

SPECIAL SALE

Electric Devices From Nov. 23 to Dec. 5 At ONE HALF Price

Electric Curling Irons, Regular \$2.50 values at \$1.25, 6 inch Disc Electric Stove, Regular values \$4 at \$2.00.

Southern Public Utilities Co.

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Others think the same thing about YOUR house and it is DE-TERIORATING rapidly without the covering of paint.

The effects of the Weather on your property is more certain than that of fire; and in the long run just as damaging; why carry Fire insurance, and not carry Weather insurance?

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Change In Location

I am now located over W. A. Power's grocery store at 212 1/2 S. Main Street. I thank my friends for their past patronage and ask continuance of same.

I make plates at \$6.50. I make gold crowns at \$4.00. Silver fillings, \$1.00 and up. Gold fillings \$1.50 and up. Painless Extracting 40c.

S. G. BRUCE DENTIST

Fair Maiden Plays The Role of John Alden But Fails To Ensnare Priscilla, Col. Roberts

VENERABLE FOX HUNTER THE VICTIM OF SCORES OF MATRIMONIAL PROPOSITIONS AND AN ADVENTURESS

BUT HE FELL NOT; AYE, HE FELL NOT

As a Result of Story in an Atlanta Paper His Hand is Sought in Marriage.

A petite miss, over whose mass of raven locks not more than twenty summers have sped, and in the depths of whose large, lustrous black eyes gleamed well-springs of a strange and puzzling fire, tripped up on the veranda of Col. James T. Roberts' country home yesterday about noon and announced that she had come to plight the troth of a handsome dame of Atlanta, resident of Peachtree street, who had seen in an Atlanta Sunday paper a large photograph of the fox-skin-overcoat clad Andersonian and read an accompanying article setting forth that Col. Roberts would bestow a reward of \$2,000 upon the individual who would find him a suitable wife.

The would-be match-maker spent several hours in Anderson in a desperate effort to rope the well-known fox-hunter in, and uttered a deep sigh of despair yesterday afternoon when the colonel, after taking her to a restaurant and giving her a good feed, placed her in a hack and sent her toward the railway station, gently admonishing her the while to retrace her footsteps to Atlanta and reminding her that he might sometimes be taken for a fool but be darned if he would knowingly be a sucker.

The whole trouble, for Colonel Roberts considers the 48 matrimonial offers which he received in a single mail yesterday morning and his fair caller to be troublesome, began with an article which appeared in a Sunday Atlanta paper, Col. Roberts was in Atlanta last week in the interest of a motion picture of a fox chase which was staged here several days ago by an Atlanta producing firm. During his stay in the "Gate City of the South" he was "grape-juiced and dined" by several friends. In going about the city Col. Roberts was garbed in his now famous overcoat, made of the skins of 39 foxes which his pack of a half-hundred trusty hounds have brought down in the fields of Florida and elsewhere. The greatest attraction of the eye of Atlanta people and particularly the binoculars of an enterprising newspaper reporter, who accompanied the colonel on his social rounds.

Col. Roberts said that in his meanings about the city he may have let drop some remark—as he often does about Anderson—that he would give \$10,000 for the right kind of a wife, and a large reward to the one who would produce a spouse that would come up to his own notions of what a companion of this type should be. The reporter, Col. Roberts says, must have drawn on his imagination for the paper of Sunday morning appeared a thrilling story to the effect that Col. Roberts would give \$2,000 to the person who would find him a mate. Accompanying the article was a photograph of Col. Roberts wearing his well known coat.

The caller calls. The venerable fox-chaser returned to Anderson Sunday and thought no more of the incidents of his Atlanta trip until yesterday morning, when this dainty creature tripped up to his habitation and inquired if this was the man who had offered the reward of \$2,000 to the person who would bring him a wife to his own choice. At first the colonel was a bit dazed and thought that someone was attempting to play a practical joke on him. When the young lady hauled out a copy of the Atlanta paper and showed him the article in question he realized what was up, rapped his head a little further down in his pocket and invited the young lady to have a seat on the porch.

The fair visitor made known her mission and informed the colonel that he would be receiving, very probably missives from love-lorn Atlanta maidens and matrons, who were sick for a little coddling but strong in desire for a hunk of the colonel's bank roll. With that Colonel Roberts suggested that they go down to his mail box, as the rural carrier had just passed. "As a rule, I do not receive more than one or two letters a week," mused the colonel, "but it may be that some one will write me more enough." Ere the well known fox-chaser had reached his mail box he discovered mail matter protruding from every crevice of the receptacle. On examination he discovered just 48 letters, every single

one of them addressed to him in a feminine hand and amajority bearing an Atlanta postmark, though some came from points in Florida and Alabama. With his fair partner, the colonel beat it back to his veranda, and there the two sat when two newspaper men drove up into the yard. Colonel Roberts was busy with his mail and laughing heartily over the missives, while the young lady was exceeding the speed limit in an attempt to get him to desist from reading more letters and give ear to her proposition of returning immediately to Atlanta with her and marrying the woman whose cause she had come to plead.

Enter Newspaper Men. The young adventuress was considerably frustrated by the swooping down of the two newspaper men. She made a great effort to put up a big bluff, but the pencil pushers were wise to the game and admonished her to come clean and hand out the dope, if she wished to escape publicity in the Atlanta papers, which, she avowed, with looks of distress, would never do. After considerable beating about the bush, retrenching and other tactics of dialect she turned her talk into the proper channels and yielded up the info., which the news hounds sought. She averred that she was not an applicant for the hand of the colonel herself, but did not attempt to conceal the fact that she desired to latch down on the two thousand plunks which she believed the colonel was about to drop to the one who found him a wife. Of course, she did not put it in that language. On the contrary, she framed a real cute little story—a little doll baby romance affair, gilded over with sentimental guff stating that she was engaged herself, and merely wished the colonel to go back to Atlanta and marry the woman whom she represented, in order that there might be a double wedding, the participants being Colonel Roberts and the Peachtree street Venus and her and her fiancé. The colonel's two thousand plunks was to defray the expenses of her honeymoon, don't you know.

He Falleth Not. The fair caller dwelt long and lavishly upon the excellent traits of the Peachtree street goddess, but her missives were as the gentle drippings of the rain upon a duck's well-oiled back, for the colonel simply wouldn't fall for it. Ever and anon he would suggest to her or him to return to Atlanta, meaning, of course, to drop the same hint to her that Priscilla once let drop to John Alden. But the Pilgrim Fathers' stuff didn't strike home at all with the petite creature, for she rolled her luminous, liquid eyes—as big as beetles, round as onions and mellow as ripe 'May pops'—and insisted on the colonel taking the next train back to Atlanta with her. She carried in her muff a photograph of the Atlanta matron along the side of whom she wished, to pose Colonel Roberts and clasp on the double harness of matrimony. But the colonel "loved" he had always been used to working in single harness, and didn't care at this time to buck the world hitched to a filly whom he had never seen, heard tell of or dreamed about.

The conversation ran on for a merry spell the colonel enjoyed it immensely and the newspaper men wishing for a camera to snap the scene of the petite miss perishing over her job of trying to ensnare the wily old hunter, who himself had ensnared hundreds of foxes, though not of the female human kind, that posed fetchingly before him then.

Oh, You Letters. The newspaper men helped the colonel read some of his letters, some of which were evidently penned by women of education and what might be termed erstwhile refinement. As several of them were written on hotel stationery, it is presumed that they were written by human vampires who are said to frequent some of the hotels in the big Southern city.

Some minutes after the newspaper men had departed, Colonel Roberts and his guest came down town. He escorted her to a restaurant, where he ordered the waiters to bring on the feed, and plenty of it. When this scene of the little melodrama had been completed, Colonel Roberts escorted the young lady to her hotel, where he instructed her to get her baggage and prepare to depart hence forevermore. He called a hack and instructed the driver to carry her to the railway station. With the young adventuress out of sight, the colonel turned to some friends standing by with the belief he would get rid of his fox-skin coat as he believed it was a hoodoo.

The Atlanta Story. Following is the story which appeared in the Atlanta paper Sunday with reference to Col. Roberts: "In the foothills of the Blue Ridge in South Carolina there is a lonely hermitage in which resides Colonel James T. Roberts, a man of 50, who has fame and fortune, yet is unhappy because he hasn't a wife and doesn't know how to set about getting one. "After a four-day journey to Atlanta prospecting in the matrimonial fields, he has admitted defeat, and this morning pulled out, wifeless and as lonely as ever, on an early train back to Carolina. He intended to stay in waiting until some consensuress in writing accepts an offer of \$2,000 to furnish him a mate. "Satisfied that his own methods of searching for a wife will not win him success, he has figuratively 'passed the buck' to any man, woman or child who will lead to his loneome abode an unmarried, unattached woman who comes up to his idea of what a spouse should be.

Even though he failed to find an eligible Colonel Roberts succeeded in making considerable impression along Peachtree, due largely to the fact that he appeared on the street, in the ho-

REMAINS A BACHELOR



COL. JAMES T. ROBERTS

Desired as a Husband by Scores of Atlanta Women, But as Yet the Venerable Fox Hunter in Invulnerable.

tels and the cafes clad to the chin in a dazzling and costly coat composed of the skins of thirty-nine mountain foxes.

In addition, however, there is something compelling about the colonel. His ruggedness and the touching expression of grief, the result of wifelessness, demanded as much attention as his vari-colored coat of fur. He is a big, brawny man who looks out of place in the hothouse environs of a hotel or cafe. You can't look at him without thinking of his hills and trees. "He is so wealthy that he says he doesn't know exactly how much money he really has. The banks up in Anderson, which try to keep account of it, tell him every now and then, he states, that it's somewhere between \$200,000 and \$300,000. His fortune got its start upon a vast area of land that he inherited, and which grew precious overnight when the town of Anderson decided to expand itself and encroached upon the Roberts' property.

"Then, there is an invention of the colonel which netted him \$100,000, he claims, and which still continues to send money unsolicited into his golden hand. It is a device conceived by the old fellow in a flight of fancy, and which has something to do with raised letters. He has to hire a lawyer to keep account of his income and other arrangements in his patented creation.

Lived Secluded Life. "For fifty years Colonel Roberts has lived in his secluded abode up in Anderson—just the colonel and his pack of forty-five fox hounds. There is a tragic romance back in his past that explains his previous wifelessness. She died, and he vowed to never marry.

He kept the vow until modern methods of courtship and wife-winning had so progressed that he no longer knew how to go out and bring home a helpmeet. His trip to Atlanta probably revealed just how far up-to-date love-making had outgrown that of his day and time.

And now he is leaving it up to some modern expert who is willing to exert his art for \$2,000. The colonel has not stipulated any particular qualifications, except that all prospects must be faithful, loving and tolerant of the whims and natural eccentricities of a hardened bachelor who has spent a half century alone.

"She needn't be an efficient housekeeper. Colonel Roberts has kept house long enough for one to be able to keep it for two. It isn't necessary that she be such a stunner in looks, although he would like to have a blonde. A good looker, he fears, will excite too much attention, and the colonel would have rivalry to contend with.

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Whether you pay us \$15, \$20 or \$25, for a suit or overcoat, you may be absolutely sure of far better value for your money than may be found anywhere else. That pledge has many years of performance back of it.

Better in fabric, better in tailoring, and better in fit and style.

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A Really Fine Suit or Overcoat for... \$25

R. W. TRIBBLE Up-to-Date Clothier

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS HOLD FORTH THURSDAY

AMPLIFIED THIRD RANK WORK TO BE PERFORMED BY CHIQUOLA LODGE 3 CANDIDATES Lodges of the County Are Expected to Send Large Delegations.

Tomorrow night Chiquola Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will hold a special session at which time the "amplified third rank" work will be revived. This will be the first work of this kind that has been done for a long time by the local lodge, and the K. of P. members of the city and lodges of the county are looking forward to the event with much pleasure.

LOW PRICES For High Grade Meats For Cash Only

Beef Ribs... .8c Neck Roast or Steak... .10c Chuck Roast or Steak... 12 1-2c Short Rib Steak or Roast... 15c T. Loin Steak or Roast... 12 1-2c Heart Round Steak or Roast... 20c All good mixed Pork and Beef Sausage... 12 1-2c All Pork Sausage, country style... 20c Pork Hams or Shoulder, whole... 15c Pork Loin Roast... 17 1-2c Pork Chops, or Steak... .85 Full Cream Cheese, per pound... 20c Beef Liver... 12 1-2c Cured Hams, whole... .20c Best Norfolk Oyster, per qt... 45c

W. J. Maness 135 North Main St. Phone 292

Cameos All the Rage Now.

We carry a nice line of them in La Valieres, Stickpins, Rings and Cuff Buttons, etc., etc. Priced from \$4 to \$20. W. H. Lyon The Cash Jeweler.

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Calomel is Mercury! It sickens! Acts on Liver like Dynamite. "Dodson's Liver Tonic" Starts Your Liver Better Than Calomel and Doesn't Salfate or Make You Sick.

Listen to me! Take no more sickening, salivating calomel when bilious or constipated. Don't lose a day's work! Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you are sluggish and "all knocked out" if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tonic on my guarantee.

TO VOTE ON WAR CREDIT

BERLIN, Via London, Dec. 1.—The Reichstag will meet tomorrow to vote a war credit of \$1,250,000. Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the imperial chancellor, conferred today with party leaders, explaining the military and financial situation. He first received Socialist leaders.

Oldest Odd Fellow Dead

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 1.—William B. Emual, 97, said to be the oldest Odd Fellow in the world, died here tonight. He joined the order in 1839.

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS, STATIONERY, THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT, HARCOURT & CO. Louisville, Ky. MANUFACTURING ENGRAVERS. Prices Quite as Reasonable as Consistent with Quality.