

Social and Personal News
By Miss Louise Nettles

The following catchy verses were written by a Camden girl, and she has kindly allowed us to publish them. The air of old Camden is conducive to patriotism, romance, and poetic fancy, but our native writers are too modest with their charming expression. They should give out more to the public and cultivate the art for. "True ease in writing comes from Art, not chance, as those move easiest, who have learned to dance."

Send Them a Smile!
This is no time for that drear blue letter sent to the boys "Over There." If we want them to fight all the better fill the trenches with words of good cheer!

Send them a smile!
Do not send tears to those boys in our camp. They need a heart that is light, to make them forget they are cold and damp.

Send them letter both joyous and bright!
Send them a smile!

Don't make the mistake of thinking those boys striving for a world-wide right, are finding this war to be filled with joys, suppose you try this with all your might!

Send them a smile!
And over those boys who may catch that gleam comes a sudden change you see, for their faces will be just one big beam, so, if a joy-bringer you would be; **Send them a smile!**

Do send them on their numerous ways across the ocean wide, with their hearts warmed by luminous rays of smiles that will always abide. —L.A.

Furnishings for The Household of Faith.
The pastor of the Baptist Church will preach on the above topic at the morning service and will follow it with a companion sermon at the evening service on "The Doom of the 'the Doubtful'."

These sermons are in a series on Heroes of Faith in Genesis Days. Some of the most interesting parallels are noted in that time and this in which we are now living.

Visitors in the city are welcome to these services. Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Clean Up Week Now On.
Attention of all property owners is called to the fact that Clean Up Week is now on in Camden. Citizens are urged to put their premises in proper shape for the inspectors who will make rounds about August 1st. Make Camden the "City Beautiful!"

Caught a Big Fellow.
Mr. R. G. McCreight and a party of Columbians spent a few days here this week encamped at the Hermitage mill pond on a fishing trip. The party had good luck, catching several large trout and many smaller ones—the largest fish weighing nine pounds. The big fish was exhibited on the streets here Tuesday morning when the party were returning to Columbia.

Chief Constable Smyrl seized an illicit distillery in the city limits of Columbia Wednesday. William Long, a white man, from Orange county was placed under arrest. The outfit was found in Harter's Row, near the State fair grounds, on the Bluff road.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING
The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of Hermitage Cotton Mills will be held at the office of the Company on Tuesday, August 6th, 1918 at 11:30 o'clock a.m.

Hermitage Cotton Mills,
R. B. Pitts,
Pres. and Treas.

MAJESTIC PROGRAM

Today Friday July 26th.
J. BARRY SHERRY and GLORIA SWANSON IN "HER DECISION" Triangle 10c

Saturday July 27th.
ROY STEWART IN "WOLVES OF THE BORDER" Also Vitagraph's Serial Success "Vengeance and the Woman" Triangle 10c

Monday July 29th.
A CHARLES RAY FEATURE Title not yet announced Ince-Paramount 10c

Tuesday July 30th.
Cecil B. DeMille's Supreme Triumph "OLD WIVES FOR NEW" A drama of American Society Life DeMille Production 10c

Wednesday July 31st
Barney Sherry and Gloria Swanson in "FRANTICS" Triangle 10c

Thursday August 1st.
William Fox Presents ANETTE KELLERMAN IN "A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS" Fox Special 15c

PERSONAL MENTION.

Lieut. Norwood Auerum was a week end visitor here.

Mrs. Gus Hirsch is spending a few weeks in New York City.

Messrs. Frank Williams and Nettles Lindsay spent Sunday in Darlington.

Mr. Frank Williams has returned from a visit to his parents in North Carolina.

Miss Babba Green is spending a few days vacation at her home in Newberry.

Mrs. A. C. Auerum is visiting her daughter Mrs. Edward Eve at Ocean Bluff.

Mrs. F. G. Spanu and little son, Frank of Moss Point, Miss. are in Camden on a visit to relatives.

Miss Mattie Lee Benson of Charleston is visiting her aunt Mrs. B. B. Barfield on Mill Street.

Misses May and Elizabeth Johnson, of Allendale, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Benson.

Miss Sue Haile entertained a number of her friends at a dance at her home last Friday evening.

Mr. Harry DePass, Jr., and George DePass of Spartanburg, are visiting relatives in Camden.

Miss Caroline Cunningham, and her brother, of Liberty Hill, have been visiting relatives in Camden.

Mr. B. L. Team of Fort Monroe, Va., who is in the radio service of the navy, is at home for a few days.

Mr. L. T. Mills left this morning for a trip of several days to Newberry and points in the upper part of the State.

Miss Margaret Hammond of Florence spent several days this week in Camden as the guest of Miss Loree Arthur.

Miss Lura Martin, of Plainfield, N. J. is visiting her sister Miss Mary Martin at Mr. Marion Heyman's home.

Messrs. Morse Poston and Charlie Lanny of Cheraw were guests last Sunday at the home of Mrs. H. L. Watkins.

Lieut. Kershaw deLoach spent the week end with home folks. He was accompanied by an officer from Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Wm. Shannon and Miss Agnes Shannon have gone for a month's stay in Hendersonville, N. C. Mr. Shannon will join them later.

Mr. Jess Blackmon went to Camden Sunday to accept a position with the Southern Power Co., at the Wateree Dam.—Lancaster Citizen.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller Boykin of Boykins and Mrs. F. C. DuBoise of Camden are visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Spann.—Saturday's Sumter Item.

Mr. C. P. DuBose returned Sunday evening from a trip to Hendersonville, N. C. He left Mrs. DuBose there where she will spend a few weeks.

Mr. H. L. Schlosburg left Sunday for Hendersonville, where he will join Mrs. Schlosburg on a trip to New York and other northern markets.

Miss Sallie Poovey was the guest of her uncle, Dr. George Poovey, at Lancaster last Sunday. Dr. Poovey leaves soon for the Officers Training School.

Miss Nancy Lindsay has returned from a visit to the up country and has as her attractive guests Miss Ruby Wheeler, of Prosperity, and Miss Phoebe Featherstone of Greenwood.

Messrs. T. J. Clyburn, Lewis Lee Clyburn and Misses Corinne Lewis and Edna Bloom spent Sunday in Bennettsville with Mr. James Covington. They were accompanied home by Miss Ernestine Bateman.

Mr. S. Belton Beard, who has been connected with the Camden Motor Co. for the past year, will leave about the first of August for Bennettsville where he will be employed in the oil mill at that place.

Miss Olive Rhame, of Camden, S. C., who has been spending three weeks with Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Murphy, the latter her aunt is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Durrah, the latter her aunt, at their home on West Vance street. Miss Rhame has been one of the season's most attractive and popular visitors. After her visit here she will leave for Montreal to visit Miss Charlotte Kesler.—Wednesday's Charlotte Observer.

Draft Evaders Arrested.
Sheriff Hough and Constable Bateman carried Nathaniel Outen and Luke Ellis, draft evaders, to Camp Jackson Thursday. Outen was captured in West Wateree and Ellis had to be trailed nearly to the North Carolina line. A reward of \$50 each was paid the officers for the arrests.

While near the camp the officers witnessed the killing of a young soldier who while riding a motorcycle with a side-car attachment dashed his brains out by running into an army truck. The officers did not learn the name of the young man. The soldier in the side-car was uninjured.

LIBRARY NOTES
The Library will be opened on Monday July 29th—hours 9:30 to 12:30 and in the afternoon from 6 to 7:30.

Terrible Threat.
Parson Johnson—De contribution this morning will be for the purpose of making up the deficit in your pastor's salary! De choir will now sing, and will continue to sing, until de full amount am collected!—Puck.

Something of a Novelty.
"Shall we go to the movies, play bridge, or stay home?" "Why not stay home? We can always go to the movies or play bridge."—Judge.

LIEUT. PLYLER HEARD FROM

Fell Inside German Lines and is Now Prisoner in Germany.

(From Kershaw Era.)
The following is a copy of a letter received by Mrs. Logla Plyler from the Major of the flying squadron to which her son, Lt. Wm. Hazel Plyler, was attached when he went down over the German lines during an engagement with German planes: American Ex. Forces, June 16, 1918.

My Dear Mrs. Plyler:
By the time this letter reaches you, you shall know in all probability, what happened to "Bill" on Friday last when he went missing over the lines. I have been hoping that we would be able to obtain some tidings from the other side or from some of our own units near that point on the lines and tonight we heard indirectly that a machine with allied colors was seen to land allright that date in enemy territory somewhere. I have never been able to think that he is killed. I feel certain that he is quite allright and that through the Red Cross or some way we will be able to write you very soon advising you that he is allright. We know for certain that he had the address of the International Red Cross, Geneva, Switzerland, in his pocket and he may have cabled you thru that source ere now. I insisted that every officer avail himself of their services should he be forced to land in German territory.

It has been a terrible shock to the boys to lose "Bill" from the squadron. He was a general favorite, and as an indication of our confidence for us all, we were about to elect him mess president. He was a member of "C" Flight and as such loyally helped to make that flight what it is.

"And now I must tell you what a wonderful showing your son made in the combat when he went missing. "C" Flight was entrusted with the mission of going out to escort back to our lines two large and slow reconnaissance machines. They arrived at the rendezvous about four minutes before time, just soon enough to see the two reconnaissance machines coming, but surrounded by at least ten small fast enemy machines. "C" Flight swooped down upon the enemy from "in the sun" and taking the enemy completely by surprise shot three of them down and scattered the others in all directions, enabling the photographic machines to get back with valuable information. Something must have happened to "Bill's" engine causing him to land. We cannot lead ourselves to believe that he was shot down. Certainly his machine was intact and under control when last seen. But you must understand, Mrs. Plyler, that in a big fight like that, where all are traveling at such a terrific speed, that it is practically impossible to watch out for other machines, and consequently the other pilots did not observe Lieut. Plyler's machine go down.

It is terrible to lose him from our squadron, but if he is safe you will have the consolation of knowing that as a prisoner of war he is safe until the end of the war, when he will come back to you. I know that he will not relish life in a German prison camp, but I can assure you that he will be quite comfortable, as I know several officers of the Royal Flying Corps who, while not being fed lavishly, are wholesomely provided for and comfortably housed.

And now let me point out, Mrs. Plyler, that as a part of confidence in your son, and as a reward for good work I had officially recommended him for promotion just three days before the unfortunate scrap.

Knowing you will be interested in all personal references, I must tell you that just before he went up I caught his hand and said, "Now, Bill, remember, keep moving if you get into a scrap, keep maneuvering and it will be impossible for them to hit you and you will be able to get them." He replied with his usual jolly smile, "Don't worry, Major, I'll be allright, and weshdru ouon u I'll be allright." And we know that he is allright, and we are certain too, that the Hun's are not going to get any information from him either.

Do not be anxious, Mrs. Plyler. Have no worry. Be proud of the fact that you have the honor of being the second woman in all the United States who had a son in an American squadron fall on the other side of the line in aerial engagement. (Capt. Hall was taken prisoner the other day, he was the first.)

With my extension to you of sincerest appreciation and admiration, and assurances that we will obtain tidings for you at the earliest moment possible.

Yours faithfully,
H. E. Hartney,
C. O. 27th Aero Squadron.

To Clean Up Church Yard.
All parties owing lots at the cemetery at Antioch Baptist Church are requested to meet there on Tuesday, July 30th for the purpose of putting the graveyard in good order.
By order of C. W. Shiver,
Church Clerk.

Miss Marie Wendt returned to her home in Newberry Wednesday after a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Clarke.

SUMMER FASHIONS

For Summer Days—The Charm of Youth is Simplicity.

New York, July 22.—At last we have some summer weather, and it is interesting to watch the transformation of Fifth Avenue. A week or so ago, coat suits and capes were the order of the day; now, they are laid aside in favor of cooler costumes. Gingham and linen and organdies, calico and voile and crepe; bewildering in their endless variety of design and color. The Avenue is like an enormous flower garden, and the hats and knitting bags carry out the delusion delightfully.

The simplest dresses are, as is always the case, the most desirable. One interesting little model that I saw the other day of fine striped voile had no trimming whatsoever, the stripes themselves being used as trimming. There was a yoke on the waist and also one, semi-fitted on the



Simple Dress of Gray Poplin
skirt, with the stripes running around. The collar and cuffs were cut on the bias, and the sleeves, the button part of the waist and the skirt had the stripes running up and down. The material was a deep purple and white stripe, and the soft crushed girdle was of matching purple satin. A wide organdie hat of white with a wreath of flat dull green leaves was worn with it, and the whole effect was perfectly charming.

They are showing the most fascinating sets of "things" now; there is the wide brimmed shade hat with an interesting design worked in wool or with flat flowers applied around the crown; a deep bag, presumably for knitting, but far larger than those we have been accustomed to seeing which can hold a week-end wardrobe if necessary; a sports suit, consisting of a sleeveless coat with two skirts, one being camouflaged in the bag; sports shoes with low heels; and a wide spreading parasol. With this set one feels able to set forth on a prolonged auto or camping trip.

Illustrated here is a very attractive little frock that is just simple as it can be. It is cut all in one, with only two seams, those under the arms and down the skirt. The Quaker gray poplin of the dress is relieved by the white braiding, and white soutache braid binds the round collarless neck and lower edge of the sleeves. The dress buttons on each shoulder with large white pearl buttons, and the belt, with its rows of white braid, slips through slashes in the front, and fastens under, thus showing no fastening. The drop shoulder is one of the very newest of the Fall fashions.

Now that we have gotten Summer nicely started, we are turning our thoughts to Autumn and the necessary Fall wardrobe. Every now and then one sees on the street a velvet hat. The shops have been showing them for some time now, but perhaps because we have had such a cool summer, the devotees of "something new" have not rushed the season as they were wont to do of old. Velvet coats and slip on jackets are quite popular, and some of the smartest sports skirts are of plaid wool. Felt hats are always good for sports wear. Thus it goes. We are eagerly watching for news of Fall fashions, even in the midst of Summer's heat.

HEADS, HEARTS AND HANDS
Heads that think and hearts that feel, Hands that turn the busy wheel Make our life worth living here, In this mundane hemisphere. Heads to plan what hearts shall do, Hearts to bear us bravely through— Thinking head and toiling hand Are the masters of the land.

When a thought becomes a thing, Busy hands make hammers ring Until honest work has wrought Into shape the thinker's thought; Which will aid to civilize And make nations great and wise. Lifting to a lofty height In this age of thought and light.

Miracles of science show With their light the way to go. Touch a tube of gas and light Blossoms like the stars of night; Touch another tube, and lo! Streams of crystal waters flow; Touch a telegraphic wire Add your thought has wings of fire.

Hail to honest hearts and hands, And to the head that understands Hands that dare to truth subscribe, Hands that never touched a bribe, Hearts that hate a deed unjust, Hearts that other hearts can trust, Heads that plan for other's weal Heads poised over hearts that feel.

—Selected.

Save a loaf a week help win the war

Goodale-McCorkle.
Simple in detail, but effective in its simplicity was the marriage on Saturday morning July 20th of Miss Mildred Goodale and Mr. F. N. McCorkle, Jr., at the residence of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Goodale on Lyttleton Avenue. Only the family and a few intimate friends were present, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. M. M. Benson, of the Baptist Church.

The bride entered with her father, preceded by her only attendants, her three little nieces, Nell Goodale and Alice Louise Fletcher of Kershaw acting as flower girls, carrying baskets of white daisies and Margaret Goodale carrying the ring in the heart of a white rose. She was met at the improvised altar by the groom and best man, his brother, Mr. N. B. McCorkle of Athens, Ga. Miss Corinne Lewis played the wedding march. The bride wore a modish traveling suit of navy blue, with touches of grey, the waist, hat, shoes and gloves matching the grey in the suit. She carried an arm bouquet of bride's roses.

A color scheme of green and white was carried out, the ever popular sun-lax trailing windows and doors, and the mantle was banked with fern and daisies. Vases of white roses were scattered throughout the room which was darkened with only the soft glow of the candles shedding their radiance over the scene.

After the ceremony the bride and groom received the congratulations of those present. Later the party motored to the depot to see the happy couple off on their wedding trip to Jacksonville, Fla. Many useful presents were received, including a chest of silver, a cedar chest and a handsome check from relatives of the groom.

The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Goodale and is held in high esteem by a large circle of friends. She is a talented musician. Mr. McCorkle is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. McCorkle of Athens, Ga., and has made many friends since he has been in Camden where he has charge of the local express office.

Out of town guests at the wedding were Mr. Neal McCorkle and Mr. A. S. Ison of Athens, Ga., and Mr. and Mrs. Koger Fletcher of Kershaw.

"IN FATHER'S PLACE"

Lines From a Cambridge Boy at The Front Addressed to Folks at Home.

(From the Boston Transcript.)
Because I am his father, they Expect me to put grief away; Because I am a man, and rough And sometimes short of speech and gruff The women folks at home believe His absence doesn't make me grieve; But how I felt, they little know The day I smiled and let him go.

They little know the dreams I had Long cherished for my sturdy lad; They little guess the wrench it meant That day when off to war he went; They little know the tears I checked While standing smiling and erect; They never heard my smothered sigh When it was time to say good-by.

"What does his father think and say?" The neighbors ask from day to day. "Oh! he's a man," they answer then, "And you know how it is with men." But little do they ever say They do not feel the selfsame way: "He seems indifferent and grim, And yet he's very proud of him."

Indifferent and grim! Oh, heart, Be brave enough to play the part, Let not your real grief be shown; Keep all your loneliness unknown. To you the women folk must turn For comfort when their sorrows burn; You must not at this time reveal The pain and anguish that you feel.

Oh, tongue, be silent through the years, And eyes keep always back the tears, And let them never see or know My hidden weight of grief and woe. Though every golden dream I had Was cherished in my dear young lad; Alone my sorrow I must bear; They must not know how much I care.

Though women folks may talk and weep, A man, unseen his grief must keep, And hide behind his smile and pride The loneliness that dwells inside. And so, from day to day I go, Playing the part of man, although Beneath the rough outside and grim, I think and pray to God, for him.

Sam Hallman, negro convicted of attempted criminal assault upon a white woman at the June term of the Colleton County court, was electrocuted at the penitentiary Friday at noon.

PATTERNS
to be used for the the new materials make delightful gowns that the woman who lives on her war income cannot resist, but can afford. All the McCall designs are new and distinctive

MCCALL PATTERNS
FOR AUGUST, NOW ON SALE