

SAFE, OR SORRY

If your property were to go up in smoke tonight, would you be safe, or sorry? It will be too late to decide this question after the fire has occurred. Now is the time to decide it, while the property is still standing.

INSURANCE

protects your property, protects your peace of mind and protects your credit. We want to make you safe, and will do so if you will see us. Our companies are the oldest and soundest in the world.

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HUMOROUS PEN PICTURE OF THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA NEGRO

From early childhood I have been a constant observer and an ardent admirer of the wondrous works of God, says S. F. Davis, of Indianola, Miss., in the Memphis Commercial Appeal. In my early days birds, bees, bugs, and flowers were a never-ending source of pleasure to me; and when a lad of more mature years I have lain for hours in the shade of some friendly tree and played with a toad frog or a June bug until the dinner horn blew, when I was erroneously supposed to have been diligently hoeing cotton. In after years I have sat silently on the seashore watching the tide ebb and flow; I have climbed lofty mountains and stood on the banks of the world's greatest rivers and watched the turbulent waters roll by; I have looked above into the starry decked dome of heaven and gazed upon the far-away planets and comets performing their stupendous and harmonious revolutions and have seen written upon the face of all nature the glory and wonder of the great Creator. But I have always and do now regard the negro as his masterpiece. He stands alone in a class by himself; and while the Yazoo and Mississippi Delta is peculiarly suited to his needs; yet he can adjust himself to any kind of climatic conditions and live and die happy under the most trying conditions.

He can lie down beneath the scorching rays of a noonday sun and sleep the sleep of the seven sleepers of old without suffering any evil effects from it whatever, or he can weather the fiercest winter gale, clad only in a pair of cotton overalls and a blue jumper. He can also wear an overcoat on a Fourth of July celebration, or a pair of linen pants and an alpaca coat to a Christmas tree and be perfectly comfortable. And, strange as it may seem, anybody's clothes will fit him and look nice on him. King Solomon, in his declining years, when he had become thoroughly disgusted with high society and fast living, said there was nothing new under the sun; that he had gone all the gaits and had seen the whole show from the free exhibition to the grand concert, and that

there was nothing to it, or words to that effect. But it will be remembered that he never had any negroes to deal with, or he would have had a new problem to solve every day of his eventful life. There is nothing else like the negro under the sun. He sees all things and has implicit faith in everything he sees or hears, and stands ready at all times to step aboard of anything that comes along from a young mule to a flying machine.

Wireless telegraph is nothing new to him; he has used it for ages; every negro's mouth is a transmitter and every ear a receiver. If anything of importance happens on a plantation tonight every negro for forty miles around will know it, in the morning. If you ever arrive in a delta town on the train on a Sunday and the whole colored population is not at the depot to meet you do not get off the train, for you may know that of a surety some catastrophe has struck the town. Saturday is his special day by custom and common consent, and if you have any business to attend to in a delta town on Saturday, attend to it early and get off the streets before you get hurt. A negro cannot see you on Saturday unless you owe him something, and if you get in his way he is liable to step on you, sit down on you, or back you up against a brick wall and smother you to death. He does not usually do these things or any of them, through any evil design, as many sometimes suppose, but he simply cannot help it if you get in his way, for he is busy and cannot look out for you. Saturday is his "ration and news exchange day," and in addition to having all these things on his mind, he has to shake hands with every other negro woman he meets. You had better take out an accident policy or get off the streets Saturday.

The standard "ration" for a negro is a peck of corn meal, two pounds of sugar, one pound of coffee, three pounds of salt meat and one gallon of dark molasses a week, but he can consume all of this at one sitting if necessary, or if he is working for you and boarding himself, he can live a

week on three soda crackers, a box of sardines and five cents worth of cheese.

In other words his stomach is built on the same general plan of an old-fashioned accordion, and either contracts or expands according to the pressure brought to bear upon it. He is also immune to nearly all kinds of poison, and can swallow the most deadly drugs without impunity. I remember of having a negro working for me one time who was having chills and suffering with severe headaches. I got him a bottle of chill tonic to take and a bottle of liniment to rub his back with. The liniment was labelled in box car letters, "Poison, for external use only" and I cautioned him about it, but for three days and nights before I found it out, he had been rubbing his back with the chill tonic and taking a tablespoon of the liniment three times a day before each meal with excellent results. On another occasion I was sick and had a negro to wait on me and the doctor opened a can of antiphylogistine to make a plaster for my side, and left the can on the kitchen table, and when my negro went in to get his supper, he mistook it for a can of peanut butter and ate the whole of it without even having discovered his mistake.

The negro does not lay up treasures on earth where moth and rust would corrode them or where thieves might break through and steal, but when he has money or other valuable things he immediately puts it into circulation, and the things in which he usually invests are never of a permanent or lasting nature. He spends much money each year for legal and medical advice, presumably for the purpose of finding out what he ought to do, so that he may do the opposite, for it is a well known fact that a negro is never known to shut a gate or follow anybody's advice about anything. He is also an ardent admirer of the work turned out by the dental surgeon, and down deep in every negro's heart there is a secret longing to some day have a gold tooth in front, one on a plate so that he can take it out and look at it and put it back at will.

He is likewise a great admirer of art, and nearly every negro's home be it ever so humble, there hangs a life-size crayon portrait of himself on the wall right opposite the door, where you will be sure to see it as you come in the door. The rest of the surplus money he usually spends for entertainment, preferably on an excursion, but anything else in motion will do. I have frequently stood on a street corner on a cold, cloudy day and watched as many as fifty negroes, who would not average fifty cents each, and none of whom had on clothes enough to flag a hand car, clinging to a merry-go-round as it went round and round, grinding out that well-known and much beloved melody, "Oh Bill Bailey, Why Don't You Come Home," and their front teeth shining like the keys on a "baby grand" piano, while hundreds of others, who did not have the price of a ride, were standing in half-frozen mud shoe mouth deep, cheering them as they came around. All things are pleasing to him. A circus or a funeral is equally enjoyable, but a protracted meeting fol-

lowed by a public hanging is his chiefest delight. The negro was once the white man's slave, but that was only for a short time, and was a part of the great scheme which God had in mind to better prepare him for the enjoyment of the great things which He meant to bestow upon him in the future. By long and close association with the white man, the negro learned all his ways, and can now size him up and classify him just as accurately as a cotton buyer does the different grades of cotton, and can do it much quicker.

He no longer is a slave to man or Mammon, and verily that Scripture which says: "The last shall be first and the first shall be last" has already come to pass and the negro now has a reserved seat on the front row. If any good things are to be had he is sure to get his share. One day a negro asked me if I thought a negro had a soul. I told him I most assuredly did. And if he did not have one it was the only thing I had ever heard of a white man having that a negro did not get if he stayed with him long enough. The negro has no great problems to solve. There is no race question so far as he is concerned. He enjoys the society of all races, ages and nationalities, and will mingle freely with any of them. He enjoys with equal pleasure the companionship of a 5-year old white boy, or an aged Chinaman who is unable to speak or understand a single word of English, for in either case he gets to do most of the talking.

The tariff question or the currency question does not interest him in the least. Silver is his standard and he does not want any other kind of money. Neither does the Mexican situation worry him any. All those things are the white man's troubles. But if the white folks want to whip Mexico or anybody else for any cause, or without any cause for that matter, and will furnish him with the arms and ammunition, and will back him up in it, he will be glad to do it for them.

The road question is the only question that ever gave the negro any real trouble, but that was when he was subject to road duty, and happily for him, that burden has been shifted to the white man and the roads of the delta are now being worked by taxation, and all he has to do is pack them down after they are constructed. Neither does the levee or the want of a levee bother him. That is some more of the white folks' trouble. If we have an overflow or do not have one, it is right with him. If we do have one he is the first to have a boat and get out, into it and paddles around from morning until night with the blessed assurance that there will be no more work done while it lasts, and that he will draw his rations from his landlord or the government, and sometimes both, until it subsides. When

ever a negro tires of country life he moves to town, acquires a charcoal bucket and a tailor's goose, forms an alliance with some white man's cook, and with his living thus assured, opens a cleaning and pressing establishment. He then gets out Monday morning and gathers in the Sunday clothes of the white clerks of the town, and after wearing them himself every night during the week, he gets up Saturday morning and treats them to a gasoline bath, flattens them out with a red hot iron and rushes them home to their owners so that they may wear them Sunday, collects \$1.50 for his services in their behalf and goes on his way rejoicing. But should there be any special occasion in town on Saturday night which he wishes to attend he holds back the best suit that he happens to have on hand and wears it to that and carries it home Sunday morning, if he happens to wake up in time; otherwise its owner can lay in bed over Sunday, and he will bring it back the following Monday. If perchance his fancy does not run to cleaning clothes, he gets himself a gasoline stove and other paraphernalia where-with to defeat the vagrant statute, and sets up a lunch counter, where he serves all such as may care to come his way, irrespective of race, color, or previous conditions or servitude, with hamburgers, hot cat-fish and beef sausage, and some sweet spirit of fermentation on the side. But should neither of the vocations appeal to him, he usually opens a colored barber shop with pool room and crap table in the rear.

As soon as the city authorities become obnoxious to him, however, he again goes back to the quiet country life, usually right after the Christmas holidays, and joins himself to a cotton planter, and by his certain written contract, duly executed in triplicate, obligates and binds himself to cultivate and gather a crop of cotton on the land therein described and on the strength thereof proceeds to eat up anywhere from \$5 to \$300 worth of grub while he is waiting for the ground to get into shape to plough, and it frequently happens that when the tree begins to bud and when the birds begin to sing, Mr. Negro is seized with wanderlust, and suddenly disappears, and people who once knew him, know him no more forever. Every Delta town has its full quota of negro women, who, like the lily, toll not neither do they spin, yet the Queen of Sheba, in all her glory was never clad like unto one of them. Surely the negro is fearfully and wonderfully made, and his ways are past finding out.

Honor Roll For Crescent School.

- Grade 1—Harvey Goff, Iretta Goff, Coleman Hawkins.
- Grade 2—Arthur Miles.
- Grade 3—Paul Branham, Lewis Miles, Fred Miles, Alma Nettles, Halkard Hawkins.
- Grade 4—Thelma Porter, Sallie Branham, Fay Pooser.
- Grade 5—Julia Miles.
- Grade 7—Lula Mae Porter.
- Grade 8—Elizabeth Kennedy.
- Grade 9—Arabel Kennedy, Larry McLeod.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR MAYOR

I take this method of announcing myself as a candidate for Mayor of the City of Camden at the primary election to be held in March.

S. F. BRASINGTON.

For Mayor.

To the people of the city of Camden: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Mayor of our City in the coming municipal election, and if honored with this office I pledge you my best efforts towards a conservative and progressive business administration.

W. ROBIN ZEMP.

For Mayor.

At the solicitation of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Mayor of the City of Camden in the coming municipal election and if elected promise my best efforts toward a business administration.

W. J. DUNN.

Alderman Ward 1.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Alderman from Ward 1 for the city of Camden, in the next municipal election.

W. L. JACKSON.

Alderman Ward 1.

At the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Alderman from Ward 1, in the coming municipal election, promising to abide the result of said election.

J. E. SMITH.

Alderman Ward 2.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Alderman from Ward 2, in the coming election for city officers.

R. S. WILLIAMS.

Alderman Ward 3.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Alderman of the City of Camden from Ward 3, in the coming municipal election, and if elected pledge my best efforts toward a progressive business administration.

W. H. PEARCE.

Alderman Ward 4.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Alderman from Ward 4, subject to the rules of the next municipal election.

GEORGE A. RHAME.

Alderman Ward 5.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Alderman from Ward 5 of the city of Camden, in the coming municipal election.

C. P. DuBOSE.

Alderman Ward 6.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election as Alderman from Ward 6 of the city of Camden at the coming primary.

W. R. HOUGH.

"Dud" Fisher, the cartoonist who draws Mutt and Jeff, and the biggest salary ever paid a newspaper artist, more than \$100,000 a year, has just been made a captain in the British army.

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date on Tuesday, April 16th, 1918, we will make to the Probate Court of Kershaw County our final return as Executors of the estate of J. R. Hall, deceased, and on the same day we will apply to the said Court for a final discharge from our trust as said Executors. All parties, if any, having claims against the said estate will present them duly attested on or before that date or be forever barred. JESSE J. HALL, R. N. HALL, Executors. Camden, S. C., March 9, 1918.

FINAL DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date on Monday, April 15th, 1918, I will make to the Probate Court of Kershaw County my final return as Administrator of the estate of Adolphus B. Martin, deceased, and on the same day I will apply to the said Court for a final discharge as said Administrator. All parties, if any, having claims against the said estate will present them duly attested on or before that date or be forever barred. J. DANIEL MARTIN, Administrator. Camden, S. C., March 8th, 1918.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

All parties indebted to the estate of W. C. Ratcliffe, 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. W. H. RATCLIFFE, H. C. HALL, Qualified Executors. Camden, S. C., February 18th, 1918.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

All parties indebted to the estate of Mrs. Mary A. Hough, deceased, are hereby notified to make payment to me, and all parties (if any) having claims against the said estate will present them duly attested within the time prescribed by law. JAMES L. HOUGH, Executor. Camden, S. C., February 20th, 1918.

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Will they be owners or renters?

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