

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE

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Camden, S. C., December 1, 1916.

Sheriff Hood and his deputy shot to death in front of the Fairfield court house and yet two York county juries say nobody is guilty, and the slayers are turned loose absolutely free men.

The Kershaw Era came to us in two sections this week with excellent write-ups of Kershaw business houses. It was a first class edition from every standpoint.

The citizens of Greenville county have just cause to be proud of their sheriff. Hendrix Rector not only ferreted out the cruel auto murderers in that city single-handed, but he was hampered by other officers. While many do not like Rector politically, they have to admire him as a fearless officer. In the recent election he won out in the first primary over six or more opponents.

Watch The South!

In the current letter upon the business situation issued by Babson's Statistical Organization of Manufacturers, world-famous for its statistical inquiries and conclusions, appears this significant statement:

"Watch the south in particular; for not only are the cotton states rapidly improving now, but they will probably be the most prosperous after the war ends."

The Constitution made this prediction months ago, and we have been driving it home ever since; but home-made predictions, regardless of their merit, are sometimes discounted away from home.

It comes now, however, from a source which must command not only national but international attention. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is there any organization which makes so intimate a study of business conditions as Babson's.

Watch the south after the war! Not that it must wait until then to enter its era of prosperity, for it has already done so, with cotton at 20 cents and its every other agricultural product in exceptional demand.

But the products of the south are the products of peace. In Babson's commodity bulletin are listed the products which will be affected by recovery in upward or downward market trend. It is remarkably significant that 75 per cent of the products whose market price must strengthen with the close of the European war—including such as apples, cotton, cotton seed oil, lumber, oranges, pitch, pork, fat, tobacco, turpentine—are products of the south.

Contemplation, therefore, of the possibilities which confront the south, with the restoration of peace conditions in Europe, almost stager the imagination. While the necessity for general readjustment, at that time, with a drawing in of business lines, is indicated throughout north, east and west, the south must continue to brow in wealth as peace brings greater and more insistent demand for its products.

That true, what do we look forward to? With 20-cent cotton today, where must it ultimately go? With our banks already overflowing with the deposits of farmer and merchant, we hesitate to predict what there is still in store for us.

We have climbed the hill of prosperity, and there were times when it seemed a long, hard pull; but we are getting at the top to stay!

Southern prosperity is reflected not only in cotton and produce prices and in bank deposits, but in general business. In railroad traffic, in fact, in every line of legitimate trade and productive activity.

"Watch the south in particular!" Atlanta Constitution.

Thanksgiving

- OLIVE BUTTER ELKHORN KRAFT CHEESE STUFFED OLIVES GOLDEN DATES FRUIT CAKES PLUM PUDDINGS NUTS, RAISINS CITRON, CRANBERRIES CELERY, LETTUCE FRESH FRUITS GIVE US YOUR ORDER.

TELEPHONE No. 2.

LANG'S High Grade Grocery "QUALITY FIRST"

From Other Papers.

What They Didn't Know.

At a church meeting in Cleveland recently the speaker gave the replies of nineteen men to the question "What I wish I had known before I was 21." These are the nineteen answers received.

1. I wish I had known what I was going to do for a living--what my livelihood would be.

2. That my health after 30 depended in a large degree on what I ate before I was 21.

3. How to take care of my money. The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.

4. That a man's habits are mighty hard to change after he is 21.

5. That a harvest depends upon the seed sown--wheat produces wheat, thistles bring forth thistles, ragweeds will spoil a good pasture, and wild oats once sown will surely produce all kinds of misery and unhappiness.

6. That things worth while require time, patience and work.

7. That you can't get something for nothing.

8. That the world would give me just about what I deserved.

9. That by the sweat of my brow would I earn my bread.

10. That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but it brings the best of everything else.

11. The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.

12. The folly of not taking other people's advice.

13. That everything my mother wanted me to do was right.

14. That my father wasn't such an old fogey after all; if I had done as he wished, I would be much better off physically, mentally and morally.

15. What it really means to father and mother to rear their son.

16. What hardships and disappointments would be entailed by my leaving home against my parents' wishes.

17. The greatness of the opportunity of joy of serving a fellow man.--Syracuse Post-Standard.

Yes, Worst of All.

Bill Nye had the truth well told when he said: "A man may use a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button; ride on the back of a railroad train to save interest on his money till the conductor gets around; stop his watch at night to save wear and tear; leave his "I" or "O" without a dot or cross to save ink; pasture his mother's grave to save corn; but a man of this sort is a gentleman compared to the fellow that will take a newspaper two or three years and when asked to pay for it puts it into the office and has it marked "refused."--Selected.

The warring nations of Europe are looking well after their food supply because they have to do so. It is stated on authority that unless something is done to prevent, there will be enough starvation in New York this winter to horrify the world. New York and other cities as well as the country generally, will have to pay the price of American greed in sending food abroad for high prices. It is as much incumbent on the United States government to do something to keep food within the reach of the poor of our own country as it is incumbent upon the warring nations to look after their own poor.--Yorkville Enquirer.

The Gentleman and the Grouch.

Stand a gentleman and a grouch side by side, and which will command the greater respect?

Webster says that a gentleman is a man of "refined manners and good behavior," while the grouch is "gruff and morose."

It is easy for any man to be a gentleman, and he has much to gain and nothing to lose.

It is equally easy to be a grouch, while everything to lose and nothing to gain.

The gentleman has many friends and but few enemies, while the grouch has many enemies and but few friends.

God smiles upon the gentleman, while the devil smiles at the grouch. Life is bright to the gentleman, while to the grouch it is full of gall.

Be a gentleman if you can, but don't be a grouch.--Greer Observer.

Chauffeur's Licenses.

The Record more than once has advanced the claim that drivers of automobiles should be required to stand a civil service examination and should be required to put up surety bond to indemnify those whom they might injure. On this line the Macon, Ga. News has the following strong argument:

"Novices are allowed on the public ways in command of a powerful locomotive capable of smashing a strong fence to atoms. There is no safeguard but their own caution and judgment. The caution may be all right, but their experience is limited. They do not realize how fast they are going or how quickly the materials for a grand smash arrange themselves. Arriving at some tight spot, their presence of mind gives way, and they push the accelerator instead of putting their foot on the brake. It is fortunate if they, and not the innocent victims, are the ones to go to the hospital."

"Still the roads would be a lot safer if green drivers were compelled by all the states to take a longer course of tutelage. It does not take long to learn to drive an automobile with a fair degree of skill. A month's practice, several times a week, should make most people competent. It would not hurt them to demonstrate this competence before being turned loose at their powerful throttle.--Columbia Record.

A gentleman from Florence, Mr. Fraser, passing through Bishopville a few weeks ago, dropped in to see us and stated that he had lost a pair of automobile tires. He invested 25c in a three line notice in the Vindicator. Last week he called again and stated that one of our colored subscribers saw the notice and wrote to him that he had the tires. The tires were valued at \$40 and by an investment of 25c, he found them. That little 25c made two hearts glad, Mr. Fraser and the negro to whom he made a present of \$5.--Bishopville Vindicator.

LITTLE TO CHOOSE

AFTER ALL, MEN ARE VERY MUCH ALIKE IN HABITS.

As Proof, Jack Dimpleton, After Serving as a Model for More Than Twenty Years, Fell Down With a Crash.

Mrs. Whittier had lived with her husband in a practically continuous manner for nearly 29 years. During this period of time they had been on a practically continuous basis of friendship with the Dimpletons, who lived just far enough away to make such a friendship a practical affair.

"There are always moments when the worm turns. This was one of them. Mrs. Whittier had said, after having reminded her husband that he had not fixed the lock on the rear door (as he had promised to do four days previously):

"Imagine Jack Dimpleton keeping Sallie waiting like that!"

Whittier glared. An outsider, unaware of the long history of his wrongs in this particular direction, would have failed to understand his sudden outburst.

"Look here!" he exclaimed "that's enough. I'm not going to stand that any more."

"Stand what," said Mrs. Whittier. just as if she didn't know what he meant.

"For twenty years you have been comparing me with Jack Dimpleton. Every time I've failed to meet your distorted demands you've been saying that same thing--holding him up as a model. It's too much. You ought to have married him."

"As if I hadn't heard that before! Well, Jack Dimpleton would have kept his promise. He would have fixed that lock--"

"Stop!" There was a dangerous look in Whittier's eyes. "We're going over there tonight, aren't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll see. I propose to find out just how much better he is than I. We'll settle this thing once and for all."

"Pooh!" Mrs. Whittier wasn't at all alarmed. Hadn't he said that same thing upon numerous occasions, and had anything ever come of it? She merely laughed--and they parted for the time being.

They arrived at the Dimpleton's at 7:15. It was a dinner engagement. Whittier pressed the door bell.

"Just on time," he said, looking at his watch. "If it hadn't been for me--"

"I didn't hear that bell ring," said Mrs. Whittier. "You always do hear it ring. Don't I know that?"

"Well, I rang it all right," said Whittier. "I'm not going to insult people by making them think the house is on fire."

Mrs. Whittier pressed the button. She had no such sentiments--being a woman in easy mental circumstances.

"There!" she exclaimed. "You didn't hear anything, did you? That bell is out of order." She began knocking.

Hurried steps inside; the door thrown open. Mrs. Dimpleton in front. Her husband in rear. Maid coming forward in distance.

"My dears! I was watching for you. Hope you haven't been waiting. No, the bell doesn't ring. Of course--"

Mrs. Dimpleton turned to her apologetic, submerged matrimonial tenth.

"He knew about it. Didn't I tell him to see the electrician! But that's the way Jack always does. Now, John," turning to Whittier, "wouldn't have failed to fix it immediately. I wish, my dear," turning to her husband again, "that you were only more like John."

"Look here!" asserted Dimpleton. Whittier stopped him.

"Just a moment, old man." He turned to Mrs. Dimpleton:

"Excuse me, Sallie," he said, "you've been holding me up as a model to Jack for about twenty years, haven't you?"

"I certainly have. If--"

Mrs. Dimpleton gasped. So did Mrs. Whittier. Then in a flash they all seemed to understand at once.

"I guess it's a standoff," said Whittier, with a cheap insulting tone of triumph in his strident voice.

"Yes," replied Dimpleton almost leering, "but suppose I had fixed that bell--why this thing might have gone on forever."--Chesterton Todd, in Judge.

Typical American Gentleman.

A pleasant retort was that once given by Admiral Marsden many years ago at a dinner in Malta. It was given on the Fourth of July by him to the American officers on a man-of-war, and all the English officers in the harbor were guests. They were no better bred than many Englishmen of that day, for when the regular toast, "The day we celebrate," was read, they set down their glasses untasted. The venerable host added, gently: "The day, gentlemen, when England celebrates the coming of age of her eldest daughter." Every face cleared, and the toast was drunk with hearty cheers.

Splendid Pose.

"How would you like to be the captain of a submarine liner?"

"The idea doesn't appeal to me at all," answered the man who is fond of display.

"Well, why not?"

"For me half the fun of being the captain of an ocean liner would be to stand on the bridge and sweep the sea with my glasses in full view of hundreds of admiring passengers scattered about on the upper deck."

Origin of Felt.

Many centuries ago a poor monk was compelled to travel upon a long and arduous journey. His road was rocky, his sandals were worn, and he suffered agonies as he fringed grimly upon his holy errand. One day as he sat by the wayside resting a sheep came up to him, bleating in the most friendly fashion. The good monk petted the sheep and was grateful for its dumb friendliness, when suddenly he had an inspiration. He took out his sheath knife, sheared two handfuls of wool from the sheep and placed one in the heel of either sandal. That afternoon as he trudged along his feet seemed light, his step springy. The wool took the jar from his soles, the impact of the stony road from his aching, swollen feet.

The next morning as he started out he thought to rearrange the wool padding and discovered that the friction and the movement of his feet in the sandals had reduced the wool to a sort of a cloth. Thus was discovered felt, which to this day is one of the most effective substances ever discovered for padding purposes.

How Saccharin Was Discovered.

Saccharin is the most valuable substitute for sugar we know. Yet it, like many other present day inventions, had a rather unlikely beginning. It can be taken with impunity by diabetic patients, to whom ordinary sugar is death, and it is many times sweeter than that commodity. And, strangely enough, it has only been known to science since 1887.

That year Dr. Fahlberg was employed upon the all important subject of coal tar derivatives at the Johns Hopkins university. Sitting one evening at tea, he was surprised to find how sweet his bread and butter tasted. He traced the sweetness to his fingers, then to his coat sleeves and finally to one of the bowls of derivatives in his laboratory. Experiments upon himself and animals proved alike the harmlessness of the compound and its extreme sweetness. And saccharin was "discovered."--Exchange

Marines and Their Fingers.

Men with long, tapering "piano" fingers are apt to desert after short service, while those having stubby digits, denoting stability of character and utter lack of the artistic temperament, usually stand by their oaths and make the best marines, according to finger print experts at headquarters of the United States marine corps. Although desertions from the corps are light at all times, it has been found that actors, sign writers and, strange to say, waiters furnish the largest number of deserters. Records, including finger prints, of all men enlisted in the marine corps are kept at headquarters for purposes of identification, and there are cases on record where bodies with finger tips intact have been positively identified through the finger print medium.

Quite Common.

It's strange what interest small boys and girls take in boasting about the possessions of themselves and their families.

Mollie, aged nine, and Nancy, a year younger, were trying to outmatch each other at this game, and Mollie was several points ahead in the contest.

"Oh, you should see my mother's fan!" she boasted, thinking to make her victory complete. "It's lovely--all hand painted!"

Nancy tossed a scornful head.

"Pooh!" she retorted. "That's nothing. So's our garden fence."

Bold Court Fool.

Ferdinand II. was a man of very uncertain moods and would allow his jester to take liberties with him one hour while resenting any familiarity the next. One day he turned round of Jonas, his favorite fool, and thundered: "Fellow, be silent! I never stoop to talk to a fool!"

"Never mind that," answered Jonas. "I do. So please listen to me in your turn."

To Make Sure.

"Won't you please leave the light burning in the hall, mother?" pleaded little Robert as he was being put to bed.

"Nonsense, Bobbie," was the reply. "Surely you know there isn't anything to be afraid of in the dark."

"Yes, I know, but can't you leave a teeny weeny light so I can see there isn't anything there?"--Exchange.

Bob Burdette's Aside.

When Bob Burdette was addressing the graduating class of a large eastern college for women he began his remarks with the usual salutation, "Young ladies of '97." Then in a hurried aside he added, "That's an awful age for a girl!"

Envelopes.

Envelopes were practically unknown before 1725. About that time one was seen semi-occasionally. As late as 1850 letters were often sent folded and sealed. Envelopes may be said to have come into use shortly after 1844.--Exchange.

Badly Timed.

Nephew--I tried to get a raise today, aunt, but the boss refused it. Mrs. Blunderby--Too bad, Dicky! Perhaps you didn't approach him at the zoological moment--Boston Transcript.

Atlas Rejoices.

Atlas bore the world on his shoulders. "It is much easier than having it on your conscience," he explained.--New York Sun.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation as regulated by wisdom.--Aristotle.

THE WILLIAMS FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY. R. M. Kennedy, Jr., Owner. E. N. McDowell, Agent.

Should fire destroy your home and belongings tonight, would you have to begin all over to replace them or would you be protected with a policy in this safe old agency, ready to help you in your trouble. Remember this, all losses under our policies have always been paid promptly and fairly. This is real protection. We write fire, tornado, automobile, casualty and livestock insurance and surety bonds.

THE WILLIAMS FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY. PHONE 52 -- CAMDEN, S. C.

TAX NOTICE. Office of Treasurer, Kershaw Co., Camden, S. C., Sept. 20, 1916. Notice is hereby given that the books will be open for collecting State, County and School taxes from October 15th, 1916, to March 15th, 1917. A penalty of 1 per cent. will be added to all taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1917; 2 per cent. Feb. 1st, 1917; 3 per cent. March 1st, 1917. The rate per centum for Kershaw county is as follows: Mills State taxes 6 1/2 County taxes 11 Special taxes 11 Road taxes 3 School taxes 3 Total 20 1/2

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