

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE

H. D. Niles and E. N. McDowell Publishers.

Published every Friday at 1109 No. Broad Street, and entered at the Camden postoffice as second class mail matter. Price per annum \$1.00.

We are glad to receive communications of a reasonable length, but an important condition of their publication is that they shall in all cases be accompanied by the full name and exact address of the sender.

Camden, S. C., October 15, 1915.

In conversation with a gentleman whose business carries him to all parts of the county he told us that the rumor that the farmers were going to cut down the acreage of wheat another year on account of the high price of cotton this season, was all wrong.

Governor Manning and a party of Clemson experts, will make a trip through the parts of Mississippi and Louisiana which have been affected by the boll weevil.

The Sumter Daily Item celebrated its twenty-first birthday Monday by issuing a 30-page anniversary edition.

The Jawing Exhibitions. Are political mass meetings arranged in South Carolina that candidates for public office may make an exhibition of wrangling in the presence of the people for the amusement of the people?

Or that the candidate may meet the People (not the other candidates) "face to face?" Are the people interested in what the candidate can do to his opponent or for themselves?

ATTENTION!

Before you buy your Oats, come in and see me. I have samples of Red Rust-proof, Apple, Bencroft, and Fulgum, also Southern and Abruzzi Rye, Leep's Prolific and Blue Stem Wheat at the lowest prices I have been able to secure.

The fertilizer market has been exceedingly active and still is. I have quotations from every port in the South on materials. Can give you prices on Peruvian Guano, 16 per cent Acid Phosphate, Nitrate of Soda, C. S. Meal and Tankage, Phospho Land Plaster and Carbonate of Lime.

Wanted—10 cars of White Oak \$16. per 1,000, round measure. Particulars furnished at my office.

E. D. BOSTICK Office hours 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Room 7, Man Bldg. Phone 45

ings Mr. Smith has outplayed at least eight or nine other candidates since 1908. In vote-getting his speeches bested all of them.

Without intimating that Mr. Smith lacks other senatorial qualifications, we suggest that an indifferent speaker might prove as able a senator as he or any other gifted joint debater.

Shall office holding be considered as a prize for joint debates? If that be the desirable plan, perhaps time and expense might be saved by selecting senators, governors and representatives in Congress from the young gentlemen who represent Clemson, the University, Wofford, Furman and the other colleges in their annual medal contests.

Are not these county-to-county jawing shows once in two years too foolish for grown-up South Carolinians longer to tolerate?—The State.

South Carolina Raising Meat.

Who would have thought a few years ago that South Carolina, a great cotton state, would forge to the front in the raising of hogs? Such is the case, however. In a recent article in the Baltimore Manufacturers Record we find this paragraph:

"This increase in grain is in part matched by a large increase in the number of hogs in the South, although the effect of the big grain crop will not find full expression in the increase of hogs until next year. The gain in the South in the number of hogs as compared with September of last year runs from 2 per cent in West Virginia to 20 per cent in South Carolina, with gains in other Southern states running from 4 per cent, 5 per cent and 6 per cent up to 10 per cent. The increase of 20 per cent in South Carolina is not exceeded by any other state in the Union and is equalled by only two."

Good for South Carolina! There is a great day coming to the Palmetto state. Just as one is coming to the Tar Heel state. Verily, these two commonwealths are destined to become exceedingly fruitful and to blossom as the rose.—Fayetteville Observer.

This Is Good Advice.

We are going to try to impress upon the farmers of Abbeville county not to be led away by the present high price of cotton and plant all cotton next year. Just remember there is plenty of time for it to go to 6 cents before you can raise another crop. Raise foodstuff for your family, stock and cattle and then all the cotton you can. We are not a farmer but you must admit that this is good advice. All right, then follow it.—Abbeville Medium.

People Read Advertisements.

A striking example of whether the public reads the advertisements published in the weekly papers was shown conclusively a few days ago in a neighboring town. The error will doubtless cost the publisher a considerable amount of money, as he was ready to back us his error, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that the public scans his advertising columns closely. The story as it goes was this way:

"Twenty-five pounds of sugar for a dollar was one of the sensations of dollar day. The offer was the result of a typographical error, but the merchant made it good all the same, to the extent of all the twenty-five pounds of sugar he had on hand.

"The copy furnished to the publisher read 'twenty-five pounds of granulated sugar for \$1.50,' and the printer by accident made it read, 'twenty-five pounds of sugar for \$1.'

"When people first began to make inquiries of the extraordinary offer, the merchant's inclination was to explain how it had come about as the result of a typographical error; but after a conference with the proprietors of the paper, he decided to let the offer stand as it was.

"Although there was quite a crowd of people on hand when the clerks came to open the store, for reasons of fairness it was decided to postpone the sugar sale until 8 o'clock. The fun commenced promptly at that hour, and lasted but a few minutes. The sugar was handed out as rapidly as possible to eager hands, without discrimination except as against a few dealers who were supposed to be able to buy their supplies wholesale; but after all the twenty-five pound sacks on hand, exactly forty, had been disposed of, the demand had not been nearly supplied.

"I have no doubt we could have sold a thousand sacks if we had had them," laughingly remarked the merchant at the close of the day."

Olin Patterson, a young white man 23 years of age, is in jail at Kingstree, Williamsburg county, charged with the murder of Lizzie Wilder at the home of her father near Kingstree several days ago. Jealousy appears to have been the motive for the crime.

EDITOR SAYS NICE THINGS

About Camden and the People He Met While Visiting Here.

Mr. W. D. Grist, of York, was in Camden a few hours last Saturday. He accompanied Senator John L. McLaurin from Columbia to Camden, where Senator McLaurin was to address the farmers of Bethune on that day. Mr. Grist is editor of the Yorkville Enquirer, one of the best semi-weekly papers in the state, if not of the entire south. The Enquirer holds the distinction of being the oldest paper in the state under the same management. It has remained in the same family for sixty years.

In the last issue of The Enquirer, Mr. Grist in writing up his trip had the following to say of his visit to Camden:

"It happened that Mr. McLaurin had an engagement to speak at Bethune, about sixty miles northeast of Columbia, and had arranged to start for that place early Saturday morning in his car. I agreed to go provided I could catch a Seaboard train at Bethune that would bring me back to Columbia in time to catch the train for Rock Hill. We made quick time to Camden; but on reaching there at about 9 o'clock, it was apparent that we would be late for the Seaboard train at Bethune, so I decided to go back to Columbia from Camden. Mr. McLaurin went on to Bethune in his car.

The road between Columbia and Camden is very good, especially that portion of it lying in Richland county. The Richland county portion is sand and clay, and is quite smooth. The car went over it at a pretty lively clip, just how fast, it would not be prudent to say. The Kershaw end of the road is not so good, not having been sanded so well, and having been cut up considerably. The crops on the road are generally not good. There are some exceptions; but for the most part the cotton crops appear to be very light. There was very little appearance of general traffic during the trip. We met a few bales of cotton coming to Columbia from the Richland end and we passed a few bales going to Camden from the Kershaw end; but there was not more than a dozen bales in all.

While we were passing some fairly good looking cotton fields Mr. McLaurin said: 'My crop is a failure this year. I am not making half as much as I made last year, and it is largely because I have not been there to attend to it.' He went on to say that he had discharged his overseer for inefficiency and that John D., (his son) 'runs whenever he sees me coming.' Mr. McLaurin is a farmer of very considerable ability, and it is his habit to stick close to his work. Having been away from home practically all the past spring and summer, and having been compelled to leave his large farming interests with others of less experience, he has not fared so well. I asked him some questions, however, which brought out the fact that he still has most of last year's cotton crop on hand, as well as this year's crop, owes no money, and does not expect to sell any cotton until next spring. What he said about his short crop was not in the nature of a complaint.

During my short stay in Camden I had the pleasure of calling on Mr. and Mrs. T. Baxter McClain, formerly of Yorkville, and also on Messrs. Niles and McDowell of the Camden Chronicle. I enjoyed both calls very much. Mr. and Mrs. McClain being old friends and neighbors, were very glad to see me and extended a most cordial invitation to stop with them awhile, which invitation I was very sorry to be unable to accept. The Chronicle people were also delightfully hospitable, and had some nice things to say about The Enquirer, editorially, mechanically and otherwise, all of which was very much appreciated, more especially because the Messrs. Niles and McDowell have for some time past been making of the Chronicle the best paper Camden has ever had. They are giving to the people of Camden and Kershaw county, about ten dollars worth of labor for every dollar they are getting back in the shape of cash; but they are not making any complaint. Mr. and Mrs. McClain have a beautiful home, on one of the best residence streets, handsomely furnished, and as neat as neatness can be inside and outside. I found that everybody in Camden knows this excellent couple and that everybody seems to appreciate them both at their splendid worth.

Mr. Geo. T. Little, the liveryman at Camden, a most courteous gentleman, whom I had never met before, kindly sent me from the Chronicle office to the Seaboard station, a distance of more than a mile, and when I offered to pay his son, who drove the spirited horse that drew the buggy, the young man told me that his father had instructed him to take no pay. Just how this came about, or why, I did not and do not understand; but I do not hesitate to say that I feel very much pleased and honored because of the circumstance. Of course I know that all Camden people do not do business

that way; but all of the dozen or more people I met personally while in the town gave me an unusually pleasant impression of the place.

On taking the Seaboard train at Camden I happened on Mr. W. F. Stevenson, and rode with him to Columbia, where he was going on business. I enjoyed his company very much. There was very little talk about politics, except that he made it clear that he is a candidate for congress, and that he does not want his friends throughout the district to lose sight of the fact. I found Mr. Stevenson a most entertaining talker. It developed that he is a close and appreciative reader of The Enquirer, and that he is remarkably well informed as to York county affairs, who the people are, what they are interested in and what they are doing. He seems to know almost everybody in the county. In the course of the conversation he related an incident in connection with the sale of his last year's cotton crop. It seems that as the result of the depression of last fall he put his cotton crop in a warehouse, and when he decided to sell at about 9 cents, one bale turned up missing. That bale was not produced until last week, and when he sold it at 12 1/2 cents he got a very regretful demonstration of what he would have had if he had only held his entire crop until now. "But, say, would not we all have been fixed if we had only gotten through that legislative plan whereby it was proposed to lend the farmers bonds for their cotton up to the value of 9 cents a pound? The state would have gotten interest on a loan that cost it practically nothing beyond the lithographing of the bonds, and the owners of cotton would have made millions of dollars by the transaction."

The Editor Soliloquizes.

When a dearly loved subscriber writes to us in irate vein: "Stop the paper. Never send the vile sheet to my home again." We just puff our sweet old corn-cob, and we stroke the office cat; editors "don't have no feelings"—never mind—we're used to that. When a typographical error sometimes creeps in by mistake, and our friends rush up and tell us what a first-rate ass we'd make, we just overlook their errors, never giving tit for tat; editors are pachydermic, and—Oh, well; we're used to that.

When our advertisers cancel, telling us the sheet's no good; when subscribers choose to pay us in tomatoes or cord-wood, well, we simply grin and bear

Notice!

We have room in our Warehouse for several hundred bales of Cotton. If you wish to store, see us.

Camden Warehouse Company Springs & Shannon, Proprietors

it, though it leaves us rather flat; editors can exist somehow—somehow we get used to that.

When your daughter's graduation, or her wedding day comes round, you expect the kind of write-ups that in adjectives abound, do you ever stop to thank us, though 'tis done with great "leat" that's what editors are there for, and Oh, well! We're used to that.

"POOR JOHN!"

John Barrymore, the popular young comedian, has often been envied and admired, but upon a recent occasion was sincerely pitied. During his engagement with the Famous Players Film Company in the photoplay version of Leo Ditrichstein's celebrated farce "Are You A Mason?" the current Paramount release at The Majestic today, the action of the play necessitated his appearance at an antique shop in the down-town section of New York, in front of which there stood an old statue of Venus. Mr. Barrymore's "business" in the scene was, while in a state of semi-inebriety, to drape the statue with a coat, ear-muffs and other articles of apparel

sympathetically to prevent Venus from catching cold.

A well-dressed lady, accompanied by a dignified gentleman, passed down the street just when Mr. Barrymore was at the height of his sartorial efforts. The lady, after a surprised stare at the star, turned to her escort and remarked: "Why, that's Jack Barrymore. Just look what he has come to! The last time I saw him he was acting in 'Kick-In.' And he's drunk! I suppose that's what brought him to working in this antique shop. Isn't it strange how these stars recklessly throw away such opportunities?" And with many other pitying remarks they passed on while Jack Barrymore became so remorseful over the sudden realization of his sad plight that he spoiled the scene.—adv.

Pewaukee, Wis.—Here's the latest fish-story. Robert Nicholas and E. F. Schmutzler went fishing. Arriving at the favorite spot, they found to their horror they had brought a can of green paint instead of a can of bait. But, listen! Nicholas is an artist. He painted a picture of a worm on the hooks, and they made a record catch.

TELEPHONE No. 29 When you want the very best in Printing. Our shop has been rushed with orders recently, but this does not mean that you cannot get your Printing on time. SEND YOUR ORDERS TO US THE CHRONICLE