

We wish you a joyous Christmas,
And a New Year gay and bright,
Turkey, Plum-pudding and laugh-
ter,
Contentment, and faces bright.
You can have them, and through
the New Year,

You'll hear not a word of com-
plaint,
If you decorate HOME for
SANTA
With DUGAN'S VARNISH and
PAINT.

**Anderson Paint & Color
Company**
Watson Vandiver Bldg.
Phone 647.

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



Arrivals—

No. 31	8:45 a. m.
No. 33	11:25 a. m.
No. 35	1:30 p. m.
No. 37	3:20 p. m.
No. 39	4:45 p. m.
No. 41	7:30 p. m.
No. 43	9:40 p. m.
No. 45	10:50 p. m.

Departures—

No. 30	5:40 a. m.
No. 32	7:30 a. m.
No. 34	10:25 a. m.
No. 36	11:55 a. m.
No. 38	2:10 p. m.
No. 40	3:40 p. m.
No. 42	4:45 p. m.
No. 44	5:25 p. m.
No. 46	8:35 p. m.

(Limited trains.)
C. V. PALMER, Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Greenville, S. C.

**PROFESSIONAL
CARDS**

DR. FOREST D. SUGGS
Dentist
Offices 412-415 Bleckley Bldg.
Associated With
Dr. W. W. Chisolm
Phone 336-J Anderson, S. C.

SAYRE & BALDWIN
ARCHITECTS
Bleckley Bldg. Anderson, S. C.
Citizens National Bank Bldg.
Raleigh, N. C.

**BOILERS, TANKS, STACKS,
ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY
AND SUPPLIES, REPAIRS—
PIPE, GALVANIZED ROOFING
LOMBARD IRON WORKS**
Augusta, Ga.

Young Hero Dead from Wounds.
PARIS, Dec. 16-1:10 a. m.—A son of former Premier Barthelemy has died from wounds received at Thann. Although only 18 years old, young Barthelemy volunteered during the first days of the war. He declined an easy place on the war staff, and requested that he be sent to the firing line, where he won highest praise for courage.

When you want
ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS
See
**THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER
JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT**
Account for **HARCOURT & CO. Louisville, Ky.**
MANUFACTURING ENGRAVERS
Prices Quite as Reasonable as Consistent with Quality.

**North Carolina and
Georgia Tech Dropped**
(By Associated Press.)
COLUMBIA, Dec. 15.—C. Guy Gunter, graduate manager of athletics at the University of South Carolina, has announced that North Carolina and Georgia Tech will be dropped from South Carolina's football schedule of 1915. One institution will replace the two, and it is believed here that the University of Georgia is to be added to South Carolina's schedule.

Let your auto stay in the garage today and give the cash equivalent of running it for the purchasing of a Christmas dinner for some poor family.

"Zadora" is the name of a thrilling serial which was begun yesterday at the Bijou, and, judging by the interest which was taken in the first episode, it is going to prove as interesting as any of the other great serials. One of the best features of the show yesterday, however, was the excellent orchestral music, furnished by Sam and Joe Trowbridge, with cornet and flute, respectively; John Townsend, pianist; and Sloan Driscoll, drum. This orchestra will play both afternoons and evenings. It is announced that there will be no intermission between pictures and performances will begin at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Walk today and give that ear fare to the poor.

Walter H. Keese & Co., well known jewelers of the city, have for free distribution to the children of the city one thousand dial badges, which are gotten out by the Elgin watch people. The badge consists of an exact reproduction of the face of a watch, with two white satin ribbon streamers flying from the place on the dial where the minute hand is placed. The badge is made so that it can be fastened to the clothing. The souvenir is especially pleasing to children and many have called for them already.

Gore, G. A. Morgan had occasion recently to use a liver medicine and says of Foley Cathartic Tablets: "They thoroughly cleansed my system and I felt like a new man—light and free. They are the best medicine I have ever taken for constipation. They keep the stomach sweet, liver active, bowels regular." Foley Cathartic Tablets are stimulating in action, and neither gripe nor sicken. They are wholesome and thoroughly cleansing, and keep the liver active. Stout people like them.

Leave off that cigar today and give the price to the Salvation Army.

THIS—AND FIVE CENTS!
DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a free trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for pain in sides and back, rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic, especially comforting to stout persons. For sale in your town by Evans Pharmacy.

FOR RENT—Office up-stairs in new Watson-Vandiver building and office in front of job department down stairs. Splendid central location. Apply at The Intelligencer Office.

Trade Builders
Greenville Show Cases are trade builders. They are designed, built and finished to display your goods invitingly, to increase the attractiveness of your store and make it a place favored by discriminating buyers.

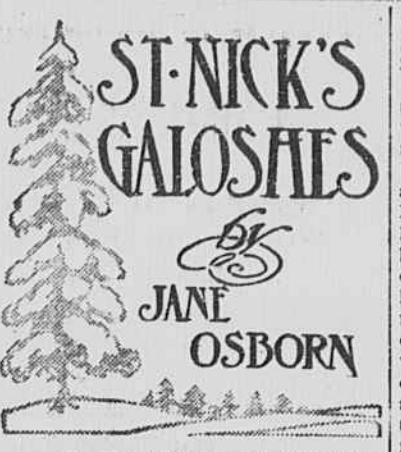
Low Freight Rates from Greenville give you a big advantage in buying direct from us. Complete manufacturing facilities—any regular or special show case or other fixture at low prices. Tell us your problems. Let us help you with suggestions.

**GREENVILLE
SHOW CASES**

Awarded gold medal at National Convention Exposition.
Built from carefully selected wood and the finest quality glass, by workmen of skill and long experience. Write for illustrated descriptive literature, and prices.

Greenville Mantel & Manufacturing Company
Greenville, S. C.

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Things come in handy, even when you don't want them at the time, isn't it? I often say—but, if you'll excuse me I'll just leave you. I've a thousand things to do and Amy said something about going away this afternoon and having to pack so she won't be able to help me at all. There are some books if you want to read. Bob won't be back till twelve. I told him he would be much more help if he wasn't in the way so he has gone off to the club to smoke. We will have the Santa appearance just before dinner. You can say that you came in the skylight because there wasn't room for your pack in the chimney and that you walked downstairs. Then you can go back and take off your disguise and go out the front door and ring the bell. The children will think you have just come. You were awfully good to offer to do this for me." Meg was unlocking the door and leaving. "You may as well smoke if you want to," she said. "I am going to have those curtains cleaned next week anyway so it doesn't matter if they do smell smoky."

"You might tell Amy that I am here," said Ted.

"Oh, she doesn't mind the smoke," replied Meg. "Besides, she almost never comes into this room."

Ted felt himself defeated.

For an hour and a half he remained in his solitary confinement and then Meg came again to see that he was properly dressed and to give him the cue for his descent.

"Wait till I get all the way down and then start," she told him.

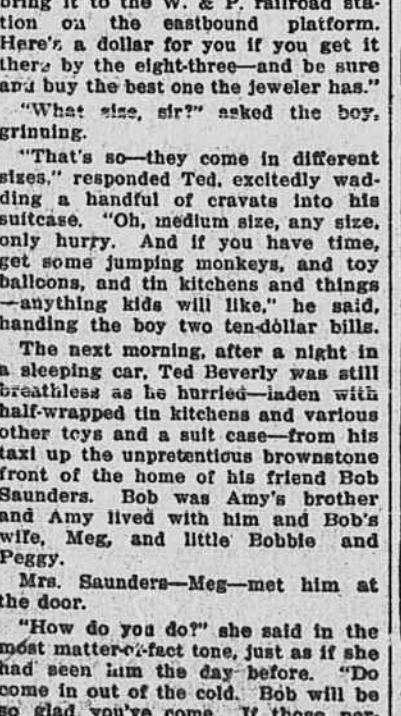
"Does Amy know I am here?" Ted asked with unconcealed concern.

"Hain't the remotest suspicion of it," answered Meg. "I think she must be expecting someone for she has telephoned twice to the station to know whether the trains from the West were late. Yours wasn't late, was it? But I haven't said anything about your being here."

"It's hard to navigate in these old boats," said Tom from under his beard.

Peg was hanging a hugh potato bag full of toys on Ted's back. "I put the presents you brought to Bobby and Peggy in with the rest," she said. "They are really lovely. Now remember you follow as soon as I get down stairs. We will all be in the drawing room."

Ted got safely down the first flight of stairs with his heavy pack thumping on the stairs as he came. He was halfway down the last flight when he caught a glimpse of Amy's pretty forehead and golden hair. He



"I put the presents you brought in with the rest," she said.

"That's so—they come in different sizes," responded Ted, excitedly wading a handful of cravats into his suitcase. "Oh, medium size, any size, only hurry. And if you have time, get some jumping monkeys, and toy balloons, and tin kitchens and things—anything kids will like," he said, handing the boy two ten-dollar bills.

The next morning, after a night in a sleeping car, Ted Beverly was still breathless as he hurried—laden with half-wrapped tin kitchens and various other toys and a suitcase—from his taxi up the unpretentious brownstone front of the home of his friend Bob Saunders. Bob was Amy's brother and Amy lived with him and Bob's wife, Meg, and little Bobbie and Peggy.

Mrs. Saunders—Meg—met him at the door.

"How do you do?" she said in the most matter-of-fact tone, just as if she had seen him the day before. "Do come in out of the cold. Bob will be so glad you've come. If those perfectly lovely things are for my children do let me hide them behind the piano. Oh, by the way," she added whispering, "you have just come in time. I was almost distracted. You always were so obliging. Bob often says that there wasn't a man in college who would help a friend out of a tight place the way you would. I expected the butcher boy would do it, but he's gone to one of those awful barbecues—whatever that is—and I had offered him \$2 to do it. Now listen—Oh, here comes Amy and the children, and I told her to be sure to keep them out for two hours. I wonder why she came back so soon. Come, hurry upstairs before they see you, and bring your suitcase, please." Ted, although he didn't know whether he was intended to get the butcher boy away from a barbecue or simply to conceal his presence from the children, followed his hostess up to a third-story guest room.

"Now, I will tell you," said Meg, closing the door and locking it behind her. "See, I brought your hat and gloves because I knew the children would suspect something if they saw them. I was expecting the butcher boy—he's just about your build—to play Santa for the children. What you have to do is to dress up in these things—this red suit. It's very thin. I made it myself out of red cotton flannel so I think you can slip it on right over your coat, don't you? And this false face and this nice white beard and these galoshes. They may be hard to walk in, but they look more like Santa than regular shoes. Anyhow, I think they are just nice for Santa Claus."

"Is Amy well?" asked Ted rather pointlessly.

Meg simply nodded her head in the affirmative. She was still thinking about the galoshes. "It's funny how

things come in handy, even when you don't want them at the time, isn't it? I often say—but, if you'll excuse me I'll just leave you. I've a thousand things to do and Amy said something about going away this afternoon and having to pack so she won't be able to help me at all. There are some books if you want to read. Bob won't be back till twelve. I told him he would be much more help if he wasn't in the way so he has gone off to the club to smoke. We will have the Santa appearance just before dinner. You can say that you came in the skylight because there wasn't room for your pack in the chimney and that you walked downstairs. Then you can go back and take off your disguise and go out the front door and ring the bell. The children will think you have just come. You were awfully good to offer to do this for me." Meg was unlocking the door and leaving. "You may as well smoke if you want to," she said. "I am going to have those curtains cleaned next week anyway so it doesn't matter if they do smell smoky."

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Dorothy's head sank just a little lower.

"Dorothy," said George, softly, "couldn't I work for you all my life?"

George placed his hands on Dorothy's far cap and pressed back gently. Her head rose slowly and their lips met for one long second.

Then George fastened his fraternity pin on her gown, the emblem which the rules permitted to be given only to "fiances and wives."

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George A. Gordon, in Atlantic Monthly.

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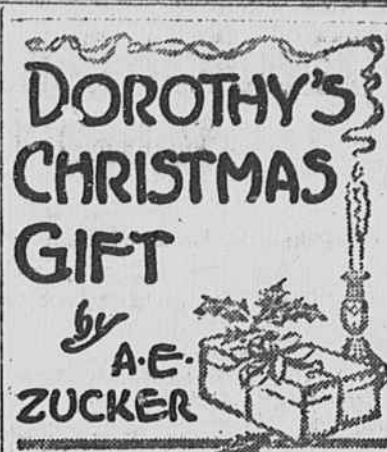
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AY, believe me, the fellows were glad to see me back again," said George Porter to the family at the dinner table. "Professor Parr said I looked like a college man, and all the fellows said I had changed a great deal since September."

George had just arrived a few hours before for his first vacation back from college. He had, indeed, been very anxious to get home again among his old friends. The weary hours on the train he had whiled away by telling the other boys about all the dances he was going to attend with Dorothy Smyth, "some classy girl from Bryn Mawr."

In the course of the dinner Doctor Porter could not but take down his son a little. The all-important fraternity man was roasted considerably for his overbearing manner. However, George took it all with the stoic dignity of the captain of the freshman football team. As a matter of fact dad sank considerably in his son's estimation.

After dinner George's older sister Mary asked him whether he was going to call on Dorothy for the Christmas dance at the Hadley's.

"Aw, pshaw, here a fellow works his head off at school," said George in his best bluff, "he comes home for a little rest, and then you expect him to dance. And half the girls at school have it on Dorothy anyhow."

"What are you going to give her for Christmas?" said Mary, hiding a smile, for she knew just how George felt about Dorothy.

"See, I never thought about that; and I've but ten cents to my name."

This last statement showed just how good a time he had with his fraternity brothers the last days before vacation.

"Make it C. O. D., George. Call on dad; he'll give all you'll need."

"Not on your life," came back George, "a college man must be able to shift for himself. Why, half the fellows work their way. I'll go out to earn the money myself tomorrow. Besides, I've been roasted enough."

True to his word George Porter was out early the next morning looking for remunerative toil. A window-card in a large cafeteria, "Help Wanted," arrested his attention. He strolled up to the fat proprietor, seated behind the cash register, and honored him by offering him a college man's services.

"Any experience in the kitchen?" he was asked.

In spite of the fact that the total of George's kitchen experience consisted of a few evening's fudge-making at Dorothy's, he said boldly, "I sure have."

"Where?"

This confused him a little. "Aw—er—at a friend's last winter."

"So you've been at Friend's cafe? Well, I'll take you. A dollar and a half a day and meals. Just go to the kitchen and get a white coat."

George had bluffed and he was going to make good the bluff. He rushed around at a great speed sending the soiled dishes to the kitchen. Accidentally he picked up half a piece of lemon pie the owner of which had just gone to the ice water faucet to replenish her glass. "Wait a minute with my pie, if you please," said the old maid, victim of George's zeal. "No, I won't take anything back out of the mess on your tray, either. You go and get me another at your expense."

The hero of many a football battle here showed a yellow streak. He bought the pie for the injured guest. Probably due to his anger over "the old hen" he next scattered the silver all over the floor. Without the least thought of sanitation he replaced it on the stand. Suddenly the boss told him to carry all the silver to the kitchen to have it washed. Here the angry Irish cook gave him a hot reception. "Why didn't you just take it to the kitchen and back. The guests would have thought it was clean, but now they kicked to the boss. Take a box, he has no id. of a of Christmas shoppers coming into the cafeteria reminding George of his gift. One dollar-day was not much, but he would not ask for more under any consideration. Finally he decided on something that has been the last resource of many a young man—a box of candy.

A whole dr. with soiled dishes, half-consumed food, and scolding was had enough, but the worst came when two of George's pals came in during the afternoon. Like a maiden surprised at her dip at the spring, George went into hiding. The manager happened to see him ducking behind the counter, and asked him, what ailed him.

"Pat, don't let them see me!" said George.

"What are the police after ye?" said the manager and grabbed him by the collar.

This was too much for George. He hoveled over the manager and rushed

into the kitchen. His friends laughed and thought their part.

The manager followed George. "Hm," he sneered. "Some of your friends from the swell side of the fence. Well, Archibald, you can hide your pretty face in the kitchen after this. Just go and work the dishwasher."

George never had been so mad in his life. He would have "busted the fathead's bean," but for Dorothy's sake he stayed. Besides he was no quitter, but worked like a hero at whatever work he had set out to do. No Satan in the inferno could have felt more anger at the sinners he was immersing in the fiery pools than George did toward the innocent dishes of which he immersed bucket after bucket in the patent dishwasher to the impatient shouts of the girls, "Shoot more dishes, Archibald!"

Finally at six o'clock, tired and sweated, George left the place. He felt just a bit doubtful about his chances; "What would she say?"

When George was about to leave Dorothy at the door of the Smyth mansion after the dance on Christmas night, she turned to him to say, "Of all my presents I liked your box of candy best. It was the sweetest thing. And Donald says he saw you working for it. You shouldn't go to so much trouble just for me, George."

"Trouble, Dorothy? Don't mention it." And with somewhat of an effort



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**Would You Buy a Good
Farm at Half Price?
Listen!**

I have 43 acres one mile from Shirleys store that I will sell for \$30.00 per acre. This is good land and is worth twice the price.

I also have 76 acres three miles from Starr on the C. & W. C. R. R. that I am offering very cheap. See me for your farms.

H. G. Love,
Real Estate
Office Over Hubbard's Jewelry Store.



PICTURE FRAMES
made to order, 50 new patterns to select from, expert workmanship.
Give us a trial order. We can please you and save you money.

Green's Art Shop
On The Square.

Something For Nothing
Youngs Island, S. C., Nov. 23, 1914.
To get started with you we make you the following offer. Send us \$1.50 for 1,000 Frost-Proof Cabbage Plants, grown in the open air and will stand freezing, grown from the Celebrated Seed of Bolgins & Son and Thorbon & Co., and I will send you 1,000 Cabbage Plants additional FREE, and you can repeat the order as many times as you like. I will give you special prices on Potato Seed and Potato Plants later. We want the accounts of close buyers, large and small. We can supply all.

**Atlantic Coast
Plant Co.**
**Christmas
Holiday Rates**

The Charleston & Western Carolina Railway will sell cheap Excursion tickets account of the Holidays. Tickets on sale, December 16th to 25th inst., Dec. 31, 1914 and Jan. 1st, 1915. Final Limit Jan. 6th, 1915. For rates, etc., apply to Ernest Williams, General Passenger Agent, Augusta, Ga.

Young lady, if you love candy, do without it today. Give the price you would pay for it to the Salvation Army to buy a Christmas dinner for some poor family.

Let your auto stay in the garage today and give the cash equivalent of running it for the purchasing of a Christmas dinner for some poor family.