

Describing The State Campaign

Robert Quillen, the free lance editor of the Fountain Inn Tribune, says, in his paper:

I have been out for three weeks with the candidates for state offices writing the story of the meetings for a few newspapers.

During my absence the Tribune had a relapse and came near the point of death. Clarence Harper, a clean and faithful boy who had the shop in charge, was called into military service, and now I am at home again to work for a living.

I didn't work much during the three weeks I was away, but earned exactly seven hundred and fifty-two times as much as I got.

I ate rations that I wouldn't give my dog without an apology. I slept in beds as hard and as vile as a miser. I fought mosquitoes and took quinine and swallowed quinine, and listened to ridiculous speeches day after day until I talked silly adjectives in my sleep.

And now I understand why so few men of brains offer as candidates in South Carolina. No man of brains would submit to the indignities and discomforts of a state campaign for any office within the gift of the people.

This year the candidates for governor have eighteen minutes to speak, and the other fellows have eight minutes.

They cannot, in that time, discuss any issue intelligently, nor can they demonstrate their qualifications for office.

They do not try. They exhibit themselves, as the two-headed man is exhibited in a side-show. They spout cheap patriotism for a paltry harvest of thoughtless applause. They string platitudes and truisms on a thread of nonsense, and coin empty and plausible phrases about the poor to intrigue the minds of the ignorant.

They make a pretense of having an issue among themselves, and discuss foolish differences of opinion about things that do not matter. They seem ridiculous. They feel ridiculous. They are ridiculous.

The few idlers who come to the meetings sweat and yawn until they are bored beyond the power of human endurance, and then they drift away to sleep it off.

I would rather be in hell with my back broke than to make a campaign for a state office in South Carolina. I might survive the campaign, but I would never again have the gall to hold up my head in the face of intelligent people. I would feel that I had sacrificed my dignity and my self-respect, and there would be nothing for me in the future but to wear a diaper and keep a play store for negro children.

After spending three weeks with the candidates for state offices, I feel that I know them as well as if I had made them. Most of them are good fellows, wasting time to make a holiday for foolish people.

Few of them will be elected to office. Few of them would know what to do with an office if they had it.

Let me introduce you to the candidates for governor.

Here is Cooper—tall, dark, handsome as a Greek god; a winning frankness, a flashing smile, a cock-sure poise of near-arrogance that comes to the conviction that he is an easy winner.

Here is McLaurin—the lithe body and flat back of an athlete; a great shock of snow-white hair, a flashing blue eye, the deep-cleft, eagle visage of a statesman.

Here is Richards—a suave gentleman who plays the game coldly; the face and bearing of a statesman who was picked while yet a wee bit green.

Here is Peebles, with the jolly air and swagger of a Tammany politician—a little too light for draft work and a little too heavy for single harness; a good fellow who puts on no airs, and makes a clever set speech.

Here is Bethen of the Peace Ship—bald, commonplace; a man to escape notice in a crowd. He talks patriotism and waves a flag.

Here is Duncan, the perpetual candi-

date, lean, bald and hungry—a man sour-

ed on life and full of venom. Here is DesChamps, fat beyond belief and bald at the dome—a man full of weird phrases, who lives in frenzied

Taere are seven—count 'em. Let us forgive them seventy times seven.

Of the seven, one is a harmless idiot and one is a criminal maniac.

No one of the seven is winning votes. The die is cast. The lines are factional. There are no issues.

McLaurin attempts to get away from factional lines to a higher level, but the people will have none of it. He talks to them of the state warehouse and of the dream of state insurance and a state bank, but the people cannot conceive of the inherent benefaction of these things and resent the effort to make them think. When he speaks of making cotton a fluid asset, they brighten up for a moment. They know what a fluid is, and they think he has discovered a way to make liquor out of cotton; but when he compares his plan to a bond issue they resume their nap.

He has the misfortune to possess brains in a state that is rather suspicious of brains. Once he favored a ship subsidy and ridiculed the free-silver fallacy. Time has vindicated him, but South Carolinians live by prejudice and carry a political prejudice through a generation. Two generations of compulsory education would make his platform a winner. At present he has little chance.

Cooper was elected when he came out for Manning against Blease after the first 1916 primary. He could go about his affairs and win, for he is backed by the anti-Blease machine. He is hated by the Blease people, for they have been told that he promised to support Blease in the second primary of 1916 if not himself a candidate, and they believe it. The Blease people are a minority, however, and Cooper is governor.

He is sane and safe and regular, and if he does no great good as governor he will assuredly do no great harm.

I did all I could for him in the first primary of 1916, and have never quite forgiven him for coming out in Manning's favor after some of the dirty things the Manning crowd did to him. He was a wiser politician than I, however, and will this year get the reward of his regularity.

He is doing one thing in this campaign that makes me admire him. He is looking the voter straight in the eye and telling him that taxes can't be reduced. Of course I know that taxes can be reduced, but if he believes they can't it is a fine courage that prompts him to tell the people so.

One of the most popular planks in his platform is his idea of opening the doors of Winthrop and Clemson colleges to all worthy poor, and creating a state fund from which the poor may borrow necessary expense money, paying it back after beginning to draw dividends on the education. He would have no competitive examination for entrance.

It is a fine plan, but by the time South Carolina is sufficiently enlightened to spend the necessary millions for new buildings to house the thousands who would take advantage of it, there will be no more poor.

Bethen doesn't count. He will get a few thousand votes that should go to Cooper, and that is all.

The platforms of Richards and Peebles do not matter. If they were the two original wise men, they would get none of the anti-Blease vote. If they had no platforms, the Blease vote would be divided between them any way.

Peebles is stronger in the low country. Richards is stronger up here. If it appears that the vote may be divided almost equally, then Blease will probably get word to the boys to back Richards and let Peebles save himself.

Next week, if this darn cold of mine gets any better, I will tell you about the other candidates—a yard full of them, fearfully and wonderfully made.

Mrs. C. B. Hoof, who was injured at the crossing of Richland and Sumter streets in Columbia on last Wednesday evening, died at the Baptist hospital. Mrs. Lawson is very much grieved over the accident and at the time that Mrs. Hoof was injured, rendered all assistance possible for the elderly lady whom she had run down. Mrs. Hoof was rushed to the Baptist hospital immediately after the shock and all that medical aid could accomplish was done.

MAKE WAR ON ONION MALADY

Strong Efforts Going On to Stamp Out Disease That Is Known as Neckrot.

To combat neckrot—a destructive storage rot of onions—in various localities of the United States, the United States department of agriculture next season is to assist growers in testing a method of controlling the disease with the hope of putting the method on a practicable basis for commercial use. Specialists of the department will be assigned to the districts affected to advise farmers and to help in the installation and equipment of necessary structures.

The districts known to be infected include the principal onion-growing centers in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Indiana, Delaware, Wisconsin and Oregon. The disease occurs in other states also. Losses of from 25 per cent to 75 per cent in white onion sets have been recorded in the vicinity of Chicago and in northern Indiana. Red and yellow onions are not attacked as seriously as the white variety.

The disease known as neckrot is caused by a fungus. The parasite enters the wounded neck of the bulbs at harvest time and gradually rots the scales until they become dried up and worthless. Of the control measures that have been tried, artificial drying of the onion sets in crates just after harvest has given the best results. The object of this method is to cure the necks as soon as possible, and thus check the fungus before it enters the flesh scales. In various lots treated recently the rot was reduced from 14 per cent to 1 per cent; from 47 per cent to 7 per cent; from 53 per cent to 7 per cent, and from 92 per cent to 10 per cent.

RAILROADS USE MUCH COAL

Require Almost Twenty-Five Per Cent of the Total Output of the Country.

Figures compiled by C. E. Leshner of the United States geological survey show that 136,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, 6,735,000 net tons of Pennsylvania anthracite and 22,950 tons of coke were used by the railroads in the United States in 1916. The increase in the quantity of bituminous coal used by the railroads in 1916 was 14,000,000 tons, which was 11.5 per cent more than 1915. The increase in the consumption of anthracite by the railroads was but 535,000 net tons, or 8.5 per cent. There was an increase in railroad consumption of nearly 4,000,000 tons of coal from Illinois, about 2,800,000 from Ohio and of 4,800,000 from West Virginia. The quantity of coal from Pennsylvania used by the railroads decreased nearly 3,000,000 tons.

The quantity of bituminous coal used by the railroads in the eastern district increased from 58,500,000 to 62,700,000, or 11 per cent. The increase in the Southern district was from 22,000,000 to 23,300,000, or 5.1 per cent, and in the Western district, from 43,500,000 to 50,000,000, or 15 per cent.

The total quantity of bituminous coal used by the railroads was about 27 per cent of the total production as against 28 per cent in 1915. The Pennsylvania anthracite used by the railroads in 1916 was 7.7 per cent of the total anthracite produced and the combined bituminous and anthracite used, 142,735,000 tons, was 24 per cent of the output, the same as in 1915.

Making Life Worth While.

To increase your earning capacity, you must be an energetic, live specimen of humankind. You should be throbbing with surplus power. You should possess a degree of strength that will give you confidence and courage and endurance. Then you can go on day after day, relates a writer, adding to your skill and knowledge and power in your profession. And when you have climbed to the highest point on one sphere of endeavor, you will be ready to look around for other work, and continue to experience the delights that come only with the daily struggle, required for the attainment of the objects one has in view. Do not forget the value of systematic effort. Do not waste your energies. Intelligent direction is all-important. Force, to be of value, must be applied at the proper place. Effort, to be productive of reward, must be directed by superior intelligence.

Made the Account Even.

"There's nothing like reprisals," said a recruiting officer. "A tobacco-ist sent a doctor the other day a \$10 box of cigars, saying he knew they hadn't been ordered, but they were so excellent he was sure the doctor would enjoy them. Bill inclosed. Terms strictly cash."

"The doctor wrote back: "Delighted with the cigars. Though it is true you haven't called me in, I venture to send you herewith two prescriptions for rheumatism and dyspepsia, respectively, that I am sure you will like, as they have given universal satisfaction to my patients. My charges being \$5 for prescription, we are now quits."

Effective Shells.

Controversy has long raged regarding the actual man-killing power of the big guns. It has been declared that \$20,000 worth of big shells must be fired to kill one of the enemy. Perhaps it is true that an enormous amount of steel must be hurled by the big guns to insure fatalities. Yet the actual number of men killed on all sides by artillery fire probably runs into the millions.

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