

"PROCRASTINATION"

is the Thief of Time." Tomorrow, when it is too late, your excuse will avail you nothing. Our disability clause will save you if you leave; our Monthly Income Policies will save your dependents if you die.

Southeastern Life Insurance Co.,

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

L. A. McDowell, Agent

Camden, S. C.

LEE COUNTY NEWS

Items of Interest Gathered From Bishopville Visitor.

The election held last Tuesday to vote on a special levy of 4 mills for school purposes carried by a handsome majority of 119 to 29 for the levy. There is no doubt now how the people stand on the school question. The contractor says he hopes to have the building completed in ample time for the school to hold its closing exercises in the spacious auditorium.

Mr. Coleman Woodham, another one of the returned heroes of the 30th Division, who reached Bishopville last week spent a while at the home of the writer Sunday evening. Both he and all the other boys who assisted in breaking the Hindenburg line, and cut down every Hun they could, are looking fine, and are gladly welcomed by their many relatives and friends. Private Woodham was shell shocked and had to spend quite a while in one of the hospitals over there.

Miss Bessie Truesdale got a letter from her brother John who is still in France, stating he and Lawrence Davis are getting along fine, as they have nothing in particular to do except guard duty. Don't know when they will get back to civilian life, but are anxious to get back to old South Carolina.

Mr. D. B. O'Kelly, of Miami, Fla., a former citizen of this section, dropped in to see us this week. Mr. O'Kelly says it has been twenty years since he lived here and that Bishopville has kept pace with the progressive times.

Maj. W. T. Lesene found his car that was stolen last Tuesday night. The car was left in a ditch between Cartersville and Lynchburg. The car was not hurt

and all the books and papers were left unmolested in the car.

Mr. and Mrs. Crook Kirkland of Camden spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Boykin.

Mr. E. B. Haynes got back from a weeks visit to his orange grove in Florida. He says the frost was severe on the gulf coast, and the injury to many of the truck crops was serious. The strawberry crop was completely ruined by too much rain. Middle and east Florida was not hurt but little.

Mrs. Lois Boykin of the Ionia section received a letter from her husband, Leonard C. Boykin, who is in service overseas, stating that he was well and expected to be home with her and his five months old son, Leonard, Jr., in about three weeks. He seems to be anxious to get back.

Murderers Get New Trial.

Columbia, S. C., April 10.—On the allegation that one of the trial jurors had expressed a prejudiced view toward one of the defendants, Cooler, after the juror had been sworn in, and that the presiding judge would not relieve him, the state supreme court, in an opinion by Associate Justice T. B. Frazer, and concurred in by the other members of the court, ordered a new trial for Aleas Cooler and Will Davis, convicted of the murder of W. D. Thomas, a forest rider of a hunting club in Jasper county.

It All Depends, Of Course.

A girl asked the salesman at the silk counter: "Will you tell me what you think is the best color for a bride this year?"

"Well," answered the young man, "tastes vary, of course, miss. As for myself, I would prefer a white one."

Superfluous.

Upon a recent death in a western town of a politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice.

"What shall we say of the former senator?" asked one.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"And," queried a third, "shall we mention the name of the trust?"

Why Cotton Seed Does Not Sell.

The Commercial Appeal calls attention to a most extraordinary condition in regard to cotton seed, cotton seed oil and other oils. When we became involved in the war the Government fixed the price which gave to the crusher a decent profit. In the meantime, the Japanese and others began to dump into America peanut oil and fish oil at a price far below the price of oil crushed from cotton seed at \$70 a ton. During the interval it had been so arranged that the vegetable lard producers could sell their products at a fair margin of profit, even when paying for oil crushed from high priced seed. Now, some of the lard compound manufacturers are buying cotton seed oil and also buying the cheap Asiatic oil. The two are compounded. The product is sold at a certain price, but the profit on the Asiatic oil is so great that the lard compound man now makes more than he ever did. He buys the cottonseed oil in a limited quantity. He supplies the deficiency from the Asiatic oil. The mills cannot afford to buy the cotton seed and run the risk of not having any market for the oil at the fixed price on cotton seed. —Commercial Appeal.

UNDUE CREDIT TO GERMANY

Had Taught World to Believe That She Was a Supernation.

As a prelude to her attack on civilization, Germany did two things. For forty years she built up a vast military machine at home, and for forty years, thru well planned and skillfully executed propaganda thruout the world, she taught the gospel of her superior efficiency. This latter to such an extent and so successfully that, by 1914, to use an expressive though slangy expression, she had the world "buffaloed."

This is not to say Germany was not efficient, nor superlatively organized, for she was. Not only was the theory of efficiency talked on every occasion, but it was demonstrated in her manufactured products and the thoroughness of her immense export trade. If a German manufacturer could not compete in any foreign port with any article made elsewhere, his government promptly came to his relief with lower ocean freight rates, or some other form of subsidy. The natural result of all this was to create and foster a world-wide conviction that Germany was a supernation, head and shoulders above all others, and therefore impregnable. To resist Germany when she set out to conquer was to invite and insure disaster. In short, the expectation was to destroy in advance a world morale, and thus reduce successful conquest to its simplest terms.

This system was not without its results and effect. The German at home, and with few exceptions abroad, was absolutely grounded in the conviction that the fatherland was invincible. We can each recall those Germans in this country, including those who had been naturalized here for many years, and who eventually took sides with the United States against Germany, who in 1914, 1915, and 1916 were both indignant and angry at any suggestion of German failure, or of responsibility for starting the war.

It is quite true that, in the early days of the struggle, victory perched on German banners; and the tide of battle flowed one way. This apparently was proof of the claim of supernation. What with millions of men with years of the most severe military training; guns with undreamed-of range, throwing shells of unheard-of size; explosives of unequalled power and violence; airships; submarines; gas shells; liquid fire, and all the other new-in-civilized-warfare weapons, the claim apparently was established. The world seemed voiceless to refute the assertion.

Then gradually—so slowly at first, there seemed no progress whatever—the allies began where Germany had commenced forty years ago, to gird up their loins. It was slow work—that of fighting a defensive battle against vastly unequal odds with one hand and building an offensive with the other. The conditions were supremely hard, for it is one thing to plan and invent and experiment and construct and test out, all under the conditions of peace, and quite another to commence at the foundation to do the same when carrying on a war.

In only a little more than four years, the allies had searched out and organized their inventive and scientific minds, their chemists, their builders of guns and submarines and air craft, and had brought their fighting machinery—with the exception of the 70-mile gun—up to the standard which Germany had required forty years to accomplish, and in some respects had gone even better. With the advent of the United States came a tremendous impulse of inventive accomplishment which in scarcely more than a year had conceived, and made in vast quantities, weapons in comparison with which the German type was as a child's toy.

Many of these things are still a secret in the archives of our War College; their details or even their existence have not and should not be made public; but it is permissible to mention one, a gas shell, the use of which will absolutely and almost instantly annihilate any army into whose ranks it is hurled.

Had the armistice been delayed only a few days, there would not have been left alive a single soldier in all the Meuse fortifications. A few planes hovering so far above its guns as to be mere specks in the sky; a few gas bombs dropped among the forts, and a few moments later, not a living soul left to challenge or surrender. And this shell, the result of only a few months' effort, makes the German preparation of forty years as the snail is to a hare.

These words are not written for the purpose of any self-laudation of what the allies accomplished chiefly in thirty-six months, although deserved. History will emphasize this fact far beyond what the most of us realize today. The essential thing we should grasp is not to permit ourselves to accept in future as we have in the past, without question, what is declared to us by Germany, for there is every reason to believe that a country which found its deceptive propaganda so profitable in years gone by is not going to abandon its formula when we once more settle down to peace conditions. We may with equal advantage, each one for himself, question the integrity and motive of many statements which are made with so much assurance, and which we meekly accept without any other proof and authority than that of the speaker's word. If what we are urged to believe is so, it is capable of proof; if the evidence does not support the statement,

we simply delude ourselves.

Does anyone imagine that, if the German people who were alive on that fateful August day, 1914, could have known what is known now, they would have gone into the war?—H. H. Windsor, in the May Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Sidney Drew, Comedian, Dead.

New York, April 9.—Sidney Drew, actor on the stage and for the motion picture screen, died today at his home here. Mr. Drew was appearing with his wife in the play "Keep Her Smiling," in Detroit last week when he became ill. Mr. Drew, who was a native of New York, was 54 years old.

Where Pat Was.

In a village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had had bad news. "Sure, I have," she said. "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the War Office?"

"No," she said. "I received word from himself."

The priest looked perplexed, and said "But how is that?"

"Sure," she said, "here is the letter: read it for yourself."

The letter said: "Dear mother—I am now in the Holy Land."

You'll Pick a Winner

When you choose our general stock of hardware, groceries, farmers' supplies, etc., to shop from.

Make your bill all in one and save by it. Concentrate on bargain shelves and counters.

Our groceries are always of standard quality.

Let us promise you quick service and satisfaction and then give us a chance to keep our promise.

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OF CAMDEN, S. C.

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Bruce's Pure Food Store

PHONE 66

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Tough red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pouches and boxes—these are the classic, practical, and that classic, practical pouch of crystal glass humidor with sponge moisture cap that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

PUT it flush up to Prince Albert to produce more smoke happiness than you ever before collected! P. A.'s built to fit your smokeappetite like kids fit your hands! It has the jimmidiest flavor and coolness and fragrance you ever ran against!

Just what a whale of joy Prince Albert really is you want to find out the double-quickest thing you do next. And, put it down how you could smoke P. A. for hours without tongue bite or parching. Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Realize what it would mean to get set with a joyous jimmy pipe or the papers every once and a while. And, puff to beat the cards! Without a comeback! Why, P. A. is so good you feel like you'd just have to eat that fragrant smoke! R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.