

NOTICE OF ELECTION

For Issuing Electric Light Bonds of the City of Camden, S. C.

State of South Carolina, County of Kershaw, City Council of Camden.

In response to a petition of the majority of the freeholders of the City of Camden, directed to the City Council of Camden, S. C., and presented to said City Council at its regular meeting on the 8th day of August, 1916, asking that an election be ordered in the said City of Camden by the said City Council of Camden for the purpose of submitting to the qualified electors of said City of Camden the question of the issuance of seven thousand dollars (\$7,000.00) coupon bonds, for the completion of the establishment and the enlarging and extending by the said City of Camden, of the electric light plant for the use of said City, and to supply the citizens thereof with light, and in pursuance of a resolution of the said City Council of Camden, S. C., passed at the regular meeting of said City Council, on August 8th, 1916, ordering a special election, notice is hereby given that there will be a special election held in the City of Camden, on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, 1916, on the question of issuing coupon bonds of the City of Camden, S. C., to the amount of seven thousand dollars (\$7,000.00), bearing interest at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, payable in legal tender money of the United States forty (40) years after date, with the privilege of redemption after twenty (20) years from date; said bonds to be of a denomination of one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00) each, for the purpose of completion of the establishment and for the enlarging and extending by the said City of Camden, of the electric light plant, for the use of said City and to supply the citizens thereof with light.

At said election, all qualified registered electors will be eligible to vote. Those electors favoring said issuing of bonds shall vote a ticket on which shall be printed the words, "For Electric Light Bonds, \$7,000.00." Those opposing said issuing of bonds shall vote a ticket on which there shall be printed the words, "Against Electric Light Bond Issue, \$7,000.00."

For the purpose of conducting said election the polls shall be open at the polling places in each ward, at eight o'clock in the morning, and shall close at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The following managers of election are to conduct said election:

Ward 1, Opera House—J. K. Goodale, T. J. Wilson, J. F. Ferrell.

Ward 2, store of G. C. Bruce, Southeast corner of Broad and DeKalb Sts.—D. G. Fletcher, L. J. Watts, Frank Davis.

Ward 3—W. C. Brown, H. C. Singleton, H. Truesdale.

Ward 4, H. L. Schlossburg's plaza, corner Lytleton and Laurens Streets—J. B. Arrants E. L. Phelps, A. M. Bratford.

Ward 5, Kirkwood Grocery on Chestnut Street, East of Fair Street—J. R. DeLoche, R. D. Williams, Harry DuBose.

Ward 6, G. E. Taylor's plaza, corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets—

B. E. Halle, J. K. DeKay, W. Clinton Moore. By order of the City Council of Camden, S. C., August 8, 1916. C. H. YATES, Mayor. Attest: J. J. GOODALE, Clerk.

Rye For Fall Pasture.

Clemson College, Aug. 29.—Rye may be seeded any time during September or October. It is not attacked by the Hessian fly so it will not endanger fall wheat. It may be shown just as early as the seed bed can be put into proper condition on stubble land or after corn has been cut for silage or fodder. A bushel and a half is enough for early sowing, but two bushels should be used later, or a mixture of 30 or 40 pounds of rye and 15 or 20 pounds of vetch will give good results if sown late in August or early in September. Small fields of such cover crops furnish a great deal of pasture at little expense and leave the soil in better condition than if they had not been grown. The vetch is a legume which adds nitrogen and the fine roots of which protect the soil against washing, which is more serious between growing seasons than most people realize. Next spring the rye may be turned under as a green manuring crop before corn planting time.—Missouri Experiment Station.

RAILWAY MAIL PAY.

Congress Directs Interstate Commerce Commission to Investigate Subject. Washington. The annual Post Office appropriation bill recently passed by Congress contains a clause directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to take up for investigation, report and the fixing of rates the system of payment to the railroads for carrying mail. The Commission is authorized to test the relative merits of payment by weight and by space.

The railroads have long contended that they were underpaid for this service and that they were losing millions of dollars a year under the system of payment now in effect. It was felt that the Interstate Commerce Commission, on account of the information at its command regarding all phases of railroad operation, is in the best position to determine the merits of the case.

GOVERNMENT SHOULD REGULATE WAGES.

If a set of conditions have arisen which oblige the government to regulate rates, then it is equally obliged, on the basis of economic analysis, to regulate wages accordingly. Having taken one step, it must take the other. The logic of events is forcing this dilemma on the government. It is the public sooner or later must pay for the increased expenses of transportation.—Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago.

OBED'S HARD LUCK

STRING OF MISFORTUNES REVOLVING AROUND BUGGY.

All Dated Back to the Foolish Idea He Had That His Wife Would Not Have Her Own Way in the End.

"What do you do, Caleb?" Obed Gunney demanded anxiously of Mr. Penslee, whom he found sitting under the shade of the big maple tree in front of his house, "when you think one way and your wife thinks another about anything?"

"Well, in a case like that," replied Caleb, pursing his lips judicially, "we commonly split the difference—and I come round to her way of thinking. I've found out I get 'long easier that way."

Mr. Gunney pondered this dejectedly.

"I s'pose you're right," he agreed at last. "I didn't know but what you'd studied out some way of gettin' round 'em and havin' your own way part of the time."

"You ain't the first married man that's tried that," returned Caleb, with a suspicion of irony in his voice. "What's the matter now? You'n Mis' Gunney been havin' a difference of opinion?"

Obed slowly polished the back of one hand with the palm of the other and gazed moodily at the ground.

"Well," he replied at last, "we had some talk a day or so ago 'bout gettin' the buggy painted."

"Well," prompted Caleb a little impatiently, "what about it?"

Obed roused himself. "I'd kind of sot my mind on the color I wanted it, but I hadn't gone so far as to tell her 'bout it," he explained. "I thought perhaps I wouldn't. I thought some day when I wa'n't busy I'd haul the buggy down to Dan Noble's paint shop and set him to work on it—tell him to paint the runnin' gear either red or yaller and the body a real dark blue."

Caleb stifled something that might have been either a laugh or a cough. "It'll look kind of gay, won't it, when you get it done?" he asked.

"I d'know—mebbe it would have," Obed conceded, "but it didn't get as far as that."

"I figgered," Obed went on, "that mebbe 'twould be as well if I didn't take my wife to Bangor with me when I bought the paint; so I went out and dug some of my early p'taters to haul in—I knew she wouldn't ride in on no p'tater wagon. The p'taters wa'n't much mor'n half growed and they didn't fetch much mor'n half price, but I figgered I'd afford to lose a little somethin' on the p'taters for the sake of gettin' the kind of paint I wanted 'bout havin' to argue."

"It took me some time to get rid of my p'taters, and, as a matter of fact, I lost more on 'em than I had to pay for the paint, and that galled me some. When I got home I got the paint on-loaded off'n the wagon 'fore she got out to the barn—she most always comes out to see if I've forgot anything. She was workin' at the sink, and she never even turned round when I asked her where the buggy was."

"The buggy's down to Dan Noble's been painted!" she snaps, and I believe I heard my jaw click when it dropped open.

"Well, good land!" says I. "Then what in tunket am I goin' to do with all the paint I bought?"

"You never said anything to me 'bout buyin' any paint," she says, kind of short. "What color did you get? And then I had to tell her."

"Well," says she, "you c'n do anything you're a-mind to with it. It wouldn't have gone on to that buggy, anyway. I c'n see through you like so much sunshine," she says, "and I knew a week ago what you was callin' to do. So yesterday," says she, "I had Dan Noble come up here and get that buggy, and by this time he's got the fast coat on to it—and it's black paint, too. You can do what you like with them fancy colors of yours," she says.

"So the upshot is, I've dug a load of p'taters and sold 'em for half price, and I've got two cans of paint that I d'know's I can sell at all, and I lost my day's work—and I ain't goin' to have the buggy painted the way I want it, after all."

"I guess your way's 'bout as good as any," Obed concluded resignedly.—Youth's Companion.

Dream Reveals Hiding Place.

William Hell of Brickerville, Pa., asserts that a dream revealed to him the hiding place of a can of gold, the property of John Belleman, his predecessor on the farm. Belleman did not believe in banks, and secreted his money. He died suddenly and did not reveal even to his wife where he had it secreted. Hell's story is that he had a dream that he was digging for Belleman's money in the haymow of the barn. He was about to give up the task when the spirit of Belleman appeared and commanded him to dig on. The next morning he went to the haymow, dug under the hay and found a tin box. He took it to the home of Mrs. Belleman, who counted the contents, \$5,000 in gold, and Hell was handsomely rewarded.

THE LOST PIN

By SHIRLEY MORRIS.

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The girls, six of them, looked cautiously up and down the squalid little street before venturing forth. The house they were leaving bore on a door plate the portentous words, "Mme. Cecile, Psychologist. Your Future Foretold."

"Wasn't it a lark?" cried Catherine Barr. "I'm terribly anxious to know who the light-haired Adonis is I am to meet this summer, and, Peggy, wasn't it wonderful what she told you about the pin you got for Easter, and how you'd lose it and have it returned by your future husband?"

"Yes," shivered Peggy. "I can't get over it. While she was describing it I felt as though her eyes were looking clear through me. You see, I have it on, pinned to my waist."

The crowd separated. "Come along with me, Lois," begged Peggy. "I have to stop in Tukif's to see about a brass candlestick for mother."

"I can't today, dear! I've got to dress and go to Graystone's to tea."

Tukif's seemed to be deserted, but finally an old man appeared, and after Peggy stated her errand, he retreated into the mysterious region in the rear of the store from which he had emerged.

Peggy, still feeling uncanny from her recent experience, had a sensation of unreality among the assemblage of ancient and oriental curios. She came to an old mirror and stopped, regarding herself intently. "You big goose!" she said to the reflection in the glass, "to believe in such nonsense as that old faker told you! Take a long walk before you go home, and get it all out of your system."

She drew the pins out of her sailor hat and started to gather in some of the stray wisps of hair.

The street door opened and a man came in. Looking around hurriedly for a salesman, he saw nobody at first, then, spying a girl in a recess patting her hair, he gave a curt order: "Please tell Mr. Tukif to deliver the lamp I ordered to this address." He held out a card and Peggy took it impassively. Of course he thought her a saleswoman, but what difference did it make.

The customer turned to leave, but he hesitated, and looked deep into the serious blue eyes. The eyes returned the look calmly and coolly.

There was no excuse for staying, so he went, but, passing the chair in which Peggy had been sitting, he stopped and picked up something.

Peggy looked at the card and read: "Mr. Cyrus Harding—Riverside drive."

The old man returned just then. Peggy delivered the card and message, completed the business upon which she had come and left the store. Outside, she slipped her hand under her jacket to reassure herself that her new diamond pin was safe. But to her dismay it was gone.

Then it popped into her head that the customer who gave her the message had picked something up and put it into his pocket.

She hurried out and called a taxi.

At the Riverside drive house, a Japanese servant answered her ring. Mr. Harding had just returned.

She was ushered into a sitting room, a wonderful combination of black, old gold and blue.

And then Mr. Harding pulled aside a portiere and stepped into the room.

He recognized her instantly, but if he was surprised he gave no sign.

"How do you do?" he said courteously—interrogatively, for her visit puzzled him.

"Good afternoon," choked Peggy. "I've—come for the pin you found," with a little deprecating gesture.

"Pin?"

"Yes. The pin you picked up in the shop."

He frowned. "I don't seem to understand. I didn't find a pin."

"But you picked up something. Don't you remember—right in front of that teakwood chair?" earnestly.

"Yes, I see now. But I didn't know you wanted it so much or I should have returned it. I really didn't think it so very valuable and—I wanted it. No matter why! I didn't know what you meant when you spoke of a pin. I would have given it another name. Here it is!"

His hand went into his pocket and he held out a tiny tortoise shell comb, the mate of one in her hair.

Peggy flushed furiously.

"Is that what you found?"

"Yes. Isn't it what you came for?"

"No! You see—I lost a pin, a diamond pin today. I don't work in the store. You made a mistake. I was in seeing about a candlestick, and I lost my pin. Then I remembered seeing you find something, and recalling your address, I came right away. I am very sorry and I beg your pardon. Good afternoon."

"But," he intercepted hastily. "I'd like to help you find your pin! You're sure it's gone?"

"Why, yes! I think I am," running an investigating hand over her waist. Then something dropped to the rug, and Cyrus Harding picked it up.

"The pin," cried Peggy with delight. "What a goose I've been."

"A very charming goose, whose misfortune has been my gain."

And as it turned out the fortune teller was right, for Peggy did marry the man who returned her pin.

WONDERFUL PETROVA.

"The Eternal Question" at Majestic Theatre Next Thursday.

Mme. Petrova, the foremost emotional star of the stage or screen, will be seen here at the Majestic on Thursday Sept. 7th in "The Eternal Question" a five part Metro wonderplay produced by the Poplar Plays and Players. This is, without a doubt, the strongest feature in which the great Petrova has ever appeared, and to miss it is to miss one of the sensations of the year. The production abounds with big scenes, including a realistic chapter made at sea, when the heroine gives chase in an aeroplane and overtakes a steamship going under full steam. The heroine, played by Mme. Petrova, has been abducted and taken aboard the vessel, and her rescue is one of the most thrilling affairs ever shown in motion pictures.

In "The Eternal Question" Mme. Petrova is surrounded by an unusually strong supporting cast which includes Arthur Hoops, Mahlon Hamilton, Edward Martindel, Warren Olund, Henry Leone, Howard Messiner and Evelyn Duno. The story is an original

one written by Aaron Hoffman, was directed by Burton King and the production was supervised by Harry Rover, a master of intricate problems and novelties in motion pictures.

For the first time since she has appeared in America, on either the speaking stage or screen, Mme. Petrova says a character role—that of an emigrant girl. She is seen in this role during the early chapters of the story and afterwards gets into the strong emotional situations and scenes in which she excels. In this production Mme. Petrova wears half a dozen new gowns that are extremely costly creations, and added to other clothes worn by the star, constitute the most expensive wardrobe of any actress now appearing before the camera.

A huge shark, measuring eight feet two inches in length, was caught in the harbor near the Consolidated company's dock at Charleston by Andrew Mitchell and William Clark, who had an hour's battle with the monster before they were able to land it on the dock.

Lloyd Jameson, a young man of Eastley, was killed by a train at Tevon, Ga., Monday.



NEW PRICES AUG. 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916:

Table with columns for car type (Chassis, Runabout, Touring Car, Coupelet, Town Car, Sedan) and price (Delivered).

See the 1917 model. It is something classy. Crown fenders. Tall black radiator and stream line hood. Send us your order today if you wish one out of first car load. We are the only agents for genuine Ford parts in this territory.

Kershaw Motor Company Camden, S. C. Phone 140

McLeod & Phillips

(Successors to McLeod Grocery)

Heavy and Fancy Groceries

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Fresh Country Eggs Always Kept on Hand

PROMPT DELIVERY

Phone 205-L Camden, S. C.

J. W. McCORMICK, Prop. E. W. BOND, Manager



McCORMICK & COMPANY

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Night Phone 23. AMBULANCE SERVICE. Day Phone 70. Country Calls Answered Promptly Day or Night.

The Relishable Kind of Soda



is the kind we serve from our fountain—cool, cheering thirst-appeasing. The first drop and the last are equally pure and tempting—perfectly delicious. Flavored to suit all tastes and fancies, and just enough ice cream to make it positively refreshing at all hours. This is the healthiest drink one can take in the Summer time and likewise the most economical.

CAMDEN CANDY KITCHEN Spero Beleos, Proprietor. Camden, S. C. Phone 78.



When You Need "Pep" You can get your Chero-Cola "In a Bottle -- Through a Straw," at Soda Fountains and other Refreshment Stands.

Everybody knows it by its name

Feeling Better Thank You.

