

**Turning Vagrancy to Account.**

Intimate contact with the class of vagrants usually brought before the courts led the mayor of Houston, Texas, to believe that the system of dealing with minor offenders was defective. In his estimation, a sentence in a town jail did not inure to the good of either the prisoner or the community. So he devised ways and means of relieving the city of the burden of supporting nonproducers, and incidentally to learn the elements of successful farming.

The Houston city farm embraces 319 acres of land just beyond the outskirts of the city. In 10 months' time the farm has raised crops of cotton, corn, potatoes, sorghum, and peanuts, and approximately \$10,000; this from the products used by the prisoners themselves.

An interesting feature of the Houston city farm is the large, well-ventilated "bunk house," used as sleeping quarters by the prisoners. Upon his arrival at the farm the prisoner is taken into the office of the bunk house, where all his clothing, and introduced to a bath of cold, chemically treated water. The clothing worn by the prisoner is taken to a building apart from the bunk house, and thoroughly fumigated. Every vestige of dirt is removed. Garments worn by the prisoner during his sojourn on the farm are furnished by the city.

A cutting factory, operated as an adjunct of the city farm, provides employment for the female prisoners. Sorghum and sweet potatoes are marketed as well as green peas. Separate accommodations keep the men and women apart, and there is no social contact whatever.

Work begins at 5:30, when the prisoners awake to the notes of a bugle.

Ten minutes are set aside for the regulation "settling-up" exercises, and then all hands enjoy a breakfast which invariably includes fresh milk, eggs, and vegetables raised on the farm. Work ceases at 5:30 p. m., and the prisoners spend the evening as they see fit. Ample supplies of reading matter are kept on hand, and the morals of the men are always improved after a 30 or 60-day visit to the farm.

The buildings on the city farm of Houston have been erected at a cost of \$15,153.50, and are designed with an idea of permanency. Other equipment, including farm implements, live stock, fencing, teams, etc., brings the total investment, exclusive of land, up to \$23,765.91. It is estimated that the average cost of prisoner per month is \$18.60, this including groceries, meats, feed for live stock, salaries of superintendent, assistants and matrons and incidentals.—By Louis J. Hennessey, in April Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Where He Got His Name.**

"There was an attorney down in my state," says Representative Lever of South Carolina, "who was rough on witnesses, never hesitating to give them severe raps whenever they failed to testify just about as he wished them to. One day he met his match in a testy young lady whom he was examining. She had answered his questions in a way anything but satisfactory to him, and finally, his wrath being up he said:

"Young woman, there's enough of brass in your face to make a five-gallon kettle.

"And sap enough in your head to fill it," quickly snapped the witness.

"This experience almost cured Mr. Attorney of hard knocks at witnesses, but he was always known after that as sap-head."

# The Riviera In War Days



IN MONTE CARLO

**"L**IFE on the Riviera in war days!" You would say, on first thoughts, that there could be no such life: the Riviera must be dead—wiped off the map. Yet a life, strange, new, burning with interest and romance, was born in the French Riviera August 2, 1914, writes C. N. and A. M. Williamson in the London Graphic.

Of course, the Riviera was struck the same sweeping blow that struck all France across her brave, astonished face. At the clang of the tocsin, the men of the Midi ran out into the streets of picturesque rock villages among the hills and tourist towns along the sea, as the men of the North were doing. But the Riviera thrilled under the menace of a peril all her own. Just across the beautiful Gorge of St. Louis lived a friend who might in an hour become an enemy. Italy was there, with her mountain forts looking towards the forts of France.

Lazy, summer-time Mentone and Monte Carlo and Nice, with "nothing doing" except for bathers and baskers on the beach, or faithful lovers of a quiet game of roulette, waked up with a horrified start. Would Italian guns begin battering the Cote d'Azur? Officers motored secretly by night up to the quadrilateral of forts in the mountains, taking ammunition in automobile vans commandeered from the big shops of Nice, those charming shops where any thought of tragedy would have seemed ridiculously out of place. French and English and American owners of villas rushed off some elderly members of the family past fighting age to pack away valued possessions, in case the gay, beloved pink-and-white houses were blown down, or occupied by "the enemy."

**Flight of the Working-Folk.**

Panic-stricken, the Italian working-folk settled along the coast from Mentone to Marseilles started to scuttle across the frontier. They feared internment and a hundred vague horrors. Under the blinding sun of August, along the dazzling roads of Upper and Lower Corniche, marched an endless procession, and those who can imagine only processions of smart automobiles between Mentone and Cannes would have thought themselves dreaming that long black line. It was a line of men and women, old and young, tottering children and babies in arms—in arms because the perambulators were piled with the family baggage. And there were donkey-carts, wheelbarrows, caravans, every sort of vehicle.

Despite the tragedies of the march (children dying on the way) it had its humorous side, because, as it turned out, the whole business was unnecessary. The next phase through which the Riviera passed, however, was far from funny. She doesn't really fall as fast asleep in summer-time as those who know her only in winter seem to think. There is always the wonderful "Passion Play" at Roquebrune. There is always a delightful bathing season, and in August the Azure Beauty is quietly, almost stealthily, busy in planning her winter campaign. In that historic August of 1914 the landlords and shopkeepers and amusement caterers of every sort were improving their properties, arranging their advertisements and preparing for another season of peace and plenty. Then suddenly came the crash, and for them it looked the end of the world when, on August 5, the Monte Carlo casino closed its doors.

Meanwhile the people whose business had always been to make the Riviera attractive, were looking each other in the face. They saw nothing but ruin ahead. But something desperate had to be done, for the living of many thousands depended on their decision and its success. Just as bravely as the young men were fighting in the North, the older men in the South put their backs to the burden. They got no sympathy from outside. They must stand together and save the Riviera as their sons and younger brothers were saving the rest of France.

**Casino Doing Its "Bit."**

Few hotels were to remain shut for the season, except those which were needed for hospitals. The shops were to do "business as usual," and a great petition was sent to the Casino not to keep its doors closed: it was more "sympathetic." It was more patriotic to open them. The Societe saw the justice of this, since the life of the Riviera might hang on their world. Consent was given, though it looked as if it meant a large monetary loss; and on January 1, 1915, when the war was six months old, the Casino at Monte Carlo began to do its "bit" by the public, as already it was doing for its employees.

By this time everything was getting into full swing. But what a different "everything" from what we had all known! If you were not doing some good work, public or private, you were as much ashamed of yourself as if you had stayed in London. Not even an automobile dared to show its nose unless it had a Red Cross on it. And without its dust-raising hordes of motors the Riviera began to be a wondrous new place, that had to be discovered all over again. When you had finished your daily work of visiting the poor or of suffering in some rock village or hospital, when you had put together your pile of knitted socks, or the bandages you had promised to make, you could actually go for a quiet walk—a joy forgotten since high-powered cars took over the Riviera.

Ordinary gaieties were given up, and it wasn't fully realized yet how kindly, how cleverly they could be organized for doing good. In Mentone the tall, black Senegalese soldiers had begun to appear, at first to be trained for a new kind of fighting; then, when they had fought, as invalids in the hotel-hospitals. But, well or wounded, they were a gay crowd. They made Mentone picturesque with their costumes and their camp fires and their games in the streets.

Indeed, something in the sunshine and salt tang of the sea made all the dwellers in Riviera hospitals gay. There were few sad sights, for wounded men simply bounded back to health again, and it was good to meet them on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, on the Boulevard de la Croisette at Cannes, or the front at little Mentone. Already the Monte Carlo casino had begun organizing its Red Cross charities; many women and girls in society had given up everything in order to train for hospital work; but it was only last winter and now at the beginning of this third war season that the new Riviera completely "found herself." She is making history in a wonderful way.

A Frenchman has invented an apparatus to compress air in a reservoir as the doors of a house are opened and utilize it to wind clocks.

Alex J. Ferguson, chief clerk for the Carolina Company at Charleston and Herbert Rivers, of Atlanta, were drowned Sunday afternoon about four o'clock off the extreme end of the Isle of Palms, when their small boat capsized with them. Horace Rivers, also an employe of the Carolina Company,

and a brother of Herbert Rivers, was saved only by a life preserver, which kept him afloat until he was rescued by three Charleston young men, who swam out from shore.

J. Manning Herbert spent last Friday in Columbia. While there he took in the automobile show.

R. M. Perry, Pres. J. E. Williams, Sec. D. Hazel Bell, Local Manager

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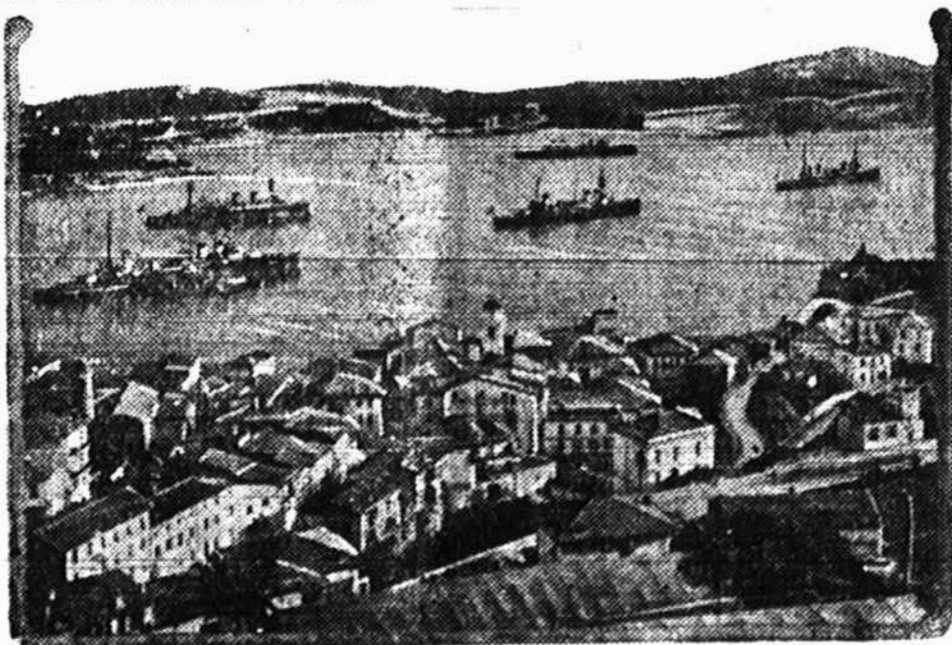
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VIEW OF VILLEFRANCHE

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