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**CHRISTMAS IN NAVY**

How the Festive Season is Observed Aboard Ship.

Not Much Work is Done—Athletic Sports, Traditional Dinner and Evening Entertainment Features of Occasion.

NOWHERE in all the world is the "spirit of Christmas" entered into more wholeheartedly than on board the ships of the United States navy.

Observance of this chief of all national holidays varies, of course, in form with the location of the fleet at the time.

Into each of the continental "home ports" (headquarters of certain individual vessels) the big gray monsters come dropping in by twos and threes till, in New York and Philadelphia, and Norfolk and Prisco, it looks almost like a naval review. According to long established custom, they are there to give the boys in blue a run on the beach ("liberty," as they call it in the service), and every man jack who is not actually undergoing punishment is allowed and encouraged to take his look at the bright lights—go home on leave or uptown for fun or anything else he likes as long as his money lasts but away from the ship in any event. This custom applies not alone to the enlisted men, but to the officers as well and, when Christmas morning dawns in a home port, there are not likely to be many more persons on board any man-of-war than the regulations call for in the minimum.

The few "shipkeepers" cannot, under such circumstances, make a very successful effort toward meriment. Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan writes in the National Monthly, but what they lack in numbers they invariably make up in other ways, one of these ways being the complete satisfaction of the inner man.

Abroad and at sea, though, it is altogether different. Every soul on



A Christmas Concert on Board Ship.

board, from the usually sedate flag officer and the more or less unapproachable first lieutenant, down to "Jimmy-legs" and the ship's cook and the messenger boy, voluntarily constitutes himself a committee of one to see the thing through in "old navy" fashion, and even King Neptune, when he comes on board on "crossing the line" to douse every hayseed and landlubber, has a formidable rival in the "spirit of Christmas."

It matters not much whether the ship be anchored off Vera Cruz or plowing through the Pacific ocean, the distance from home and friends makes it incumbent on all to do their level best to make at least a brave try for "Merry Christmas."

Routine drills are entirely suspended; and, except for cleaning ship (cleanliness in the navy being deemed not only akin to, but actually neck and neck with godliness itself), not a lick of avoidable work is allowed to be done by anybody.

"All hands" are called, to be sure, on scheduled time, but many more men than usual are allowed to "sleep in," and, after the tiniest minimum of tidying up, preparations for the day's festivities are gotten under way.

There is a varied athletic program that begins in the forenoon, and after an hour or so off for dinner at midday, continues well along toward sunset. Sailors are taught to be thorough. So they go at their potato races and pie-eating contests and tugs of war and jumping contests with the same fervor that they show when trying for a 13-inch turret gun record or stamping out a Caribbean revolution. There is no lack of interest. That can be depended on. And when call is sounded they are a tired lot.

Toward sunset the various contests have been completed (or not unusually called off "on account of darkness," as the baseball people say), and, after an early supper, a stage is rigged up on the quarter-deck and the crowning event of the entire celebration is on. Sometimes it is a minstrel show, another time a vaudeville performance, but without exception there is plenty of music and near music, and no such entertainment would be complete without the inevitable and intimate cakewalk. Some of the improvised costumes are fearfully and wonderfully made. But they are striking and, for the most part, very appropriate, while the prouetting and gyrating of the cakewalkers themselves are well worth seeing. The program is a long one, but interest never lags for a moment—for American sailors are just as thorough at play as they are while at work.

**NEAL of the NAVY**

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathé Exchange, Inc.

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(Continued from Page Two)

ble mistake. In his momentary excitement he had thought to exterminate Hernandez. But the cutthroats who bounded into view never even saw Hernandez. Hernandez was there, agile, alert, ready to defend himself. But they didn't know it.

The only thing they saw was Annette Ilington, clutched in the mighty grasp of their chief. Like a mob of ravenous wolves they pounced upon her. The chief beat them off.

"There are two," he exclaimed. "Two. The other runs free upon the beach. This one is mine. The other on the beach. Scatter and find her."

Some half dozen of the crew, accustomed to obedience, scampered off. But not so the rest. Shoulder to shoulder, thigh to thigh, they struggled on after their chief holding out their hands toward the trembling girl upon his shoulder. Step by step he fought his way, clutching her firmly to him, until he reached the entrance to a cave—his cave. He stooped to enter.

Then broke the storm. Down on shore Neal and Ilington, alarmed at the prolonged absence of Annette, had scattered—Neal scoured the beach in one direction—Ilington in another.

At last Neal found her—Inez, crouching behind a rock. Inez, panting with fear, leaped into his arms. He cast her off—for he did not understand.

"Annette," she cried, "they've got her—there—that way—that way."

Annette, numb with fear, lay quivering just within the mouth of the

cave. Behind her was the dark—the unknown. She was too terror-stricken to move. But she was quick-witted and she saw—and understood—that this terrific fight was helping her. She collected herself—she began to plan. Inch by inch she crept farther into the darkness.

When the fight was at its hottest the chief lunged far out in the midst of it and left the cave's mouth temporarily uncovered. Like a flash Annette wriggled out of the cave and slunk swiftly toward the undergrowth. She reached it, when a figure blocked her path.

It was Neal. With a wild cry she flung herself into his arms. But Neal repulsed her for the instant, and with forethought. Almost brutally he flung her behind him, and unslipped his navy gun. For action was at hand. One man and only one had seen Annette crawl from the cave's mouth and that man was the pirate chief. As soon as he could disentangle himself, he was away and after her. And here he came, tearing through the undergrowth with savage bounds.

Neal fired thrice—hit once—missed twice—and then the cutthroat was upon him.

Ilington from the shore, heard the shots. He looked upward and saw, peering down at him from eminence, the face of his arch enemy, Hernandez.

He shook a massive fist at the face, and the face disappeared.

Ilington hastened back to the temporary camp and found that the lieutenant and his men were making ready for a run.

"Come on loot," cried Ilington, leaping into the undergrowth. "I'm ready for a fight. I saw a head just now, and I'm going to hit it hard."

Neal fought with fury, but his fight was futile. So, be it said, was the fight of the pirate chief. For Neal's shots had brought the other beasts swarming like human hornets about their heads. Annette's temporary escape had been discovered—they had been cheated—vengeance was their due. They pounced upon Neal and their chief like harpies—once more pandemonium reigned. Annette crouched unseen—horror-stricken. Suddenly she shrieked aloud—for Neal had disappeared beneath a mass of men.

She shrieked and ran like wild for the shore—for succor. There was no fight in her—she was beaten by fear. That shriek was fortunate for Neal. His assailants left him and darted after her—scurrying like wild dogs through the brush.

And then—crack—crack—crack—The bark of a dozen navy rifles. A dozen men plunged headlong.

It was a bad fight—a desperate fight. Neal's men were outnumbered.

Meantime a solitary figure slunk through the brush and crept past all the fighters. This was Hernandez. Ilington, during a lull, saw him pass, but knew not where he went. Hernandez knew. He was still hoping against hope—he still lusted blindly after treasure. He reached the edge of the artificial crater and crept down a ladder and plunged into the treasure cave. He plunged his hands—his arms, into the siving quicksilver—he tossed it into the air.

"They've never beaten me yet," he cried. "This is mine—all mine."

He started suddenly. Across the pit there was a lull. And then the deadly crack—crack—crack of rifles.

"Re-enforcements," he muttered.

He was right. One boatload of marines had reached the shore in another launch, had plunged through the thicket and had reached the conflict just in the nick of time.

**CHAPTER LXIII.**

The Edge of the World.

Hernandez crouched behind one of the huge earthen jars. The light that streamed in at the cave's mouth darkened suddenly, and a huge figure crept in. At first Hernandez thought this was the pirate chief—but that fierce fighter was lying far across the pit with a bullet through his head. The figure crept on farther—then Hernandez saw.

It was Ilington. Ilington was unarmed—his face was blood covered. He was a figure fearful to behold. Hernandez climbed the ladder in fearful haste. Ilington saw him and followed, caught him, tore from him Hernandez' ever ready knife, and faced him squarely.

"I swore to tear you apart with my hands," cried Ilington beside himself with rage. "and I'm going to do it."

"Two can play at that," panted Hernandez, "come on."

Ilington came on—reckless of the fact that he was fighting on the edge of a precipice.

Far to the rear Annette plucked Neal's wrist.

"Look—look," she cried, "Hernandez and my father—and the Portuguese has a knife."

She was not the only watcher. Below on shore a fresh boatload of marines were landing. They had seen the fight—they watched it now. Their officer scoured through his glasses.

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"Our friend the Portuguese," said, "we've got to get him and get him back. The world needs one Hernandez less."

Even as he spoke, Hernandez strove with his knife and ripped open Ilington's arm.

With a wild cry the fresh marines scrambled up the cliff. Hernandez cool with coolness of desperation, stepped, and lifting one foot, nearly tripped his man.

Ilington fell heavily, with one arm hanging over the precipice.

And then Hernandez looked—for the first time he took note of his surroundings.

Behind him ranged Neal and his squad, with fixed bayonets and with death shining in their eyes. Behind scrambling up the cliff were twenty men, dangerous—desperate.

Hernandez paused—his eyes narrowed. He was beaten and he knew it.

Hernandez rose to his full height. "Sorry gentlemen," he said, "you've never beat me yet and you can't beat me now."

He retreated a pace or two, gave a sudden run—and leaped far out over the edge of the precipice.

Neal formed his men in line—they were joined by the squad that climbed the cliff.

"Forward, march," said Neal. Annette and her father followed them. Inside of fifteen minutes the little squad were scurrying about the inside of the cave. They were plunging their hands into the liquid metal and letting it run through their fingers.

"Some little island, this," they commented.

"It took you boys to get it for me," returned Ilington, "without you, Lost Island would have been lost forever and so would we."

He turned to Annette, "Annette," he said, "this is yours—all yours. You are a princess—this is your kingdom. He stretched wide his arms to include all Lost Island. "Your kingdom," he repeated.

Annette looked at Neal. Neal looked at Annette—then he rushed forward and caught her in his arms.

Annette glanced at the boys in blue. "And this—my king," she said.

THE END.



Caught Her in His Arms.

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