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Laughter is one of the most healthful exertions. It is of great help to digestion. A still more effectual help is a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets.

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To cook with is the most convenient fuel to be had.

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Try it for awhile, and you will like it. There are many satisfied users of gas in Anderson.

It's just the thing to heat the bath room with.

Anderson Gas Co.



LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

GRAFT

Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company
(Copyright, 1915, by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.)

SECOND EPISODE

The Tenement House Evil

Suggested by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The Lone Wolf"
And "Nobody"

SYNOPSIS.

Dudley Larnigan, district attorney of New York, attacks the liquor and vice trusts. He is killed by an agent of a secret society, the committee of fifteen. His son, Bruce Larnigan, is elected district attorney and takes up the fight. Bruce is in love with Dorothy Maxwell, whose father is head of the insurance trust.

BRUCE LARNIGAN had won the first battle in his fight against the fifteen, a mysterious graft syndicate which, composed not of cheap politicians, but of great business men, had strangled New York in its nefarious grip and was planning to spread its activities to cover the whole country. But Bruce had no illusions. A final and desperate attempt to beat him on election day itself by attempting to prove that he had accepted a bribe from the liquor interests to secure lax enforcement of the law had failed, thanks partly to his own cleverness and partly to the help of Dorothy Maxwell, his fiancée.

But Bruce knew that the real fight was only just beginning. The graft syndicate was entrenched in power. It had warned his father, Dudley Larnigan, that death would be his reward if he did not desist from his efforts to expose its corruption. It had made good the warning, and Bruce had sworn not only to finish his father's uncompleted work, but to avenge his death as well. To Bruce, Stamford Stone appeared to be a great capitalist, a distinguished financier, a man justly honored by the community and worthy of respect and confidence. Yet Stamford Stone was the head of the graft syndicate. It was Stamford Stone who had decreed Dudley Larnigan's death and Stamford Stone who had led the assault upon Bruce himself. Moreover, and this Bruce did not suspect, either—a personal motive lay behind Stone's enmity for him, for Stone was in love with Dorothy Maxwell.

Bruce had determined that his first move must be to strike at the evils of the tenement house district, which his father had been planning to take up. "I want the man higher up," he told his mother. "I know there is one, and



"Look at this," said Bruce, showing Stone the letter.

It is he that I must get. I don't know yet who he is, but I'm going to find out." He was at home when he said that, leaning over his mother's chair. And even as he spoke a tiny dart whistled by his ear and was buried in the back of his mother's chair. So faint was the sound, so tiny the missile, that his mother knew nothing of it. Bruce got it out and found that around the dart was wrapped a note. He read it. It was brief:

"Warning: Stop investigating the tenements. The Fifteen."

Bruce smiled rather grimly; there was a drawing of a skull on the note. He stepped to the window, hoping that whoever had thrown the dart might be within sight. But no suspicious character of any sort rewarded his searching glance; instead he saw Dorothy Maxwell and Stamford Stone approaching the house. They waved to him.

"Certainly didn't expect to see either of you," said Bruce, laughing. "Have you seen any suspicious looking characters around?"

"No one except you—you look pretty suspicious!" laughed Stone. "Why?"

"Nothing—no matter," said Bruce. "Come in and see my mother, won't you?"

"I'll tell you why I asked you that question, Mr. Stone," said Bruce when they were alone. "Look at this."

He handed him the note, first drawing a line through "The Fifteen."

"Only fourteen now," he said. "I got rid of Murphy! I'll run them down and get even with my father's murderers!"

Outside they separated, and Bruce and Dorothy to go downtown, Stone to hurry to his office, his face set in lines of grim determination. He strode rapidly toward his office. And there he called a meeting of the fifteen. Anton Dow, head of the tenement house trust, appeared, angry because of newspaper stories about Bruce's determination to get the man higher up in the tenement evils. Dow knew, as Bruce did not, that he himself was the man higher up, and his nervousness was un concealed.

"We've got to strike at him before he can hit us," said Stone angrily. "Our whole position is menaced by this one man. Dow, you are the one chiefly interested. You own some property in the tenement district of a—well, a questionable sort?"

"I suppose I do," said Dow. "I'm not responsible for my tenants."

"Well, trap Larnigan with a woman in one of your houses."

"Ye-es—that can be done," agreed Dow, after a moment's thought. "We'll plan the details later, Stone."

There was more talk, and then Dow had to hurry home to lunch. Dow was a model father and husband. He was devoted to his wife, and his love for his two children, Harold and Lillian, knew no bounds.

And meanwhile, even while Dow played with his own children in his luxurious home, Bruce and Dorothy were seeing other children in a house that was also owned by Dow. But this house was a tenement that disregarded law and decency alike. There were no fire escapes; the heating system was out of order, and there was running water from only one tap on each floor.

Dorothy and the woman's two children went to look over the building. Bruce, sickened, went to the street. Other children came to talk with him, and he sat down on the stoop and played with them. Across the street was a favored man, at the sight of whom the children shuddered.

"Hey, youse! Beat it! We don't want no nude reformers down this way—see?" said the fellow, whom Bruce recognized as a cheap ward politician named Black.

Bruce smiled, took out a pad and made a note. Black shook his fist in his face and, turning, made a signal that set several roughs across the street in motion. Bruce started to rise; Black knocked him down, and the gang came tearing over.

"Kick him till he's a stiff!" yelled Black.

But a sudden and remarkable intervention came to Bruce's aid. As if by instinct the children flung themselves upon him, covering him with their soft bodies. The gang stopped; even their brutality shrank from attacking the children. Bruce had time to draw his revolver and raise the weapon in his hand. Black turned and ran; the gangsters drew guns and looked for shelter. But the children's screams had brought the police, and Bruce was safe for the time.

From that moment Bruce went to work with redoubled energy. And Dorothy, painfully impressed by what she had seen, had helped by trying to do what she could for the tenement children. She knew she could not do much for the whole city, but in that one house she improved conditions vastly. One night she was visiting the Dows, old friends of her family, and described the class she had established for the children of the tenement house.

"And tonight," said Dorothy—"tonight we're going to have a Christmas tree for them down there. I'm going down now to give out the little presents."

"Mother, can't we go and see?" cried Lillian.

"Oh, yes—please!" echoed Harold.

Mrs. Dow hesitated. But they pleaded so eagerly that she gave in at last, and Dorothy took them to the door. On the way she stopped and telephoned to tell Bruce and to bid him to join her. His voice as he answered was excited.

"I'll come if I can—as soon as I can," he said. "Dorothy, I'm on the trail at last, I go believe! Tonight we got a chance to get the evidence I need."

What had happened was that that afternoon a woman had come to Bruce in his office, a woman whose profession no one could mistake.

Well, you come down to my place to-night, and I'll see that you get it. You've got to come to the house."

Bruce laughed at her. "Do I look as easy as all that?" he said. "Do you suppose I can't recognize as obvious a trap as that?"

"Aw, I knew it wasn't any use!" she said. "I told them you wouldn't come. But I'll get the devil—the main guy's gone to be there!"

"What?" said Bruce sharply. "He is, eh? Well, that might make a difference!"

He hesitated, questioned her sharply. But in the end he decided to go—taking certain precautions.

The time came, and Bruce, still hesitating a little but determined to face the risk that he saw could not be avoided, went with the woman to her house. The whole thing filled him with disgust; the woman herself and the girls he saw in her house revolted him.

"You see, you can find out what's going on here," said the woman. "It's plain enough—my God, what's that?"

There was a thunderous knocking at the door. Heavy blows fell against it, and it came crashing in. A squad of police followed.

"They double crossed me—the main guy pinched!" screamed the woman.

Abruptly Bruce saw what had been planned and went white. But just as a policeman stepped up to him another man in plain clothes appeared.

"Officer, leave Mr. Larnigan alone," he said. "He's here to get evidence. Arrest the woman—no one else."

"Yes, Mr. Commissioner," said the man, snatching.

This was Bruce's counterstroke. He had arranged for the police commis-



"There's one of your houses—burning up!" he cried. "I'll accompany any raiding party and had told him his plans in advance. His reputation was safe.

But now a new factor came into sight. Anton Dow, chief of the frustration of his plans, suddenly appeared.

"Arrest both those men!" he cried. "I demand it!"

"Anton Dow!" cried Bruce. "So you are the main guy! Here! You are one of the Fifteen—one of my father's murderers!"

Dow realized his mistake. But he tried desperately to secure Bruce's arrest. Only a sudden commotion outside the house checked him.

"Fire!" yelled some one at a window. "In the house across the street!"

Bruce tore over to look. Flames were pouring from the door and the lower windows of the house, which had no fire escapes! He understood the full horror of it in a moment. Dorothy was there! He turned frantically to Dow.

"There's one of your houses—burning up!" he cried. "No fire escapes! Dorothy Maxwell is there, trying to help the children you oppress! And with her are your own children!"

Dow, stricken, never doubting, collapsed. Bruce raced to the street. The policemen followed. Firemen were arriving. Ladders were going up. Bruce knew the window where Dorothy must be. He was up the first ladder and found her with the two Dow children. He brought them to safety; and then helped in the work of rescue.

Stammering, incoherent, came to Bruce. "I've been wrong—I've been a sinful man!" he said. "But I was my wickedness. I will reform every building I own. And tomorrow morning I will give you the evidence against the rest!"

"Come to my office at 9 o'clock," said Bruce.

Neither saw that Black, lurking near by, heard. Neither knew that Black got word to Stamford Stone.

Bruce was up all night. On Christmas morning, when he had done all he could for the fire sufferers, he went to his office to wait for Dow. He looked at the clock—8:30. His mother called him up. She begged him to come to her at once—said that she must see him. He hesitated, then scribbled a note. "Dow," it read, "I will be back at 9:30. Wait."

Outside his office he met Dorothy. "I was afraid," she said. "I wanted you to come home."

"Come with me," he said with a laugh. "I must hurry back, but I'll have breakfast at home with you and mother."

Dow came, found the note and sat down to wait. He had keys to pieces. The escape of his children had unnerved him. He glanced at the clock. Nine o'clock.

In his own office Stamford Stone, too, looked at his clock. He watched the minutes pass slowly till five had gone. And at the fifth minute, when as Stone supposed, Dow would just be beginning his revelations to Bruce, an explosion shattered Bruce's room, a bomb connected with the clock was set off, and Dow was instantly killed. Only an accident had saved Bruce from sharing his fate.

AT THE THEATRES

AT THE ANDERSON

"THE MASQUERADERS"

Hazel Dawn Stars in Adaption of Henry Arthur Jones Success. Henry Arthur Jones' internationally successful drama "The Masqueraders," which has been converted into a Paramount picture by the Famous Players Film company, with Hazel Dawn in the stellar role, is the attraction at the Anderson Monday.

In the role of the irresistible Dulcie Larondle whom financial straits force into becoming the barmaid of the stage inn, Hazel Dawn has the best opportunity of her motion picture career. Dulcie is a courageous, whole-hearted girl who faces the reduced circumstances of her family without a murmur. She has won the love of an old family friend, David Remon, but does not realize his work though she is very fond of him. In her position as barmaid she meets Sir Eric Skene, a wealthy idler, who becomes infatuated with her. When it is decided to hold a raffle to aid a stricken family, Dulcie graciously agrees to sell a kiss to the highest bidder.

When David learns of the intended raffle, he attempts to outbid the others but his entire fortune proves unequal to the task of preventing Sir Eric from winning the prize. Sir Eric adds to David's dismay by offering his hand. Dulcie, weary of a life of poverty, accepts Sir Eric only to find that he is not the sort of man she had thought him to be. The marital difficulties of the Skenes increase until Sir Eric insults all his guests while intoxicated, because they will not gamble with him. As a result of the actions of Sir Eric, David and he engage in a desperate game, the stakes of which are David's fortune against the baronet's wife.

After a thrilling suspense, David wins, and Dulcie, disgusted and revolted by the action of her husband eventually accepts the call of fortune, departing with David in the hope of finding with him a new happiness.

Dulcie is a role which gives Miss Dawn a wonderful opportunity to display her talents, not only in the portrayal of the bewitching young girl of the early part of the story, but in the dramatic and pathetic scenes which follow her unhappy marriage to Sir Eric. It is the most difficult role that Miss Dawn has assayed on the screen, and it is one which will rebound to her enduring glory.

Others in the cast are Russell Bassett, Elliott Dexter, Frank Losee, Ida Darling and Charles Bryant, all of whom give talented support to the star.

Owner of Seized Ships.



Richard G. Wagner

England has notified the state department that it will take the steamers Hooking and Genesee of the American Transatlantic company to London for prize court adjudication. Richard G. Wagner, president and majority stockholder in the company, insists that only American capital is invested, and is protesting vigorously at the action of the British government. Mr. Wagner was born in Milwaukee on March 30, 1862. He made a fortune in the beet sugar industry in Wisconsin, and recently decided to go into the shipping business because of the large profits to be made. He now says his company will be forced into bankruptcy unless properly reimbursed for those seized ships.

"XMAS"

Don't write it "Xmas." "Xmas" is not only not a good word, but it doesn't mean anything and doesn't really stand for anything.

At best the word is flippant slang and its use as a substitute for Christmas, which word does mean something and is of sacred origin, smacks of sacrilege.

Christmas sounds better, looks better in print and is quite as easy to write as Xmas, and there is therefore no apparent word reason for using the latter instead of the former.—Alban Theret.

Johnson Re-elected.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Former Representative Joseph Johnson of Alabama was re-elected to the federal senate this morning for the western part of South Carolina.

Old Santa Claus

Sent Us By Yesterday's Express

60 Ladies Suits

Take it from us, they are dandies. Just what you'll like. See them tomorrow morning and get yours. These prices will sell 'em in a hurry.

WE HAVE ALL SIZES

- Lot No. 1—Ladies \$10.00 Suits \$8.45
There is only 7 Suits in Lot
- Lot No. 2—Ladies \$12.50 and \$15.00 Suits \$7.95
There is only 15 Suits in Lot
- Lot No. 3—Ladies \$16.50 and \$18.50 Suits \$9.95
There is only 14 Suits in Lot
- Lot No. 4—Ladies \$20.00 and \$22.50 Suits \$12.95
There is only 13 Suits in Lot
- Lot No. 5—Ladies \$25.00 and \$27.50 Suits \$14.95
There is only 11 Suits in Lot

B. Fleishman & Bros.

OSBORNE & PEARSON'S OLD STAND

20 to 40 Per Cent Saved On All Purchases

Public Square Anderson, S. C.

Christmas Candies

10c and 15c Per Pound

We buy our Candies in large quantities direct from the manufacturer—the largest in the United States—which enables us to give to the trade both quality and quantity for the price, at same time, guaranteed to be absolutely pure.

Cocoanut Bon-Bons, Butter Cups, Cream Dates, Bisque Bon-Zons, After Dinner Mints, Roasted Marshmallows, Lemon Drops, Pepper Mints, Gum Drops, Raspberry Creams, Maple-line and many other kinds too numerous to mention at 15c per lb, 2 lb for 25c.

Don't fail to see our raised Candies at 10c lb.

Old Fashioned Chocolates

Wonderfully Delicious rich Chocolate Confection that are so delightfully palatable and a real treat for Chochoate lovers. Every bite a delight. 40c lb.

Red Band Chocolates

Extra fine quality at 25c lb

Assorted Chocolates

In 5 lb boxes. This is the biggest value we have to offer you for Christmas. Don't fail to buy a box at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

Selected Fruits

- Florida Oranges of the finest grade, thin skin, sweet and juicy, 15c, 20c, 25c dozen. \$2.75 per box.
- Sheep Nose Apples, peck 65c
- King Apples, peck 70c
- Baldwin Apples, peck 35c and 50c
- Grimes Golden, peck 50c
- Extra Fancy Winesaps, peck 100c

Grape Fruits

We will sell you what you want at 60c dozen. Tangerines, dozen 30c

Fancy Jumbo Celery

Just phone us your order for Christmas Celery. We will do the rest. 2 stalks for 35c. Don't fail to place your order early for your Christmas tables.

Anderson Cash Grocery Co.

SPECIAL—2 Bottles of 25c Olives for 30c.