

**AWARDED MEDAL.**

**Miss Wilbur McCallum Winner in Eighth Grade.**

The following composition, "My Greatest Ambition," written by Miss Wilbur McCallum, was awarded the medal for the best composition written in the eighth grade during the past session.

From the number of compositions given the committee, three were selected as being superior to the others in thought and expression. The one above named was finally selected from the three as being the best. It was later found that the three compositions considered for the medal were all written by Miss Wilbur McCallum, whose composition work throughout the entire year has shown not only much ability, but decided talent. The other compositions deserving mention, were written on "A Rainy Saturday" and "The Spider's Web."

**"My Greatest Ambition."**

The soft shadows of a June twilight were falling; the long day had drawn to a close, and with a sigh of relief for the evening's cool, I left my companions, who were gathered in a brightly lighted room, and sought the solitude of the garden of roses that grew around my Southern home.

A restlessness of spirit seemed to possess me. My world seemed so small, and there was so much that I longed for with all my soul, that seemed utterly beyond my reach.

The moon shed a soft light over the garden; the roses, heavy with dew filled the air with their fragrance.

Somewhere, in a tree-top near a little bird sang a song full of happy trills, and I breathed a deep breath of the fragrance-laden air, and sighed.

Back of me lay the years; around me the beauty that could last only a short while compared to Time; before me stretched a Future whose bounds seemed endless.

Then the dew grew heavier, the perfume of the roses sweeter, and I closed my eyes.

Suddenly it dawned upon my mind that I was no longer alone in the garden of roses; some one sat on the rustic seat beside me!

I leaned closer to see my queer companion and with a strange thrill, I saw that she was unlike any one I had ever seen. I wondered if I should leave the garden when the new-comer spoke to me, and told me not to be afraid, that she was my friend.

Something in her face spoke peace to my heart and I asked her why she had come to me.

She smiled to me and told me she sought me to ask what I most longed for; what was the greatest ambition of my life.

"I am the Spirit of Gift, and can bring much happiness to hearts," she said. "I can make possible to you your fondest dream if you will trust me."

I hesitated; should I tell my heart-thoughts to this stranger?

Then she asked me if my most longed-for possession was riches. I thought of the fact that wealth did not always bring happiness, and I shook my head. Then she suggested music, but I answered "No."

She asked if I would like to paint a picture that would make me famous. I told her that fame was sweet, but its pleasure so selfish. I did not crave to be world-renowned.

She leaned over and took my hand and asked softly if beauty appealed strongest to my heart. Again I shook my head.

"Then it is Love you crave," she said triumphantly. "I hesitated; who does not crave to be loved? But I told my questioner that I had another wish still dearer to my heart and she whispered, 'Tell me what it is.'"

The garden lay calm in its beauty; the moonlight grew softer; the song of the happy bird was ended, and the roses nodded sleepily in the breeze, as I breathed my heart's dearest wish.

"Spirit of Gift," I plead, "give to me that I may give to others. My greatest ambition in life is not wealth, music, art, fame, beauty nor love, but only this: That I may write something that will live and make better the hearts of those who read it."

"Let me send a message to the world that will go down thru the ages, and bring not fame or praise to the writer, but some word whose message will bring peace to aching hearts, smiles to sad faces, and song to silent lips."

I asked my companion to tell me if my childish dream should ever come true, she smiled and without answering, walked thru the shadows of the garden, and out of sight.

I called her to come back. I brushed a mist that seemed to come before my eyes, to try to see her once more. I looked around me. I was quite alone with the flowers and the moonlight. Could I have been dreaming?

I was glad that my strange visitor had appeared, even tho' in my dreams, to tell me of my greatest ambition in life should ever be fulfilled.

My companion called to me, and I rose from the rustic seat and went slowly to answer.

My heart was full of peace; my restless spirit was tranquil; past, present and future seemed strange, sweetly linked together!

**Watkins—Ratchiff.**

On Friday afternoon, May 19, 1916, at the residence of Dr. J. E. Watkins, Lucknow, S. C., Mr. Hillard W. Ratchiff and Miss Stella Watkins were happily married. The groom is the son of Mr. B. C. Ratchiff, a prosperous farmer of the Turkey Creek section of Lee county, and the bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. B. E. Watkins, of Lucknow.

The marriage being performed by the Rev. E. S. Kyzer, of Lucknow. The young couple will be at home to their friends at Mr. B. C. Ratchiff's, where they will make their home, Bishopville-Vindictor.

Columbia will make an effort to land the Printers' Sanitarium which the Typographical Union will establish in some city in the East.

**NEGRO FOUND GUILTY.**

**Sentenced to Life Imprisonment For Murder of White Man.**

Columbia, May 27.—After being out 21 hours the jury trying the case of Rogers Sanders, a negro charged with the murder of Charles Eilers, a white mill operative in this city during May, 1915, rendered a verdict of murder, with recommendation to mercy and the sentence was for life imprisonment. Last year Sanders was convicted of murder and sentenced to be electrocuted, but the state supreme court granted him a new trial on the ground that the commission of a juror that he said he was prejudiced toward the negro race, brought in an element of probable miscarriage of justice.

The trial was of extreme importance in this section, for it was probably the first time a negro in South Carolina put up a plea of the "unwritten law." He was defended by two negro lawyers. The feeling against the convicted man was extremely bitter. In the first trial former Governor Blease assisted in the prosecution.

Many a wife is a martyr to her husband's dyspepsia.

**GROUP SIX BANKERS.**

**Large Attendance at Annual Convention Enjoys Programme.**

Laurester, May 27.—An exceedingly interesting and highly successful meeting of the bankers of Group 6 was held here yesterday in the opera house. The meeting was called to order and presided over by W. R. Scarborough, of Bishopville, chairman. The meeting opened with prayer by the Rev. H. R. Murchison, pastor of the Laurester Presbyterian church. An address of welcome was made by Laurester's new mayor, Charles DePass Jones, who is president of the First National bank, and the response by C. H. Yates, of Camden. The first speaker on the programme was Ira B. Dunlap, of Rock Hill, on "The County Banker's Influence in the Community." P. Grice, of Charleston next addressed the meeting upon the subject, "Economic and Industrial Conditions." W. E. Cadwallader, of Richmond, Va., spoke interestingly upon the subject of "The Federal Reserve System." After this followed an enthusiastic round table discussion of bank problems and conditions.

The following officers were elected: Charles D. Jones, Laurester, chairman; vice president, H. H. White, Chester; secretary-treasurer, John S. Lindsay, Camden. The following is the executive committee: H. M. Duvall, Chesterfield; George W. Williams, Laurester; H. G. Carrison, Kershaw; C. D. Cobb, York; J. P. Kotham, Fairfield; Maynard Smith, Cherokee. The meeting then adjourned for the bankers' banquet which was held at the Hotel Royal. This was a great social occasion and was enjoyed by more than 100 guests. After the banquet the visiting bankers were driven to Col. Springs' mammoth cotton mills and to other places of interest in and around Laurester. The meeting of the bankers in Laurester created a great deal of interest and the session was well attended.

**Found—The Girl Who Wanted To Be Ugly?**

All three girls were beautiful—and they should have been ugly. They tried with all of their skill to drown out their attractiveness. They pinched their skins in spots, narrowed their pretty lips with cold cream and powdered and pulled their hair back in an ugly knot. They wanted to be ugly. Each was

doing this on the quiet. The ugliest was to get the Uncle's property—supposedly a freak bequest. And then—suddenly Teddy, one of the girls, became suspicious. She masqueraded as a strange traveling man, whose lot it was agreed to be to make the selection of the ugliest. In this way she learned how crooked the attorney was. She found he was fibbing about this erratic provision. How she found out the truth and how the three girls were relieved to learn they did not have to be ugly to get the property is shown in "A Bunch of Keys." Essanay has pictured this comedy and it is to be shown here at The Majestic Theatre on Monday, with June Keith, John Slavin and William Burress in the leads.—adv.

**McLeod—Chandler.**

Pisgah, May 19.—The marriage of Miss Rosa Mae McLeod and Mr. Calvin Heyward Chandler took place at McLeod's Church Wednesday evening in the presence of a large number of people, relatives and friends, who came far and near to witness the interesting ceremony that blended two lives into one. The church could not nearly seat all the people.

The rostrum and altar were tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreen. A horse shoe arch trimmed with cedar stood over the door of the altar.

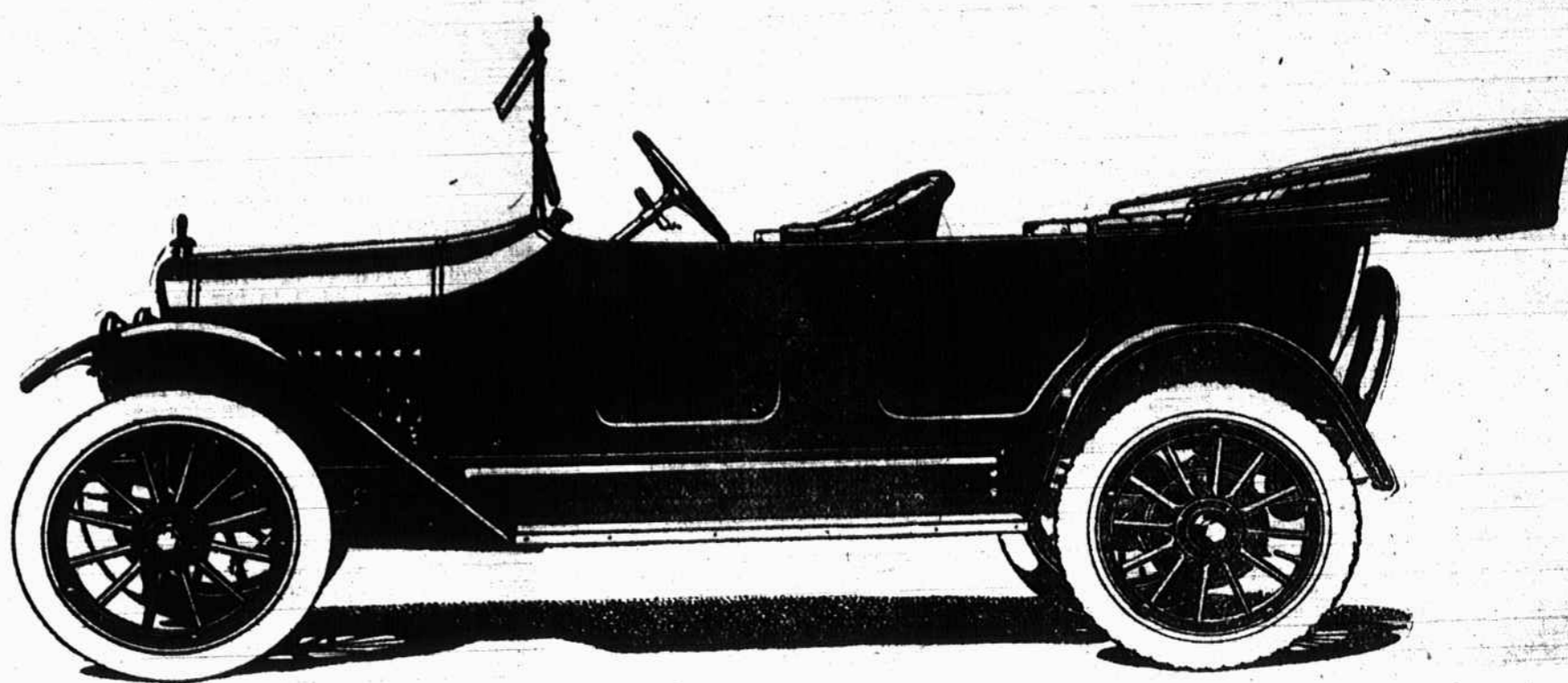
The bridesmaids came down the side aisles of the church, one at a time,

dressed in white. Each one carried a beautiful selection of flowers, over to the opposite side and placed them on the altar. The groomsmen did likewise. The bride came in on the arm of her sister, Miss Leo McLeod, who was dressed in white silk and yellow and carried pretty flowers. The groom came in on the arm of his brother. He was dressed in black and led the bride in front of the arch where they were married underneath the pastor of the church, who officiated. Miss Courtney Atkinson gave a wedding march when the couple left. After the service they repaired to the residence of Mrs. J. M. Ross where a reception was held.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. McLeod, the groom is a son of Mr. Calvin Chandler. He is one of the rural riders from Rembert and is a young man and has many friends who wish for him and his fair young wife all the happiness they can get on life's stormy journey.

John W. Gaddy, of Latta, has been appointed auditor of Dillon county to succeed C. G. Bruce, who recently resigned. Mr. Gaddy had the unanimous support of the Dillon delegation at a general assembly and in addition presented a strong petition from the citizens.

Dr. Goldberger states that there is no pellagra at the Epworth League at the present time.



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