

CARE OF CHRISTMAS PLANTS

WHAT is to become of all the Christmas plants that are delivered from the florist at Christmas time? Perhaps it would be as well for those who like to see things growing and dislike the thought of anything dying not to seek the answer, for I have no doubt that many which have been for the time greatly admired will in rapid succession follow the same course to a common fate—the trash can.

To some, of course, such a fate is more or less inevitable under the best of care. For instance, a poinsettia could not be expected to last all winter, and it might not be enjoyed if it did, being distinctly a plant of the Christmas season. However, it may be kept in a fairly healthy condition for several weeks if it is kept in a somewhat warm room and watered sparingly. And when it does begin to fade it should be remembered that it is capable of serving other years of usefulness after this one. So if you have no way in which to care for it give it to some friend who has his own place for keeping plants.

To care for the plants that have come to you in comparatively good condition is not a difficult task, for they probably have been given sufficient fertilizer to last for some time, and therefore that particular want need not be considered for the present. But they will need attention in three things—water, heat and light.

In watering remember that flowering plants require, as a rule, plenty of water, particularly azaleas, cyclamen and bulbs. The lovely little ardisias with their red berries, can be given less water; also geraniums. Heather has strong roots, and the mistake is often made of watering it too much for its small roots are in a very fine mesh, and they hold the water and are liable to rot if given more than they will absorb right away. Orange and lemon trees will take more. By this it is not meant that one should keep the plants soaked perpetually. Let the soil begin to get dry again after each watering before more is applied. This is a safe rule for all potted plants.

Ferns require liberal watering and frequent shower baths, though the latter should never be given to the delicate maidenhair adiantum, although it requires much water at its roots and likes a moist atmosphere.

The ordinary room temperature is satisfactory, or at least bearable, to most plants that come from the florist, although azaleas will do much better if allowed to stand at least part of the time in a cool place.

Sunlight may be given to the dracaenas, crotoms (both foliage plants), geraniums, also narcissus and other bulbs until they bloom, partial sunlight to the begonias and ardisias, but the ferns will do well without direct light. Adiantum should never be put in a drafty place.

A Short Christmas.
"Christmas day is only three hours long in the Finnish town of Tornio," said a traveler. "I spent last Christmas there. At sunrise I got up to see my presents and to read my Christmas mail, and night had fallen before I got through breakfast."

Merry Christmas to All!
Merry Christmas to friends! Merry Christmas to foes!
The world's bright with joy, so forget all your woes.
The world's full of beauty of love and of cheer,
Merry Christmas to all and a happy New Year!

A Ford car found near Columbia was found to have been stolen in Baltimore.

Why the Cord of Wood Shrinks.
Ralph Faulkner and Henry Sternberg, students in the College of Forestry at the University of Washington, have proved by experiment that a cord of full-length wood when sawed and split in the ordinary stack shrinks on an average 24.75 per cent. As dealers buy wood in full lengths and usually measure it for delivery before sawing it, they are often accused of giving short measure.

A "cord" is the standard measurement of wood, and it is defined as 128 cubic feet of wood, measured by a pile four feet high and eight feet wide of logs four feet long.

The discrepancy between the cord as bought by the dealer and as delivered to the customer, according to Prof. Hugo Winkenwerder, dean of the college, is not entirely explained by the sawdust. When wood is piled up in four-foot lengths there are many spaces between sticks, caused by knots and curvatures. These spaces are eliminated when the wood is cut up small.

Improvement on X-Ray.
The X-ray has become indispensable to the modern surgeon and improvements are being made upon it. A recent one is a device which, after revealing the location of an injury or disease spot, enables the surgeon to keep it in sight as he operates. A framework going around the surgeon's head is fitted with a fluoroscope—an instrument by means of which objects revealed by the X-rays are made visible to the human eye. The patient is placed on a special operating table with the X-ray turned on, and the surgeon can work easily, since he sees what is before him continually instead of having to work gropingly from the remembrance of what was revealed in the X-ray photograph.

Palmetto Women to Seek Ballot.
Columbia, Dec. 12.—Equal suffragists are planning the introduction of a bill in the approaching session of the General Assembly for a referendum on the matter of granting to women the right to the ballot. It is not known who will sponsor this bill in the two houses but every indication points to it being pushed with all vigor.

The Democratic State Convention at its session last May endorsed woman suffrage and this will be used as one of the arguments by the proponents of the proposed referendum. They will call on the members of the General Assembly to redeem the promise made in the platform of the State Democracy to give the women the vote or at least submit the question to the qualified electors of the State. The Legislature is unanimously Democratic in both branches and the State convention represented the party in the State, as pointed out by the advocates of equal suffrage, and the voice of Democracy spoke for giving the ballot to the women.

Little Elizabeth Nims, the eleven-year-old daughter of Boyden Nims, chemist, was run over and accidentally killed by an automobile driven by Assistant Adj. Gen. John B. Frost late Sunday afternoon at the corner of Gervais and Bull streets, Columbia, and Boyden Nims, Jr., was also injured.

DEFY ARID WASTES

WONDERFUL WORK OF RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

All the Military Power of the Czar Would Have Been of No Avail but for the Patient Labor of the Colonists.

How Russian colonists have struggled and conquered in Russian Central Asia is revealed by Stephen Graham, who has recently made a trumping tour through that comparatively unknown section of the earth.

After crossing the Caspian sea from Baku to Krasnovodsk Mr. Graham took the desert railway, on which the trains average a speed of only 17 miles an hour over the indifferent sleepers. The western mind might find this railway inexplicable. Why a desert line while many of the railways at home are undeveloped, and strategic railways are unbuilt? The answer is the results in colonization and trade.

As Mr. Graham looks out of the window during his journey a delightful phrase occurs to him about a distant string of camels moving across the sand parallel to the line. He describes them as looking like "a scrap of eastern handwriting between earth and heaven." Anyone who has seen a string of camels on a vague horizon will recognize the aptness of the simile.

Only irrigation is needed to make this and other Central Asia deserts blossom like the rose, and the Russians have already done splendid work in this respect.

Mr. Graham, in his book, "Through Russian Central Asia," describes how the typical Russian family become colonists. A messenger is sent in advance to choose a site, and then the family proceeds to the appointed place.

"First of all, trees are planted," says Mr. Graham. "How pathetic to see the long rows of three-foot-high poplar shoots and willow twigs! A month on his sun-beaten road leaves no doubt in the emigrant's mind as to what is the first necessity—shade. Trees are planted all along the main government dike.

"The colonist chooses the place for his house; he digs a trench all around it and lets in water from the dike, and he plants trees along the trench. Then he buys stout poplar trunks and willow trunks, and makes the framework of his cottage. He interlaces little willow twigs and makes the sort of wickered green, slightly shady, slightly sunny house that children might put up in a wood in England.

"His roof he makes of prairie grass, great reeds 10 to 15 feet in length and thick and strong, or of willow twigs again and turf. In his second year he has a little hay harvest on his roof. He plows his little bit of desert. He exchanges some of his oxen for cows. He strives with all his power—as does a transplanted flower—to take root.

"He looks forlorn. You look at his poor estate and say: 'It is a poor experiment. The sun is too strong for him, he will just wither off, and the desert will be as before.'

"But you come another day and you see a change, and exclaim: 'He has taken root after all; there is a shoot of young life there, tender and green.'

All Russian Central Asia, says Mr. Graham, has been won almost without fighting. Military processions were generally all that was necessary. Bokhara and Khiva came under Russian protection, the railway was built, and Russia became the most important Moslem power in Central Asia. But it did not need for the patient colonists who put together their wattle and mud houses in the wake of the army, the settlement could never have been a reality.

But that great factor in the events of a man's career, fate, willed otherwise, for only a few days before the wedding was to take place the bride-to-be was stricken with a fatal illness and less than a week later was laid away in the village graveyard.

After the funeral Perry Fanchion shut himself up, almost alone, in the great house. Time moved on and people forgot! One by one his friends left him, until at last he stood alone, a stranger in a stranger world!

About this time the poorer people, the destitute of the city, became aware of the fact that they had a friend, a very good, mysterious friend, mysterious because, try as they might (and did) they never could discover his identity.

One time when a severe landlord was about to turn a poor family out of the home they lived in, because they were not able to pay the rent that family found the required amount and a short note asking them to accept the money as a gift, by the fireplace. Several times incidents like this occurred among the unfortunate, but as to where these mysterious presents came from, or by whom presented, none could ever tell. But the children suspected Santa Claus of having a hand in the matter.

Tonight as Perry sat by the fire he was very sad and very, very lonesome. The town clock struck ten; Perry arose, donned a huge fur coat to play his little act bravely. A worn, tired smile played around his usually grim mouth as he thought of the scenes of joy and poverty he would witness that night. He crossed the town with rapid, nervous strides and entered a little family burying ground. He was gone for thirty minutes and when he returned his face showed traces of deep emotion.

"Good-night, sweetheart, I have waited forty years; surely the end cannot be far distant!" he murmured as he softly closed the gate.

There came a jingling of sleigh bells—a sleigh drove up, he entered and was whirled away over the snow.

Christmas Eve in New France



In the little town of "New France," a few miles from Quebec, there lived an old man by the name of Perry Fanchion. He was about sixty years of age, a wealthy old bachelor, who, with the exception of a housekeeper, lived alone in a great weather-beaten old mansion on the river road. He lived a very secluded kind of life, was seldom seen upon the streets of the town, and attracted very little attention when he was seen. There were hardly ten people in the place that knew the man or anything concerning his life.

Yet there had been a time in the life of Perry Fanchion when he had attracted a great deal of attention, and won the sympathy and pity of the whole town. That had been over forty years ago, and in the meantime the town had changed from a village into a city. The old families had died out and the younger generation had forgotten the history of Perry Fanchion.

It was Christmas eve night and bitterly cold. Sleet and snow drove with incessant fury against the great French windows. The heavy old oak doors rattled and shook, while the wind whirled mournfully among the many old-fashioned gables and chimneys.

Perry sat gazing into the fire. His hair was snow-white, his eyes were dark, and tonight they had a tragic, gloomy look.

On the old colonial furniture the minister faces carved there grinned horribly and the iron claws seemed to

grip the floor hard, as though they were repressing some dark emotion or evil thought.

Forty years ago this night Perry was a happy man, for tomorrow he was to marry the beautiful Miss Nelly Leroy, daughter of the rector of St. Agnes.

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In a tiny little hovel on the edge of the city five little curly-headed children, dressed in old and ragged but clean clothes were grouped around a small fire trying to keep warm. Their

mother was sewing for a living, her husband having died several years ago, leaving the children to her to provide for, and being a woman of good education, she was trying to rear her children as best she might. She was having a desperate struggle and day by day she saw with despair the light growing harder and harder.

"Mother, when is Santa Claus coming?" inquired little Billy.

For a while mother didn't seem to want to say anything. A large tear fell silently on her work. With a hasty movement, almost angrily, she brushed it aside.

"Perhaps he won't come at all!" she replied with a little catch in her voice. "N-o-o-o-o!" came a chorus of unbelieving voices from the fire.

"He is coming!" Suddenly there came a jingling of bells and a sleigh drew up in front of the home.

"Whoop!" yelled Johnny. "Come on kids—Santa Claus! My eye!" In an instant the fire was deserted and five little heads were peering eagerly out of the door.

"Gee willikins! Look at the toys!" "Well, well," said Santy in a loud voice, pretending not to see the little ones. "I hope the children are all in bed tonight, for if they are not, I will not come again."

Five curly heads vanished in a second, and when the old gentleman entered the room all were tucked snugly in bed—that is all but Billy, who in his excitement and hurry pulled all the cover up over his head and left his feet and body uncovered.

Santa Claus laughed and dumped the contents of his pack near the hearth. There were drums, dolls, tin soldiers, books, candy, nuts and fireworks.

Just at this moment Billy's toe rubbed up a splinter, and there came a subdued grunt from the bed which changed to a fitful, sleepy kind of cough as the "old fellow" turned around. The snores redoubled in volume. Old Santy handed mother a sealed envelope and departed before she could sufficiently recover from her confusion and surprise to thank him. It was addressed to her, so she broke the seal. The sum and substance of it was, that the house and property of Fanchion and something like five hundred dollars were to be hers upon the death of Perry Fanchion.

So at last the identity of the mysterious Santa Claus and the friend of the poor and unfortunate was disclosed.

Her home was only one of the many to which he had been that night. Tomorrow they would honor him. They would come one and all to thank him, to praise him, to bless him—perhaps to beg for more as the case might be.

Arthur Martin, aged 20, of Spartanburg county, was killed by his wife, aged 22, Tuesday, when she committed suicide. The couple had been married only about two months.

MASTER'S SALE.
State of South Carolina
County of Kershaw
In the Court of Common Pleas

Dina Woods, Macon Woods, Frances Woods, James Woods, and their Guardian ad Litem Thomas Williams and Enoch Franklin
Against
Defendants
William Woods, Jr., and Frances Woods

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Kershaw, South Carolina, made on the 14th day of December, 1916, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, public outcry, before the Court House, in Camden, County of Kershaw, State of South Carolina, within the legal hours of sale, on the first Monday in January, 1917, being the 15th day thereof, the following described real estate:

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the County of Kershaw, State of South Carolina, lying just Northwest of the City of Camden, and fronts North on Cent-five (75) feet on a road or street which separates the tract herein described from lands of Thomas Williams or lands owned by the wife of the said Thomas Williams; East by lands of John Timbers, and South by lands of Amelia Brannon, and West by land described in the same which was conveyed to Pricilla Woods, now deceased, by G. W. Brannon, by deed of date March 22, 1901, and is in the office of Clerk of Court for Kershaw County, South Carolina, in Book Y. Y. Page 31.

L. A. WITTKOWSKI,
Master for Kershaw County
December 14, 1916.

Small Comfort.
"Never despair. Somewhere beyond the clouds the sun is shining."
"Yes, and somewhere below the sea there's a solid bottom. But that doesn't help a man when he falls overboard."
—Baltimore American.

Smart Girl.
Teacher—Now, Nellie, would it be proper to say, "I can't learn you nothing?"
Nellie—Yes, mum. Teacher—Why?
Nellie—"Cause you can't."
—London Telegraph.

His Job.
"It takes two to make a bargain."
"Yep; my wife and the storekeeper. But I'm paying the bills single handed."
—Detroit Free Press.

Have every member of your family join our Christmas Banking Club

Come in, ask about it.

You can come in and get a "Christmas Banking Club" book free and join by putting in 5 or 10 cents, or even 1 or 2 cents for the first week. Increase your deposit each week 5 or 10 or 1 or 2 cents.

You can put in \$1.00 or \$2.00 or \$5.00 each week and in 50 weeks, have \$50 or \$100 or \$250.

We add 4 per cent interest.

You can start today—Start!

You can start TODAY—START!

The First National Bank

OF CAMDEN, S. C.

COLD WEATHER COMING

Don't let the water in your Radiator or around your Motor freeze. Add a little Denatured Alcohol now. 1 quart 30c; bottles extra.

Electric Lamps, Electric Stoves, Electric Irons, Etc.

And most important of all we have a very complete stock of things required in the sick room, and if you should need them in a hurry just ask us for quick delivery. We appreciate patronage and give satisfactory service.

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Stylish, beautiful and of everlasting and of economic value.

The best if the cheapest, and always the most appreciated.

Diamonds, single stones or clusters.

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Come in, or send your orders by mail in these lines.

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