

The University of Vermont is the latest institution of learning to admit women to the medical course.

Time's Changes in Bisbee.
Bisbee, Ariz., where is now heard the honk of the modern automobile, the tick of wrist watches and the wall of silk hose of all colors extending over the tops of \$15 shoes, was entirely different 16 years ago, reminisces a writer in the Review of Bisbee. Then the hard-working miner had to struggle for hours to get a seat at a poker table or a "look in" at a faro game.

Main street was once one of the liveliest thoroughfares in the western hemisphere, saloons, gilded and otherwise, having been the honored business enterprises which lined both sides of the street. If anybody had predicted that a street railway would at some future time run through the center of Main street, or that it would some day become as dry and arid as the Sahara and Gobi deserts, he would immediately have been taken before a lunacy commission.

Too Much Ceremony.
The battalion was resting beside the road toward the end of its 16-mile hike. After the weary marchers had eased their packs and sipped from their nearly empty canteens, they watched, disapprovingly, the energetic setting-up exercises being gone through by a strange outfit in a nearby field.

"What's that there gang?" inquired Private Hanks of Oklahoma without enthusiasm.

"Infantry candidates' school," replied the corporal.

"Candidates! Infantry candidates!" exploded Hanks. "My good gosh! Do you have to make application and be initiated to get into this mess now-a-days?" The Home Sector.

Sculptors in the Doldrums.
According to American Art News, the sculptors complain that there is little work at present in their line of endeavor, and even the leading men are "waiting." The commemorative war statues and patriotic groups that were to decorate cities, towns and cemeteries have not thus far materialized. The unsettled conditions of the country, they contend, which are holding up building, are accountable for the present "doldrums."

No Wonder He's Crazy.
"This poor fellow is in a terrible condition," said the visitor.
"Yes," replied the asylum attendant. "He's the most violent patient we have in this ward."
"What caused him to lose his mind?"
"He tried to figure out some way to harness the energy that was going to waste in tango parlors."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

GOOD ROADS FOR SUMMER
Sunter, May 11.—Hard surfaced roads over all the main highways of Sunter county have been assured by a vote in favor of a \$2,500,000 bond issue for that purpose. The vote in the special election held today was four to one for the issue. There has been great interest manifested in this project and an intensive campaign of education concerning the proposed plan has been carried on for the past month in every township of the county.

Ireland's greatest bog is the Bog of Allen, which has an area of about 240,000 acres, and extends into four counties.

The Polish alphabet contains 45 letters.

Gorky, Russian Radical, Finds Soviets a Failure

Bitter disappointment with bolshevism is expressed in an article recently published by Maxim Gorky, the Russian radical, according to a dispatch from Stockholm, Sweden.
"The revolution has not been followed by spiritual revival," the article is said to declare, "and has proved itself unable to make men more honest. Men in power now are just as brutal as those in authority under the imperial regime and send as many to prison. Bolshevist leaders, driven by ambition, are performing experiments upon living people, especially the working classes."

PRETTY FACE CAUSES WRECK

Aviator Crashes into Tree While Throwing Kisses to Swarthmore Coeds.

Swarthmore, Pa.—The Curtiss mail plane R-50, which dropped into a cluster of trees on the Swarthmore college campus, is rapidly disappearing at the hands of souvenir hunters in spite of the efficient guarding of the local police department.

An eyewitness furnished an account of the mishap. According to his story the pilot was flying low and waving to a group of coeds. All went well, it is alleged, until he loosened his hold on the controlling rod for the purpose of throwing kisses with both hands.

In an instant his plane dropped into the trees, and it was another case of a pretty face causing the downfall of a man.

BURIED IN JUNGLE

Tropic Growth Overwhelmed City of Angkor Thom.

Devastation Wrought, Especially by the Deadly Fig Tree, is So Complete as to Be Almost Unbelievable.

In the heart of Cambodia, one of the five provinces of French Indo-China, lie the ruins of the royal city of Angkor Thom, built somewhere between the fifth and seventh centuries, and of the marvelous temple, Angkor Wat. The architecture, which is Hindu, is being disentangled from jungle growths by French archeologists. The city and temple are thought to have been built by the Khmers, a long-vanished race which certainly has no connection with the Cambodians of the present day.

Writing in Harper's, Ellen N. La Motte describes a trip through the jungle on an elephant in order to visit one of the more remote ruins.

"In about ten minutes," she writes, "we found ourselves climbing over the fallen stones of an immense temple that lay completely buried and overgrown by the forest. So thick was the foliage that only a dim twilight prevailed. The supreme loneliness of that buried temple, the utter isolation and silence that enveloped it, were appalling, and our scrambling feet and hushed voices only intensified the awful stillness—the silence of centuries."

"The horror and vinctiveness of the jungle! Everywhere giant stones were overthrown, pushed out of place and toppled over in heaps through the sinister vitality of that deadly tree, the fig tree of the ruins. The roots of this tree begin as innocent, hairlike filaments which insinuate themselves through the crevices of the great stones and slip through tiny openings and cracks, then grow and develop with an evil vigor that nothing can withstand. They never die, never are starved out, these fine, hairlike roots. The big stones never crush or kill them. Year by year, century by century, their fierce strong life is fostered by the fierce heat and fierce rains of the tropics until they overthrow and destroy everything in their pathway.

One fearful root that wandered in its course through a whole corridor of mighty carvings was 90 meters in length, with the circumference of an elephant. And the tree is useless, too—just spongy, porous wood, unfit for anything.

"For an hour we wandered through dim, ruined chambers, scrambled and climbed over fallen pillars and carvings of great beauty and delicate, intricate design—all in utter ruin and the fig tree of destruction in supreme control. It was good to reach our elephants again and to leave behind that overwhelmed and evil spot."

"Only the most important and beautiful ruins are being reclaimed from the forest, those in Angkor Thom, as well as the Angkor Wat. These outlying ones are still left as originally discovered, buried and smothered by the everlasting forest. To me they are far more interesting in this sinister setting, choked and swamped by the mighty growth of the tropical jungle. They afford more thrills to me who am not an archeologist than the picked up, restored and cleared ruins that the government is reclaiming.

"Of course, one cannot see them very well, these buried temples, swamped in undergrowth, enveloped by a twilight gloom. And as I scramble over fallen images, over barbaric sculptures, my mind is largely set on serpents. And when we reach a fairly open space it turns to monkeys—the agile black gibbons that heat and leap overhead at our coming, furious at the intrusion upon their solitude. Between snakes and monkeys there are times when I forget to admire these old temples, supposed to be among the most marvelous in the world."

Marshal Foch's Cane.

From the first days of the war Marshal Foch always carried a dapper stick with him. There is an interesting story connected with the cane that the head of the allied armies regarded so necessary. "It was carved for him in the early days of the war by one of his beloved pollus of the trenches," says the Home Sector, the ex-soldiers' weekly, "since which time, if reports are true, it has never left his side. It has made itself useful as well as ornamental on occasions, and there is a legend that it was used to map out the great strokes and counter-strokes of the summer and fall of 1918 by which the war was ended."

Saving the Wood.

"Our noble forests must be saved," exclaimed the theoretical conservationist.

"They must," assented the man who goes into small details; "even if manufacturers are required to produce matches that will produce a light without using up half a box to each cigarette."

No Soldier Did This.

According to the new Standard dictionary it is:
Craps, n. (Local, U. S.) A game of chance in which the object is to guess the numbers thrown on two dice.—Home Sector.

Silence is Golden.

First Private—Can you imagine anything worse than having coolies?
Seco... Private—Yes. Suppose you had 'em, and they chirped.—The American Legion Weekly.

TELLS WHY HE JOINED

Governor Says Cotton Association Promotes Well Being of Cotton Growers

Columbia, May 3.—Governor Cooper in a letter to Eddie Jenkins, chairman of the Richland county branch of the South Carolina Cotton Association gives the reasons which he says "impelled me to join the American Cotton Association and to say why I urge others to become members."

"The Cotton grower," says Governor Cooper "has been without a central organization; facilities for the dissemination of valuable information, for promoting intelligent co-operation, for co-ordinating our efforts rather than scattering them have long been wanting. The Cotton Association affords a nucleus for promoting the general well being of the cotton grower. Through the Association information may be broadcasted, ideas exchanged, co-ordinated effort effected, and co-operation practiced.

Our economic and social happiness in the South depends upon agriculture, and the degree to which we attain in this economic and social happiness depends upon the extent to which we apply intelligent effort to our farming. The farmer has a direct interest in the Association, for the organization is his; it deals with the crop in which he is most interested. The business man has an equal, though perhaps not so direct an interest. The business of the South is based upon agriculture, and the development of agriculture means the development of all other business enterprises.

Here-to-fore we have proceeded in a haphazard manner, and we have paid heavily for our lack of concerted effort. We have not diversified our crops. We have not looked carefully into market conditions. We have not made any general uniform effort to fit

CITY CAFE
Under New Management

I wish to announce that I have taken over the City Cafe on East DeKalb Street and it will be conducted in such a way that the public can get a meal served in the best of style at any hour of the day.

We will be glad to have you call on us when in town.

CITY CAFE
D. G. GOFF, Proprietor.

production to demand. The Cotton Association will help us to those desirable things.

I trust the campaign for members in Richland and in all other counties will be highly successful.


Marriage.

Mr. Jesse E. Outen, of Westville, S. C., and Miss Theo Horton, of Kershaw, S. C., were married by Probate Judge W. L. McDowell on Saturday last May 8th, 1920. The marriage took place at the home of the Probate Judge.

Turkey's population will, by the peace treaty, be reduced from 30,000,000 to about 6,000,000, and her navy must consider only of a few revenue cutters.

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on June 4th, 1920, I will make to the Probate Court of Kershaw County my final return as Guardian of the estate of Dora Belk, minor, and on the same day I will apply to the said Court for a final discharge from my trust as said Guardian.
J. R. BELK.
Camden, S. C., May 4th, 1920.



Keeping a cool head

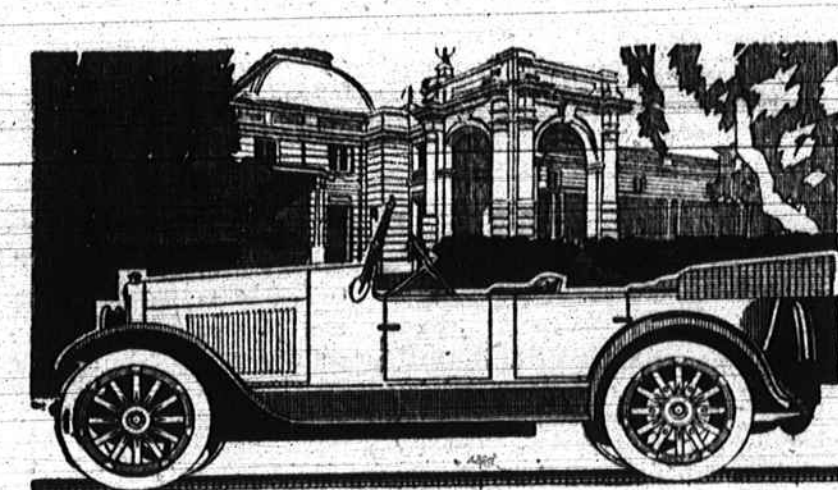
—on a warm day is often a matter of having a cool body.

We direct particular attention to the new arrivals in the

Midsummer Styles in HIGH ART CLOTHES
MADE BY STROUSE & BROTHERS, Inc. BALTIMORE, MD.

—sheer, tropical fabrics, that keep a man's mind off his clothes—and tailored so they keep their shape to the very end.

Hirsch Bros. & Co.
Camden, S. C.



The Car Problem is "Gas"

HOW

CHALMERS

SOLVES IT

GASOLINE is steadily going down in grade. Motor car engineers are much concerned. Some have found a remedy by accepting the Chalmers principle of Hot Spot and Ram's-horn.


For this principle has supplied the answer to the problem of "gas."

Hot Spot transforms the raw, inferior "gas" into a fine fuel, simply by "breaking up" the particles into a "cloud."

Ram's-horn, minus abrupt sharp corners, short in length and ingeniously designed, makes the distance "gas" travels from Hot Spot to each cylinder equal. At a velocity estimated at 100 miles an hour the "gas cloud" is rushed through Ram's-horn and the results are marked:

- Quick starting
- Power
- Smooth action
- Spark plugs seldom foul
- Absence of engine troubles such as burned bearings and scored cylinders.

The sum of results from Hot Spot and Ram's-horn looms large in your mind once you become a Chalmers owner and you, too, will say Chalmers is one of the few great cars of the world.



GEO. T. LITTLE
Camden, S. C.