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The very best shoes, in latest styles and most extreme sizes can seldom be found in smaller towns. Our service is designed to satisfy even the most exacting. Our system of fitting gives absolute satisfaction. Our illustrated catalog shows many of the best and latest styles. You will save money and at last gain satisfaction by ordering by mail.

Write For Catalogue A-10

**W. F. Livingston & Son,
Charleston, S. C.**

We have no agents or branch stores

**CHEST CLOGGED UP
WITH HEAVY COLD?**

Don't give it a chance to "set in"—use Dr. King's New Discovery

That dangerous stage where a cold or cough or case of grippe might get the better of you may be nearer than you think. Prompt action with Dr. King's New Discovery will avert a long siege. For fifty years it has loosened congested chests, dissipated tight-packed phlegm, broken vicious colds and coughs. Give it to the youngsters—take it yourself. There will be no disagreeable after-effects. 60c. and \$1.20 a bottle. At your druggist's. Give it a trial.

Bowels Become Normal—liver livens up, bile flows freely—headache, biliousness, tongue-fur, stomach-sourness, disappear when Dr. King's New Life Pills get in their natural, comfortable action. Purgatives, never pleasantly corrective, sometimes habit-forming, should not be taken to rack the system violently. Nature's way is the way of Dr. King's New Life Pills—gently but firmly functioning—the bowels, eliminating the intestine-clogging waste, and promoting the most gratifying results. Cleanse the system with them and know the boon of regular bowels. 25c at all druggists.

The Mistletoe Kiss

By J. E. SHERWIN



HERE never was such a doll. It was the very acme of toy invention, classic of features, graceful of form, appeared in materials duplications of the latest modes of fashion. Flexible of joints, some inner mechanism moved eyes and lips, and then it talked—talked? Bless you!

Yes, in the clearest childish accents. No wonder it did all these things, for, when Warren Brill asked the price, the salesman replied:

"Seventy-five dollars, sir." "Whew!" aspirated Roy Burton, who had accompanied Brill on his Christmas shopping tour.

"I'll take it," said the latter. "Why, you've gone clear daffy," remonstrated Burton. "You've got no little ones at home."

"No, that's so," replied Warren in his diffident, hesitating way, "but, you see," and he grew flustered—"Miss Deere—"

"Eh! Nellie Deere? Surely you're not thinking of giving that grown up beauty a doll?"

"Oh, dear no!" answered Brill, and he fluttered like a frightened schoolboy. "I wouldn't dare to offer her a gift. I was thinking of presenting the doll to her little niece, Dorothy. I hope Miss Deere won't resent my taking such a liberty. Of course we're quite friendly."

"Friendly!" interrupted Burton. "That's putting it mildly. Why, everybody knows you're in love with Nellie, and the way she favors your company shows how she regards you."

"Oh, do you think so, positively?" gasped Warren. His face was a vast map of longing hope. "You don't know how—how happy you make me. Just put the doll aside,"

to the salesman. "I shall want some special records made and I'll see you later."

"It's a bold scheme," soliloquized Warren, and proceeded straight back to the toy store. He sought out the salesman. "Now, as I understand it," he said, "a regular baby phonograph device inside the doll makes it say all those cute things, when you operate a button?"

"That's it," acceded the clerk. "And I can have a special record made?"

"Surely. We can attend to that for you."

Warren met Nellie on the street the day before Christmas, and she mentioned the fact that she had been very much disappointed as to the Christmas tree they had received, it being straggly and undersized.

"Why," spoke Warren eagerly, "I saw the finest layout of trees down at Chester only yesterday, Miss Deere. I haven't a thing to do the rest of the day. Won't you deputize me to help give the little ones a good time?"

Warren arrived at the Deere home with the tree and various packages. He helped Nellie trim the tree. He operated the talking doll to even the wonderment of Mr. and Mrs. Deere, who at ten o'clock indulgently retired.

Warren began to act nervous. He had placed a new record specially by his side, his finger on the button. Nellie was looping a string made to order inside the doll. He set it on a chair of holly near the folding doors. She looked at him strangely as he said:

"Miss Deere—Nellie, I have something to say to you—that is—yes—something to tell you, and can't say it. Won't you please listen to what my little friend here, the doll, will say for me, and then maybe—maybe you'll say something, too."

"Dear Nellie, I love you. I know that you are a star high above me, and the best man in the world unworthy of you; but I can give you every luxury and add the greatest one of all—love. Say it's not altogether hopeless."

Nelly blushed peony red. Then she smiled slightly, almost quizzically. She moved four steps. They brought her directly under the mistletoe. Warren arose to his feet.

"Oh, Nellie!" he cried, "you—you didn't get under that mistletoe on purpose?"

She hung her head embarrassed, yet laughing. He stole to her, brave as a lion. He circled her waist with his arm. She snuggled closer; he pressed his lips to hers.

"Oh, a merry Christmas to all the world," he jubilated expansively, and in the accents there was the cheer of a happy, happy man.

A CHRISTMAS WALK

In silvery softness the anthem closed
Like a slowly silenced bell:
The sacred calm of a peace divine
Like a benediction fell:
And out on the morning light that spread
A glimmer of amber gray,
I walked with Margery home from church
On an old, old Christmas Day.

A bland, mild day—for the rugged month
Had chosen a kindly mood,
Like a wonderful mellow aftermath
From the Autumn's plentitude.
With scarcely a tang of wholesome cold
Did the Winter's breezes blow,
As Margery walked from church with me
On a Christmas long ago.

The earnest words that had touched our hearts—
The warnings, kindly and wise—
Had left a shadow of tenderness
In Margery's violet eyes:
The merry, hoydenish maid I'd known
For a twelvemonth's flying space,
Had taken on that old Christmas Day,
A new and womanly grace.

As through the tremulous opal clouds
That shifted and swayed apart,
A sun ray lighted the rosy face,
The wish was born in my heart
That down the trail of the unspent years,
Whatever their trend might be,
The soft-eyed maiden beside me then,
Might walk to the end with me.

Absently watching the velvet flakes
By the white gale set a-wing,
I breathe the spirit of other years
While the bells of Yuletide ring:
And near the smiling, with happy eyes
At our children's romping play,
Is the girl who walked from church with me

On that old, sweet Christmas Day.
—Harriet Whitney Durbin, in People's Home Journal.



LESSON OF CHRISTMAS DAY

Example of Christ Should Inspire Unselfishness and Make Us Try to Remedy Faults.

Christmas should inspire a world of unselfishness. The example before us is almost too perfect, for it rather frightens us to attempt such divine heights of self-abnegation, but we can try. It will at least take us from the depths of selfishness, where most of us now are. Each Christmas day should teach us something of the lesson of the Holy Child's life.

If we could learn from Christmas, today and in the succeeding years the serious lessons of self-betterment and ennoblement it has to offer, how infinitely better it would be than just to look on it as a holiday for gifts and feasts, for extravagance and foolishness.

So take an hour or two off on Christmas day and give it up to retrospective and self-inspection. You will each find faults, if you judge yourself impartially, for no one is perfect. Then make a serious determination to try to overcome those faults, for only trying to improve is there any growth in character. If you are satisfied with yourself you stay just as you are with all your faults and virtues. But if you try hard to remedy the faults your character is constantly growing broader. This is the lesson which Christmas day has for each of you.

CHRISTMAS

Sparkling snow on the ground
—an invigorating tang to the air—
the mouth-watering smell of cooking from the cozily-warm kitchen—our boy safely home from overseas with brave stories to tell and all the manhood crystallized in him—relatives and old friends gathering at the festive table—holly wreaths at the windows and a crackling fire in the open hearth—the hilarious laughter of kiddies as the new toys make them bubble over—mistletoe nalled mischievously above the door for the kiss you mean to give bustling, unsuspecting mother—the silvery, tranquil peal of church bells across the soft-snowed open places—an amazing forgetfulness of the dour anticipations and business worries of only yesterday—a sudden re-belief that love is life—
That is Christmas!

NEEDLESS PRECAUTION.



Hubby—It's all rot and nonsense to try to make children believe there's such a character as Santa Claus. They ought to be taught better.
Wife—Our children don't need to be taught better. They know there's no Santa Claus in this house.

The Day We "Ate."

In other words, Christmas is the day where we shall celebrate, masticate and bearbounte, and the next day we shall meditate.

INSURANCE

**"It is better to have a policy and not need it,
Than to need a policy and not have it."**

SEE ME TODAY

W. C. BAILEY, Clinton, S. C.

**If you don't want to sell
don't list your land with us.**

- 156 Acres in about 2 miles of Clinton, known as E. W. Ferguson place, about 85 acres in cultivation, situated on main road. One seven-room house, situated in a lovely grove; 2 tenant houses; plenty of wood to run the place indefinitely.
- 65 1-2 Acres, in 1 1-2 miles of Clinton, about 35 acres in cultivation. Four-room house; barn; well.
- 70 Acres, known as E. C. Briggs place. One tenant house; barn and well.
- 211 Acres, known as Fred Johnson lands; One three-room house; barn, 2 stories high, 2 stalls, shed on side, 12 x 20; 100 acres in cultivation; 30 acres in pasture; 60 acres in pines.
- 246 Acres, known as the old Dick Blalock place, about 3 miles from Clinton. Houses in good shape.
- 200 Acres, known as Thomas Simpson place. Bounded by D. W. Mason, John H. Pitts and others. Houses fairly good.
- 13 Acres, part of it in the incorporate limits; 1 nine-room house as good as new; 2 tenant houses in good shape; fine barn and stable; 1 gin house; 3 seventy saw new gin outfit; steam engine and boiler; corn mill and feed mill; 2 wells; water and lights from city.
- 152 Acres, known as, George Boyd place; houses worth-all we ask for the land.
- 295 1-2 Acres, known as C. S. Lankford place, adjoining the old Ren Anderson place, J. H. Sullivan and others, one 6-room house, 2 barns, 2 tenant houses, 1 well. Place well watered.
- 1 House and Lot on Florida street, 5 rooms finished, 4 rooms upstairs not finished; house almost new. Look at this before you buy. It's cheap; known as G. C. Johnson place.
- 1 House on Main street, 7 rooms; 1-2 acre of land; nice barns, stables and well, and known as the Dr. Wofford place. Going at a big bargain.
- 1 1-2 acres, known as George M. Wright home place, situated on Calvert avenue. Price right.

NEWBERRY, S. C.

Three store rooms, 2 stories high with basement; pressed brick and plate glass front with metal ceiling; up-to-date in every respect. Situated on corner between post office and modern six-story bank building. Right in the heart of Newberry City, now occupied by Copeland Bros.

One 8-room house, owned by Johnson and Johnson, going at a bargain.

LAURENS COUNTY.

- 58 Acres, known as the old Hannah place, bounded by L. D. Hitch, Charlie Holland, W. A. Pool and Emmet Little.
- 400 Acres of land, known as the old Jeans place, the property of J. C. McMillan; 5 tenant houses, 1 barn, 5 stalls; 2 small barns, 1 well, 3 springs; about 100 acres in pasture. Lot of good saw pines. Going cheap.
- 250 Acres, known as the old Dick Ferguson place; 1 six-room house; 1 tenant house; 2 small barns, 2 good wells.
- 165 Acres known as lands of John Gairy deceased. 1 six room house, 5 tenant houses, barn with six stalls, good well, about 100 acres in cultivation, 20 acres in pasture, about 45 acres in pines. Some good saw pine.

**Sumerel & Stone
Real Estate Dealers**

WRIGLEYS

**5c a package
before the war**

**5c a package
during the war**

**5c a package
NOW**

**THE FLAVOR LASTS
SO DOES THE PRICE!**



Christmas Greetings

We are thankful for the business our friends have given us this year, and we extend our sincere wishes for a Happy Christmas Season for you.

Filled with the true spirit of Service, this institution pledges itself during the year 1920 to serve a little better, to make our friendships a little stronger, and to prove a helpful constructive factor in the Successes of our community and our people.

Your Account is the Account We Are Especially Desirous of Obtaining.

Bell-Workman Bank

J. D. BELL, Pres. C. C. WALLACE, Cashier



**What Do
P. S. JEANS
Do?**

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its strength giving, invigorating effect. Price 60c.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets) can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 50c