

Feeding Men on Transports.

An account of how soldiers are fed at sea is given in the daily newspaper published on a transport: "Outside of providing 210,000 meals at sea, the mess officer of the ship has very little to do. Very little. He is only called upon to provide, by regulations, 180 different varieties of food. That's all. Ever try to order 180 different things to eat? Yet this is the authentic list. "The food needed to feed several thousand men at sea ranges beyond the glutinous dreams. You get the answer in the slip down below the water line, where 200 loaves of bread have been baked one day, and where you stumble over very variety, from 60,000 pounds of beef to 132,000 eggs, or a compartment of thick ice cream in a 10-degree-above-zero vault. "And if this doesn't suit, you can dump along into 40,324 pounds of potatoes, 14,000 pounds of ham and bacon, 800 pounds of butter, 9,200 pounds of sugar, and 61,500 pounds of flour. "If you can't get a meal out of this you can still fall back on 4,600 pounds of sausage, 3,400 pounds of sauerkraut, 3,000 pounds of apples, 19,800 pounds of oranges, and 4,200 pounds of onions, and this leaves out 1,600 pounds of jam and 9,400 pounds of lima and navy beans."

LEGAL ADVERTISING.

**NOTICE.** Notice is hereby given that the criminal code of South Carolina makes it a misdemeanor for the owner of any wine that dies from natural cause not to be buried or buried not less than ten feet deep. This law also provides for a fine or imprisonment as a penalty for a violation thereof. I am going to enforce this statute and call upon all loyal citizens to furnish information as to any violation thereof. I. C. HOUGH, Camden, S. C. June 17, 1918 311

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

All parties indebted to the estate of D. W. Joyce, deceased, are hereby notified to make payment to the undersigned, and all parties, if any, having claims against the said estate will present them duly attested within the time prescribed by law. MRS. BEULAH J. JOYCE, Executrix, Camden, S. C. June 24, 1918.

CITATION.

State of South Carolina, County of Kershaw, vs. W. L. McDowell, Esquire, Probate Judge. Whereas, J. H. McLeod made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration de bonis non of the Estate of and effects of Edward D. McLeod, deceased, that they be and appear before me in the Court of Probate, to be held at Camden, S. C., on July 16th, next after publication thereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my Hand, this 27th day of June, A. D. 1918. W. L. McDOWELL, Judge of Probate for Kershaw County. Published on the 5th and 12th days of July, 1918, in the Camden Chronicle and posted at the Court House door for the time prescribed by law.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Scholarship and Entrance Examinations To Be Held July 12, 1918. The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in the University of South Carolina and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday July 12, 1918, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When scholarships are vacant after July 12, they will be awarded to those making the highest average at examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for scholarships should write to President Currell for scholarship examination blanks. These blanks, properly filled out by the applicant should be filed with President Currell by July 5. Scholarships are worth \$100, free tuition and fees, total \$150. The next session will open September 18, 1918. For further information and catalogue address: President W. S. Currell, Columbia, S. C.

WINTHROP COLLEGE

Examination for Vacant Scholarships To Be Held Friday July 5th. 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 5, at 9 a. m., and also on Saturday July 6, at 9 a. m., for those who wish to make-up by examinations additional units required for full admission to the Freshman Class of this institution. The examination on Saturday, July 6, will be used only for making admission units. The scholarships will be awarded upon the examination held on Friday July 5. Applicants must not be less than sixteen years of age. When scholarships are vacant after July 5 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 for scholarship examination blanks. These blanks, properly filled out by the applicant, should be filed with President Johnson by July 1st. Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 18, 1918. For further information and catalogue, address: President D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.—adv.

Dad's Admonition

By RICHARD MARKLEY

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.) When I went to work on a farm Dad owned in Huttoon county, he said to me, "I have only one thing to say to you. It is comprised in four letters, 'M. Y. O. B.'" I asked him what the letters stood for, and he said that when I had done something that had brought trouble on my head, likely I would find out. I was thirty years old before I learned what those four letters did stand for. I reckon I had done things to teach me their meaning before that, but I didn't get punished enough to fix my attention on the matter. How I found out Dad's instructions was this way. Jim Hawkins owned the next farm to me. We were both bachelors. I didn't care to bring a woman into my house to boss me; and was satisfied to live alone; but Jim was different; he was continually pining for someone to love. "Jim," said I one day, "why don't you get married?" "I don't know any girl that would have me." "What's the matter with Susie Bickford?" "She wouldn't look at me." "Oh yes she would." "How do you know?" "I don't know, but I think I can find out for you." "I'd be much obliged to you if you would." One evening I went to see Susie and told her I knew a man who was dead in love with her. She was mighty anxious to know who the fellow was, but I wouldn't tell her. I wanted her to keep thinking about her unknown worshiper. Then I went to Jim and told him that I had sounded Susie and she had condescended to me that she had loved him ever since she was a baby. Jim wanted to go right off and propose to her, but I told him he had better wait till I prepared the way for him. They say women can make matches, but men are no account at such business. I have always believed that a man can do anything better than a woman. I certainly managed Jim and Susie mighty well, for I fixed everything up for Jim to make his proposition; he made it; and the two were married. On the day of the wedding Jim said to me, "Joe, I owe you a lot for what you've done for me in getting me an angel for a wife." Sue didn't say anything like that, but she was mighty friendly. The way she looked at it was that Jim had loved her ever since she was a baby. As for me I had simply brought a hanger-back up to the scratch to propose marriage. Jim and Susie were married at the end of the harvest season and I went home to see Dad and Mummy. Dad asked me if I'd found out what M. Y. O. B. meant and I had to acknowledge that I hadn't. "Well," he said, "I reckon you'll learn it some day." After I got back to the farm I was busy about one thing and another and didn't see Jim and Sue for sometime. One morning I met Sue driving the cows along the road. I expected she'd be mighty smilin' to me, but she wasn't. She just said, "How do," and went on. I was the most astonished feller you ever see. If I'd seen Satan riding on one of the cows I wouldn't have been more surprised. The next day Jim passed my house and he too was as short as pie crust. "See here Jim," I called to him, "what's the matter?" "Matter enough," he said, "I thought you was doin' me a favor when you put me up to marryen'. If you'd let me alone I'd a been better off." "Why, what's the matter with Sue?" "Well, she's got her idee about what a husband ought to be and she insists on makin' me that kind of a feller." I tried to get something more definite out of him but he wouldn't talk any more and went on his way. I made up my mind that something had gone wrong between them and I'd better go over and find out what it was. At any rate I didn't propose that they should throw all the blame on me. I found 'em both at home. Jim was smoking his pipe, readin' the Farmers' Weekly Advocate while Sue was cleanin' off the supper table. "I want to say something to you two," I said. "I did you a favor and the reward I get for it is your ill will. If you are dissatisfied with each other I don't see what I have to do with it. You, Jim, wanted someone to love, and I put you on the track to get a wife. You, Sue, were mighty well pleased to get Jim and now you've found that he doesn't suit you—" "Who says he doesn't suit me?" said Sue with a flash in her eye. "Why Jim says you're trying to make him over." "This fere Jim. 'Now see here,' he says mighty sharp. 'It seems to me that you had better stop interferin' between me and my wife.'" "And I want you to understand," says Sue, "that I am perfectly satisfied with my husband, and I'll be better satisfied with you if you'll mind your own business and let us alone." I got out, Sue's words "mind your own business" ringing in my ears. And all of a sudden the meaning of Dad's M. Y. O. B. was mighty plain. Since then I've minded my own business.

SURELY A WONDERFUL WORM

Remarkable Intelligence Displayed by Insect Owned by Col. Harta Beeton. "I had a trained worm once," began Col. Harta Beeton, reflectively, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I don't wonder that you chaps look surprised—as far as I know it's the only case of a trained worm on record. Haw! Yawss!" "I was digging for bait on the far bank of the Ganges and I noticed that one of the worms had a particularly large head. Well, now, my favorite motto is, 'Large head, something in it.' I started to educate the little devil, and in two months he was the marvel of the entire countryside. Rully!" "Here's the way he would help me fish: He'd wind his little tail around the end of the hook and wave his body about till a snapping pottle, or perhaps a blue-nose skad, would make a dive for him. Quick as a wink Slivers—that's what I called him—would coil himself up into a ball and roll out of the fish's jaws just as they closed on the hook. Clevehah, what! Oh—ah—and I forgot to mention, whenever he saw a fish coming he would send three little bubbles up to the surface and put me on my guard. Then, after I'd landed the fish Slivers would stick his head out of the water and wait for the hook again. "He died, finally, of some sort of cerebral trouble—brain fever, perhaps, Gad! boys. I was sorry to lose that worm! If any of you ever get over that way just look up his little tombstone. It's right outside a little town called Goodab—any of the natives'll show you. Haw!"

DESCRIBES CURE FOR GROUCH

Doctor Finds Uneasiness and Crankiness Are Both Diseases That Can Be Groped With. Take comfort, all ye who "fly to pieces" at the slightest provocation or are judged flidgety or cranky or irritable. Your friends, and more especially your enemies, may say it is just "pure cussedness," or even worse. But Dr. Meyer Solomon brings word to such sufferers that they are victims of a disease which may be cured. In the New York Medical Journal he has an article dealing with the subject in plain language and telling simple systems and simple remedies. "In common forms?" Doctor Solomon says, "there is nothing more than a condition of uneasiness or unrest. The person is flidgety, ill at ease, cannot concentrate on the task before him and is so generally disturbed he does not know what to do with himself. It is but natural that while in this condition the person is irritable and is apt to be cranky, grouchy, easily angered and not at all himself, as he will tell you. I venture to state in this simple form the state occurs now and then in all human beings, but for the most of us these periods are relatively infrequent. "Many may find relief by going to a gymnasium, playing golf, tennis, or the like; going to a baseball game, joining a card game; yes, even going to a prize fight, a wrestling match and similar methods of amusement. Others may find their peace in intellectual pursuits—reading a novel, a scientific book or article, resorting to one of their hobbies." Popular Superstitions. To be born on the first day of a new moon means that the child will have a happy life and be rich. A child born on the second day will grow rapidly. A short life is predicted for a child born on the third or the sixth day. A child born on the fifth day will be deceitful and proud. Birth on the seventh day means that a child born will live long, but have many troubles. The ninth day promises that a child born then shall have riches and honors. A child born on the tenth day will live long and be a great traveler. A birth on the eleventh day means that the child will be healthy and handsome, and if a girl, remarkable for wisdom. A child born on the twelfth day of the moon will be dearly loved, but have a bad temper.

Watch His Laugh.

The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the laugher his laugh. It is as characteristic as his nose or the color of his eyes. No polish or educational veneer can alter the laugh much in quality and tone, although it may soften it. Yet, even then, in an unguarded moment the old laugh rings or cackles, or explodes, and the show is given away. A man to be avoided, to be passed by on the other side, is the man who laughs without smiling. The man who laughs like a mask or a ventriloquist's puppet. His face wrinkles. He makes a noise. But he is smileless as a rooster when cackling. Take it from me, that man is hard, relentless, cruel, malignant.

The Unspeakable Turk.

This expression came into general use during the Bulgarian agitation of 1876, on its appearance in a published letter of Carlyle's to George Howard, M. P., dated November 24: "The unspeakable Turk should be immediately struck out of the question, and the country left to honest European guidance." It was not the first time, however, that Carlyle had made use of it. In 1831, nearly fifty years before, in "The Westminster Review," No. 29, in an article on the "Nibelungen Lied," he makes mention of "that unspeakable Turk, King Macheloh."

THE POLECAT.

The Life Story of a Very Peculiar Little Animal. The oft repeated notation, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," is an argument against this interesting little animal, trying a change of name in order to make itself more popular. In some sections, it is known as a skunk, a wood-pussy or an essence-peddler, but no one has been able to notice any marked difference in the aroma. If it were not for this one idiosyncrasy, the striking beauty, the playful disposition and the friendly ways of the little creature, would doubtless have made him one of the most beautiful of pets. He is a symphony in black and white, and if he only had a dash of crimson about him, he would remind one of that drummer of the woods, the red-headed woodpecker so abruptly does the black of him end and that white of him begin. There is no gradual shading of white into black, but his colorations are as startling as the squares on a checker-board. A well grown specimen is about two feet long, or about the size of an average cat. The body is thick-set; legs rather short; tail even more bushy than that of the squirrel; claws well developed and curved, and the bottom of the feet bare. The hair which is long and wavy, is the clearest black. To relieve this rather funereal aspect, two stripes of purest white begin at his eyes, run along the sides of the head, widening as they traverse the body, and continuing the full length of the tail. Altogether, he is probably the most striking personality of the countryside, as well as one of the most easily seen. He belongs to the same group with the weasels and the minks, all of which have the power of emitting a very strong, musky odor, when angry or frightened. This odor is to quite a protection, as most of their natural enemies seem to lose their appetite after a few whiffs. But it remains for the subject of our sketch to perfect an odor that renders him as safe from harm as if he were locked up in a British tank. The realization that no one, man or beast, is going to say him nay, has served to make him a trifling arrogant when in the presence of these animals that would gladly make a meal of him were he not so highly seasoned. As for man he fears him least of all, and he crosses his path with a studied indifference, and with a dignified composure that never fails to gain him a free and undisturbed passage. So sure is he of the efficacy of his hidden weapon that he stalks abroad with the air of one owning the earth, and king of all he surveys. It is only when laboring under some mental excitement, such as sudden fear or anger, that he transforms the landscape into one vast smell. So if one could always manage to keep him in a good humor, and do nothing to ruffle his feelings, we know of no more interesting fellow among our native animals. The glands that secrete this trible fluid are located under the base of his tail and by sudden muscular contraction, it can be thrown some ten feet. It is discharged in the form of a very fine spray, and so powerful is it that two or three drops are sufficient to perfume the air for a mile around. It is intensely volatile, and the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere it evaporates, and that particular part of the country becoming uninhabitable, and the air no longer fit for breathing purposes. Leaving out this drawback, which must be confessed, is a serious one, the polecat is a very beautiful, very harmless and a very useful animal. The unnumbered field mice, beetles, snakes and other harmful pests he destroys, more than pay the farmer for the occasional chicken he may loot. In regions where hops are raised, he renders the farmer a disinct service in hunting and eating the large grubs that are so destructive to the roots of the plant. It is probable that in the distant past before he went into the perfumery business, that he, like other small animals, was compelled to be forever on the alert to escape the sudden attack of some enemy, so his muscles were hard and his flesh lean and firm. But finding that he no longer had to exert himself, but that he was safe under all circumstances, he has

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grown fat and lazy, and spends most of his time loafing around the woodland restaurants, feasting on the good things that nature has provided. His summer home is usually in a burrow under some stump, log or pile of rocks. If he should come across a woodchuck's hole that strikes his fancy, he just moves in, and when the owner of the burrow finds out who the intruder is he turns over the premises without a word, and quietly hits the trail for a healthier part of the country. Like other indolent, easy-going folks, he likes to have things comfortable, so back in the far end of the burrow is a big, luxurious couch of leaves and grasses. Here in the early spring the young are born, and when they are about half grown, they come out and follow their mother in straggling Indian file, as she drifts along in the twilight, in her leisurely, unhurried way. Knowing that he is more than a match for any creature that has to breathe the air, the polecat has lost the wildness that characterizes the small folks of the woods, and has become almost brazen in his boldness.—C. A. David in the Greenville News. South Carolinian Killed by Plane. Washington, July 1.—Lieut. William DeC. Ravenel, Jr., son of William DeC. Ravenel, administration assistant of the National Museum, residing at 1611 Riggs Street, and Corp. Ray L. Danning, of Cresco, Iowa, were killed at Fort Hicks Aviation Field, Fort Worth, Texas, yesterday, when an airplane in which they were flying fell. Lieutenant Ravenel was born in Pinopolis, S. C., July 31, 1896.

FOR SALE One House and Lot on the Southeast Corner of Halle and Fair Streets. One House and Lot on the South Side of Halle Street. One House and Lot on the Southwest Corner of Halle and Mill Streets. Farm Containing Fifty-Five Acres, Four Miles North of Camden. Plantation Containing 425 Acres, Situate Four Miles Northeast of Camden on Liberty Hill Road. We write Fire, Life, Accident, Health, Plate Glass, Steam Boiler, Automobile, Employer's Liability, Livestock, Hall, Burglary, Tornado, Surety Bonds, and all other lines of INSURANCE. THE CAMDEN LOAN & REALTY COMPANY 1015 I-2 Broad St. J. LOCKWOOD MURPHY, Mgr. CAMDEN, S. C.