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Dressing well, means wearing Correct Clothes--Clothes that are suited to your particular individuality.

Good Clothes are not of necessity expensive Clothes.

Even all our modern priced garments are correct in style and well Tailored.

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Try on one of our handsome New Fall Suits or Overcoats and you'll at once appreciate just what we mean when we say--

CLOTHES FOR MEN WHO CARE

Handsome Fall Suits, \$10, \$15, \$18, \$27.50. Choice Overcoats, \$10, \$15, \$18, \$27.50. Suits and Overcoats made to measure, \$15 to \$45.

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THE D. J. CHANDLER CLOTHING COMPANY.

Phone 166.

Sumter, S. C.

The Manning Times.

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I. I. APPELT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THANKSGIVING.

Praise for the goodness of God is never out of place and never unreasonable, but it is especially appropriate on days set apart by official appointment to notice the mercies which have followed us, the blessings which we have enjoyed, the kind interpositions which have been made in our behalf, the bounties which have been bestowed upon us in order that we may render again to God for all his benefits with festive joy and heartfelt thankfulness.

The establishment of a day of thanksgiving in the late autumn, after the ingathering of the fruits, was made by the early settlers of New England, in imitation of the feast of tabernacles held by the Jewish nation. It was a wise and pious act, and its adoption by most of the states and at length by the general government of this broad land is an evidence of the diffusion of those religious sentiments which were at the foundation of the settlement of this country.

We may welcome this annual thanksgiving today with the added interest which venerable custom has thrown around it, with the pleasing memories which early associations weave about our former celebrations of it with the recollections of absent friends who have shared it with us, the reunion of families, the merry laugh of children, the pleasure of parents and hail its advent as a day of sacred and social joy.

It should be observed with happy hearts and cheerful voices and for the time at least the sigh of sorrow should be hushed and

the tear of grief restrained, while full scope is given to all the kinder emotions of our nature. Let us crowd into its flying hours the pleasant memories of the past, the happiness of the present and the fairest prospects of the future and make it a bright and glad some day.

Let us make it, so far as we can, a day of grateful rejoicing, and, while we partake freely of the bounties of the year, give loose rein to the sweet sympathies of humanity and dispense with a liberal hand and a benevolent spirit to those that have need, so that the voice of gladness may be heard in every dwelling. In imitation of the time honored custom of our fathers and in obedience to the language of Scripture, let us "eat the fat and drink the sweet and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared."

It is fortunate the world cannot discern the hidden things of the hearts. There we can store our grief to ponder over it in our leisure and give to the world only the smile a beneficent Providence may impart to our souls and that will strengthen us to sing a hymn of Thanksgiving. While sorrow may reign within, yet may peace and hope and confidence surround every reader of this column. Heaven bless you all this Thanksgiving day.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

When you meet a fellow on the street and his face is warped and twisted by an unholy scowl, what do you think?

When a lazy duffer hogs a whole seat on a train and lets a tired woman stand with a baby in her arms, what do you think?

When John Smith whispers into your ear that Tom Jones "is a good one to look out for," but that you must not tell anyone that he said so, what do you think?

When a politician promises you the earth with an iron fence around it and the moon with all of its green cheese if you will only vote for him, what do you think?

When a public official forgets

all of his promises and loses his good resolutions and becomes as blind as a bat as soon as he is inducted into office, what do you think?

When a man coughs up a stiff prayer in church on Sunday and then skins you in a sharp deal on Monday, what do you think?

When a preacher tells you of the glories of religion and of the benefits of purity in your own daily life, and then goes off and eats his Sunday dinner with the biggest old church hypocrite in town; what do you think?

When you hear a fellow bragging of the great deeds he has done and you know he is lying faster than an automobile can speed, what do you think?

When a man tells you a smutty story of some good woman and you know her character is as white as his soul is black, what do you think?

When you hear a young braggart making suggestive remarks about every young girl in town except his own sister, what do you think?

When you see one man trying to undermine the legitimate business of another by making veiled allusions to possible financial disaster, what do you think?

When a man owes you a dollar and crosses the street to avoid meeting you, what do you think?

When a girl leads a man on declaring himself and then deliberately tosses him over without compunction, what do you think?

When a man trifles with the affections of a good woman and then is not honorable enough to live up to his word, what do you think?

When a duffer borrows a five spot from you and promises to return it tomorrow, and tomorrow never comes, what do you think?

When a man looks you in the eye and tells you a deliberate lie, and you know that he is lying and that he knows that you know it, what do you think?

And if you should happen to do any of these things, what do you think other people would think?

A noted British peer predicts that revolution or anarchy will prevail in Europe at the close of the war. Trot 'em out. Any old change would be a blessing.

WAR'S WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

War has been variously described, but just now it resembles a wheel of fortune more than anything else. No matter which side turns the wheel, it is uncertain at which number it will stop. At one time Germany approaches Paris, only to be driven back, next, Russia pushes forward to the Carpathians--only to be forced back toward Petrograd. And now a drive is being made through Bulgaria to rescue Constantinople--but the wheel is still whirling, and it is a gambler's guess where it will stop. In the meantime, men die and women weep, debts pile up and hatred sows the seed of conflicts yet to come.

It was once said of a speech that any sentence in it would have been a good place to quit, is it not so with war? When will the nations turn from combat, the instrumentality of barbarism, to co-operation, the instrument of civilization? When will they learn the truth, economic as well as moral, that it is better to help each other than to kill each other? And yet there are Americans who would have this nation enter this war!—The Commenter.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

The first fixed and official day of Thanksgiving was held in the year 1665. In the old public records of the court of Connecticut we find the following order which the court issued on October 12, 1665, appointing a day of general thanksgiving. "This court doth appoint a solemn day of Thanksgiving to be kept throughout this colony on the last Wednesday of November, to return praise to God for his great mercy to us in the continuation of our liberties and privileges both Civil and Ecclesiastick, and for our peace and preventing those troubles that we feared by foreign enemies and for the blessings in the fruits of the earth and the general health of the plantations." It will be noted that the appointed day was Wednesday instead of Thursday, as we now celebrate.

We are a great country. We are a great people. But we are unable to protect either our greatness or ourselves.

SLINGING THE SLUSH.

A Washington dispatch reads: "Mrs. McAduo, wife of the secretary of the treasury and a daughter of President Wilson, appeared on the street today with a cane. It was an ebony hued cane with a crooked handle, inlaid with silver. Now and then she hooked it over her arm."

How interesting! And what a display of journalistic ingenuity in ferreting out and dishing up to a staid world the really important events of the day. But this Solomon of the press neglected to tell us the length of the cane, its size and weight, the store from which it was purchased and the angle at which it was carried. Such omissions are reprehensible in modern journalism.

UNCLE SAM AND OTHERS.

Machine guns are among the most deadly instruments of modern warfare.

Of these the United States has available in this country not to exceed 150.

Germany has over 100,000, with other countries in proportion. Think it over!

If, as Mr. Bryan asserts, Christianity will prevent war, they must be a devilish bunch of heathens across the water.

Give us plenty of guns and the men to use them and it will lessen the danger of our ever having occasion for their use.

Aeroplanes for scouting purposes are an absolute and imperative necessity in modern warfare. Of these the United States army and navy combined have just 28. European countries have from 400 to 1400 each.

We just feel it in our old bones that the boys will walk right up and hand us all of that delinquent subscription money before old Christmas gets around again. And because of our sublime faith in the boys we are going to place an advance order for a whole turkey for our Christmas dinner. Thanks in advance, boys, and thanks again when you fork over.

When a politician commences to inquire solicitously after your health, and how the children are progressing in their studies, and sends his regards to your wife, and wants to know what you have named the baby, just take to your heels and scoot. You know why.

With Stanford White dead, and Harry Thaw forgotten, and Jack Johnson and his white wife in other climes we quite fondly hoped that the mantle of American charity would not be further stretched for a season of time. And now up bobs Frank Lloyd Wright again.

Thanksgiving day is the one day in the year when the nation turns to heaven in thanks for its preservation. The life of the nation is the principal consideration, not only in life, but its health, and its preservation in that condition in which it was established by the fathers of the country. Men can thank God for their accumulations or supplicate him to lighten their burdens, but that is not the purpose of a national thanksgiving. The nation itself, the political structure which was framed and handed down—it is the preservation of this for which the people are to be thankful.

Just why should George Burkitt worry over his job as assistant postmaster of the little village of Winnetka, Ill? Getting fired by the post office department for commenting adversely upon the engagement of the president and Mrs. Galt, and then being promptly and emphatically reinstated by the president himself, has made him a national figure and is rapidly qualifying him for stage life or the lecture platform. And really now, if Mr. Wilson wants to marry Mrs. Galt and the lady is willing, whose business is it? And if Mr. Burkitt wants to exercise the American right of free speech in gentlemanly language, whose business is that? Seems to us the daily press has been making a whole out of a tadpole. But then again, that's their business, and they are experts in their line.

Davis Station

Davis Station enjoyed last Friday evening the somewhat unique experience of a barbecue supper, given at the school house in the interests of the school. The supper was planned and managed by Mr. E. G. Stokes, chairman of the board of trustees, liberally assisted by the other trustees, Mr. J. H. Horton and Mr. J. E. Davis. The barbecue feature was of course the main thing, and a strange sight it was to many a one who had never before attended a real barbecue, when three fine hogs which had been roasted "to a turn" in primitive fashion over the coals were brought in, brown and crisp, and ready to be served. These were amply reinforced by other good things to eat, and the crowd surging in at the door of the supper-room testified its appreciation of the substantial spread by keeping the seats at the long extended tables full, and the waiters behind the same busy.

In another room fruit and lemonade were sold, a neat little sum being taken in from this source alone.

The success of the supper was large due to the liberality of some of the patrons and friends of the school, whose names and contributions follow:

- Mr. A. S. Rawlinson, one peck of rice, one ham.
- Mrs. J. H. Horton, cake, chicken, rice.
- Mrs. M. E. Brunson, cake, chicken, rice, sauce.
- Miss Louise Brunson, flowers.
- Miss Kate Childers, chicken, rice.
- Mrs. W. E. Rawlinson, cake.
- Mr. W. E. Rawlinson, two quarts of rice, two chickens.
- Mr. J. E. Dyson, rice.
- Mrs. Cleveland Ridgeway, turkey.
- Mrs. Lawrence Chewning, peck rice.
- Mrs. E. G. Stokes, rice.
- Mr. J. H. Horton, a hog.
- Mr. E. J. Davis, a hog.
- Mr. E. G. Stokes, a hog.

Our thanks are due to them one and all.

The presence of visitors from Summerton, Jordan and other communities was also highly appreciated. They not only added greatly to the social pleasure of the occasion, but helped us to realize, on the behalf of the Davis Station school, the substantial amount of \$1.32—a favor which we will not soon forget.

- Roll of honor of Davis Station school for month ending Nov. 15
- Sixth Grade—Eldridge Brunson 92.
- Cecil Graham—Eldridge Brunson 92.
- Fifth Grade—Bob Horton 92, Vivian Rawlinson 92.
- Fourth Grade—Grace Clark 93, Margie Davis 93, Clara Belle Richbourg, 93, Lula Horton 93, E. G. Stokes 93.
- Third Grade—Luke Broadway 90.
- Second Grade—Cora May Rawlinson 90.
- First Grade—Ad Rufus Shorter 90.
- First Grade—Elise Chewning 90, Abram Rawlinson 90.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. **HALL'S CATARRH CURE** is the best. **HALL'S CATARRH CURE** is the best. **HALL'S CATARRH CURE** is the best.

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System
Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents

Paxville.

Messames M. J. Kryzer, J. N. Brown, Jr., and Elma Tisdale spent several days in Spartanburg last week attending the State Baptist Missionary Union. Mrs. C. K. Curtis of Chesterfield arrived several days ago to spend awhile with the Curtis families here.

Miss Hazlie Herlong, teacher of a school at Cedars, spent the week-end with her mother Mrs. J. L. Herlong.

Miss Belva Broadway went to Davis Station Friday to visit her brother Dr. J. E. Broadway.

Mrs. M. J. Kryzer was taken sick while in Spartanburg last week. She was placed in a hospital there, and has not been able to return home yet.

Mr. J. W. Rhame purchased a Ford last week.

Mr. Howard Tisdale has rented the farm owned by Mrs. W. E. Tisdale near town, and will move his family shortly.

The Messrs Mims spent Friday and Saturday in Columbia on business.

The members of the Methodist missionary society observed the Week of Prayer, beginning Nov. 7-13 inclusive. A special offering was given for the new work just begun in Japan.

The Sunday evening union services of the churches here have been discontinued for awhile.

Mrs. Marion Cox of Florence is visiting her mother Mrs. H. J. McLeod.

Rev. M. J. Kryzer, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Brown went to Bishopville last week to attend the Baptist association.

New Zion.

Hon. W. J. Smiley of the Cadets section were the dinner guest at Mrs. Ben Evans Sunday.

Mrs. Harper Johnson is spending a few days with her mother this week.

Master Ostree Evans with his mother, made a business trip to Manning Monday.

Miss Pauline Canty, principle teacher of the Barrow school, spent Wednesday night with her cousin, Miss Driscoll Evans.

Mr. J. W. Johnson made a business trip to Turberville Monday.

Miss Daisy Evans and her mother were the welcome guest at Mrs. McIntosh's Friday.

Mr. J. M. Carley of Oakdale was in the neighborhood some where Sunday. The friends and relatives of Mrs. Jack Morris will be sad to learn of her death, but we rest in assurance that a good woman has gone to her reward. May God in his mighty power comfort the bereaved ones in this their sad bereavement. Rose Bud.

Honor Roll—Jordan Academy.

Third Grade—Mary Lou Bradley, Fifth Grade—Willie Graham, Ruth Thompson.

Sixth Grade—Lucille Rawlinson, Eighth Grade—Paul Graham, Ninth Grade—Lillian Bradham, Tenth Grade—Dewey Bradham, Le-nora Ridgell, David Bradham, William Bradham.

Methodist Church.

Sunday School 10:30 a. m. Mr. Jos. Sprout, superintendent. Public worship, 11:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

Egworth League, 4:30 p. m.

No Prayer meeting this week.

TRINITY—Sunday school every Sunday at 3:00 p. m. Mr. A. M. White superintendent. Public worship on the 2nd and 4th Sundays at 4:00 p. m. conducted by the pastor.

The public is cordially invited to all services.

G. P. WATSON, Pastor.