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ONLY

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More Shopping Days Before Xmas.

The Weather.

South Carolina: Cloudy Friday and probably Saturday.

Thought For the Day.

To be conscious of one's own ignorance is a step toward knowledge.

THE FARMER AND HIS PAPER.

"The farmer of today is entirely different from the farmer of yesterday," said Secretary C. N. McIlvaine, of the South Dakota State fair, "and I really believe that the country newspapers have been the greatest aid to the farmers and made them what they are today. There is no better or quicker way to get an education than to read the papers. If a man is away from his home town his home paper comes to him like a long lost friend. It just seems to me, when I read my home paper, as though I was shaking hands with a chum. I think the article written by Peter Radford have done more for the farmer than any series of articles I have ever read. Have you read his article on 'Political Preachers'?—It is one of the best he ever wrote. Every farmer and every farmer's wife should read it. It's great."

OUR DAILY POEM

New Every Morning. Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new; You who are weary of sorrow and slanning, Here is a beautiful hope for you— A hope for me and a hope for you. And the past things are gone and over The tasks are done and the tears are shed; Yesterday's sorrows let yesterday cover. Yesterday's wound which smarted and bled, Are healed with the healing which night has shed. Yesterday is a part of forever. Bounded up in a heath which God holds tight, With the glad days and sad days and bad days which never Shall visit us more with their bloom or their blight, Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night. Let them go since we can not re-live them, Can not undo or can not atone; God in his mercy, receive and forgive them. Only the new days are our own— Today is ours and today alone. Here are skies all burnished brightly Here is the spent earth all reborn; Here are the tired limbs springing lightly To greet the sun and share with the morn In its christen of dew and cool of the dawn. Every day is a fresh beginning. Lament my soul, to the glad refrain, And in spite of old sorrow and older sinning, And trouble forecasted or possible pain, Take to thee with the new day and begin again. —Susan Coolidge.

LISTEN, DAUGHTER.

Dad knows that Christmas is coming and so does your mother and your brothers and sisters. And we all know just what will please you most. So from present appearances, you are not to be disappointed. But you seem to have the wrong point of view about Christmas, honey, and I want to set you right. Christmas is the season for giving. Get that? The real happiness lies in planning what you are going to do for others and then doing it. The real Christmas spirit fills only those whose thoughts are upon the happiness they hope to bestow upon their friends and upon the unfortunates who think they have no friends. It is not so much what you give as to whom you give. There's a poor woman living around the corner. No one is thinking of what she would like for Christmas. She'd be the second happiest woman in town if you were to walk in on her early Christmas morning with a gift of something warm for her to wear. The happiest woman would be my little girl who brings it. There is old Black Jim, who shovels the snow and carries out the ashes. Never thought of him? Well think of him to the extent of a pair of warm mittens. Knit them yourself. Don't know how? Your mother will start you. It will be twice as much fun for you and old Jim's look of gratitude when you give them to him will repay you more than all the fine phrases of all the young squirts to whom you send neckties they won't wear and pincushions they won't use. Try dad's prescription, daughter, and you'll be the happiest girl in town Christmas day. You will find that it isn't getting what you want for Christmas that makes for real joy. You'll discover something. That's right. Start now.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

In the school house in Belleville, Wis., a few evening ago, upon motion of the Catholic priest, the Methodist minister was elected president of the community's social center for the coming winter. Then three basketball teams were formed, including the priest, the minister, the blacksmith, the editor, a farmer the keeper of the village restaurant a dentist, a clothier, a restaurateur, a druggist, a garage owner, the banker, the saloonkeeper, a hardware merchant and a house painter. They differed in religion, in politics, in income, in social status about as widely as men can differ. But in the common school building, in the free democracy of the social center, they agreed to lay aside their differences for the novel purpose of discovering how much good fellowship there was in meeting together, now and then, as equals, as brothers. In the democracy of play, in the democracy of frank, fair discussion of public questions, they are finding out, these differing men of Belleville, that, as human beings, they're amazingly alike once you get below the surface. And out of this agreeable discovery will come for Belleville, more tolerance, more kindness of feeling, more give and take than it had ever known before. Even when they shall differ again—as, of course, they often will—it won't be with as much bitterness, as much bigotry, as much mean hate as of yore. It's a wonderful solvent, is brotherhood.

HOW WE GET THE NEWS.

Day before yesterday a perfectly nice lady called us up and with tears in her voice reproved us for not mentioning the fact that she had had a friend visiting her last week. We told her that she had not let us know anything about it and that therefore, we did not know that she had a visitor. Then she said, "Well, you should have known. I thought you were running a newspaper." Wouldn't that rattle your slats? Some people think that an editor ought to be a cross between Argus and Anna Eva Fay. They seem to think that our five senses are augmented by a sixth that lets us know everything that happens, even if we see, hear, feel, taste or smell it not. Dear lady, editors are only human or at least almost human. If you have a friend visiting you, if you are going away, or have returned from a visit out of town, if Johnnie falls and breaks his arm, if your husband chops his toe instead of a stick of wood, if anything happens that makes you glad, or sad, happy, or mad, call us up. Tell us about it. That's the way to get it in the paper.

THE 1915 BOY

"I will not quarrel and fight with my big brothers in 1915." (What have I got a little brother for?)

THIRTEEN CLERKS ARE NAMED

Attorney General Announces Appointments in Engrossing Dept., General Assembly.

(The State.) Thomas H. Peoples, attorney general, yesterday announced appointments to the engrossing department of the general assembly. Thirteen appointments were made. "More than 200 persons applied and I would have been delighted to appoint all of them, but there were just so many places to be filled," said the attorney general. Following is a list of the appointments: Chief clerk, J. C. Townsend, Columbia; Miss Kate Schroeder, Abbeville; Miss Eubank Taylor, Anderson; Miss Kittle McFaddin, Harbin; Miss Isabelle C. Patterson, Allendale; Miss Ann D. Bellinger, Columbia; Miss Elizabeth Sawyer, Orangeburg; Miss Nellie Adams, Newberry; Miss Esther Sims, Columbia; Miss Virginia Simkins, Edgefield; Miss Mabel Bowman, Sumter; Miss Effie McTaggart, Florence; Miss Ada Williams, Lexington; W. L. Gleaton, Spartanburg. To each of the appointees the attorney general addressed a letter, as follows: "It gives me pleasure to notify you that I have this day selected you as one of the clerks in the engrossing department for the session of the legislature convening on the second Tuesday in January, 1915. You may, therefore, report for duty to the chief clerk of this department, in the State library, at 9 a. m. on the above date. "In accepting this appointment I desire to impress upon you the importance of strict attention to your duties in every way and that you are subject to removal at my pleasure. "Wishing you a merry Christmas and happy New Year."

Spartanburg Expecting Pardon for Clement

(Columbia Record.) That officials and individuals at Spartanburg expect a pardon for Clyde C. Clement, the Wofford Picking school student convicted at Spartanburg last February of murder and given a sentence of life imprisonment, will form the last chapter of the rather sensational case, was learned here Wednesday. This expectation at Spartanburg is based upon requests for records in the trial and preliminary proceedings that were received of officials there from. It was said, the governor's office. Clement is a prisoner in the Spartanburg county jail, where he has been held since his conviction on charges growing out of the alleged drowning of a baby girl while in the company of Miss Fleda Pendleton of Durham, N. C., the reputed mother of the child. Miss Pendleton was acquitted of complicity in the crime, when tried jointly with Clement. During the last few months, it was stated, several petitions have been circulated in Spartanburg county, requesting Governor Bleasie to grant Clement a pardon. It was said these petitions were "freely signed," and that they have been forwarded to the office of the Governor attending the trial, and reported more than ordinary interest in the proceedings. Clement is 21 years of age, and a native of Polk county, North Carolina. He and Miss Pendleton, it was stated, were friends from childhood.

A 17-Year-Old Santa Claus Who Visits More Than 5,000 Children.

In the "Interesting People" department of the December American Magazine appears a picture and sketch of Olive May Wilson, a young Philadelphia girl who made 5,000 children happy last Christmas and who is pushing a big scheme for making many times that number glad this year. Through energy, persistence and an unusually pleasing personality, Miss Wilson has enlisted in her work the cooperation of the city authorities and of people all over the country. Following is an extract: "The country knows of Miss Wilson from the fact that she managed in defiance of law and precedent to get the local postoffice authorities to deliver her all the letters addressed to Santa Claus which came through the mails, which have heretofore gone direct to the dead letter office and thence to the junk man; and from the further fact that she has tried to get from congress the "franking" privilege on all packages sent in response to these letters. In the latter respect she has not been successful as yet, but she has by no means given up hope. Last December she went to Washington on the matter. Knowing no one, she called on Speaker Clark, Secretary Bryan, Admiral Dewey, Oscar Underwood, who surrendered at once and then she happened to run across the vice president, who was immediately interested and secured her an interview with the president, who is the hardest man to see who ever sat in the White House. "Unfortunately the law does not permit the president to give the franking privilege, or Miss Wilson would have come home with it. No one can resist her appeals. Finding that she could not possibly get her bill through in time, Miss Wilson wasted no hours in vain effort, but started in on the Christmas work. From city missionaries she secured additional names until there were five thousand on her list. She sent out a circular letter to thousands of prominent men and women all over the country, not asking for money, but approval. She got both. Ninety per cent of the letters were answered, mostly with checks, and there proved to be exactly three unregenerated Ebenezer Scrooges in the whole number. With the funds she bought five thousand odd presents, and with the assistance of her family

THIS store is a veritable treasure house of holiday gifts in the best qualities of things that men and boys wear.



We make free delivery to any address in the United States; and if things you buy here for us to send are not satisfactory to those who receive them, we refund the money cheerfully and take the goods back, before or after Christmas.

Men's Suits & Overcoats

The capital present for a man is always a suit or an overcoat. We've spared no time or means to secure just the ideas in clothes with which to meet his every whim. Quality suits and overcoats with a desirable style that helps every man on the road to prosperity. Suits, \$10 to \$25. Overcoats and Balmacaans, \$10 to \$25. Evans Fifteens in both—the best clothes yet at \$15.

Ties and Gloves

Not only hundreds, but thousands of the seasons newest creations in cravats; colorings and shapes of the New York art shops. Any shade of your preference is found in our showing, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. Packed in handsome holiday boxes ready for giving. Gloves for every wear and every hand. For street and dress wear \$1 to \$2.50; for auto wear at from \$1 to \$3.50, some with the new folding pocket gauntlet. A most favored present.

Boys' Suits & Overcoats

And the boys are just as appreciative of practical presents. Many striking models in Norfolk and double breasted suits; fancy mixtures and blue serges; all cut full to give free swing to the growing boys. All sizes 4 to 18 years, \$3 to \$12.50. Special all wool fabrics in serges and fancies at \$5. Overcoats with the new snawl collars, knee and full length, belt and plain backs. \$3 to \$7.50.

Shoes and Hats for Men

We can't think of a man who would not be anxious for Santa to remember him with a pair of shoes or a hat,—something he always needs. Shoes of the appreciable kinds; Hanans \$6 and \$6.50; Howard & Fosters \$4 to \$5; Siows \$3.50; and he knows there is quality in every pair. Hats in the same number of styles as there are different kinds of faces. Stetsons \$3.50 to \$5; B-O-E Special hats at \$3; Evans \$2 Specials. Guess the size, we'll exchange.

Trunks and Suit Cases

And there is nothing better for any man. Here is the luggage he will be proud to carry; with durability and refinement; quality at every price. Trunks \$5 and up. Suit Cases, \$2.50 to \$15. Hand Bags, \$2.50 to \$15. Umbrellas built especially for men, some with the new white handles, all of them make a most suitable gift, \$1 to \$5. Canes, \$1.50.

Order by Parcels Post, We Prepay all Charges

The Christmas Store for Men's and Boys' Gifts.

B. O. Evans & Co. "The Store with a Conscience"

Open Evenings Until Christmas.

PARAMOUNT THEATRE

TODAY MAX FIGMAN in "The Man On The Box"

We urge you to see this high grade picture consisting of 5 reels. Performance starts at 3 p. m.; 2nd at 4:30; 3rd at 6; 4th at 7:30; 5th at 9 p. m. SPECIAL MUSIC Admission Only 5 and 10c. Coming Tuesday, Dec. 22. Maclyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman"

Christmas Grows From France. About a million and a half bunches of mistletoe, weighing 550 tons and coming from France, were taken to London by one railway line for last Christmas.

Yule In Saxon Times. A Norman and Saxon times an ox was always roasted whole over the Yule log at Christmas.