

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE

H. D. Niles . . . Editor and Publisher

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Camden, S. C., Friday, Sept. 18, 1925

Mother love! How few of us know what it means! A few days ago a terrible forest fire was raging just west of the mill of the Camp Manufacturing Company, in West Marion. The entire force of workmen from the big planing mill fought for hours to save mill property. The following day some small boys from the mill village went out into the burned area "to see what they could see." A few hundred yards from the mill they discovered a wild turkey hen, roasted upon her nest. Upon moving her, dead body the little boys found a nest of young turkeys, saved from the fiery blasts by the dead body of the brave mother. The little orphans were gathered up by the boys and taken home, where the story was told. Mother love? Here is the best example of it that we have noted in a long, long time. It is a story worth remembering.—Marion Star.

Henrys Interpreted

"Don't rush this can!"
 "Chicken here's your coupe!"
 "I'd run faster, but there's a crank in front of me."
 "Four wheels—all tired."
 "Even four wheels break."
 "Latest model spoon holder."
 "Why girls stay home."
 "I don't want any mother to guide me."
 "Once a millionaire's—one more payment and it's mine."
 "Age before beauty."
 "Capacity—two sweet mamas."
 "Don't laugh—you'll be old yourself some day."

Owing to a last minute rush of advertising several large advertisements and much interesting reading matter had to be left out of this issue of The Chronicle, but will appear in a later number. Advertisers are requested to get their copy to us as early as possible to insure insertion on the date specified. These are indeed busy times in The Chronicle office both in the advertising and job departments.

Should He Go To Florida?

The following query has been put to us:

"I am a young man, holding a clerk's job which pays me fairly well. I have a good education. But I have no special skill for any sort of work. I have no money to invest there, but I am thinking of going to Florida to get a job, as I have read so much about the opportunities for money-making there. What would you advise me to do?"

No attempt to give advice will be made here, but some information which has come to us from a trustworthy source in Florida will be passed on to this young man.

Undoubtedly much money is being made in Florida in real estate, but this young man, having no money, is not interested in that now.

There is demand for labor and skilled labor in Florida, according to our information, but young men without means who cannot or will not do that are pouring into the state by the thousands. The majority of them are not making a living, declares our informant, although some are making money. There is very little work for those who wish to work in clerical positions and, on the average, the salary is insufficient to meet living expenses. In fact, we are told that some young men of education capable of doing work which would win them a good living elsewhere, are actually going hungry.

The cost of living is a most important factor to be considered by this young man in reaching his decision. The charge for laundry is represented to us as excessive. Room rent is high in proportion to salaries paid and there is strong prospect that, with the ever-increasing influx into Florida, rentals will increase. Food is not cheap.

In short, the situation is that, while money is plentiful in Florida, it probably would be hard for a young man of such qualifications as our questioner to earn a living.

The foregoing information is based on conditions on the west coast of Florida, but reports from the east coast are declared to be similar.

Of course if this young man has been offered a definite position which he is assured will pay him a good margin over living expenses and, if he is competent for it, the case is altered.

If, on the other hand, he is thinking of going to Florida to prospect

for a job, as miners sift sand in search of gold, he is taking no small chance of giving up a good job at home for one that may or may not exist in the Land of Flowers. If he is going to do that, he will be wise to keep enough money for railroad fare home against the possibility that it might be needed.—The Piedmont.

Death of Amos Mungo

In the death last Thursday of Amos Mungo, at his home in Flat Creek township, the county loses one of its most unique citizens and the largest landowner in the county. Mr. Mungo's educational advantages had been meagre, but he was an indefatigable worker and a good organizer. He had the faculty of getting the respect and confidence of his tenants and wage hands to such an extent that the amount of effective work which he was able to secure measured far above that obtained by the average farmer. He added to his holdings from time to time until he was the owner of hundreds of acres of valuable farm and timber lands in Lancaster counties. Mr. Mungo was in his 73rd year and is survived by his wife, who was Miss Sallie Hilton and a large family of grown sons and daughters. The funeral services were held Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Flat Creek Baptist church, by the Rev. Thomas Falle, assisted by Rev. George Smith of Kershaw and Rev. Barnes Caston. The funeral was attended by a large gathering of friends and family connection from all over the eastern section of the county, including many of his colored tenants and employes. Among those who attended from Lancaster were Messrs. W. T. Gregory, Toy Gregory, Jos W. Knight, John A. McManus, O. B. Bell, Sheriff Hunter, Policeman Joe Byrd.—Lancaster News.

Fritz Cox was shot and fatally wounded by B. H. Finklea at Pamplio last Thursday, later dying in a hospital at Florence.

Married

Mr. R. B. Blyther, of Camden, and Miss Vera Barnes, daughter of Mr. H. N. Barnes, of Camden, were married in Sumter on Thursday afternoon, Rev. H. F. Collins, performing the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Blyther will reside in Camden where Mr. Blyther will be connected with the steam laundry soon to open here.

THIS WEEK



By Arthur Brisbane

Mr. Brisbane's editorials are published as expressions of opinions of the world's highest-salaried editor and The Chronicle does not necessarily endorse all of his views and conclusions.

Business is good.

Business is good. Tell that to your inquiring friends. The value of crops will be ten thousand million dollars. Farmers are more cheerful, prices good.

Commercial business in cities is improving steadily. Extraordinary showings will be made for August by many department stores and other big institutions.

Pity Poor New York.

The state of New York pities itself because it pays \$500,000,000 income tax, almost a third of the entire national tax.

New Yorkers shouldn't forget that if they pay \$500,000,000 it is because forty-seven other States send all their wealth to New York banks, spend millions in New York shops and hotels, and allow New York's high finance to tap with its corporations and its interlocking ownerships sources of wealth all over the United States.

Since New York gets the income, it should be content to pay the tax.

"President Coolidge will leave the coal situation for the present to Congress and hopes there will be no profiteering in the meantime." So reads the dispatch.

That reminds vbg TAOA OOOOO

That is a large hope, for "in the meantime" many dealers have raised the price fifty cents a ton. With the public, panic-stricken, rushing to buy, that means comfortable profiteering.

She Didn't Cry.

Mrs. Elsie Eaton Newton, Ohio lady, found herself facing the emptiness of life, with her two daughters married. Many ladies would have sat down to have a good cry. Mrs. Newton went to Marietta College, worked

Lucky Numbers

Look up your tickets—if you have any of these bring them to us and get a

FIVE DOLLAR BILL

405606 361914 361619 247653
 345716 365498 317028 325611

Buy your Tires and Gasoline from us and get tickets. You may win the Ford October 5th

Carolina Motor Company (Inc)

hard, got her A. B. degree, with her two grandchildren sitting in the audience, to cheer.

Now she is Dean of Women in Marietta College and happy.

There is no life emptiness, except in the brain. Keep that busy and life is all right, even if your daughters are married and your husband dead.

The next generation will read about "the navy patrolling the route" to save the fliers if necessary, and that will seem as strange as to send an automobile with a carrier pigeon in case it should fall down.

Mr. Konkle in New York, to prove gratitude for the recovery of his son, supposed to be hopelessly ill, will build a 65-story building, partly religious, partly commercial, made up of a church and a hotel, with 4,500 bedrooms. Ten per cent of profits will go to missionary work, looked after by the son. The father will look after the profits.

The dining room will hold 2,000 in the tallest building, thus far, in the United States.

This religious building contrasts interestingly with the old sinful Tower of Babel, which probably was about one-half the proposed height of this 65-story hotel.

The great Bernard Shaw, in a mood of unusual but accurate humility, says the world a thousand years hence will know nothing about him except that the great French sculptor

Rodin, once made a bust of Shaw, biographical dictionaries will contain this:

"Shaw, Bernard; subject of a bust by Rodin; otherwise unknown."

Even that's an overstatement, for in a thousand years Rodin won't be remembered any more than Shaw.

Rodin in art, 1,000 years from now will be as unimportant as Kipling in literature or Shaw in philosophy.

Thinking is Hard.

After the war broke out, the Czar put Russia on a cold water basis, stopping the sale of vodka absolutely.

This column then suggested that absence of whiskey would mean more cold thinking by Russians, and that one result of such thinking would be the absence of the Czar. That prophecy was fulfilled.

Now Bolshevism restores vodka to its old alcoholic power—about forty per cent.

Men to whom thinking is new dislike the unpleasant sensation and effort.

And governments that want to rule in peace find their work easier when the crowd ruled is well supplied with whiskey.

William Newton, a stockman of Adams Run, had the misfortune last week to have his horse killed under him by a rattlesnake while herding cattle near that place.

On October 1st, 1925

The Camden Building and Loan Association

Will retire its Second Series which is Six years old, at \$91.00 PER SHARE, showing a Profit of 8 3-4 PER CENT PER ANNUM.

SERIES NO. 2		SERIES NO. 3	
ASSETS		ASSETS	
Bonds and Mortgages	\$104,477.10	Bonds and Mortgages	\$ 80,784.10
Loan & Savings Bank	24,204.62	Loan & Savings Bank	907.01
Interest uncollected but secured	2,818.68		\$ 81,691.11
Real Estate	2,735.60		
	\$134,236.00		
LIABILITIES		LIABILITIES	
1395 Shares less delinquents	\$ 92,731.00	1555 Shares less delinquents	\$ 53,897.00
Profits	\$27,117.46	Profits	\$8,143.75
Less Expenses	3,431.14	Less Expenses	990.61
	\$23,686.32	Bills payable	20,640.97
Interest uncollected	26,505.00		
Bills payable	15,000.00		
	\$134,236.00		
Payments per share	\$72.00	Payments per share	\$36.00
Profits per share	19.00	Profits per share	4.60
Retires at	\$91.00	Book value	\$40.60
Average profits 8.75 per cent.		Average profits 8.50 per cent.	

Statement

September

15th

1925

Correct—Attest:

R. E. Stevenson
 H. D. Niles
 J. Whitaker, Jr.

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R. E. Stevenson
 H. D. Niles
 J. Whitaker, Jr.

The Association will also begin another series on that date. All those wishing stock in this new series please see John S. Lindsay or John Whitaker, Jr. at Loan & Savings Bank.

A Gilt Edge Stock With a Good Earning Power

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