

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE

H. D. NILES Editor and Publisher

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Camden, S. C., July 28, 1922.

The South Carolina Press Association at its annual meeting at Myrtle Beach passed unanimously a resolution recommending a discontinuance of the plan adopted by some of the papers of the State exchanging checks for subscriptions to each other, and to resume the old-time custom of exchanging with each other. All present agreed to abide by the resolution and to re-establish the exchange list. It was the unanimous opinion of those present that the papers of the State had suffered by their failure to keep in closer touch with each other and through each other in close touch with the State. The resolution proposing the re-establishment of the exchange list was received with applause and adopted amidst applause.

An enforced voyage of more than 100 miles down the raging Rio Grande on top of the roof of a house was the thrilling experience which befell Longorio Vasquez during the recent flood of the international boundary stream. Vasquez was asleep in the little hut, where he had his home a few miles above Eagle Pass, when the rising waters awakened him and he found that escape was cut off without risking his life by swimming across the strong current. He took refuge on top of the house and when the building was swept away he clung to the roof. For more than ten hours he was carried downstream. It was not until he reached Laredo that the roof was carried near enough to the bank of the river to give him an opportunity to jump into the water and swim ashore. He was little worse off for his strenuous experience. He said that all along the route he saw evidences of great destruction having been wrought by the river. In places the water was spread out over the lowlands for a width of several miles on each side of the main channel.

Thomas Watson Cooper, pressman for years with the job department of the State company, was almost instantly killed Friday morning when a touring car crashed into a tree on the Garner's Ferry road. J. R. Manning, a ruler employed by the R. L. Bryan company, was driving the car at the time of the collision and escaped with an ugly wound on his right leg, bruises and shock. Messrs. Cooper and Manning left the 1200 block of Main street shortly after 5 o'clock Friday morning for a trip down the Garner's Ferry road and a few minutes later the car struck a tree about 200 yards beyond Heath's corner. Henry Powell was coming toward Columbia and he and two unknown soldiers in training at Camp Jackson brought Cooper and Manning to the Columbia hospital. Young Cooper passed away on the road to the hospital. Mr. Manning was given medical attention and last night it was said his injuries are not considered serious. Mr. Cooper died from the effects of wounds on the road.

James W. Tuck, prominent saw mill owner of Whiteville, Ga., near Athens was taken from his home early Friday morning by a masked man, said to be wearing the insignia of the Ku Klux Klan, driven in an automobile to the top of about two miles away, where he was arrested and taken to the Whiteville jail. Tuck was taken to the Whiteville jail on Friday morning. He was taken to the jail on Friday morning. He was taken to the jail on Friday morning.

Reads Through Envelope. It is a common practice to read through the envelopes of letters before they are opened. This is a very bad habit and should be discouraged. It is a violation of the privacy of the sender and receiver. It is a very bad habit and should be discouraged.

The Times... London... candidates... districts.

6.66 Cures Malaria, Chills and Fever, Dengue or Bilious Fever. It kills the germs. 7-26

COST OF PROPAGANDA.

Many People Would Use Newspaper With Veiled Advertising.

(Dearborn Independent.) Courtesy and an even temper to any one are admirable; to a successful city editor they are indispensable. But there are occasions when he loses his temper, and one of these is when an alleged friend will come in during his busiest time and insist on unloading a lot of gossip for an hour or more.

Six months ago a man entered the office of a city editor of a small-town newspaper and handed him a box of good cigars.

"What's the idea?" asked the man of many tasks.

"Oh, just a little appreciation of the help you gave us on our musicale," replied the man.

It is not recorded that the city editor ever revived. He seldom gets any thanks for his free publicity. He doesn't expect them.

That is about all the city editor of a daily in a small town has to do except—and this exception, if he is new to the task, proves his greatest burden.

The editor knows without going through it, that in all that mail there may be one or two letters worth reading, others represent efforts to work him and the paper he represents for free advertising or pleading for a cause in which the sender is interested but very few others.

Some one recently suggested that a "drive against drives" would meet with popular approval but a society for the suppression of propaganda would meet with the unanimous support of every editor in the country.

In America there seems to be a society for everything and another society to counteract everything. An organization for a high protective tariff will attempt to broadcast to the world, through the editor, that unless a wall is built about certain industries, they are doomed for the scrap heap, thousands of men will be thrown out of work and millions of capital will be sunk without a trace.

The editor, after being bombarded with these appeals for two or three weeks, will about be convinced that perhaps these industries should get protection and that something should be done to support them. He has almost made up his mind to write something about it when along comes letters from another organization that these industries are overcapitalized, and their dividends huge.

To enumerate the propaganda which reaches the desk of the average editor would be an endless task. The public little realizes the tremendous lot of bunk that is carried in the mails. Very little of it gets into the columns of the papers. Some will, of course, for even the most hardened propaganda wreck or will sometimes let an item pass.

Recently, a letter came to the desk of a city editor in a peculiarly fitted envelope, plain. The editor opened it and started to read a very clever story. It carried on for two or three pages and the editor was congratulating himself on getting an unusually good feature. Then in the last paragraph and ingeniously phrased was a boast for a nationally advertised product. That editor watches for that fitted envelope and its never opened.

Only recently there were "week" of observance for quite a few things. For instance, there was "smile" week and the kind to "smile" week. A few years ago these would have been given some publicity. But not this year. Hundreds of papers didn't even carry an item about them, although thousands and thousands of letters were sent out urging their observance. The editors know their readers have been "fed up" on that kind of stuff and won't read it. So, why print it?

And there are more than 2,600 daily newspapers in America, and nearly 16,000 weekly, and bi-weekly papers. Figure the cost. Not one per cent of this propaganda reaches the public; probably less than five per cent gets even cursory examination by the editors, especially in the small towns.

The World's Greatest Dam.

Plans have been made to build a dam on the Colorado river which will hold back a volume of water equal to two years' flow of the entire 1,800 miles of rushing river. The dam is to be 700 feet high, approximately the height of the Woolworth building in New York city. The dam will form a reservoir with an area of 200 square miles and an average depth of 350 feet. This body of water will constitute the largest artificial lake in the world. One western railroad system is already planning to operate a fleet of steamers to carry tourists over this man-made lake to the Grand canyon, the wonder spot of America. The Panama canal is the only undertaking ever attempted in America which may be compared in magnitude or boldness of conception to this engineering project, which will transform an empire of waste into a region of productivity.

World's Work.

One of the most distressing sights to American visitors in London is the appalling number of ex-service men begging on the streets. Former soldiers and officers, some of them with distinguished records, have found it impossible to obtain either private or government employment, and are eking out a miserable existence by open mendicancy peddling, grinding hand-organs, singing, or giving gymnastic exhibitions in the streets. American tourists and others are openly assailed in the streets for the price of a meal or lodging by these unhappy men. A picture of another kind is visible in the present busy and lavish social and court centers of London. The extravagance and improvidence among the rich, American visitors declare, would feed many thousands of the nation's demobilized defenders, while the money needlessly lavished on dress, style and empty court ceremonials would keep them clothed for a year.

When a Solicitor Calls.

Don't give cash at the door. Don't make checks payable to the solicitor. Learn the Treasurer's name and address, and mail your check. Don't pay for advertising in advance. Demand proof of publication. Don't rely entirely on credentials or lists of subscribers. Some lists lie. Don't stamp or sign a subscription list. Don't believe what the solicitor says just because he makes a good impression. Don't lend your name to anything without first learning the facts. Don't contribute just because you recognize the name of the organization. Don't sign for any complimentary book or directory, unless you know the facts regarding it. Your signature may show up a year hence on a \$50,000 contract. Don't, under any consideration, contribute just to get rid of a solicitor.

Syracuse, N. Y.—More than 100,000 former soldiers will attend the New York State American Legion convention and soldier reunion to be held in Syracuse, according to Theodor Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the Navy and chairman of the convention and reunion committee. General Pershing, Admiral Sims and Admiral Wilson will be among the guests of honor.

The Candidate's Song.

It's now approaching that time of year when the candidates are making their rounds. It's a time when the candidates are making their rounds. It's a time when the candidates are making their rounds.

Selfish Auto Owners.

Some of the selfish auto owners who are driving around these hot evenings and never a chance do many good citizens have of an "airing" until they get a ride to the cemetery.—Monroe N. C. Enquirer

RECALLING "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Seriously, Were They Really So Very Much Better as Most Elderly People Think?

The vanity of age is a curious thing. As we approach fifty most of us who have survived plagues, pestilence and famine, wars, panics and the other perils that flesh is heir to begin to hark back to the good old times when everything was different. Because things were different we foster the delusion that everything was better. We expect youngsters to listen with rapt attention to our reminiscences. I confess that I myself find it necessary to fight constantly a tendency to corner some hapless youngster and describe to him the old statehouse, or the Union station as it used to be in the good old times before the tracks were elevated and the mortality list lowered. Or, in a mood of condescension, I speak of that glorious year when our town figured in the schedules of the National league.

Baseball, I intimate, reached perihelion in that year of wonder. When I speak of Kelly and Clarkson and other giants of those days and their visit to our capital, or recall Jack Glasscock as the most efficient and captivating shortstop the diamond has ever known, he merely smiles sadly; and if you continue he may be driven to ask you what you think of Babe Ruth and some other luminaries of the degenerate present. There have been great men since Agamemnon, and we needn't imagine that the youth of today are not aware of the fact. Sufficient unto the day are the heroes thereof.—Harper's Magazine.

ANATOLE FRANCE AND INGRES

Great Author, as a Youth, Glad of Opportunity to Be of Service to Venerable Man.

Ingres lived 200 feet away from my home, on the Quai Voltaire. I knew him by sight. He was more than eighty years old. Age, which is a disaster for ordinary mortals, is an apotheosis for men of genius. I was in the Theater du Chatelet on the night when "The Magic Flute" was sung for the first time by Christine Nilsson. I had an orchestra seat. Long before the curtain rose the theater was full. I saw M. Ingres coming toward me. It was he, his head like a bull, his eyes still black and piercing, his short stature, his powerful gait. It was known that he loved music. I realized that having the entree to the theater he had come in and was vainly looking for a seat. I was about to offer him my seat; he did not give me the chance.

"Young man," he said, "give me your place; I am M. Ingres." I rose, radiant. The venerable old man had done me the honor of choosing me to give up my place to M. Ingres.—Anatole France, in the Dial.

Milk Bottle Thermometer.

A North Woodward housewife, who lives in a house boasting a back porch, says she can always tell how cold it is by the length of the cone of frozen milk in the neck of the bottle she finds on her back porch every morning. By comparison with a nearby thermometer, she says, she finds that at about 20 above the cap of the bottle is barely lifted and the contents frozen about two inches down. At 14 above she found the cap shoved up about two inches and the milk solid some three inches down. Seven above is good for a projection of "solid" milk some four or five inches above the bottle neck and the contents semi-solid throughout. The bottle of milk thermometer is reliable only for above-zero temperature, as lower temperatures must be judged by the curvature of the frozen neck of cream.—Detroit News.

"Maxim Gorky" a Pseudonym.

"Maxim Gorky," who was reported to be on his way to England on a visit to H. G. Wells, but is still held up by the Bolshevik authorities on the frontier, is Alexei Peshkof, the poet and chronicler of the parables and vagabonds of Russian society. "Gorky" means "bitter." The full name, "Maxim Gorky," may, perhaps, be read to mean the "bitterest of the bitter." The pseudonym effectively symbolizes Peshkof's attitude toward life, for his fiction is the distilled essence of the disappointed.

He was not at first a Bolshevik, and he seems only to have joined the Bolshevik ranks under pressure. Given his choice between low and high office he preferred the latter which is one happily that does not require him to take any active part in the perpetration of atrocities. Liv. ing Age.

Halt's Scraping Roosters.

Roosters that show day in and day out seem to be given the privilege of being the only birds who are permitted to be in the yard. Halt, while he was serving as a sergeant in the United States Army, was once in the habit of "scraping" roosters. When he was in the habit of "scraping" roosters, he was in the habit of "scraping" roosters. Halt, he writes, the rooster plays a very important role. Sunday afternoon is the great time for that, and all day Sunday you may see sporting Haltians going about with a gamecock or two under their arms. There are two plugs in Port au Prince, thousands of men gather there every Sunday afternoon and bet on their favorites. Haltian cock fighting is not a very brutal affair, the birds aren't injured. It is the custom for the owner of the losing rooster to cry quits before much damage is done.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DE OLE 'OMAN BIN WEAHIN' MOUNIN' TWELL MISS LUCY. GIB 'ER DAT LOUD WAIS' TOTHER DAY EN LAW. MAN! SHE AIN' WEAHIN' MOUNIN' NO MO'—'CEPN' JES' FUM DE WAIS' DOWN!!



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Wants--For Sale

FOR RENT—One furnished room, water and lights, with connecting bath room. \$12.50 per month. Apply to Mrs. S. W. Hogue, 410 DeKalk Street, Camden, S. C. 17-1d

CLOTHES CALLED FOR and delivered promptly by the City Pressing Club. Work done by hand or steam as you prefer. Phone 145. DeKalk Street. 17sb

FOR SALE—Second hand bicycle and one set of single buggy harness. Both in good condition. Will sell cheap. Apply to M. G. Huckabee, Camden, S. C., 1008 Market Street. 17-1f

WANTED—Number 1 Poplar Blocks. See us for prices and specifications. Camden Veneer Company, Camden, S. C. 17-20sb

FARM BELTS, blowout shoes and tire patching will be found at Stokes Shop at Westville, S. C. Also Stokes will put them on as he don't mind work. Stop and see him and get your needs supplied. 17-19sb

HAVE YOUR pressing done on Hoffman steam press at City Pressing Club, 533 DeKalk street. The only white club in town. Phone 145, C. B. Spradley, Prop. 17sb

CYLINDER GRINDING MACHINE—W. O. Hay's Garage, of Camden, has just installed the most up to date machine which will grind many makes of cylinders without the necessity of removing block from chassis, which in itself saves in mechanics time more than the total cost of grinding, pistons and wrist pins—in the old way. 15-18sb

AGENT WANTED — For Workmen Hair Preparation. See or call on Madam K. E. Belton, 1713 Gord. Street, Camden, S. C. 20f

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING Attachment, works on any machine; easily adjusted. Price \$2; full instructions and sample. Marsh Bros., Wilmington, Ohio. 13-17pd

GENERAL REPAIR WORK done at Stokes Shop at Westville, S. C., on buggies, wagons and cars. So keep your vehicles in good running order by having the work done before it is too late. 17-19sb

GO TO the City Pressing Club to have your cleaning, pressing, altering and dyeing done. Work called for and delivered. Satisfaction guaranteed. 533 DeKalk Street, Camden, S. C. 17sb

FOR SALE—Wood, cut any length, oak and pine. Ready for delivery on short notice. Joseph Shebeen, Camden, S. C. 17-1f

WANTED—An intelligent man, preferably one who has had experience, to handle local agency for an old line Mutual Life Insurance Company. A wonderful opportunity for one with initiative. Address Insurance No. 6 Carolina Bank Bldg., Columbia, S. C. 17-1f

FOR SALE—Five burner Blue Bird Oil Stove, two 14 foot counters, one refrigerator, two show cases, seven steel stools and other sundries cheap. C. B. Spradley, 533 DeKalk Street, Camden, S. C. 17sb

FOR SALE—Offer beautifully netted ripe cantaloupes, forty-five count, seventy-five cents per crate. Cash with order. The Grocery Shop, Blackville, S. C.

WE PAY \$36.00 weekly full time, 75c an hour spare time selling hosiery guaranteed wear four months or replaced free. 86 styles. Free samples to workers. Salary or 30 per cent commission. Good hosiery is an absolute necessity, you can sell it easily. Experience unnecessary. Eagle Knitting Mills, Darby, Pa. 8-17.

FOR SALE—Calsium arsenate for sale in any quantities. Our prices are right. Springs & Shannon, Camden, S. C. 11tr

Carbide For All Makes of Gas Generators—Save trouble and delays by buying from T. B. McClain, at Manufacturers prices plus freight to Camden, T. B. McClain Camden, S. C. 43.

AGENTS WANTED—Male and female agents wanted to call on the colored population with the fastest seller of its kind on the market today. Big money for those who will work. Write for particulars. The Indian Chemical Co., Augusta, Ga. 13-17pd

WANTED—Men or women to take orders for genuine guaranteed hosiery for men, women, and children. Eliminates darning. \$40 a week full time, \$1.00 an hour spare time. Experience unnecessary. International Stocking Mills, Norris town, Pa. 10-20sb

AGENT WANTED — For Workmen Hair Preparation. See or call on Madam K. E. Belton, 1713 Gord. Street, Camden, S. C. 20f

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING Attachment, works on any machine; easily adjusted. Price \$2; full instructions and sample. Marsh Bros., Wilmington, Ohio. 13-17pd

Judgement Day For South Carolina Tobacco Farmers COMES NEXT MONDAY JULY 31 With Your Last Chance to Sign WHERE WILL YOU STAND MONDAY NIGHT? on the road to prosperity with 78,000 members in the Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association, or facing another year of the Auction System which has kept us poor in a Land of Plenty? Will You Sign or Dump Your Crop? Take Your Choice Today!

VOTE FOR SAMUEL WYLIE HOGUE SERVICE WITH HONESTY CANDIDATE FOR Treasurer Kershaw County "WORK WILL WIN"