

Winston Churchill, Forty Years Old, Trying to Maintain the Traditions of British Navy.



Winston Churchill, half an American, has just celebrated his fortieth birthday. On him as head of the admiralty has devolved the defense of the British Empire in the greatest war the world has known.

of the failure of the British to aid the Belgians successfully when Antwerp was under siege. But lately Lord Kitchener, in whose judgement the British people have unbounded confidence, has stated that the British action in the Belgian capital was an important strategic move which served its purpose.

Asking Too Much. A man rambled into a village cafe, selected a table and told the attending waiter to bring him a half duck. Fifteen minutes went by.

response to an imperative call. "What about my order?" demanded the diner. "How soon do I get that half a duck?"

A Peaceful Nation Unprepared for Peace.

Ida M. Tarbell is beginning in The American Magazine a new series of articles entitled "The Golden Rule in Business." In her article in the December number, entitled "Keeping Men at Work," she shows how careful planning and scientific management can provide steady employment for men in place of the seemingly necessary laying off of hundreds of men in critical times such as the present.

"War thrusts a sure lance into a nation's weak spots, but that nation neutral or combatant. Hardly had the first sound of the European crash reached us last August when to everybody's lips sprang the horrified comment, 'And we without ships!'

"There were employers without a sense that patriotism as well as policy demanded that their wheels should run; there were communities that looked apathetically on the closing of factories, as if they had no urgent duty in the matter.

"Gentlemen," began an innocent-faced old man as he approached a couple of men waiting on a corner for a car. "I was kicked by a cow a few weeks ago, and I find that my memory is not what it was. Perhaps you will answer questions."

"We will," was chorused, according to the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"If I hadn't been kicked by a cow, I shouldn't have to trouble you."

"Oh, no trouble at all."

"She kicked me in the back of the head."

"Too bad."

"She kicked with both heels to once."

"Yes?"

"And it was two days later before I came to."

"Yes, but the question you wanted to ask."

"Yes, the question." Sure it won't bother you to answer?"

"Certainly it won't."

"Then gentlemen, for what reason do we celebrate Halloween?"

The men looked down, and then looked up, and then looked at each other. Thus for a long minute and then they turned away and left the man who had been kicked by a cow. They couldn't answer his question.

SOLELY CATHARTIC TABLETS

The Major's Christmas by Martha Pattie



THE major felt a vague sense of personal grievance. It was Christmas morning. Everything was most agreeable at the hotel. As he had distributed his customary gold pieces to the "bells," the telephone girls, the check-room boys, his waiter and the head waiter, and the charabaid on his floor; he felt oddly disturbed.

"Carter, my boy," he told the tall, gray-haired image in the mirror. "You're getting sentimental. You're thoroughly disappointed because there isn't a soul in the world who can call out a 'Merry Christmas' to you, and mean it from the bottom of his heart. You're like a boy with nothing in his stocking. I'm ashamed of you, sir; I am indeed."

Yet that didn't help matters. He wandered around the deserted hotel corridors in the morning feeling utterly lost. Nearly every one seemed to be going out to dinner to some place where he was urgently desired. Four times he strolled over to the desk and looked casually up at his box, but there were no mail and no presents for Maj. Robert Lee Carter.

The last time he had really decided to give up and ring up some business associate to take dinner with him at the hotel. But he saw a letter in his box, and the clerk handed him a curiously shaped parcel, rather bulky and oval. He took it up to his own rooms, and opened it with a funny little thrill of anticipation.

By George, he was wrong. There was somebody, he didn't know who it was, but there was somebody who had remembered him. The last wrapper fell off, and he stood staring down at a little homemade willow basket, filled with mistletoe. A card on top read, "Love and Merry Christmas from Pam."

Pam? He remembered no Pam. He opened the letter for enlightenment, and as he read, his heavy gray eyebrows drew closer together, and every now and then he ejaculated, "God bless my heart and soul!"

"You won't remember me at all, but I'm Pamela Grayson, and my mother was your sister's daughter, so I'm your grandniece. Mother died about a year ago, just after we came north, and I have been here alone ever since. I didn't even know you were alive until cousin Florrie of Carter's Landing, down home, wrote and told me to share this mistletoe with you, for she had gathered it in the old oak grove where you used to go when you were a little boy. Here's wishing you a merry, merry Christmas, and I wish I knew you, because it does certainly get fearfully lonesome here in New York holiday time when you haven't any one of your very own."

The telephone bell rang sharply just as the major was about to say "God bless my heart and soul" once again. But he lifted the receiver, and smiled at the voice that answered his call.

"Delighted, Ralph, delighted, my boy, but you see, I am going to have a young lady guest here to dinner with me, my grandniece, sir, from Virginia. Now, instead of my joining you in your bachelor apartments, supposing you join us, and try and compensate for having a surely old chap for a dinner partner. Name's Miss Pamela Grayson. Come right down."

Then he smiled, and kept on smiling in the oddest, happiest way. And he leaned back in his deep leather chair, and lit a cigar, and watched the smoke rings form overhead, and smiled up at them. He had four sisters. Pam's grandmother had been the youngest. And now somehow, they were all gone, and he was alone. He had rather lost track of all the nieces and nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews. Sentiment does not thrive in the New York atmosphere, yet as he looked at the letter, he felt an odd glow of pride, and he held the little basket of mistletoe out at arm's length, smiling retrospectively. Many a time he had gone up to the old oak grove to gather it for his mother to decorate the great hall at Christmas. And now this little Pam—

"The major rose suddenly with quick intention. Five minutes later he was on his way up to the address in the letter. Upstairs two lights he climbed, and tapped at the low top door with its modest card:

"Pamela Grayson."

She stood at the easel with her back to him, a big blue apron on, and she was singing.

"Oh, holy town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie, Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by."

The major stood at attention, but when she turned and caught sight of him, she gave a little cry of joy.

"Uncle Bob! How did you come so soon to me?"

Eh, but she was bonnie, thought the major approvingly; very much like her grandmother in her girlhood, soft brown bands of hair around her small head, and wistful, childish gray eyes. It took him about ten minutes to coax her into a "real" dress, as she said, and down into the waiting taxi.

And how fast she talked. There were years to catch up, she told him, and as long as there was only the two of them left in New York to uphold the pride of the Carters—

"There's one more, child," warned the major. "But he is very distantly connected, very. He is about your nineteenth cousin, but he is to dine with us, Ralph Carter."

Pam sat very still, and did not speak, looking straight ahead of her. "Ever hear of him?" asked the major.

"I just love his shadow," said Pam solemnly. "If it's the same one, I've tried and tried to paint pictures that would sell, and finally I coaxed an old dealer on the avenue to let one of my Virginia gardens stand in his window awhile. You know Aunt Annabelle's rose garden with the sun dial, and the old white coach house in the back? Well, it was snapped up by a Mr. Ralph Carter. And he wanted to know if I had more Virginia scenes. So I sent down the oak grove at sundown along in November, with a big orange harvest moon stealing over the edge of the hill, and he bought that. And now I'm painting the old fagged walk under the grape arbor, with it all sunshiny, and Mammy Marthe Ann coming along from the outdoor kitchen with a big covered platter of fried chicken, and he's going to take that."

The major leaned back his head, laughing and shaking with pure enjoyment. Up on the Hudson, at Hastings, stood Ralph Carter's bachelor home, and he had made it almost a replica of the old one in Virginia.

She stood at the easel with her back to him.



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Successful in every way in New York, he had clung to the old southern traditions almost fiercely, this tall, lean, clear-eyed lawyer.

"And so he's been hanging your pictures all over his walls," exclaimed the major. "God bless my heart and soul, child. This is certainly a merry Christmas for us all."

Pam was rather grave, though, as they went through the splendid red and gold corridors of the great hotel. The dinner was to be very select and private up in the major's reception room and she wondered what this distant cousin would be like.

He was all she had wanted him to be. Even Pam could find no fault as she sat next to him at the round table. And oh, after years of lonely striving among strangers, how it made her cheeks glow and her heart beat to hear these two, the splendid old major and Ralph, vie with each other in their delightful courtesy and compliments.

"You don't know how good it is to find some one of your very own," she said, when the major had gone out after the dinner was over.

"Don't it?" said Ralph, smiling down at her. "I've put in about fourteen years up here, and only the major to give me a cousinly greeting now and then. I'm mighty glad to find another one, even if she is a distant one. The major tells me he's going to take a house for you and himself."

"Why?" Pam caught her breath quickly. "I didn't know that."

"So I will see a great deal of you, I hope."

He stopped and looked into her eyes. Someway they wavered under his gaze. The major's voice called them.

"God bless my heart and soul, my boy, you see she's under the mistletoe. I hang it there on purpose."

Ralph stooped, and pressed a kiss on the warm, half-veiled pink cheeks while the major drank their health. "And to our next Christmas together, the little Pam, and you, my boy, and this old chap who'll never be lonely again."

A Silver Tea Caddy By SOPHY F. GOULD

HE was a frail-looking little girl, who had been self-supporting for over three years, since her mother died, and was tired now, as she walked through the street crowded with shopgirls like herself.

Restlessly, in order for a minute to avoid the onrush of hurrying humans, she paused before a shop window where antiques of all kinds were grouped attractively.

There was little in the window to interest a mite of a girl earning a paltry \$6 a week, yet of a sudden her eyes, a moment before so tired, lighted excitedly, and a casual observer might have noticed how exquisitely beautiful they were. The tired line of her mouth also relaxed, and hopefully she stepped closer to the plate glass and peered for a long, concentrated moment at a silver tea caddy of quaint design.

After a second's hesitation she opened the door and walked bravely into the little shop.

"The tea caddy?" she asked of the woman who greeted her inquiringly. "How much is it?"

"The little silver one?" The woman looked her surprise, as she noted the shabby black coat and much-worn skirt. "You wanted to buy it?" she asked kindly, for something in the girl's eyes made her know she was in earnest. "It is \$25."

"Twenty-five dollars!" the girl gasped, and as suddenly as it had come the brightness left her eyes. "Twenty-five," she repeated. "I'm afraid I could never afford that." She gripped her pay envelope firmly and, turning, walked out of the shop.

In her tiny room, as she cooked her meager dinner over the gas plate, and later, when lying wide awake in her narrow bed, she thought of the beautiful tea caddy. She thought until it became a cherished ideal, vested with wonderful scenes among the great people of the world.

The following day she neglected her lunch, and hurried to the shop to once more view the wonderful caddy.

When she entered the woman greeted her warmly, for the expression in her eyes had proved haunting to the woman all the past night.

"Did you really want to buy the caddy?" she asked, as she handed it to the girl, "for if you do—"

"I must buy it," she interrupted, as she took it reverently in her two hands. "But I can't pay the money all at once." She hesitated.

"How much could you pay?" The woman suddenly understood the girl's need, and a great kindness came to her. "Perhaps we could come to terms."

"I have \$5 that I have saved, and I think I can spare 50 cents each week. I only make \$6," she added, apologetically.

"Six dollars!" the woman gasped, as the enormity of the girl's project came to her. "You may have it at your own terms," she said impulsively.

"Oh!" For a moment the girl held it to her breast, then she handed the money without regret to the woman.

In the days that followed the woman became very fond of the girl, for she came often to gaze with awe upon the silver caddy of quaint design, and in the short visits the woman learned to know what a difference an ideal can make in a life. In watching the girl's love for the thing that kept her poorer than she used have been the woman found her own life broadening.

On Christmas eve a young man persistently tried to buy the caddy, until the woman finally told him the story of its sale. He listened in wonder, and then asked for the name of the girl, who seemed so great a marvel that he wanted his mother to see and help her.

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Condensed Passenger Schedule PIEDMONT & NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY. Effective November 8th, 1914. Anderson, S. C.



Table with 2 columns: Arrivals and Departures. Lists train numbers and times.

Arrivals— No. 31 8:45 a. m. No. 33 11:35 a. m. No. 35 1:30 p. m. No. 37 3:20 p. m. No. 39 4:45 p. m. No. 41 5:50 p. m. No. 43 7:30 p. m. No. 45 9:40 p. m. No. 47 10:50 p. m.

Charleston & Western Carolina Railway

To and From the NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST Leaves: No. 22 6:00 A. M. No. 6 3:35 P. M.

Arrives: No. 5 10:50 A. M. No. 21 4:55 P. M. Information, Schedules, rates, etc., promptly given.

E. WILLIAMS, G. P. A., Augusta, Ga. T. B. CURTIS, C. A., Anderson, S. C.

CHARLESTON—CHICAGO SLEEPER

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Table with 2 columns: Schedule and Passengers. Lists train numbers and times, and notes about passenger service.

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