

Social and Personal News

By Miss Louise Nettles

Growing Old!

Is it parting with the roundness of the smoothly moulded cheek? Is it losing from the dimples? Is it the fading joy they speak? Half the flashing joy they speak? Is it fading of the lustre? From the wavy golden hair? Is it finding on the forehead? Craven lines of thought and care? Is it drooping, as the rose leaves? Drop their sweetness over, blown? Household names that once were dearer, More familiar than our own? Is it meeting on the pathway? Faces strange and glances cold, While the soul with moan and shiver Whispers sadly "Growing old?"

Is it frowning at the folly Of the ardent hopes of youth? Is it the cynic melancholy, Is it the "carity of truth?" Is it disbelief in loving? Is it the "hate, or miser's greed?" Is it the "such blight of Nature's noblest?" Is it the "growing old," indeed.

Is it the silver thread that shineth Whately in the thinning tress, And the pallor where the bloom was, And the tell of bitterness, And the brow's more earnest writing, Where it once was marble fair, May be but the spirit's tracing Of the peace of answered prayer.

Is it the smile has gone in deeper, And the tears more quickly start, And together meet in music Low and tender in the heart; And in others joy and gladness, When the life can find its own, Surely Angels learn to listen To the sweetness of the tone.

Nothing lost of all we planted In the time of budding leaves; Only somethings bound in bundles And set by our precious sheaves; Only treasure kept in safety, Out of reach and out of rust, Will we clasp it grown the richer Through the glory of our trust.

On the gradual sloping pathway As the passing years decline, Gleams a golden love-light falling Far from upper heights divine, And the shadows frown that brightens Wrap them softly in their fold, Who unto celestial whiteness Walk, by way of "Growing old."

—Selected.

AN ENJOYABLE BRIDGE TEA AND RECEPTION

On Saturday last, a lovely bridge tea and afternoon reception was given at the attractive home of Mrs. D. O. Houser on Fair Street, with Mrs. Ernest L. Wooten as an assistant hostess. Bright fires glowed in the open fire places and quantities of autumn flowers gave an additional touch of beauty and cheeriness to the rooms. There were six tables arranged for bridge, the score prize, a lovely pot plant went to Mrs. Laurens Mills. After cards quite a number of invited guests came in to an informal reception. Delicious refreshments, consisting of black cream, fruit cake, and tea were served. About fifty ladies called during the afternoon.

PRESBYTERIAN BAZAAR

Next Friday is the day that the Y. W. A. of the Presbyterian Church have decided upon for the Christmas bazaar and entertainment that the society's membership has been working for and planning for during the past few months. There will be an attractive Christmas booth, where all manner and kind of pretty articles, suitable for Christmas gifts will be on sale. These articles have been contributed and will be sold at the most reasonable prices. Do not fail to see them. Cakes will also be on sale and in this time when sugar is so scarce, a cake is a delicious rarity. The ladies will also serve a luncheon on Friday from 12 o'clock to 3 p. m. Entrees, chicken salad, sandwiches coffee etc. will be served. Remember the date, Friday December 5th, and be sure to give the ladies your patronage.

Majestic Theatre PROGRAM

TODAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 28TH
Goldwin Presents Louis Bessonin in "THE ROAD CALLED STRAIGHT"
Also a Burton Holmes Travelogue.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 29
Mack Sennetts Greatest Comedy "The Tom Without The Cabin"
Which we personally guarantee to be the funniest comedy that you ever witnessed
Also a Fox Sunshine Comedy "A MILK FED VAMPIRE"
And a new episode of "THE GREAT GAMBLE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1.
Maurice Tourneau's "THE LIFE LINE"
With Jack Holt, Pauline Stark, Lewis Cody and Tully Marshall. You will be greatly pleased with this most unusual offering
Admission 25c Children 15c.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2.
Goldwin Presents Mable Norman in "PECKS BAD GIRL"
You will find here a soothing remedy for that wearied brow and an irresistible invitation for that pent-up chuckle.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3.
William Fox Presents Gladys Brockwell in "CHASING RAINBOWS"
A story of an American girl who did more good in a Western town than preacher and a pair of six shooters

MATRONS BRIDGE CLUB

Mrs. D. A. Boykin was hostess to the Matrons Bridge Club this week. The members of this club are enthusiastic bridge players, and look forward with pleasure to the weekly meetings. On this occasion it was a particularly pleasant one.

TO MEET WITH MRS. KNAPP

The Hobkirk Hill Chapter D. A. R. will meet Thursday, December 4th with Mrs. Knapp at 4 p. m. Reports from the state conference will be given and also an interesting program rendered. Many matters of importance will come up and plans for future work decided upon. All members are cordially invited by the hostess and urged by the Regent to be present.

KIRKWOOD BOOK CLUB MEETS

One of the largest and most enjoyable meetings of the Kirkwood book club was held at the home of Mrs. Ernest Wooten Friday morning. This club has a membership of twenty and each member buys a book, these are passed from one to another until the entire membership has read them. The club expects to get new books in the near future. Mrs. Wooten served dainty refreshments during the morning. Mrs. Sallie Boykin will be the next hostess, and the club meets every alternate week.

MRS. OSBORNE ENTERTAINS

One of informal, but pretty affairs of the week, was the luncheon on Thursday morning, when Mrs. J. H. Osborne was an agreeable hostess at her home on Mill Street. Each guest carried a piece of fancy work and the hours were spent in social chat and in finishing the articles that are to make some one happy at Christmas tide. At noon a tempting luncheon was served. Among those present were Mesdames Hunter Lang, Lowelyn, Leroy Davidson, Latiam, vanLandingham, Lee Little, Frank L. Zemp, W. S. Burnet, Ralph Stevenson, Wm. King, John T. Nettles, Robin Zemp and Mrs. Adlecks of York.

MEETING OF JOHN D. KENNEDY CHAPTER

This Chapter will meet next Monday, December 1st, at 4:30 p. m. at the home of Mrs. N. R. Goodale, with Mrs. Rebekah W. White as assistant hostess. All members are cordially invited by the hostesses and urged by the President to attend. The U. D. C. State convention meets at the Jefferson Hotel Tuesday Dec. 2nd and will be in session until Friday Dec. 5th. The following ladies have been elected to represent the chapter; delegate Miss Louise Nettles, alternate, Mrs. James Burns; delegate Mrs. N. R. Goodale, alternate, Miss Leila Shannon; delegate, Mrs. Edwin Muller, alternate Mrs. W. F. Nettles; delegate Mrs. F. Leslie Zemp, alternate Mrs. C. M. Coleman. If delegates cannot go, they will please notify their alternates, if alternates cannot go they will in turn notify the chapter President that she may appoint some one in their place, as we are anxious for the John D. Kennedy to have a full representation in Columbia next week.

Musical Club To Be Formed.

The recital to be given at the residence of Mrs. H. G. Carrison next Wednesday by Miss Marion Balston, composer and pianist is the first of a series of musical entertainments to be given in Camden with the purpose of forming a Musical Club to be composed of all those deeply interested in music and musical subjects. The Club will federate with the other musical clubs of the State and encourage the love of music in the community. This club will fill a long felt need.

SOUTH CAROLINA GIRL

A Belle and Social Favorite in Washington Society.

We copy from the Charleston Sunday News the following complimentary notice of Miss Margaret Simonds, who is a native South Carolinian, and now an acknowledged beauty, belle and social favorite in the National Capital. Miss Simonds is a niece of Mrs. Anna Calhoun Ancrum, of our city, which fact, makes the notice of interest to Mrs. Ancrum's friends:

"Miss Margaret Simonds, daughter of Mrs. C. C. Calhoun, by a former marriage to the late Andrew Simonds, of Charleston, S. C. was obviously one of the great belles of the short royal season as the prince not only repeated his invitation to dance several times, but called upon her and her mother the following day, accompanied by Rear Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, on whom rests the chief responsibility for the health, happiness and well-being of the future king throughout his present tour. Col. F. W. M. Grigg, the military secretary of the party, and Major General Biddle, U. S. A., were appointed to attend his royal highness.

"Miss Simonds, who is a petite and perfect blonde, with all the charms of the old aristocracy of her native city, wore a one-piece gown of dark blue cloth over a narrow skirt of self-colored satin, the cloth overdress slit panel fashion to the waist line and curvaceous bodice only slightly open at the throat. This was topped by a small turban, like the gown, Paris-made, of the blue cloth, with its scant well-placed trimming of narrow velvet-ribbon in French blue and tiny pink roses. Her evening gown at Mrs. Gillette's party was equally smart, on simple lines of white tulle."

QUAINT OLD FINNISH TOWN

Everything in Borga Seems to Go Back to About the Earliest Period of History.

The first glimpse of Borga from the water is a cluster of old wooden buildings carelessly assembled along the skyline. You gather that the town is red, owing to the bulky, crimson-painted packhouses in the foreground, but upon climbing up the steep, cobblestoned street to the town, you change your mind, and decide that it is going to be yellow. For all the funny, old-fashioned houses are painted that color. A little farther on, however, it comes upon you suddenly that Borga possesses a color scheme—that all the red and yellow is just a background for the splendid, solemn grayness of its ancient cathedral, which completely dominates the town from the depths of a walled courtyard of the type that was popular in the early fifteenth century.

Borga began about thirteen hundred and something, and must have reached its height about the seventeenth century, for it contains very little of a later date than that. The cathedral contains nothing more modern than an organ, for example. Its white and gold pulpit was carved in the sixteenth century, and its wall sconces and wonderful crystal chandeliers are centuries old. Other Finnish towns have replaced their marvelous chandeliers with less beautiful but more practical fixtures of the current century, but Borga proudly upholds the past. The Borga cathedral still measures time by means of a quaint old hourglass filled with sand.

It was in this cathedral that the emperor of Russia, Alexander I, received the oaths of allegiance of the newly conquered Finns, a few days after he had signed the constitution which gave them their freedom. The house in which the constitution was signed—a modest, little, frame structure with old-fashioned, blue-painted blinds—is also pointed out with reverence to the traveler, and if you are duly sympathetic, the Borgans will then lead you up to the site of an old fortress reported to date back to an obscure period, even before the cathedral, when the Finns were heathens. It must be admitted that this site is anything but impressive now. There are some peculiar ditches, which, one is assured, are moats, and several barb-wire fences which are supposed to inclose the ancient and venerable embattlements. Nevertheless, the place must have atmosphere, if you can only find it, for it was here that Walter Runeberg, the great Finnish poet, used to find the inspiration for so many of his splendid songs.

Prehistoric Skull.
The bureau of American ethnology has made public the discovery of a human skull "in concrete," filled with hard breccia, which was found on the coast of Florida.

The skull, collected by Samuel L. King of Bristol, Tenn., from Demere Key, off Fort Myers, is believed to be of prehistoric origin, because, like other human bones discovered by scientists, it is so placed in a strata of earth and pebbles that the age of the bones can be ascertained geologically.

Other bones mineralized by age and believed to be from 20,000 to 40,000 years old have been discovered in Florida, Peru and California, giving proof of the existence of prehistoric man, as well as the prehistoric huge beasts; but man, it would seem, were not so much larger than those of today.

Students of these fossil remains believe that some of them were men who died during the glacial period, and that since then the shifting of the earth buried them under from 75 to 150 feet of gravel which water partly eroded, which makes it possible to estimate that at least thousands of years have elapsed since the man died.

Cold Electric Light.
Electric lights heat up, and an inventor, William L. Barnard, comes forward—that is to the patent office—with a scheme for making your electric lights cold. Heat is cumulative. You turn your lights on. They brighten immediately, but it takes them a few minutes to grow warm. This inventor proposes turning off the light before it has had time to develop any great heat. That is, he provides an incandescent electric lamp with numerous filaments, instead of the usual single one. These filaments are connected with a rotary switch which turns each filament on and off at intervals, but the periods of luminosity of the filaments are so spaced that a continuous illumination results. In other words, when one is switched off others are switched on, so that there is no discontinuity.

Just the Same.
"Do you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?"
"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to lean over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."—London Tit-Bits.

Shoot Him on the Spot.
Some Connecticut chump is about to enrage the people of that state by recalling that roe shad were once obtained for 20 cents each, instead of \$2.50 as now. A man who would recall such things in a time like this ought to be put in stocks.—Houston Post.

NICK'S HARD FATE

One Romanoff to Whom Country Has Been Ungrateful.

Story of Great Russian Military Commander Most Amazing Romance of the War—His Splendid Generalship Is Recalled.

From March, 1917, till October, 1918, Grand Duke Nicholas Romanoff, former commander in chief of the Russian armies and one of the most brilliant generals of the great war, was a prisoner in the town of Yalta in the Crimea. He is now in Milan with his family, humbly housed. The story of "Big Nick" is one of the most amazing romances of the war, the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times states.

When the bolsheviks gained control of Russia Nicholas was residing at Tiflis, where he had been governor under the czar and under the Lvoff regime. He was summoned to Yalta by the bolshevik authorities and obeyed the summons. His brother, his wife, his sister-in-law and other members of his family and his suite were imprisoned with him. Twenty-five bolshevik soldiers were detailed to guard the distinguished prisoners.

Late in the summer of 1918 it was decided by the Yalta soviet to execute all the prisoners. The bolshevik guards absolutely declined to permit the sentence of death to be executed and sent the firing squad back to headquarters. Three times thereafter executioners were sent to kill the prisoners, but in each instance the guard prevented the carrying-out of the sentence.

When the Germans came to Yalta Nicholas declined to permit the Germans to enter the house that had been his prison, declaring his utter loathing of all things German. Soon after this the allies took Yalta and Nicholas was rescued.

All the private fortune of the grand duke has been lost. His lands have been confiscated. At Milan he lives comfortably, but very unostentatiously. Democracy owes much to Grand Duke Nicholas. He was, in fact, a staunch upholder of the old Russian absolutism. But first of all Nicholas was a Russian. He knew Russia's salvation depended on the vanquishing of Germany. He was a leader of consummate skill and it is more than probable that only his splendid generalship prevented Germany from winning the war in the early stages. His retreat before the tremendous attack of Mackensen and Hindenburg, which resulted in the saving of the Russian armies, was one of the most notable chapters of the war.

Between the bolshevik Russia of today and the old autocratic Russia for which Nicholas fought, practical students and statesmen find little choice, but it must be admitted that the autocracy produced great men, while the gutter communism has found only scoundrels for its leaders. In the awarding of justice there should be some provision for this gigantic Russian, who in 1914 and 1915 prevented Germany from marching to easy victory.

No Horses on Largest Farm.
A 200,000-acre farm, the largest in the world, which is the direct result of the government's efforts to stimulate the growing of wheat, is described by Robert H. Moulton in Everybody's.

"The farm is devoted entirely to wheat, and if it produces somewhere around the country's average of twenty-eight bushels per acre, which is practically certain, it will add approximately 5,650,000 bushels to the 1919 wheat crop," says the writer.

"All of the work is being done with tractors. Last fall when the first ground was broken, there were fifty monster machines at work tearing up the prairie sod. They plow on an average of one acre a minute for the working time. A record was made one day of 1,880 acres turned and broken. All the seeding, harvesting, etc., will also be done by tractors, and then, of course, there are the thrashing machines. Hence, the absolute no-accountness of horses about this place."

Price of Labor.
An Indiana suffragist, who is a widely-known speaker, went to her door the other morning to buy some blackberries of a young country woman, reports the Indianapolis News. The berries were fine, but the suffragist wished them at a lower price than they were offered. "Why, they just grow along the roadside so plentifully that all you have to do is to pick them," she told the woman. "Don't you think you are charging a rather exorbitant price for your labor?"

The country woman put her boxes back into her basket. "I've known of higher-priced labor," she retorted testily. "Words are more plentiful than blackberries and yet our club had to pay you \$25 last winter for putting a bunch of them together."

His Resolve.
"It is better to do your losing early in the season."
"I know that axiom," said the baseball manager, "but if I happen to win a few games I'll endeavor to bear it with resignation."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Loss of Animation.
"I suppose Ortmson Gulch is quieter since the bar closed."
"Not yet," said Cactus Joe. "All you've got to do is to say 'prohibition' and everybody begins to argue at the top of his voice."



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