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The air-tight sifter top keeps the lye full strength and always ready for instant use.



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For twenty years Red Devil Lye has been the standard for good lye. Lye must do the hard, rough work about the place. The concentrated strength of Red Devil assures quick results when there's real cleaning and work to be done.

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Wm. Schield Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**RED DEVIL LYE**

**ELECTRIC POWER TO FARMERS.**

Kershaw and Sumter County Rural Folks Want Current.

Seventy-five prominent farmers, storekeepers, saw mill and grist mill operators and other well to do white citizens between Camden and Boykin and between Boykin and Rembert, and between Rembert and Hagood, including Boykin, Rembert and Hagood have guaranteed to sign contracts with the Southern Power Company for use of electricity in their residences and places of business if this power company will put in a line from Camden to Hagood. Secretary Reardon of the Camden and Kershaw County Chamber of Commerce has requested the Southern Power Company to send a representative to Camden to go over the ground and to meet the citizens of Kershaw county and western Sumter county and talk this matter over. Mr. A. G. Clarkson, of Boykin, has been calling on the citizens in the territory above mentioned and says that many more he was unable to interview will take electric power for residences and other uses on the farms and in their stores, mills, gins, and are ready with the seventy-five already interviewed to meet and sign contracts.

The Camden and Kershaw County Chamber of Commerce is doing its best to get this power line for our friends in and around Boykin and between Camden and Boykin and for western Sumter county citizens, as this commercial organization serves all of Kershaw County and western Sumter County citizens also, hundreds of whom trade in Camden, sell their cotton and other farm products in Camden and do their banking in Camden also.

Joseph Baita, alias Joseph B. Marcino, wanted in Massachusetts, Chicago and Philadelphia for absconding with \$250,000 funds of national banks, of which he had become the controlling official, has been arrested at Laredo, Tex., after evading arrest since last February. Baita was arrested in Mexico City about ten days ago and turned over to Texas officers at Laredo.

Miss Frances S. Cox is not only president of the Special Library Association of New York, but is also librarian for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

**LIFE AMONG THE GERMANS**

(Continued From Page One)  
much interested and asked many questions concerning the South. I told him as well as I could what living conditions were and he seemed to think that the German farmer would be well satisfied there. Thousands of them he told me were ready to migrate to any place in America, where they could make a decent living but the great trouble was they did not have the money to pay their transportation. It costs in American money about \$100 to get a laborer to the South and in German marks that amount is a small fortune. The most prosperous farmers in the province would not be able to buy transportation. He assured me that the South could get all the intelligent, hard-working farmers it needed if transportation could be advanced. So far Germany has not exhausted its quota of immigrants. I understand that it had a margin of about 35,000 up to July 1st. This unusual condition is due to the low value of the mark and the high value of the American dollar. This sounds very encouraging. If the negro should continue to migrate to the North I believe the farmers of Dillon county would find little difficulty in getting all the labor they needed right here in Germany.

But the German immigrant would have to have better homes and better living conditions than are provided for the negro. Even the homes of the poorest of farmers are models of neatness and cleanliness. It would take them sometime to get used to the food we eat. Their food is different, and it is cooked in a different way. It would be impracticable to bring over just a few immigrants. They would not be satisfied, would become homesick and we would have a white elephant on our hands.

I may go into other German provinces and make a further study of the German or I may go into Denmark and Sweden. In the latter countries

however, there is little prospect of securing good farmers. They are too prosperous. They were not in the war but on the other hand sold raw materials to the Germans and Russians and made fortunes while these countries were at war. They were very prosperous and too well satisfied with their present condition to think of migrating to an unknown country. But I shall write more of agricultural conditions in these countries either while I am over here or when I return home.

Stettin is one of Germany's old towns. It is rich in history and I am sorry I did not have more time to spend there. It has many beautiful parks, public buildings and quaint old streets and homes. Its streets are paved with cobble stones and one could shut one's eyes and imagine they were riding through the good old city of Charleston.

It is far from the beaten tourist path and Americans are as scarce there as gold is in Germany. My young friend and I were dining in a cafe filled with native men and women. The conversation was carried on in low tones. I fired a volley of English words at my friend and every one within range of my voice turned and looked at us. We were objects of curiosity until we paid our bill and left.

One of the show places in Stettin is an old fortress and tower erected by the Swedes when they invaded Prussia in the 17th century during the reign of Gustavus. The fortress is crumbling with age but in the high tower is an old clock that not only gives the time of day, but also the day of the month. The face of the clock is a complete human face and the seconds are noted by huge eyes which shift from side to side as the clock ticks. The date of the month is seen in huge figures held in the mouth. The clock works automatically and the date of the month shifts from day to day. It was a fine piece of mechanism and represented the expenditure of much time and labor. At Stettin we took a taxi and spent an hour riding around the city. The fare was only 270,000 marks or just 60 cents American money for the two of us.

I am back in Berlin again, the world's center of music and learning and Germany's centre of art and culture. Berlin is only a sky shadow of its former self, so I am told. Great crowds throng the streets but outside of the tourists no one spends much money. They haven't got it to spend. There is no gold in Germany and that is the reason the mark has no value. Where the gold has gone to I do not know and neither does the average German. I have been told that lots of it went to the French, but the French claim they have received very little of it. The German will tell you that Germany is ready to pay and bury the hatchet if the Frenchman will tell him just how much he should pay and how he should pay it, but the trouble is no definite amount of reparations money has been fixed. I am not prepared to pass an opinion on this. I am merely giving it to you as I got it. When I get to France I will find out what the Frenchman has to say about it.

There is a strong current of unrest among the people. They do not know what tomorrow will bring forth. The lower the mark goes this spirit of unrest manifests itself more strongly. I cannot say what is going to happen.

The government is printing 3 billion marks every day and still the demand for the mark is greater than the supply. It is like a never ending stream. The lower the mark goes the greater the demand from all classes of tradesmen in order to keep business going, and the more marks the government prints the less value the mark has. It is like the frog in the well that jumps one foot each day and falls back two. At the present rate she is going Germany cannot hope to get out of the well of despair, but on the other hand sinks deeper with each passing day.

The railroads are running more trains than before the war and still they are unable to handle the crowds. Railroad fares are very cheap and it seems that everybody wants to travel. Living at the hotels is very cheap but living on the trains is much cheaper, and I do not see how the railroads manage to make ends meet.

Let me illustrate: I went from Hamburg to Berlin and from Berlin to Stettin and from Stettin back to Berlin, a distance of 600 miles. I took meals on the diner, stopped two nights at good hotels, used taxicabs and went on a sight-seeing tour in Stettin and also in Berlin. I spent money freely. Before I left Hamburg I exchanged \$10 in American money for six million five hundred thousand marks and when I got ready to leave Berlin I still had something like two million marks! On the diners and in the hotels I had vegetable soup, roast veal, peas and salad and cherries and whipped cream for dessert and the total cost for a meal of this kind was about 20 cents American money but a princely sum in marks. Can you beat it? In the meantime the value of the mark had gone still lower and if I had bought

by exchange two days later the cost of the whole trip would not have exceeded \$4.

Half the population of Berlin wears some kind of uniform. Every man who works in an official or public capacity, from the man who pushes a small cart to the conductor on the street railway, wears a uniform and cap. I got aboard a sight-seeing bus standing at a corner on the Unter den Linden. The bus was well-filled with sight-seers. Just as we were ready to start something went wrong with the motor. The driver got down to adjust the trouble, but no sooner had he lifted the hood than half a dozen uniformed men of all ages and sizes seemed to rise up out of the ground and each one wanted to tell the other what was wrong. They were officials of the company that operates the bus line. There was much chattering, gesticulating, loud talking and shrugging of shoulders and after a delay of about 15 minutes some minor adjustment was made to the motor and we got under way with much waving of hands and shouting. It seemed to me that every fellow was trying to quarrel with the other fellow.

I rode for two hours and saw many of the interesting places of Berlin and the bill was only 20 cents.

The most interesting place I visited in Berlin was the former kaiser's winter palace. It is a stately but dilapidated building and covers about two blocks. It is surrounded by a massive iron fence which encloses pretty walks bordered with flowers of the national color. The interior is the last word in magnificence. The floors are laid in hard wood and the ceilings are decorated in gilt. Everywhere you turn you see life-sized statues or oil paintings of former kings and queens. I found the chapel room very interesting. It is not very large—about 40 by 40 feet—but it is magnificently furnished. It was in here that all the royal marriages of the kings and queens and princes and princesses of Germany have taken place in the last five hundred years. The date of the marriages and the names of the bride and groom are set in gold in panelings and one can read them up in the order in which they took place. The canopy of plush and gold and also the altar which have been in use for hundreds of years and under which all the marriages took place, are preserved in their original state.

I went into the Black Eagle and the Red Eagle rooms, the furnishings of which were carried out in colors appropriate to each room. These are said to be the most magnificent drawing rooms in Europe. Millions of dollars and years of labor were expended before they were completed. I shall not attempt to describe them because I do not feel equal to the task.

I also went into the former emperor's private room. It is a very small room—not more than 12 feet by 12—and is very plainly furnished as compared with the other rooms I saw in the palace. It was in here that the former kaiser spent the most of his time when he wanted to be alone and think out problems of state. It is a corner room and gives one a good view of the prettiest part of the city. The floors were laid in hardwood, the ceilings were done in gold and white and the only furniture was a small table, a chair and a lounge. The windows were screened with Venetian blinds of about the same quality that one would find in a well-furnished American home. Laid in the hardwood floor at the four corners of the room were designs of the imperial crown. In the adjoining room, which was used as a reception or writing room for those who desired to see the emperor on urgent business, was some beautiful tapestry which the queen herself made and presented to the emperor. It was beautiful work and gave evidence of an unusual degree of artistic taste.

In one of the rooms was a chair used by Frederick the Great when he was imprisoned by his father in 1738. He along with many of his friends was condemned to death, but later secured a pardon and became one of Germany's most beloved rulers. The chair is in a fine state of preservation and is one of the most interesting relics I saw in the palace. I also saw some of the palace keys made in the 12th century and strange to say they resembled the keys of the present period, except that they were much larger and heavier.

I was a bit disappointed in the dining room of Frederick the Great. It was plainly but comfortably furnished, but Frederick himself was a man of plain and simple tastes and these domestic characteristics were reflected in his domestic life. Frederick was so much loved by his subjects that even unto this day he is worshipped by the German people and is often spoken of in the present tense.

The throne room, in point of magnificence compared favorably with the other gorgeous rooms in the palace. Its furnishings were more modern, however, being of the Louis the 14th period. The canopy was the same old

canopy which had been in use for hundreds of years and showed signs of wear. It is very threadbare and looks as if it might fall to pieces at any moment. As you stand under it you wonder how much of the world's history has been made on this very spot and how much happiness or suffering and misery had its beginning here when the royal sceptre was placed upon the brow of some king whose flesh has long since turned to dust. How many kings and queens were crowned on this spot I do not know but the line runs back into the centuries.

In the old part of the palace ancient stone steps run down to the edge of the river Spree. Centuries ago, when Berlin was a forest, kings walked down these steps and took the boats which carried them on pleasure trips or to battlefields. During the centuries millions of feet have trod the steps and they show evidences of much wear and decay. Perhaps I may write more of Berlin and the palace. I saw the home of the former crown prince. It is an unpretentious looking place and there are several homes in Dillon I would not exchange for it. There was nothing home-like about it. It had a dull and somber look and gave one a chilly feeling. The grounds were small and unattractive.

**After Every Meal**  
A universal custom that benefits everybody. Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

**WRIGLEYS**



**THE FLAVOR LASTS**

But I must bring this article to a close. There is much more I could write about but this letter must be mailed this afternoon in order to catch the westbound mail.

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