

**Wants--For Sale**

**FOR SALE**—One good Jersey cow, 23 months old, with young calf. For other information address G. D. Munn, Route 2, Camden, S. C. 49-51-pd

**FOR SALE**—One fine mule. Apply the Chronicle Office. 50-1-2

**FOR SALE**—One tract of land, 256 acres, ten miles east of Camden near Marshalls church. About 75 acres cleared, fine for pasture. Further information address J. P. Rateliff, Route 1, Ludlow, S. C. 50-1-2-pd

**FOR SALE**—Hartsville No. 11 and 12 long staple cotton seed at \$4.00 per bushel f. o. b. Kershaw. Length of staple 1 5-10 to 1 3-8. Yield good; easy to pick. Cash with order. R. L. Sowell, Kershaw, S. C. 49-51

**FOR SALE**—No. 1 peavine hay, bright and beautifully cured at \$40.00 per ton. L. W. Boykin. 50-51

**FOR SALE**—I have a large stock of various brands of bicycle tires. I am overstocked on these goods and will sell them at greatly reduced prices. Stokes Bicycle Shop, Camden, S. C. 48

**FOR SALE**—60 bushels Kenon big bell long staple cotton seed. Easy to pick and very early. Absolutely pure. Picking \$1 per pound today. \$4.00 per bushel. Fob. Rembert. J. E. Gillis, Rembert, S. C. 48f

**FOR SALE**—Wood of all kind, cut any length. Delivered \$7.00 cord. J. O. Crow, Cassatt, S. C. 43f

**FOR RENT**—An attractively furnished house for rent during the summer months. Phone 99-J. 50-1-2

**WANTED**—To buy one good young mule also one single wagon at reasonable price. Mrs. R. W. White, 1214 Fair Street, Camden, S. C. 50-pd

**ROOMS WANTED**—Two or three furnished or unfurnished rooms wanted. Address The Chronicle. 50-51

**WANTED**—Dealer for Mathews full automatic electric light plants for country homes. Anyone interested, either on wishing to sell or purchase for own use write Barnes Electric Co., Rock Hill, S. C. 48-2

**WANTED**—Eight or ten good laborers to work on public roads. Will pay \$35 per month and board. Apply to T. F. Horton, County Commissioner, Kershaw, S. C.

**WANTED**—You to know that Worthmore will positively grow your hair when other preparations fail. See Miss K. E. Belton, at the Worthmore Hair Parlor, 850 Broad Street, Agents wanted. 49f

**WANTED**—For Worthmore Hair Preparation. See or call on Madam K. E. Belton, 1713 Gordon Street, Camden, S. C. 20f

**WANTS**—on improved real estate, easy terms. E. C. vonTresckow, Camden, S. C. 45

**TIRES ADVANCED IN PRICE**—On March 8 tires advanced 20 per cent. We purchased \$2,000.00 worth on the old price and will give our customers this advantage as long as they last. This means one-fifth of the purchase price saved and means the same as buying tires at dealers cost. We don't think this lot will last more than two weeks. W. O. Hays' Garage. 50-1

**ORAGE BATTERY REPAIRS**—We can repair any make storage battery. Don't buy a new one until you are sure yours cannot be repaired. Examination and test free. Beard's Battery Service, West DeKalb Street, Camden, S. C. Phone 118-J

**KERSHAW COUNTY Open For Good Man**—A good paying business open for a good reliable, energetic man between the ages of 25 and 45, selling Kershaw's Good Health Products direct to the farmers of Kershaw County. You must furnish A-1 references and personal bond. If interested write direct to State Solicitor W. T. Powell, 75 Forest Street, Spartanburg, S. C. 50-52

**NOTICE TO AUTO OWNERS**—We have in transit such time and labor saving tools and machines as follows: crank shaft grinding tools to save crank shafts that have been cut or pressed, cylinder grinding machine that will grind out all makes of cylinders much more accurate and smooth than boring, valve re-seating machines, crankshaft and connecting rod reamers. W. O. Hays Garage. 50-1

**PAINTERS**—We are prepared to do any work at a reasonable price. All work guaranteed. Give us a trial. H. H. and Kirkland, Camden, S. C. 20f

**GRINDING MILL**—I wish to announce that I now have in operation my grind mill and am prepared to do your grinding at all times. H. Best Croft. 50-51

**HAIR CLEANED**—Have your old hat cleaned and reblocked into the latest spring style. It can be done and we do it. Send them in by parcel post. Columbia Hat Co., 1211 Lady Street, Columbia, S. C. 50-1-2-3-pd

**STUD**—Thoroughbred stallion Rock registered No. 49923. For terms apply to T. B. Bruce, Camden, S. C. 48-3

**ORAGE BATTERIES RECHARGED**—If your battery is no good don't buy a new one until you see us, we will make an exchange with you that will save you money. Batteries recharged and rebuilt. Agent for Presto-Batteries, Beard's Battery Service, Camden, S. C. Phone 118-J

**FIX UP MONDAY**—Two bay mare and colt. Owner can get same by paying for this ad and expenses. L. J. Nolan, Westville, S. C. 51

**WONDERLAND OF PAPUA**



Mountain Children in Raincoats of Leaves.

**A**USTRALIA being considered a continent, then Papua (British New Guinea) is the largest island in the world. This territory is made up of the mainland of Papua itself and many small island groups. Papua lies to the north of Australia, and includes the much-talked-of territory formerly called German New Guinea. It is a land of wonderful scenery, of strange peoples, of the grandest commercial possibilities. It is the richest asset of the Commonwealth of Australia, writes Thomas J. McMahon in the Illustrated London News.

Through the center of the island runs a great mountain chain, termed the central mountains, many of the summits running from 6,000 to 10,000 feet in height. These mountains are covered all the year round to the utmost peaks with the most vivid verdure. Under the bright blue skies of the tropics and the flashing sun, they are at all times grandly imposing, standing out, as they do, like masses of burnished gold. Away in the summits, seldom traversed by the white man, are most uncommon scenic beauties. The effects of sunlight and mists to be seen in looking over the great valleys are wonderful in the extreme. Such mist effects are not to be found in any other part of the world. Some day tourists will flock to Papua and to the wonderland of its mountains. The mists are remarkable, coming and going, folding and spreading, rising and falling, changing from a snow-white to gray, and sometimes in the flashing of sunbeams to brighter colors. At times with magic suddenness the mists vanish, leaving the mountain tops above and valleys below standing out sharp and clear, and revealing the great red gaps in the hillsides, from the amazing landslips that are ever going on, accompanied by noise like the booming of great artillery.

**Mountain Villages and Valleys.**

Round about and all along the mountain-sides are hundreds of small native villages—brown spots for all the world like the nests of some giant bird. These villages are perched on the ends of spurs, and even on the very brink of precipices, and are approached only by hidden tracks, such is the caution of the natives to guard against the sudden appearance of any tribal enemy. The valleys are superb as seen from the mountain spurs and looking over the dense, dark jungles, through which are streaked flashing bands of silver, the courses of the mighty rivers so numerous in Papua. Beginning in some mountain torrent—some waterfall, perhaps—these wide, swift-flowing rivers rush to the sea through jungles that are thickly planted with an amazing variety of commercial timbers, and from which some day soon thousands of sawmills will be sending to the countries of the empire immense quantities of timber and the pulp for paper.

The mountain-sides are walls of moss and fern. Giant trees of immense girth shoot up, the branches thickly festooned with bright flowering creepers, the great trunks gripped by monster vines with powerful clinging stems, and leaves whose length and breadth are measured in feet. High in the branches sounds the strange, unmusical caw of the gorgeous Bird of Paradise; for this bird of the most brilliant plumage—more brilliant than any other bird in the world—is, after all, but of the mean, low family of the common crow. Papua is the only country in the world that knows it. It is the home of the Bird of Paradise. There is a wide variety, and the law protects the bird with such severity that a very heavy punishment is inflicted for shooting it, or even for stealing its feathers. No sale of the feathers under any circumstances is allowed, and customs officers search tourists' luggage very diligently for any hidden piece of plumage. The wing or tail of a bird will be worth hundreds of pounds—one reason why they are seldom seen in ladies' bonnets nowadays.

**Some Wonderful Insects.**

In this wonderland of Papua is found the island's specialty, the giant butterfly. These beautiful, many-colored insects measure from twelve to eighteen inches from wing tip to wing tip, and they have bodies the size of a small bird. Specimens of these butterflies are to be seen in the collection of the

late Baron Rothschild, who sent out to Papua a scientist to collect rare insects and birds. Another marvelous insect, of the cricket class, is what is popularly called the "Six o'clock" beetle. This little creature exists abundantly, and is really wonderful in its habits. It gets its name from the fact that every night at precisely six o'clock it gives forth a resonant, far-reaching chirp, exactly like a loud electric bell. At six o'clock one will begin, and in a few minutes the mountains will resound with the deafening noise of these punctual timekeepers. But long after the insects have ceased to chirp, the amazing echoes of the hills will throw back the sounds, lasting for several minutes. Travellers in doubt as to the correct time set their watches to this insect's evening chirp.

A companionable little mite also known only to the mountains of Papua is the "Bell-frog," which produces the notes of a bell, sweet, soft, and clear, and all day long can be heard the musical and friendly tinkle. A tiny gray frog from under a stone is responsible, and gives out its cheerful sound as a warning that its home is not to be disturbed by a careless foot.

In the mountains of Papua roam a pigmy-sized people, the pure Papuans. They are a race quite distinct from the coastal peoples, and with customs that are very primitive and strange. Though small, they are perfect in stature, and the young people are quite good-looking. They are now fast coming within the pale of civilization, owing to the splendid work of the traveling magistrates of the Papuan administration—a very fine body of civil servants. A few years back, before these magistrates got in touch with these people, they were constantly at war, one tribe fighting another, sometimes destroying or wiping out whole villages, or, more often, killing the men and carrying off the women. Men and women dress very meagerly—in fact, their main covering is necklaces of dogs' teeth or shells, with a long white bone pencil stuck through the lower portion of the nose, and called "nose-sticks." The men paint their bodies with red and yellow pigments, and carry big bows and arrows, much bigger than themselves. The women, always very subject to the men, are silent and shy, and do not decorate themselves much. In time of widowhood or family mourning they blacken their faces and hair, already very black, with charcoal, giving them a most grotesque appearance. While the natives of the coast lands of Papua demand tobacco as a present, the hill peoples delight in common coarse salt, and, given a handful, they will treasure it up to make it last as long as possible.

**Huts Built Up on Poles**

The native villages have the huts built up on poles, and, while the family live on the upper story, pigs wallow in awful filth below, and, in consequence, it is possible to smell a village miles away. These people are very fond of dogs and pigs as pets. Pigs are natural to the island, but dogs are not, and this is how the natives came to get them: Many years ago, when Papua (then called New Guinea) was only occasionally visited by some plucky British traders, a dog belonging to one of them proved an immense attraction to the natives; and the trader, seeing a good opportunity to make money—or rather, a cheap way to get large supplies of copra (dried coconut for oil), of which the natives had plenty to barter away—went to Australia and in one of the Queensland towns bought up all the mongrel dogs that could be had. He got quite a ship full, and returned to Papua, doing a roaring trade, every dog selling for at least over twenty pounds—or that value in copra. In turn, the coastal natives bartered their dogs to the mountain natives, but the breeds from mongrels have deteriorated until the wretched things now seen are hairless, ugly creatures, perked while alive, but much prized after death for their teeth, which make the principal native jewelry.

Papua will presently loom large in commerce, for it is a land of marvelous resources, and its soil is of rich fertility. Every tropical plant product thrives wonderfully, and British enterprise has shown that, with wise and progressive administration this island should be one of the brightest jewels of the British empire.

# PAIGE

*THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA*

THE driving compartment in the Larchmont four passenger model is a revelation to most people—a blessing to the man behind the wheel. It was designed for luxurious ease and that means there is arm room, elbow room and leg room in abundance.

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PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

CAROLINA MOTOR CO. (Inc)  
Camden, S. C.

*Best in the Long Run*

**MANY A MAN** who would not buy a tire because it was *cheap* will buy an inner tube simply because it costs a dollar or two less. Yet the performance of the tire is often dependent upon the service rendered by the tube.

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