brilliant linings and, incidentally, the well-turned ankle of the wearer.

Fashion is doing all kinds of queer things these days, such as putting organdy where taffeta belongs and taffeta where you naturally expect organdy. This is just what has happened in one of the new summer frocks, where the soft, rolling collar, pointed vest and inner sleeves are made of the organdy to match the voluminous ruffled skirt



the Business of Camden

Message No. 6

When a run-down salesman calls on you, do you buy his goods? Aren't you of this line because he looks as if he ever gave you an order? The one thing is true of a seedy town. To be prosperous we must look prosperous.

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Wherever the sign of the "Ice Cream" is, there is the average girl's interest centered. And who can blame her? What is so cooling and delicious this hot weather as a heaping plate of our matchless Ice Cream? Old and young alike find it pleasant and palatable. Ours is pure, fresh made and delicious, and we have it in all the popular flavors. Standard prices. Best quality.

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**Camden Motor Company**

and the coatee, cut with a peplum and held in at the waist, is made of dark blue taffeta. The style is really a crinoline, but no one would ever accuse the silk coatee and cotton skirt of being a carry-over from last season.

Despite the present popularity of plain, dark blue and black taffeta, there is a growing tendency toward printed silks—checker-board patterns, sprinkled with roses, wiggly stripes



**The Crinoline Influence Again Apparent in a New Model with Taffeta Coatee and Organdy Skirt.**

and broad bars, prominent in black on white or gold backgrounds.

The newest hats, for eccentricity's sake purely, are made of silk or even velvet. These come in sailor shapes, with crowns lower and brims wider than in the early season. The blue taffeta is combined effectively with white kid and the black velvet with white straw or white flowers. However, the fad of winter hats in summer-time is not taking to the extent that it did last summer, when black velvet in July was unanimous. The outdoor girl sticks to the leghorn and open-work "riksha" hat, although, after one coat of "tattooed" tan, she has learned to face the brim of the latter.

In direct contrast with the domestic silks and velvets, Paris introduces mid-summer hats of white crepe de chine, made in large sailor shapes, to wear with the light summer dresses.

**London's Shortest Street.**

The shortest street in Great Britain is Mansion House street, E. C., which has but one address in it and whose length is but a very few yards. Short as it is, however, it has won world-wide fame as being the very busiest street in these islands—nay, one may truthfully say, in all the world—for vehicles pass through it at the rate of some 2,000 an hour for twelve hours at a stretch day after day.—London Express.

**Easy.**

Reason and Experience had a dispute as to which of them is the more necessary.

"To matter what situation arises, it is only necessary to bring me to bear upon it," said Reason, "and the solution is bound to come."

"After which," said Experience, smiling gently, "it remains for me to demonstrate that your solution is wrong."—Life.

**You Might Like to Try It.**

To multiply fifteen by itself and the result (225) by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn, would take a person writing three figures a minute, and, working ten hours a day for 300 days in each year, twenty-eight years to accomplish.—London Globe.

**Speed an Essential.**

Rankin—Beanbrough has bought himself a \$5,000 racing car. Phyle—But he couldn't afford one worth half that. Rankin—That's why he bought it. He wants something that can go fast enough to keep away from the collectors.—Puck.

**An Example.**

"People of this quiet, cold blooded disposition don't get into rows."

"I don't know about that. Nothing could be more phlegmatic than the oyster, and he's continually getting into broils and stews."—Baltimore American.

**Imitation.**

"Why, Gladys, you are spoiling your dolly."

"No, mamma; I am painting its cheeks with the same color that you use."—Exchange.

**Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are and doing things as they ought to be done.**—Stows.

The corporation fees paid annually by the corporations of the state treasurer, amount to \$94,322.05 this year.

**His Salutatory Oration**

By EUNICE BLAKE

To the collegian the time of his graduation is critical, especially if he has been prominent in college and much is expected of him. The question has been asked, What becomes of all the valedictorians? This is a story of what became of a young man who stood next to head in his class, but who bade fair to take a more important stand in life than any other member.

It was a few days before commencement. Elliot Ayres, who was expecting his mother and sister to hear him speak at graduation, went to the station to meet them. Having missed the train, they failed to arrive, but some one else arrived whose coming made a considerable difference to Mr. Ayres.

He was slowly walking away from the train when he felt a pair of arms with extremely light covering thrown around his neck, an uplifted face was thrust against his, and he was kissed by a very pretty girl he had never seen before. Discovering that she had made a mistake, she shrank from the man she had kissed, covering her face with her hands.

The first impression made upon Ayres by this sudden clasping was that it was done for the purpose of robbing him. Involuntarily he put his hand on the inside pocket of his coat, where he kept his pocketbook, and it was not there.

"Give me my pocketbook," he said in a no very deferential tone.

The girl uncovered her face and looked at him, the hot blood mounting to her cheeks.

"What do you mean?" she asked indignantly.

There was a refinement about her that seemed to preclude the possibility of her being a thief. Besides, her indignation bore the stamp of being genuine. Ayres felt again in his pocket and on looking down on the sleeve of his coat remembered that he had changed it before leaving his room. Then it occurred to him that he had not changed his pocketbook as well.

"I beg your pardon," he said quite meekly. "I have made a mistake as well as you. I left my pocketbook at home."

Now, why in the name of justice was not this a fair standoff between the two? Each had been mistaken; therefore there was nothing further to do but, for the girl to say, "You are quite excusable," and, for the man to say, "Good morning," and, lifting his hat, deferentially pass on. But what must the girl do but shoot fire from her eyes and say:

"Give me your name and address. My brother will call upon you to avenge this insult!"

"But I have explained. I beg a thousand pardons!"

"You may beg a million if you like!"

"But—"

"Never mind. Since you refuse me your name and address, I shall have to locate you. I can point you out."

And, turning on her heel, she swept out of the station.

The next day about 10 in the morning a military band gathered on the college campus. Positions for the various classes and alumni were marked. Young men in caps and gowns began to pour out of the dormitories, the commencement procession was formed and marched to the chapel for the graduating exercises. The salutatory oration was delivered by Ayres. His place was second in rank, but the valedictorian was a grind, while Ayres was considered a genius, of whom great things were expected when he got into the battle of life.

Ayres, being the first man to speak, stepped on the rostrum and made his bow to the audience, most of whom, knowing his caliber, awaited expectantly the power of his eloquence.

Mr. Ayres, looking down on the benches before him, saw sitting in the front row the girl whom he had the day before accused of robbing him and whose brother was to settle with him for the insult. No such revenge was necessary. The young lady looked up at the salutatorian at the critical moment of his life and slew him.

The first sentence of Ayres' oration had been written to arrest the attention of the audience. It was a vigorous sentence of two words. As Ayres spoke it it was like bringing down a feather instead of a sledgehammer. And this would apply to his whole oration. The girl in the audience sat looking up at him with a pair of beautiful liquid eyes filled with contempt. The most telling utterances she received with a curl of the lip; at those parts which were intended to express great feeling she gave him a look of levity.

The oration was a failure. When Ayres stepped down from the rostrum he knew that his audience had been greatly disappointed in him. His mother and sister joined him and asked him what in the world had been the matter with him. He put them off. "If he had told them the truth he would have said that a career had been ruined."

Ayres never recovered from that failure. He had intended to study law, and his classmates had averred that he would turn out a statesman. He went back to the farm from which he had gone to college and never left it. He is now an old man, who has never done any more important work than raising corn and potatoes.

And the girl who slew him? She is now prominent socially and a leader among women.

**Don't Forget Your Fall Garden**

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