

MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL



HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL

For Your Christmas Dinner

WE ARE READY TO DO OUR PART TOWARD THAT BIG CHRISTMAS DINNER YOU ARE WHETTING YOUR APPETITE FOR. COME RIGHT ALONG AND GET THE GROCERIES. WE HAVE STOCKED UP FOR THE OCCASION AND HAVE SOME SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DELICACIES THAT WILL PLEASE YOU.

SPECIALS

Fruit Cakes and Pound Cakes, Mince Meat, Olives, Dates, Figs, Cranberries, Fruits and Nuts and Candies of all kinds, Malaga Grapes, Cluster Raisens, Pickles, Cranberry Sauce, Plum Pudding, Crystalized Fruits. For a breverage we suggest Welch's Grape Juice, Bryan's Special. A fresh shipment of Kingan's Hams.

BRUCE'S

The Pure Food Store

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

He was a "drummer." And was talking, as all traveling salesmen do, more or less. He was representing an automobile manufacturer whose machines are in nearly every city in South Carolina. But he had everyed his house to assign him to other territory.

What's the matter? Well, he didn't like the South Atlantic. Sectional bias, no. He was a native of that section of Missouri which gave an army to the South.

He didn't like the Southeast for one reason because there are so many hotels charging metropolitan rates and serving condensed milk and rancid butter. He didn't like the South because the people seemed too slow. Oh, yes, he liked the people, but that didn't get him anywhere in a business way. Atlanta is a dead one and Tampa made him throw up his job. Jacksonville is all right, "The little New York."

Columbia? Well, Columbia needs recreation parks, and other kinds of amusement for the people, the working classes and the transients who do not like to be copped up in hotels. "Play grounds for the people is what you need." Well, that will do for Columbia. But, back to his indictment of the South as a whole.

It is too true that upon many hotel tables we find condensed milk. There is some "just as good" as pure milk from a good dairy. This wise man of the world touched the sore spot of the economy of the South. "I have travelled over the whole of the United States," he said, "and I believe the South is as well adapted by nature for dairying as any other part of the country, and yet the South buys condensed milk. Even the farmers use it. I have been told."

The prosecuting attorney then went on to say that if condensed milk is shipped into the South, condensed beef must be also. "What about your corn," he inquired, and enjoyed the statement that railroad wheels were made to bring corn to the South, corn and meal and flour and oats and "shipped stuff" upon which to feed the mules that also are shipped in. "Everything to eat bought away from home," he declared. "That's what's the matter with your country."

The defense stated proudly that in the year 1915 the South had made an immense grain crop, and would be less of a buyer than heretofore. The people are eating for the first time bread made from home grown wheat. The stock is feeding upon South Carolina oats and hay, a new ration on the

barn yard bill of fare. The cotton crop was raised at a minimum cost, and the South has her foot upon the first round, the bottom round, of the ladder that leads to prosperity.

"But," he replied, with an ill concealed sneer, "the South can't stand prosperity. You will soon be going back to a crop that the lazy negroes can make for you. You will soon be again depending upon cotton to buy your bacon and your corn and your flour. If the South should have five more years like the last, you would have the greatest country in the world. But the South will go back. It requires too much exertion."

We who love South Carolina do not approve all that this wise "drummer" has said. We know that despite her faults, South Carolina is dear to our hearts, and is inherently, intrinsically and potentially the greatest State in the Union. We need an outsider to come in occasionally with rough speech to make us see more clearly our faults that we may the better guard ourselves against future error. The South was distressed, impoverished, starved by the war. We have up to now had to work out our own salvation. And this against interference and opposition from the outside.

Fate, or Providence, gave us a good year in 1915, and we are started upon the upward way. The secret of the success of this hour is due to but one thing—diversified agriculture and an exhibition of life, energy, ambition and common sense on the part of all the people, particularly the men who employ the soil.

But we are told that the South will backslide, that her farming class will disregard all warnings and will go to an all cotton agriculture. This is a severe indictment against the common sense of our people. We hope it is not true.

What say you, South Carolina, guilty or not guilty?—Columbia Record.

San Francisco, Cal.—Thomas Thornton, a carpenter, nailed his feet to the floor in church in an effort at self crucifixion. Thornton doesn't feel any pain because, he says, he has the faith. Physicians say he is a religious fanatic, and his diseased brain makes him immune from pain.

London, Eng.—Lord Charlemont, the eighth viscount of the Irish noble family of his name, is to join the Tindalton's union. He has been working in a munition factory earning from \$6 to \$17 a week, and, having learned his trade, wants to join the tradesunion.

"My Christmas Decision"

From Battle Creek, Mich., a Christmas message was sent to the nation—a message that may mean Christmas cheer for the starving tenement dwellers, the street walf, the jobless man, the social outcast, for everybody who is lonely, neglected or friendless.

With Rev. George E. Barnes as sponsor a movement was started to "make this Christmas Christmas for everybody."

The following, called "My Christmas Decision," was sent broadcast:

"Every Christmas season makes your friendship and mine more precious and our love more tender.

"This year the thought of that love has been bringing to me a new consciousness of the needs of the whole world of Christmas cheer and love.

"Desolate homes, stricken countries and imperiled lives abroad; staccated industry and impending suffering at home—all are calling. I want you to know that my Christmas gift to you will be quite simple, but warmed with the fire of a new love, for I am going to give an extra gift to the needs of all those whom I deeply love.

"My joy in this new service will be greater if you join me in its spirit, that our Christmas celebration may be kept simple, filled with good will, winged with sacrifice and devoted to peace."

Light Up on Christmas Eve. Some residents of Boston received the following announcement daintly printed in old English a few days before a recent Christmas:

"To All Whom It May Concern—Greeting: We again bespeak your good will and assistance in adding to the cheer of Christmas eve by placing lighted candles in the windows of your houses between 6 and 10 at night, to the end that the hearts of passersby may be gladdened and that the day of good will and glad tidings may be fittingly commemorated."

The response was more general than was expected. Scarcely a house of those to whom the appeal was addressed but had its candles arranged long before the hour appointed and promptly at 6 o'clock lighted up in a flare of Christmas light. The effect of good Christmas cheer and of welcome to the coming festival was charming. The custom will be observed hereafter.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

FOR MEN, LADIES' AND CHILDREN

THIS SPACE IS TOO SMALL FOR US TO LIST THE MANY SUITABLE PRESENTS YOU COULD FIND IN OUR STOCK AND AT THIS SEASON YOU ARE PROBABLY TOO BUSY TO READ A LONG LIST SO JUST COME TO US FIRST AND YOU WILL PROBABLY BE PLEASED.

Waterman's Ideal Pens, Fine Cigars, Pipes and Cigarette Holders and Cases, Electrical Portables, Irons and Stoves. More Toys Than Ever Before.

NO WAR PRICES. We have most of the standard toys at the old prices. We have done this at a sacrifice of part of the profit we usually make. And we might add that our stock of drugs and medicines is complete. We are not out of and have not been out of any imported medicines on account of the war and we have anticipated our wants in buying, consequently our prices are not greatly advanced on any article.

DON'T FORGET WE HAVE XMAS CANDIES—WHITMAN'S and HUYLER'S

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

W. ROBIN ZEMP'S DRUG STORE

PHONE 30 CAMDEN, S. C.

In Holland—but always on Dec. 6 instead of the 25th—the little boys and girls put their wooden shoes in front of the hearths instead of hanging up their stockings, and the good old patron of children comes and fills them, and there is general gift giving.

The Gruller Lambs. Our kitchen's nice round Christmas time! I can't see in th' great big pot; It's where th' grullers—they cum fun—An' what's inside is dremle hot! I musn't stand too near th' stove 'Cause "spatters" might get on my dress. My mother thinks that things round there Would burn her little girl, I guess.

An' so I stay real close to her. When she puts aprons round her waist And rolls th' rings out on a board, Sometimes she lets me have a "taste." An' then, you see, I'm helpin' too, I help her 'member she mus' make A lot of little gruller lambs— I like that kind of Christmas cake!

Th' lamb when he goes in th' pot. He's yellow, an' he looks all flat, But when they lift him out of it, W'y, he's all brown an' round an' fat! I have to wait till he's "cooled off" 'Fore I can have my lamb to eat; An' mother, she puts "wool" on him Wif sugar—that's what makes him sweet.

An' after when my father comes, I get a lamb for him to see, My mother laughs at how he does; She says he's "big a child as me." She don't like lambs in bed, I guess. But father says to let me keep It squeezed all tight up in my hands— An' that's th' way I went to sleep. Marie Louise Tompkins in Harper's Weekly.

Fasting at Christmas. When Cromwell ruled England he issued an edict against all festivities at Christmas. The festival was altogether abolished, and the display of holly and mistletoe and other emblems of the happy time held to be seditious.

In 1644 the Long parliament commanded that Christmas day should be observed as a strict fast, when all people should think over and deplore the great sin of which they and their forefathers had been guilty in making merry at that season.

This act so provoked the people that on the following natal day the law was violently resisted in many places. Though these scenes were disgraceful, they served their purpose and put an end to an unjust order.

When Charles II. regained the throne the populace once more made Christmas a time of rejoicing.

Greenwood Rogers, serving a life term from Laurens county, and three other convicts escaped from the State Farm in this county last Thursday.

ELECTRIC CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Still New, Enough to Have Novelty Element Dear to Americans. Electric Christmas gifts still possess that element of novelty dear to the American heart and thus solve the problem of giving Christmas gifts that are "different." Imagine how pleased most men would be to receive an electric shaving cup or electric cigar lighter instead of neckties, socks and handkerchiefs "as usual."

A teakettle for grandmother, a samovar for mother's 5 o'clock teas, a chafing dish for the college girl, a dish stove for the bachelor, a flatiron or sewing machine motor for the practical housewife—all these novel and useful gifts will be appreciated by the recipients.

It should not be forgotten that these electric Christmas gifts are all useful gifts. Each of these devices is designed to do some one thing better than it can be done any other way, whether it is to percolate coffee, toast bread or furnish the power for running a sewing machine.

The presence of an electric percolator on any table adds a touch of something different and something better. The electric tea samovar is rapidly becoming quite the thing for the modern tea table.

"Wassail! Drinkaell!" The wassail bowl, which is still used in some old European families at Christmas, succeeded the skull of the Norseman's foe as a drinking vessel. In these old wassail bowls, some specimens of which are of brown ware and others of massive silver, were placed the ale, the ginger, the sugar, the nutmeg and the roasted crab apples. Where the old custom still prevails the ale is served spiced and sweetened in the wassail bowl, but the apples are omitted.

Still Bring in the Boar's Head. The ancient Christmas ceremony of bringing in the boar's head is regularly performed on Christmas afternoon in the hall of Queen college, Oxford, England. The head is borne in on a silver dish, shoulder high, at the head of a procession formed by the college choir augmented for the occasion singing "The Boar's Head Song."

Camden, S. C.

Dear Santa: I know it is snowing at the North pole. How are you and Mrs. Santa Claus? I am a little girl nine years old. I am in the fourth grade. Santa, this is all I will ask you this year: a doll, a piano, and a teaset, and some fruit, and some fire works. And I want you to remember my little brother, too.

Your little friend,
Jessie May Harris.

A GOOD TEACHER



A Wish For the Holiday Season

THINE own wish wish I thee every place. The Christmas joy, the feast, the cheer, Thine be the light of love to face. That looks on thee to bless thy year. My own wish wish I thee—what dost thou crave? All thy dear hopes be thine, what they be. A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave. I wish thee wisdom's eyes wherever thou see. Behold, she stands and waits, the joy of a full year! A breeze of morning breathes about her brows; She holds the storm and sunshine, and fear, Blossoms and fruit upon the boughs. She brings thee gifts. What blessing thou choose? Life's crown of good in earth or heaven above? The one immortal joy thou cannot lose! Leave all the rest and take thou love. —Celia Thaxter

Bethune, S. C. Dear Old Santa: I am a little age 6. I want you to bring me a doll and carriage, and a tea set, I want a ring, some hair-ribbon, a stocking full of fruit. Mildred Waters