

Stop Talking War and Talk Business—Business Is What We Want!

THE LATEST WAR NEWS

The Germans have taken Pilsener, and are now surrounding Delicatessen, where the worst is expected. The Belgian Hares have had a falling out with the Welsh Rarebits, and the Swiss Cheese is shot full of holes. This will make the Irish stew and the English mustard hot, and if the Russian Caviar sees the French Pastry, it may start a Swiss movement watch! The Spanish Onions are strong for a mixup, and if the Home Preserves are called out and spread over the German Noodles, they may Ketchup with the Navy Beans, thereby causing an uprising of the Brussels Sprouts.

ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

PHONE 693-L—USE IT

CALL US AND WE WILL CARE ON YOU TO TALK BUSINESS

Printers and Book Binders

128 N. MAIN STREET

KEEPING A RESOLUTION

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

The day I was graduated from the medical school—the only woman in my class—dear old Dr. Phillips, who handed me my diploma, said to me, with a smile:

"There it is, my dear. But it will do you no good."

"Why do you say that, doctor?" I asked, much disconcerted.

"Some young fellow will induce you to marry him, and you will have no time to practice a profession which, if practiced properly, will require all your time."

I was young and headstrong. Moreover, I had spent years preparing myself for my vocation. I grasped the doctor's hand and, raising my other, dramatically said:

"I promise you, Dr. Phillips, that I will devote my life to the sick. I make this pledge that it shall be impossible for me to go back on my profession."

I shall never forget the kindly smile or the twinkle of the eye with which the good doctor received this vow. I strutted out of the room and as I closed the door behind me shut off part of what he said:

"I'll bet you don't practice three!"

I tried to get a position that would give me hospital work, but, failing in this, hung up my stethoscope as a general practitioner. I had been practicing but a few months when an elderly lady came to my office and said that she would like me to treat her son. From her description of his disease I thought that it was probably melancholia. The young man was up and about and attending to business. I therefore suggested that he call at my office during my consultation hours. But his mother said that it was she who desired the services of a physician for her son and she could only succeed in submitting him to treatment and insisted on my going to the house. Besides, she wished him to see a woman physician, whereas if he went to an office he would probably go to a man.

This argument prevailed, and it was agreed that I was to call the next day after 5 in the afternoon, when the young man—Dick his mother called him—had returned from business. I made the call, was received by the lady and introduced to the patient. There was that about him which reminded me of some one else, but I could not tell who the other person was. He did not appear to be ill, but appearances are often deceptive.

I pled him, with questions which he seemed disinclined to answer, and I succeeded in getting very little out of him. All I could do was to recommend that he take out of door exercise and have what society he relished. His mother was present during the interview, and when I arose to depart she put her arms about me and said:

"Help us out by giving us your company occasionally as well as your professional services, won't you? Dick won't go out, and I know no young persons to invite to the house."

I could give no definite reply to this, of course, and simply bowed assent. "Oblige me by staying to dinner with us," continued the old lady, and she began quietly to remove my hat and coat. I made but a faint resistance, and we were soon enjoying ourselves at table. For my life I could see no sign of illness in Dick, who was very entertaining and charmed me with his conversation.

I am not going to give the history of my professional treatment of my patient, Richard Ashley, for mingled with it is a love story of which he is the hero and I the heroine. He was never ill, though he led me to suppose that there was a nervous weakness about him that did not appear on the surface. I studied his case for months, trying different remedies, which I had my doubts he ever took. Finally I found myself so deeply in love that I was ready to sacrifice my profession for him. Indeed, the great problem of my life became, not how to cure him, or any one else, for that matter, but to appropriate him to myself. It was I rather than he who suffered from a peculiar disease. If any attractive young woman came near him I was seized with a terrible anxiety lest some other woman should take him away from me.

However, time proved that these fears were groundless. For one evening after one of my visits to him and I had been invited to dinner his mother left us alone together in the library, and what I so desired was clinched by a proposal.

As soon as our engagement was made known to the members of our respective families congratulations began to come in. "His sisters and his cousins and his aunt," called on me, and they were all not only very gracious to me, but regarded me with an amused curiosity. One day who should come to see me but my old preceptor, Dr. Phillips, to whom I had made the pledge not to marry. I could not escape him, so I faced him. He was trimming over with amusement.

"You little humbug!" he said. "I knew you would not be saved for the medical profession, so I resolved to get you into my family. I told my nephew about you and your pledge, suggesting that he make you back it. He has done his work beautifully, though his mother has been of great assistance to him."

"You miserable man, good for nothing!" I threw myself into the doctor's arms and cried:

"I'll bet you don't practice three!"

I tried to get a position that would give me hospital work, but, failing in this, hung up my stethoscope as a general practitioner. I had been practicing but a few months when an elderly lady came to my office and said that she would like me to treat her son. From her description of his disease I thought that it was probably melancholia. The young man was up and about and attending to business. I therefore suggested that he call at my office during my consultation hours. But his mother said that it was she who desired the services of a physician for her son and she could only succeed in submitting him to treatment and insisted on my going to the house. Besides, she wished him to see a woman physician, whereas if he went to an office he would probably go to a man.

This argument prevailed, and it was agreed that I was to call the next day after 5 in the afternoon, when the young man—Dick his mother called him—had returned from business. I made the call, was received by the lady and introduced to the patient. There was that about him which reminded me of some one else, but I could not tell who the other person was. He did not appear to be ill, but appearances are often deceptive.

I pled him, with questions which he seemed disinclined to answer, and I succeeded in getting very little out of him. All I could do was to recommend that he take out of door exercise and have what society he relished. His mother was present during the interview, and when I arose to depart she put her arms about me and said:

"Help us out by giving us your company occasionally as well as your professional services, won't you? Dick won't go out, and I know no young persons to invite to the house."

I could give no definite reply to this, of course, and simply bowed assent. "Oblige me by staying to dinner with us," continued the old lady, and she began quietly to remove my hat and coat. I made but a faint resistance, and we were soon enjoying ourselves at table. For my life I could see no sign of illness in Dick, who was very entertaining and charmed me with his conversation.

I am not going to give the history of my professional treatment of my patient, Richard Ashley, for mingled with it is a love story of which he is the hero and I the heroine. He was never ill, though he led me to suppose that there was a nervous weakness about him that did not appear on the surface. I studied his case for months, trying different remedies, which I had my doubts he ever took. Finally I found myself so deeply in love that I was ready to sacrifice my profession for him. Indeed, the great problem of my life became, not how to cure him, or any one else, for that matter, but to appropriate him to myself. It was I rather than he who suffered from a peculiar disease. If any attractive young woman came near him I was seized with a terrible anxiety lest some other woman should take him away from me.

However, time proved that these fears were groundless. For one evening after one of my visits to him and I had been invited to dinner his mother left us alone together in the library, and what I so desired was clinched by a proposal.

As soon as our engagement was made known to the members of our respective families congratulations began to come in. "His sisters and his cousins and his aunt," called on me, and they were all not only very gracious to me, but regarded me with an amused curiosity. One day who should come to see me but my old preceptor, Dr. Phillips, to whom I had made the pledge not to marry. I could not escape him, so I faced him. He was trimming over with amusement.

"You little humbug!" he said. "I knew you would not be saved for the medical profession, so I resolved to get you into my family. I told my nephew about you and your pledge, suggesting that he make you back it. He has done his work beautifully, though his mother has been of great assistance to him."

"You miserable man, good for nothing!" I threw myself into the doctor's arms and cried:

"I'll bet you don't practice three!"

Mens Fall Suits

IN THE SMART FASHIONS ARE HERE



\$10, \$12.50 and \$15

Isaac Hamburger & Sons

Famous Clothes \$18 to \$25

R. W. TRIBBLE The Up-to-Date Clothier

Cool Refreshing Ice Cream SODA

and all Fountain Drinks



Owl Drug Co.

Alarm Clocks AT ALARMING PRICES

We carry an exceptionally strong line of good, serviceable and dependable Alarm Clocks.

All fully guaranteed.

PRICED \$1.00 TO \$2.00

MARCHBANKS & BABB

Something New To Eat

"LOG CABIN" Maple Syrup

has been on the market for thirty years and is today the favorite Syrup among the Nations of the globe. The delicious flavor of PURE Maple makes it good. Three thin dreds and Sixty Five days out of the year. Pint 25c, Quart 40c, Half gallon 75c, Gallon \$1.35.

"Hecker's Self Rising" Buckwheat Flour

goes good with Log Cabin Syrup—10-20-30 and 40 cents the package.

"OLD HOMESTEAD" Flapjack Flour

MAKES THE MOST DELICIOUS BATTER CAKES. 15c OR TWO FOR 25 Cents.

Anderson Cash Grocery Co.

Where there is a will there is a way to break it. Life insurance can be made payable directly to the parties interested without interference by any one.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

M. M. Mattison, C. W. Webb, J. J. Trowbridge.

Mr. W. R. Hale of Greenville is in the city for a visit to Mrs. R. E. Cochran on Prevost street.

Miss Lillie Sullivan of Townville, was shopping in the city yesterday.

F. W. Cooksey has gone to Atlanta on a short business trip.

Joe H. W. Ashley has returned from a business trip to Columbia.

CITROLAX

Users say it is the ideal, perfect laxative drink. M. J. Perkins, Green Bay, Wis., says: "I have used pills, oils, salts, etc., but were all disagreeable and unsatisfactory. In CITROLAX I have found the ideal laxative drink." For sick headache, sour stomach, lazy liver, congested bowels—it is the perfect laxative and gives a thorough flush. Sensitive, delicate people, invalids and children find it easy to take and pleasant in action. Results thoroughly satisfactory. Evans' Pharmacy, agents.

THE WORD "WINTER."

Said to Have Originally Indicated V'etness, Not Coldness.

There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature, but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter" as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.

If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the significance of to wash out, or to moisten, or to make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.

This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "wæter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."

Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v" and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetur," and the old high German has "wintur," and it is "winter" in German.

These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

Diarrhea Remedy.

"I advised the boys when they enlisted for the Spanish war to take Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy with them, and have received many thanks for the advice given," writes J. H. Houghton, Eldon, Iowa. "No person whether traveling or at home should be without this great remedy." For sale by all dealers.

Classified advertising in this paper costs you so little for the net average of results that the charge is almost negligible.

Take a real estate ad., for instance. A "For Sale" notice may sell your property right off the bat. You save anywhere from, say, \$25 to \$200 commission. Ever if the ad. is kept in many times the cost is nothing.

That's just one way classified ads. pay.

Personal

Better things are in store for the young man or woman who systematically lays aside a part of their wages every pay day.

Systematic Saving is a great factor in building character. Try it.

The Savings Department of

The Bank of Anderson

The Strongest Bank in the County.

Archie Todd and Louie Ledbetter have returned from a short visit to Highlands, N. C.

S. E. Seawright of Pendleton was among the visitors to spend yesterday in the city.

W. T. Phillips and Butler Morris of Hartwell, Ga., spent a few hours in the city yesterday.

R. R. Keaton of Ebenezer section spent part of yesterday in the city.

Thomas Jones of Ware Shoals was among the visitors to spend yesterday in the city.

D. C. Webb of Piercetown spent a few hours in the city yesterday on business.

Tink Green of Barcus Creek was in the city yesterday for a few hours.

W. E. Johnson of the Walker-McElroy section spent part of yesterday in the city.

Prince Gambrell of Hones Path was in Anderson yesterday on business.

Dr. W. S. Hutchinson of the Jackson section spent part of yesterday in the city on business.

J. S. Bolt of Hones Path spent a part of yesterday in the city on business.

James H. Childs of Greenville was in the city yesterday for a few hours.

W. R. Hale, a well known jeweler of Greenville, was in the city Sunday.

Dave McField has returned from a short visit to Edgefield.

F. H. H. Calhoun has returned to his home at Olmiston college after a visit to Anderson.

The Road to Advancement

Better things are in store for the young man or woman who systematically lays aside a part of their wages every pay day.

Systematic Saving is a great factor in building character. Try it.

The Savings Department of

The Bank of Anderson

The Strongest Bank in the County.

Exchange Your City Property For a Farm

We have a fine 45-acre farm in high state of cultivation which we will exchange for city property or stock of any kind.

Anderson Real Estate & Investment Co.

KODAK FINISHING

with satisfaction guaranteed. Films developed 10c, prints 20c, and so on.

WILSON'S DRUG STORE

FRESH OYSTERS

served in any style at the

PIEDMONT CAFE

Muddy Complexions

Most poor complexions are due to sluggish, torpid, constipated and other liver ailments.

R. L. T.

taken just before retiring will help up the liver, carry off the excess of bile and cause an easy and natural movement of the bowels. It will not only make its good work felt in better health—make you LOOK well and FEEL well.

50 cents and 1.00 per bottle at your druggists.

Manufactured and guaranteed by Evans' Pharmacy Three Stores.

Narcissus Bulbs

French Grown

NOW READY

Fair's Book Store

WILSON'S DRUG STORE