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ONLY

8

More Shopping

Days

Before X'mas.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

The Weather.

South Carolina: Fair and continued cold Wednesday and Thursday.

"Is it cold enough for you?"

Wonder what Santa will bring Old Man DeCamp?

Carranza evidently doesn't believe that Uncle Sam will fight.

Anderson has as yet no problem of the unemployed. May she not have.

"You can do better in Anderson"—well, why don't you?

Anderson will soon have a new postmaster, but the old one has been a good one.

Next year the slogan will be "Sell a porker," instead of the one used this year.

Self-Denial Day does not mean to tell stories. Really a day for this purpose is not needed for some folks.

Bi-annual sessions of the legislature? Not much, semi-annual is better in South Carolina.

Governor Blease says he is not going to empty the penitentiary Christmas. That might throw some of his "friends" out of a job, eh?

Anyway the legislature will soon be in session, and it is well known what a great work they did a few weeks ago in saving the State.

"Burned at ninety-nine years"—shows what a fine climate and healthy place Anderson is. This old colored woman would doubtless have lived many years longer but for her accidental death.

OUR DAILY POEM

God Give Us Men.

God give us men. The time demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands; Men whom the lust of office does not fill; Men whom the spoils of office can not buy; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who have honor; men who will not lie; Men who can stand before a demagogue; And lam his treacherous flatteries without winking; Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog in public duty and in private thinking! —J. G. KOLLAND.

SELF-DENIAL DAY

This is the day on which the people of Anderson are asked to observe as Self-Denial Day. We do not know just how wide-spread is the interest in this city, nor how many persons will observe it, but we do know that it would fill a long felt need at the local Salvation Army headquarters for funds with which to do some of the work these self-denying workers want to do for those who need. Should every person who will spend a nickel or a dime today for what is really a luxury drop it into a Self-Denial box there would be many of these much needed little messengers of cheer speeding on a mission of relief. Let us all remember that, and if possible put a few nickels and dimes into a box for those who need them more than we do for those luxuries. How many "dopes" will you drink today? Put an equal amount in one of the boxes. How many cigars will you smoke today? Put an equal amount into one of the boxes. Make some self-denial.

A COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE

There are many little folks, we dare say, in Anderson who have never seen a real Christmas tree. They do not know the joy of running into a room where a real, sure enough tree stands laden with gifts and resplendent in the bright decorations deftly woven among the branches, with many little tokens of loving thought from those who are able to give luxuriously. There is no tragedy like that of an empty stocking on Christmas morning. Therefore, The Intelligencer is glad to learn that an effort is being made to have a community Christmas tree on the Court House square the evening before Christmas. We are glad because it will give the little folks who cannot have one in their homes a chance to see what a real tree looks like. We trust that those who will have the matter in hand will see to it that this tree will be one of the prettiest that can be gotten, and that it will have enough decorations and pretty little gew-gaws to make it a dream of beauty. Then let there be a real Santa Claus there to pass out the gifts for the folks, and to add to the fun and enjoyment.

Strange how the art of giving spreads, is it not? Here was a committee appointed to give to the Belgians, and to solicit gifts for the children across the sea. So interested did they become and so much enjoyment and pleasure did they get out of giving that they decided to extend their sphere and give to those who need at home as well. We commend their large hearted generosity, and we trust that the spirit will spread till there shall be in Anderson this Christmas tide one large family all sanely and soberly enjoying the birth of the Prince of Peace.

Yes, let us have a Community Christmas Tree.

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES

The movement looking to the organization of an associated charities in Anderson is to be commended. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, and will give the people of the city some assurance that those who ask alms are worthy. There is and should be a liberal spirit on the part of the people of the city in dealing with those who are unfortunate. The Intelligencer feels that there is a personal obligation resting upon those who have to aid those who have not. So we trust that the effort to organize such charitable persons into a club with well defined views and plans for the speedy and sure relief of those who need assistance, will meet with a hearty response among all our people.

NO CHIEF MONEY CROP

A gentleman who has traveled considerably in Virginia said yesterday that on a visit through this state in his automobile he stopped at a fine old country home one day about the noon hour and that the owner would not allow him to depart till after dinner. Showing him around after they had dined, he saw so many things of interest, and that seemed to be ready for market, that he asked the farmer what his chief money crop was, and when it came in. He was told that there was no chief money crop, and that there was no special season for him to make his sales. He had something to sell every month in the year, always had ready cash to pay for what he wanted. For instance, there was then on the farm a flock of 500 young turkeys that would be ready, the farmer said, for Christmas market. His apples were ready for some of the months as a marketable crop, and then there was his hogs and cattle, sheep and horses. Every department of his farm was furnishing something for market. "This farmer," said the gentleman, "does not know that there is any war in Europe, in so far as his receipts are concerned. And this is what Anderson county farmers will have to do before they can be called independent and have ready money all the year. A good hog is worth more than a bale of cotton, and is far easier to raise. How many pigs are there in Anderson county now, getting ready to take the place of a bale of cotton next fall?"

NO DANGER

We fear the able and attractive philosopher who writes pieces for The Fountain Inn Tribune, over in Laurens County, has fired a shot that is a little too high. He has apparently made the pardonable error of assuming that everyone is as keen an observer and analyst of the things of life as he himself is. Those who read his productions have no such misapprehensions. Unfortunately, there are few who can see as clearly and express their visions as attractively as The Tribune's philosopher, whose articles are read with interest, no doubt, by the subscribers to that paper, and are frequently given much wider appeal through reproduction in other papers.

But the following from The Tribune man is, we fear, going a little too far. He says:

"There an ethical question that annoys me as Christmas approaches. Should one tell a child the time-honored, orthodox lie about Santa Claus, or is it better to tell the truth?"

"Imagine a world without Saint Nick and lo! there is half the romance gone out of childhood."

"But, suppose one tells a child that old Santa comes at Christmas time, and that a little King was born in a manger at Christmas time, and suppose the child later learns that the first half of the teaching was a lie, what will it think of the other half?"

"Will a child, cynical under new-found sophistication, discard a pleasant myth and cling to a wonderful truth? I wonder."

"It is the way of least resistance to tell the old-fashioned lie. Santa is dear to children. It is pleasant and easy to gratify the childhood hunger for fairies and princes and wonderful magicians."

"But then, vice is always more attractive than virtue. Truth is often drab and commonplace and a lie as often sparkles with enticing pleasures."

"What to do! Will some Christian mother who teaches her kiddies that Santa will come please accept a retainer from old Saint Nick and defend him in these columns?"

We do not believe that there are many people who ever discarded the Christian faith because they learned the mythical nature of the Santa Claus legend (the "orthodox lie," as The Tribune man harshly characterizes it). We confess that we never before heard the fear expressed that the disillusion as to the Santa Claus myth might be accompanied by a disbelief of the other Christmas story, that of the birth of Christ. It requires a mind such as that possessed by The Tribune writer to even connect the two, and there are few minds, even in grown-ups, as incisive as his. The mythical nature of the Santa Claus legend is learned years before there is any tendency to doubt the other Christmas story, and we do not believe that the one shattering of faith has any influence toward bringing about the other.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the story of the first Christmas is not to be accepted as a fact, but as a belief—at least, so far as the divinity of the Christ is concerned. The moment that it can be proven as a fact, there is no room for the exercise of faith, the cardinal principle of the Christian religion.

GRINS AND GROANS

Wanter a Pair of Specs—It is said that a woman who looked as if she had been a long time in this vale of tears went into an establishment where they tested and fitted the eyes and said:

"I want a pair of specs."

"This way," said the obliging clerk, and he led her into a room that was fitted up for optical purposes. A small nervous looking man at once surrounded her.

"Sit here," he said placing a chair for her and hanging up an A. B. C. card in front of her, "fix your eyes on that."

"I ain't a goin' to have my picture took," said the woman tartly.

"Certainly not, madam, you wish to renew your eyesight. Just tell me what you see on that card, 9-7-10. Do you follow me?"

"Just let me have my parasol and I'll follow you. I didn't come here to be made fun of. I kin read and write as good as you kin, and count too. I want a pair of specs."

"Exactly, but I should recommend eyeglasses, with such a nose as yours, madam."



The Christmas Store for Men's and Boys' Gifts

If it is a question of a present for a man, let us answer it for you as we will answer the question for him of something for himself.

Santa Claus has turned the men's and boys' gift proposition over to us. We've done some shopping in New York for you to make sure you get the best gifts the big city has to offer. From our list we please the most exacting customers.

Neckwear made from the very newest New York and London cravatings. Colors that rival the rainbow, in individual Christmas boxes 25c to \$1.

Hose to please him, qualities that appeal to every man. Everything from the serviceable staple at 10c to the luxurious silks and lises priced up to \$1.

Gloves, just the right kind to pass the glad hand. Styles for every man and every wear, everywhere. For street and dress, \$1 to \$3.50; auto styles \$1 to \$3.50; warm wools 25c and 50c.

Bath Robes, Lounging Robes and house slippers—he certainly needs one of them. Robes \$3 to \$10; Slippers \$1. See our combination bath and lounging robes.

Suit cases, Hand Bags and Trunks are serviceable gifts. One of our indestructible trunks or bags will be long remembered. Cases and bags \$2.50 to \$15; trunks \$5 and up.

Umbrellas and Canes are gifts for long service. Umbrellas built especially for men, some with the new white handles \$1 to \$5; Canes \$1.50.

Ladies Week—Special service for ladies. Order by parcels post; we prepay all charges.

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

THE 1915 BOY

said my eyes were deformed? If I ever heard of the like."

"You see, madam, we are compelled to test the optic nerve, and determine if the person has presbyopia—"

"No, sir, I am a Baptist, and I don't stay here and be insulted—"

"You misunderstand me, madam, if you are afflicted with hyperopia in either eye—"

"Look here, young man," said the woman fiercely, "I dare say you think you know a lot, but I want a pair of specs; I ain't as young as I used to be and—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the rash optician, "I see you are getting old and—"

But he never finished the sentence. When the woman came out of the store she was trying to straighten out the ribs of her parasol and muttering to herself:

"Old, indeed! I've fined a \$2 parasol, but I haven't lied all these long years to be insulted by being called old! I'll find some hardware store where they speak English to get my specs at! Old! the impertinent thing."

At the Squag House. Simeon Ford, hotel man and humorist, said in New York the other day:

"New York's hotels are the best in the world. They put even the hotels of London, Paris and the Riviera to the blush."

"In fact, after a New York hotel other hotels seem like the Squag house where a guest rang in the middle of the night and said:

"Landlord, the roof's leaking. I'm drenched."

"The landlord retired, and in a moment was back again with a large washtub."

"Here you are sir," he said. "We'll just put this on your chest. When she's full, ring again, or yell, and I'll have an empty one ready."—Washington Star.

A Poor Substitute. During a financial panic a German farmer went to a bank for some money, according to the Kansas City Star. He was told that the bank was not paying out money but was using cashier's checks. He could not understand this and insisted on money.

The officers took him in hand one after another, with little effect. At last the president tried his hand and after long and minute explanation some inkling of the situation seemed to be dawning on the farmer's mind. Much encouraged, the president said:

"You understand now how it is, don't you, Mr. Schmidt?"

"I tink I do," admitted Mr. Schmidt "It's like dis, ain't it? Ven my baby wakes up at night and wants some milk I gif him a milk ticket."

"I will be kind to dumb animals, as tigers, lions and elephants." (Stray cats and dogs, however, had better keep out of the neighborhood.)

SIX AND TWENTY

PENDELTON, S. C. R. 1 The order of the day last Sunday was sitting by the fire and listen to the cold wind blow and hear the icy rain patter on the roof of the house.

We have one thing in our section that we can all boast of; that's our wheat and oat crops.

All of our farmers have something that they can be proud of, despite the low price of cotton; that is nearly all of them have corn plenty.

Misses Lola, Eva and Saphronia Richey spent last Saturday evening with Mrs. Mrs. Elrod, of Frankville, Anderson county.

Mr. Charley Mullikin spent last Sunday afternoon with Mr. S. J. Richey.

Misses Lee Elrod and Will Rogers of the Piercetown section was visiting in our section last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. McDow Mullikin made a business trip to Liberty last Saturday.

Mr. S. R. and S. I. Eichey made a business trip to Pendleton last Saturday night.

Messrs. J. S. and Preston Richey and Mr. Lee Elrod of Piercetown attended a play at Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Elrod of Frankville last Saturday night.

The principal part of our farmers of this section has about completed the task of picking cotton.

More rain, more rest! But don't stop to rest; see after your cowpeas and litter them.

Mr. J. S. Richey, who has purchased a grist mill of the Sallivan Hardware Co., will start his mill to running by Thursday or Friday. Our good people of this section is longing for Uncle "Sam" to soon get his mill in operation for its something that our section greatly needs.

Our school is preparing for a box party at the school house next Friday night. All and everybody has an invitation to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Mullikin spent last Sunday with Mr. John Griffith of the Slabtown section.

Our school is in a flourishing condition despite so much rainy weather. Subscribe for The Intelligencer and get the best published paper in the State.

Much love to The Intelligencer and its dear editor.

Advertisement for The Autopiano, featuring an image of the piano and text describing its features and availability at C. A. Reed Piano & Organ Co.

Advertisement for Paramount Theatre, listing today's program including "Ring and the Book", "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds", "The Greater Love", "Delaying the Chief", and "His Kid Sister".