

FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS SURVEY

LABOR SUPPLY AND IMMIGRATION

If the labor shortage which is said to impend in the United States becomes an actuality, there is little doubt that our present immigration laws will be considered an important contributing cause...

Aside from voluntary idleness resulting from strikes, reported involuntary idleness due to unemployment continues to decrease, the survey points out. At the same time press dispatches herald the approach of a possible shortage of labor in some lines and localities.

The law limiting immigration into this country became operative June 3, 1921, and does not expire until June 30, 1924. Admissions in any fiscal year ending June 30, are restricted to 3 per cent. of the persons in the United States of any nationality...

As far as controlling immigration is concerned, it is generally agreed that unskilled aliens, whether morally, mentally, or physically deficient, should be debarred. How much further restriction should go gives rise to widely divergent views...

On the other side are the entrepreneurs who, in striving to maintain low production costs, look to cheap labor as a principal means to that end. Thus it is quite probable that most of the criticism directed against any existing immigration law will reflect the economic status of the critic rather than an impartial judgment of the situation.

City Council Meeting

The regular meeting of council was held in the council chamber Tuesday, there being present Mayor Jennings, Councilmen McCullum, and Raffield, and Mr. R. L. McLeod who was nominated on July 25th in the primary election held on that date to succeed Mr. D. R. McCullum.

The minutes of July 25th were read and approved as corrected. Mr. Jennings stated that he had received a telephone message from Mrs. Horace Harby, president of the Civic League of the city, advising that the automobile used by the Civic League nurse should be replaced with one in better condition.

Mr. Jennings next presented the matter of paving the sidewalks on West Liberty street from Purdy street to the city limits, stating that the Sumter County Fair association had purchased the old Dick place containing 38 acres on which they proposed to hold the county fairs in future.

On the retirement of Mr. McCullum as councilman, a vacancy was created in the board of trustees of Camp Alice, and Councilman Raffield nominated Councilman McLeod as a member of that board, which was seconded by Mayor Jennings and carried.

The clerk read reports from the police department, Civic League nurse and city physician for the month of July, which were received as information. The city manager turned in the three petitions which have been circulated among the freeholders of the city of Sumter, which petitions have been duly signed by a majority of such freeholders, calling for an election as early as practicable for the purpose of issuing bonds not to exceed \$250,000.00 for the sole purpose of paying the expenses of liabilities incurred in the improvement of certain streets and sidewalks, abutting property owners to pay two-thirds of the cost thereof.

Students of Spanish Find Good Openings in Porto Rico.

San Juan, P. R., Aug. 8.—Students from ten or more of the United States have enrolled for the special Spanish course at the University Summer School at Rio Piedras, and Miss Josephine Holt, in charge of the school, is more than pleased with the fact that students have been attracted from such a wide territory.

"Spanish cannot longer be considered a commercial or bread-and-butter language, but is being studied purely for its cultural qualities," said Miss Holt. "One of the outstanding features of the course is that the students attracted by it are interested in the broader study of the language and its cultural value, and not in acquiring it for purely commercial purposes."

Some of the best equipped Spanish students and scholars among the public men of Porto Rico are to give special lectures during the course, in addition to the intensive routine study.

When the Spanish course is finished Miss Holt will return to her work as supervisor of foreign language instruction in the public schools of Richmond, Va.

Cheerful Outlook.

(Charleston Post.) The business world has shown a gratifying buoyancy in the midst of the depression caused by the coal and the rail strikes. A survey of the markets shows that the undercurrent is generally healthy and that there is altogether a cheerful outlook on the situation.

The strikes have, as a matter of fact, undermined the industrial situation more deeply than is generally realized and, unless they are soon settled by compromise or otherwise the business revival will undoubtedly be arrested and it may take a long time for it to get under way again.

The manager of the ice plant asked for authority to sink a well there so that colder water could be obtained which would increase the capacity of the plant to one per cent per day. Council authorized same.

The clerk opened the ballot boxes received from the managers of election held for a councilman and tabulated returns which showed Mr. R. L. McLeod received all of the 75 votes cast. He was thereupon declared duly elected, the oath of office read by the clerk and signed by Mr. McLeod. Upon retiring, Mr. McCullum was presented with a beautiful Masonic watch charm by Mayor Jennings as a gift from the employees of the city in appreciation of his untiring efforts for the welfare of the city during his administration, and the esteem in which he was held by them personally.

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A delegation from Mayesville was present for the purpose of further discussing with council the contract for supplying that town with electric current, and Mr. E. J. Bland, attorney for Mayesville, was requested to draw the contract in accordance with verbal agreements and submit same to council at some subsequent meeting. Mr. Dougherty, manager of the light plant, stated that it would cost about \$1,200 to arrange for this service from the plant to the city limits at which point the line from Mayesville would be cut in, and recommended that the town of Mayesville pay to the city of Sumter \$600.00, being one-half of the cost of such extension, all poles, lines, etc., to be owned by the city of Sumter, and all up-keep costs to be borne by the city of Sumter. This agreement to be embodied in the contract.

Mrs. H. M. Stuckey, chairman, Mrs. Lynam and Mrs. Hearon, representing the Music Club were present for the purpose of laying before council their plans for the organization of an orchestra and a brass band to dispense music at Memorial Park for three months during the summer, and a donation of \$500 by the city for a permanent band. The matter was discussed with Mrs. Stuckey at some length, and after the committee retired council went into executive session and decided that at this time they did not feel justified in making the appropriation asked for, and directed the clerk to so notify Mrs. Stuckey.

Peg-Topped Rompers Newest



Flaring peg tops display themselves in the newest children's rompers. The garments are of poplin, madras or chambray, trimmed with pipings or collars and cuffs of the same material in a contrasting color.

Curacao: Spottless Town of The Caribbean.

A strike in Curacao, in the West Indies, won first page mention for that quaint Dutch colony of the Caribbean a few days ago even in the midst of our own industrial troubles. It was news because the cool, stable government of this little island, set down in the midst of somewhat temperamental Latin republics, has made it a synonym for peaceful efficiency.

The island and Willemstad, its capital, the "Spottless Town" of the Caribbean, are described in a recent bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"The traditions and customs and language of Spain are written large over the entire mainland border of the Caribbean, the famous and intangible Spanish Main," says the bulletin. "But a bare 40 miles off the coast of typically Spanish Venezuela lies as true a fragment of old Holland as was Manhattan's New Amsterdam in the days of its Dutch burgomasters. When your ship noses into the narrow channel that leads into Willemstad's harbor you must pinch yourself and keep your attention centered on the desert background rather than on the architecture, lest you think you are skirting the coast of the Zuyder Zee. For more than three centuries the Hollanders have maintained this spot surrounded on all sides by strong alien influences, and to all outward appearance it is still as Dutch as when its first families were planted by the old Dutch West India Company."

"Curacao is some 40 miles long and 3 to 7 miles wide, and practically a desert. If its value were determined by its products it would never be of much worth: aloes and cacti are about its only growing things, phosphate rock and ostrich feathers from a few desert ranches, its only original exports. But location, the possession of what has repeatedly been called the best harbor in the Caribbean, and ownership by a nation of traders have made Curacao (and to foreigners that name usually goes for both Willemstad and the island) the Hong Kong of the West. Just as the far eastern British island port, free from Chinese restrictions, has built up a great trade between China and the rest of the world, so Curacao, in a more modest way has built up trade between the northern tier of South American countries on the one hand and North America and Europe on the other."

"One opera bouffe phase of life in Curacao, which is less marked now that government is becoming more stable in the Latin American republics, has to do with political fugitives. The town is the particular haven and heaven of ex-dictators. It is used to be a poor day in Curacao when one could not find his half dozen or so generals and doctors who had just been on the wrong side of a revolution and were leading Micawber-like existences under the Dutch flag, waiting for something to turn up."

"The newly excoerced dictators back on the mainland always sent a batch of spies to Curacao to watch their predecessors, and in cases there were other agents to spy on the spies. So in this serene, calm, non-political island, alien politics always simmered under the surface. The most famous political refugee to seek safety in Curacao was Simon Bolivar, who after a poor start at freeing Venezuela from the Spanish yoke, marked time on the little Dutch island until conditions were ripe, and then won the liberty of all northwestern South America."

"Willemstad, with its 20,000 inhabitants is situated on the shores of Curacao's most valuable possession—its land-locked, clover leaf-shaped harbor, so deep that ocean liners can anchor close to shore. Some of the streets are wide but many are narrow, tortuous lanes; and from all rise a welter of gables and dormers that proclaim this unmistakably a Dutch town. The houses are pink, yellow, green and red with red tile roofs, and from a distance look like toy houses set down in the careless disarray of the nursery."

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 musical," 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 by 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 some protection and that something should be done to support them. He has almost made up his mind to write something about it when along come 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 wretcher will sometimes let an item pass.

Recently, a letter came to the desk of a city editor in a peculiarly tinted 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 boost for a nationally advertised product. That editor watches for that tinted envelope and its never opened.

Only recently there were "weeks" of observance for quite a few things. For instance, there was "smile" week and "be kind to animals" 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 fall for it. So, why print it?

Reads Through Envelope. If an editor attempted to read carefully all of the propaganda which came to his desk, he would do nothing else, the day would have to be lengthened and he'd have to forego eating and sleeping. He can tell, almost by looking at the envelope, whether the letter contains an appeal for the famished of China, the starving of Poland, or describing the conditions in Armenia. And his press association carries all that his readers want to know about these conditions. His printing of additional information would not help to alleviate the suffering. If it would he'd print it and be glad of the opportunity.

An editor recently kept a record of letters of purely propaganda material coming to his desk. A very careful sifting left 147 pieces of mail in which the senders sought free advertising for some cause in which they were interested or some condition which they thought should be given publicity. And this was exclusive of that legitimate "free advertising" which is a concrete help to the newspaper and of interest to the readers.

The stamps, envelopes and printing of this propaganda easily cost \$5. 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.

Speaking of the trip in general, Mr. Niemeyer said the route they took merely needs improvement to make it a popular and pleasant motor trip. The stretch of the Cariboo Trail was as good road as he had ever driven on.

Never turn up your nose at people. Remember the law of gravity. These are stirring times. Some of us don't stir hard enough. Remember when "I pronounce you man and wife" was a life sentence?

These are striking times and Babe Ruth is doing his part. Price of rubber is up. It costs one man \$25 to rubber. One can't help but remember the mine strike began April Fool's Day. "Harems Crave Lipstick" headline. Sorry, but we are using them.

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Western Canada Offers Thrilling Automobile Trips.

Victoria, B. C., July 31.—Completing the thrilling and at times hair-raising path-finding run from Edmonton to Vancouver, the entire distance through Canadian territory, the Edmonton Automobile Club automobile pilots C. W. Niemeyer and Frank Silverthorn, who ended their journey at Victoria, recently, gave a graphic account of the trip.

They described their journey as one of marvellous beauty and returned their hard work, but they said they had opened the pathway to Edmonton and that the expenditure of but a comparatively small amount of money would make it a permanent and pleasant trail for the tourist. They encountered musk, burned bridges, rock slides, grizzly bears, railroad trains, windstorms and furious rains; but they came along with only three blow-outs, and those caused by rail spikes.

Leaving Edmonton June 17, the car proceeded westward with a heavy load. It weighed 1,800 pounds, carried two to four men and 1,600 pounds of baggage. The outfit consisted of picks and shovels, axes, hammers, four 12-foot, 10-inch planks and several shorter pieces; a complete set of tools and spare parts; two spare tires and a spare wheel; 50 gallons of gas and five gallons of oil. They made the entire run on 41 gallons of gas and six quarts of oil, and came every foot of the way on their own wheels via deserted railroad grade, active railways, tote roads and the Yale road.

From Edmonton they proceeded through the Yellowhead Pass trail, taking the abandoned Grand Trunk Pacific railway grade near the mountains and following it to Jasper.

They picked up Baldy Robb, a well-known mountain guide, who was with them throughout the trip. At Jasper they took to the steel railway and bumped the ties to Lucerne, resuming the abandoned grade one mile west of there and following it to Red Pass. Then they took steel to Tete Jaune Cache and the old tote road thence to Allred, steel to Blue River and Ayala, thence to the road to Lytton, steel and tote road to Hope and the Yale road to Vancouver, and then by Canadian Pacific ferry to Victoria.

The pathfinders reached here with blistered hands and sore muscles. They brushed and built miles of roads, constructed 31 bridges, some of which were good enough to be called permanent structures. They killed a 14-foot grizzly bear with a 303 rifle and took 200 pictures of the wild life of the trail, Rocky Mountain sheep, deer, birds and so on.

From Edmonton to Edison they struck one strip where they averaged only a mile an hour owing to the necessity for building brush trails and little bridges across musk country. It was on this period of the run that a great rainstorm came down and made a temporary mess of things.

Entering the mountains proper they passed through marvellous country, presenting a variety of views that could not be surpassed in America. Mr. Niemeyer is familiar with the great motor highways of the United States, its deserts and mountains and mighty parks, and he says they passed desert areas of sage-brush similar to the Great American desert; mountain scenery that rivalled Colorado and Yellowstone Park. A portion of the Thompson River canyon could well be called the Yellowstone of Canada; great, brilliantly-colored ravines and hills of rock and verdure, terrific cliffs and wonderful forests.

The car was driven on the railroads, around curves and along precipices where the variation of a hair would have thrown the occupants hundreds of feet to death. The car wheels straddled the rails, the outer wheel being on the outer edge of the ties. The ties in many instances were projecting over a yawning space which fell straight to the roaring river.

At one point where erosion had worn away a tote-road for some hundreds of feet they went down to the river and "leaded" a trail through the water, around a rocky point, and then back to the road. At another they found a rock as large as a house, right in front of them. They had to cut their way around, through a fallen timber due to a great windstorm that came down on them. This was near Tete Jaune Cache. They cut their way through. Everywhere they went they left a passable trail behind them.

There was one near accident, they say. They were proceeding on steel toward a tunnel, and had not been notified of an extra train. It came belching out just before they reached the entrance. Niemeyer took the only chance, swinging off against a pile of rocks, bending an axle and jarring his friends, but permitting the train free passage.

From Lucerne there were four men in the party. Niemeyer, Silverthorn, Robb and a guide named Charlie Nelson. In the Clearwater district they found fallen timber, following a windstorm, and it was in this section that they raised the grizzly bear. Niemeyer shot it with his rifle.

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Anton Rubenstein

Anton was a Russian boy whose father made lead pencils. His mother taught him to play piano, and took him to Paris at ten years of age, to have great artists listen to him play, and advise her about his career.

His mother lived with him while he was studying in Berlin, and encouraged him in every way. He became a great composer and concert pianist like Paderewski, and after a concert tour to America returned with thousands of dollars, as America pays more for music and appreciates it less, than any country in the world.

Rubenstein founded the great St. Petersburg conservatory. He suffered much from nervousness and stage fright in his last days. His "Mefisto in F" is one of his most famous compositions. This will be played on Friday's concert program, and also Schumann's Traumeri, a sketch of which appeared in last Wednesday's paper.

High Building Costs Deter German Lovers. Berlin, Aug. 8.—"Feathering one's nest" is a formidable proposition for the young German of today who contemplates matrimony. Furniture and building costs have risen to such heights and wages relatively have sunk to such depths that the strain of wedding marches fall to have much of a strenuous appeal for either "Hans" or "Gretchen."

Tradition has long decreed that the young man in Germany is expected to provide a house for his bride-to-be before marriage. The latter, for her part, should approach the altar with a dowry sufficient to furnish her new home with everything from broom to bedstead. Silverware and special comforts for the household ordinarily are contributed by relatives or by guests attending the wedding ceremony.

However, there is little prospect of a German girl in the middle or lower classes living up to this custom today. Depending on earnings of a few hundred marks a week, she finds little to save up for her dowry. On the other hand, the man of her choice, despairing in his search for a place to rent, is forced to consider breach of promise when confronted with present building expenses. After deciding to erect a brand new home for his bride, he finds the prices of building materials are more than 84 times what they were before the war.

It cost 3,844.50 marks on July 1, 1914 to build a one-story cottage covering 70 square meters. On June 1 this year, building circles claim, erection of such a dwelling entailed an expenditure of 129,240 marks. The cost rose 12.8 per cent in May alone.

The stone required for a house of this sort in the summer of 1914 cost 700 marks, while now it demands an outlay of 69,784 marks. Cement and lime for it now cost 2,306.25 and 5,412.10, respectively, as against 40 and 73 marks before. Its roofing-tiles costs have risen from 242.50 to 47,919.80, while its floorings today would come to 4,169.75 marks, compared with 55.50 marks in 1914.

The Farmer Feeds Them All. The politician talks and talks. The actor plays his part. The soldier glitters on parade. The goldsmith plies his art. The scientist pursues his germ. O'er the terrestrial ball. The sailor navigates his ship. But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds the pulpit desk. The broker reads the tape. The tailor cuts and sews his cloth. To fit the human shape. The dame of fashion dressed in silk. Go forth to dine or call. Or drive, or dance, or promenade. But the farmer feeds them all.

The workman welds his shining tools. The merchant shows his wares. The aeronaut above the clouds. A dizzy journey dares. But art and science soon would fade. And commerce dead would fall. If the farmer ceased to reap and sow. For the farmer feeds them all. Selected.

Nations Revert to Barter When Exchange Rates Restrict Business. London, July 24.—Barter, or the exchange of goods, as against the transfer of actual cash, has figured in recent international loans, according to the Geneva correspondent of the Observer. In this way the difficulties of exchange have been overcome.

Rumania wanted a loan of 45,000,000 gold francs from Switzerland. The Swiss said it was impossible unless they knew how the money was to be spent. Rumania replied: "We need to replenish railroad rolling stock, particularly engines."

"Fine," said the Swiss banker, "we have these for sale. Take them, and pay for them in cereals and petroleum, both of which you produce and we need." Thus were the arrangements concluded.

Similar bartering and paying by barter also has taken place with Czechoslovakia. Here, again, Czechoslovakia is receiving Swiss manufactured goods and is to pay for them with truckloads of sugar. Therefore the question of exchange and the comparative values of the Czechoslovakia krone and the Swiss franc does not arise.

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