

Victrola outfit

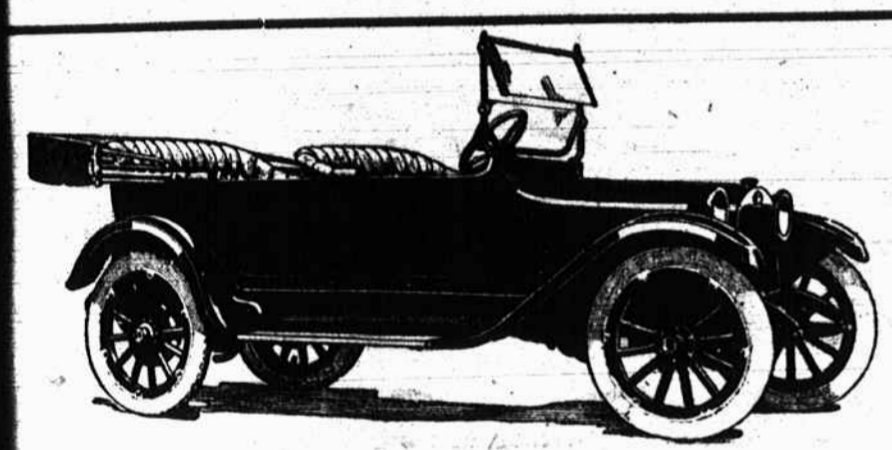
Don't put off getting that Victrola. You might just as well attend to it today. Here's a splendid outfit that will likely interest you:

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- Twelve 10-inch 75c. double-faced Victor Records (24 selections) - 9
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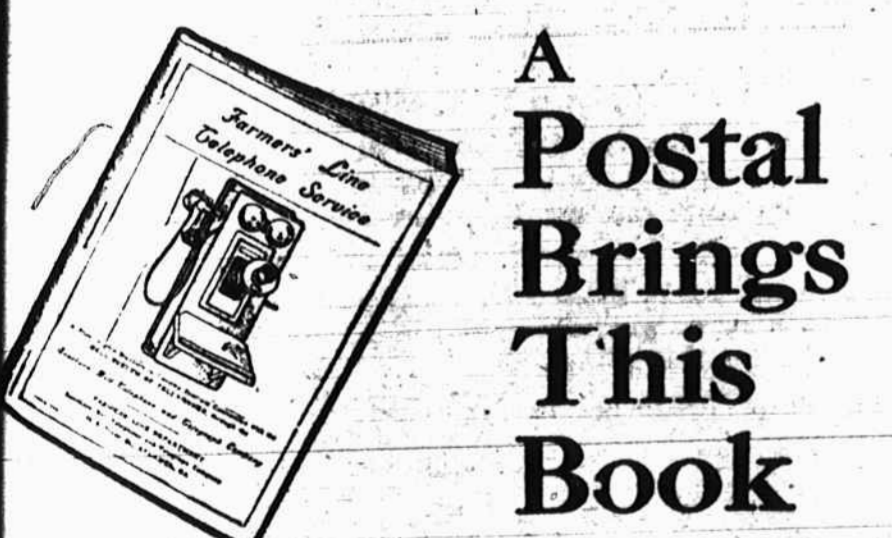


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IN ANOTHER KEY



Why He Returned.
"Back home again, eh, doctor? What was the trouble, too healthy for you out there?"
"Exactly. There was only one case of sickness in town the whole time I was there."
"And I suppose some other doctor had that?"
"No, I had it. It was homesickness."

Where the Fun Comes In.
Said He—It's lots of fun to flirt with a leap year girl until you get her to propose, and then say "No."
Said She—Yes, it's fun for the girl, all right, but she runs an awful risk.
Said He—In what way?
Said She—The poor boob might say "Yes."

The Only Way.
Redd—Were you ever tempted to go into a gambling joint and play roulette?
Greene—Yes.
"But you couldn't beat it?"
"Well, I did beat it."
"How?"
"I beat it for home."

You Know Him.
"Now, old fellow, I want to tell you my side of the whole case."
"But I thought you had already told me."
"By Jove! So I did. Well, it won't do any harm to go all over it again."
—Judge.

Discovered.
"What are you wrinkling your nose about? Are you sniffing at this assemblage of ladies?"
"Not at all. I was merely trying to determine if I could locate the particular perfume that my wife affects. Ah, here she is."

HIS CAR.



Clutch—I've got a rattling good car. Grippe—I see. But I always patronize the trolley line. They run good rattling cars.

No Time Then.
The sporting page, the fashion page, the market page are great; some people read the ed. page, too. But not when breakfast's late.

Imperfect Everywhere.
Horse Dealer—Well, sir, of course you must take the 'oss or leave 'im. There 'e is, with all 'is himperfections hon 'is 'ead, as the poet says.
Prospective Customer—Ah, your friend, the poet, can't have looked at his legs.—London Punch.

Ugly.
"What an ugly disposition he has!"
"Yes. You remember how cross your husband is the first week every year when he gives up smoking?"
"Yes."
"Well, he's that way all the time."

A Marrying Hero.
Jones—I see that a man somewhere in Missouri tried to support two wives on \$8 a week. Some bigamist, eh?
Smith—No. He was a hero.—Albany Argus.

A Proof.
"There is one justification for giving vessels the feminine gender."
"What is that?"
"They are always trimming their sails."

His Feet.
"Henry did a regular automobile stunt in his attire when the warm spell came!"
"What was it?"
"He cut out his muffler."

No Effect.
"Do you suppose the amateur magician in the party had anything to do with the accident?"
"What accident?"
"When the car turned turtle."

Dodge Brothers Cars With the American Troops.

Usually when one reads of loose rock, deep sand, swift streams, deserts, blinding dust and of hills and mountains, one thinks of something other than automobiles. Horses, or oxen, or elephants, perchance, you would say, but automobiles, never.

Not so with Gen. Pershing and "the boys" in Mexico. Strangely to them the automobile is the essence of life; it is the one dependable "beast of burden" that has withstood the strain of "The Chase of Villa." Horses have stumbled and died there in those rocky, winding trails. Men have faltered and wandered where next and how. But the men in the motor cars have kept to the trail, pushing on as relentlessly as the sands themselves into the heart of dreary, recalcitrant Mexico.

Motor car stories coming from there are exciting wonder. Stories of Dodge Brothers cars coming from there are the most wonderful of them all. The narration of experiences to Mr. E. G. Perry of the Lone Star Motor Co., Dodge Brothers dealers in El Paso, by A. H. E. Beckett, war correspondent, is a marvelous testimonial to the motor car in general and to Dodge Brothers cars in particular.

"Gen. Pershing used a big six-cylinder car for a while," said Mr. Beckett, "but now he is using a Dodge Brothers car. And let me tell you that the factory engineers never even thought of such tests as 'Black Jack' is now giving their car. Pershing and his staff ride in nine of them and those cars are on the go 18 hours out of the 24. The mechanics have a chance to do their tuning up in the other six."

Mr. Beckett commented on the Mexican "roads."
"There are none worthy of the name," he said. "The cars have to be driven through sand, over loose rock, up and down grades and even across mountain streams."
And he added this:
"Dodge Brothers cars are standing up remarkably well, and Gen. Pershing has ordered that they be used exclusively by his staff."

"Cavalry," said Mr. Beckett, "cannot keep up with the automobile even in a rough country such as this." He expressed the belief that if the campaign is likely to be prolonged, automobiles would be made the chief mode of transit.—Dodge Bros. Bulletin.

Sometimes the up-to-date maid is merely made up.

WINTHROP COLLEGE

Scholarship and Entrance Examinations Friday July 7th.

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday, July 7, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When Scholarships are vacant after July 7 they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for Scholarships should write to President Johnson before the examination for Scholarship examination blanks.

Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open on September 20, 1916. For further information and catalogue, address President D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.

Three Children Die.

Chesterfield, May 20. — P. Phillip Hurst, who lives near Sugar Loaf mountain in this county, lost three of his children by death yesterday. The ages of the children ranged from seven months to eight years. They died of some acute stomach trouble. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. W. V. Jerman, of Patrick, assisted by the Rev. J. D. Harrelson, of Marlton county. Two other children in this home are not expected to live.

THE TUMBLE BEETLE.

Travelers tell us that they find chiseled on the temples, tombs and obelisks that lie scattered along the banks of the Nile, innumerable sculptured images of a very ordinary, every-day looking kind of a beetle. The old Egyptians of the misty past, studied the habits and life history of this industrious insect, and saw in it enough to cause them to regard it with reverence. They marveled at the care it bestowed on the preservation of a single egg; they watched its seeming death and burial, and its coming forth again, and this bug, for it was nothing but a bug, was taken as the emblem of fecundity, and the symbol of the resurrection.

So we find its sculptured image "multiplied to infinity, on all the monuments of the Pharaohs, from the mouth of the king of rivers to the heart of Nubia." Plutarch says that a carved image of this beetle was adopted as the official seal of the military caste of Egypt. The effigy of this "bug of the big road," was repeated in a thousand different ways, and of every possible material, from rough granite to pure gold. They were made in prodigious quantities, and are found today among the wrappings of mummies, and in the dust of the sarcophagi. In the British Museum are specimens of colossal size, cut from stone, and measuring three and four feet in length. The small ones were used as charms, or talismans, and also strung as necklaces. From the number found they must have been about the most common object in the daily life of the Egyptians.

The fad of carving an image of this bug on the jewelry of that day did not die with the builders of the pyramids, but still exists, and today this same old bug stares at us from watch charms, seal rings and bracelets. Now, do not think for a moment that the scarab beetle, who has been immortalized by the paintings and sculptor of over three thousand years, is a creature of the past. Do not imagine that it is only found in the abode of dusty mummies, and in the dust of ancient tombs, for it is yet with us, and working just as hard as ever it labored in the hot sands of ancient Egypt.

to regard him as anything especially sacred, and then we do not speak of him as a Scarabaeus Beetle, but in a familiar manner refer to him as a tumble-beetle.

He is a big, broad-shouldered lusty fellow with no fancy wings, bright colors, or furbelows about him. He is every inch a working bug, and doesn't pretend to be anything else. His big strong legs and feet are built for service, and not for looks; the two front feet are formed like a pair of notched edge trowels, and his flat head takes the place of a shovel. The strength that lies hidden in his knee and elbow joints is something beyond comprehension. If a man could lift as much in proportion to his size, as this beetle, he could, with one hand, pick up the Washington Monument, and lightly toss it across the Potomac over into "the green fields of Virginia."

Nature has told him just what sort of food the little grub will expect to find when it emerges from the egg, so he devotes his life to the one purpose of not disappointing that little grub. Finding some kind of manure or decaying animal matter, he takes a small portion and after a single egg has been placed in the center, he manipulates the substance until it gradually assumes a roundish shape. Then he backs up to the mass and begins rolling it backwards and forward with his hind feet, which are strong and crooked and suited to the work, until it is presently worked into a perfectly round ball.

The position he takes when rolling his world around is comical in the extreme. With his head to the ground and his hind up in the air, he walks backwards, pushing his load as he goes. While thus engaged nothing attracts his attention; he has no thought for anything but the little egg in the center of the little ball. No captain of industry was ever more engrossed in the work before him than is this small toiler. When he starts off with his load in a certain direction no obstacle can turn him back, no difficulty is too great for him to attempt. Sometimes in the effort to push his burden up a bank he loses his balance and his load, and both tumble down, the ball often rolling away in the grass. It is funny to see him hunting for his lost treasure, trotting this way and that, with anxiety showing in every motion. At last finding it, he resumes his upside-down position and tries again. He is an object lesson in perseverance, and does not know what the world failure means. His mission in life is to roll that ball and nothing short of sudden death can stop him. Occasionally when the effort to push his load up some declivity proves too much for him, a kind hearted neighbor has been seen to come to his assistance, and together they would surmount the difficulty. All this pushing, all this perseverance, all this toiling, is for the sake of one, single egg, so we can't help admiring the bug that never gives up. But with the forming of his spherical egg half completed, for he has yet to dig a hole at least three feet deep and large enough to receive the ball. In this the little sphere is carefully placed, and by dint of much pushing and shoving is finally forced down to the bottom.

With a thankful shrug of his broad shoulders he faces about and plans to make another that will not be so hard to push. In the spring the little grub, when it comes out of the egg, finds that he is surrounded by just the food his nature requires, generously provided by the thoughtful parent he may never hope to see.

This same little homely bug that we often see on country roads, pattering along in the dust, out of the way of wheels and horse's feet, is the same identical Scarabaeus Beetle, that hobknobbed with the kings and princes of antiquity, and managed to get his picture on the front page of temple, tomb and monument.

So, the next one you meet in the road, take off your hat, and stand uncovered, until he passes by, for his ancestors were once classed along with tutelary gods.—C. A. David, in Greenville News.

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The Majestic Theatre

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VITAPHONE BLUE RIBBON FEATURE