

# The Advertiser

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S. E. BONEY, Editor.

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LAURENS, S. C., DECEMBER 23, 1908.

## "FOR CHRIST'S SWEET SAKE."

Our readers will pardon us for a bit of sermonizing on this occasion. So tremendous is the significance of Christmas and so easily is the spirit of the day misinterpreted, especially with reference to Christmas giving, that a little serious thought on the subject is wholesome. Could we but grasp the full meaning of the day and live up to our conception, Christmas would indeed be the greatest of festive occasions and the source of more beneficence than man could compute.

On Friday of this week, December the twenty-fifth, is celebrated the anniversary of Christ's birth—the Christ mass, it is called. Nineteen hundred and eight years ago Christ, the Son of God, came into the world and became Jesus, the Redeemer of mankind. By man, Adam, sin entered the world and dethroned mankind from his high estate—a little lower than the angels; by man also, Jesus, mankind was restored and made joint-inheritors with Jesus in the Kingdom of God. By the life, suffering and death of Jesus Christ, salvation was wrought for mankind; the blood of Jesus was given as an offering in atonement of man's sin. Mark you, the coming of Christ was from God as a gift of love. "God gave His Son." The first Christmas giving was done by God, the Father of mankind; the first Christmas gift was Christ, God's Son—a part of God.

In our Christmas giving do we not sometimes lose sight of that principle? Does love prompt all our offerings? And are all our gifts a part of ourselves? In commemorating the birth of Christ we should strive earnestly to preserve the spirit of the day, and observe it in the light of its true and full meaning.

Let us notice one point in this matter of giving—a point so beautifully illustrated in Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal." The noble knight sets out in search of the Holy Grail, the cup with which Jesus celebrated the Last Supper. On the first day of his search he met a leprous beggar, to whom he proudly tossed a gold coin and proceeded on his journey. What think you was his reward for the gift to this beggar? In loathsome disgust he viewed the leper; in scornful arrogance he philanthropically, out of his abundance gave gold—nothing more. "He gives nothing but worthless gold who gives from a sense of duty." After years of search, all worn out, and foot-sore, hungry and cold, Sir Launfal tried to make his way homeward, having failed in his endeavor, disappointed, shelterless and ready to die. Again he meets the leper who "For Christ's Sweet Sake" begged an alms. The once rich, proud knight has none but a spare crust of hard bread. "Twas a mouldy crust, of coarse brown bread. 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl—yet he divided his crust and gave the leper to drink, and as Sir Launfal mused 'a light shone round the place,' and the Christ stood by his side, and softly on the ears of the penitent man fell the words:

"Lo, it is I; be not afraid!"  
"In many climes, without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but  
now;  
This crust is My body broken for thee,  
This water His blood that died on the  
tree;  
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whatso we share with another's  
need;  
Not what we give, but what we share;  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feed  
three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor and  
Me."

And Sir Launfal found happiness in the sacrifice he made to help the hungry leper. He gave a part of himself—his love; and it was a gift, making a sacrifice to give.  
God sacrificed His Son; from a heart of love for mankind He gave a part of Himself—one of the Trinity. Are we striving to emulate this kind of giving? Do we give until it hurts? And do we give to our friends only? The Pharisees

made gifts to each other. To be truly blessed at Christmas time and to keep the spirit of the day indeed, we must give "For Christ's Sweet Sake," and in His name, out of our need to them that have not wherewith to give in return. What reward do we get when we give to a friend who makes us an equal gift in value if not in kind? And further, we must make these gifts to the poor, not in a spirit of arrogance or pride, as did Sir Launfal, but for the love of mankind; ourselves must accompany the gift, and then we feed three: ourselves, our hungry neighbor and Christ. The hand of man cannot hold a true gift; it holds but the tangible manifestation of the spirit of love—the heart receives the gift of love, and God is glorified. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me." Sir Launfal recognized in the beggar "an image of Him who died on the tree," and through Him gave. Our giving must be "For Christ's Sweet Sake."

Another thought: the gift of God, Christ, covered man's guilt. When we give out of a heart of love, we emulate God's giving in that we are further covering our sin, not only in the sight of God, but in the eyes of mankind. But remember, we cannot buy freedom from guilt; it is only a gift of love, "For Christ's Sweet Sake," that makes God and man lose sight of our imperfections. It is pleasant to reflect that a gift, no matter how small, can blot out the remembrance of wrong. Our friends forget our follies and little wrongs; our neighbors do not remember their grievances. The fragrance of a true gift reaches to heaven.

Will we remedy the perversions of Christmas giving? Let us celebrate the day in a manner befitting its true meaning, and may it be the happiest Christmas in all our lives. The Advertiser extends a greeting to every man, woman and child in Laurens county.

## CHRISTMAS TWELVE YEARS AGO.

Below is reproduced a "Christmas Greeting" from the Advertiser of December 22nd, 1896, written by the late Col. B. W. Ball, for years the honored editor of this paper:

"There is a scent of it in the air, a murmur of it in the crowds on the streets and evidences that it is abroad in the appearance of every shop window. It ushers in a week of peace, gladness bringing with it a writ of banishment for frowning countenances, for all the kinship of 'Old Gooze.' In the South especially, custom has made it not one day's holiday but a festival ending only with the second day of January. May the season then receive the welcome and observance which time, usage and above all, its religious associations make it incumbent upon us to give. May the little folks, each and every one, be among the friends of Santa Clause; may the grown children turn from cares and perplexities to find youth again. All good cheer and hope for the future. And as the holiday week has already dawned THE ADVERTISER wishes to take this opportunity of sending a Christmas greeting to every household where it is a friend."

Christmas giving. The theme of the above paragraph from the pen of one now gone to his reward is that "the religious associations" of the day make it incumbent upon us to give in the spirit that befits the occasion. Christmas is indeed the festival of giving, bringing gladness and joy to both giver and receiver. Great is the perversion of this spirit by some but it still lives to keep blessed its observance of the gift of God.

The reign of Emperor Julius Caesar Roosevelt will soon be ended. Speed the day.

"Prosperity smiles on the Palmetto State." Yes she really does, only some people can't see the smile; to them we say: get around on the front side and take the proper view.

"What shall we do with five million women?" asks the New York World. Dunno; one constitutes a problem.

The Pythians of Laurens would do well to get Mr. Frank P. Cooper of Charleston to address one of their meetings.

Here in the South we celebrate Christmas by making as much noise as possible, which we believe, is quite contrary to the meaning of the occasion. It is the anniversary of the coming of the Prince of Peace, and we commemorate it with thunderous explosions of fireworks that rend the air producing a warlike commotion in sound, if nothing else. We still have hopes that some day Christmas will be observed in a manner befitting the occasion.

The Fourth of July is the proper time for fireworks.

But this custom of ours by no means completely destroys the spirit of the day.

The Union Times asks: "Where is Laurens, anyhow?" That's easy, Laurens is the center of the Piedmont, with Spartanburg thirty-eight miles to the North; Greenville, thirty-seven to

the Northwest; Greenwood, twenty-eight to the Southwest; Columbia, seventy-five to the Southeast; and Union—now where? The geographies and maps, though not quite positive and by no means all agreed on the subject, tell us that Union is a point, located on a branch road of the Southern railway, midway between the cities of Carlisle and Jonesville; four miles South of the flourishing town of Bonham, and nine miles North of Santuc; on the East it is bounded by nothing in particular, and on the West by sweet expectancy.

However, this town of Union entertained the great Baptist State Convention in the most hospitable manner it has yet been received.

The Clinton Gazette suggests that the Presbyterian College of South Carolina should be made exclusively a male college and that Laurens should take over the department for young ladies. Editor Dendy calls upon us for an opinion. We are perfectly agreed with him that Laurens needs a college. Whether or not the time has come for the Presbyterian College to be divided, we cannot say, being as yet not sufficiently acquainted with all the conditions. But, we will state as a general proposition that there are already too many colleges and near-colleges in the South. So to found another female school for the Presbyterians, with one in Columbia, (while not nominally a Presbyterian school, it is so considered), another in Greenville, and yet another (if not in name, still in character) at Spartanburg, would be a tremendous undertaking. However, contemporary, your suggestion is not without import and upon investigation will doubtless prove eminently worthy of consideration by the authorities.

## Notice, Laurens County Pensioners.

Under the requirements of the law the Pension Commissioner, Capt. John M. Hudgens, will be found in the County Auditor's office each Saturday in the month of January next ensuing for the purpose of filling the necessary blanks for applicants for pensions and certifying to transfers to other counties. The commissioner is provided with the required blank applications and will fill them in proper condition to go before the County Pension board. All applicants are requested to have the commissioner fill these blanks and thus prevent delay and confusion. Blank applications must be properly filled before the County board can pass favorably on them.

The County board meets first Monday in February, 1909, at Laurens Court house. Township representatives, Pensioners and Applicants for pensions will please report the names of those who have died, especially widows, since the last meeting of the board. Also, please report the names of those who have moved out of the county and State, and the name of any one who is drawing a pension and not entitled to receive same under the law.

The applicants for pensions must appear before the commissioner, in person, unless shown by certificate of a practicing physician to be unable.

W. P. Coker,  
Chm Co. Pen. Board.

**Economy in 1908.**  
Pure Linseed Oil costs much less sold from the barrel than it does out in tin cans as Mixed Paint—in the first instance you pay 60 cents per gallon—in the second \$1.50. Now mix 3 gallons of pure linseed oil with 1 gallon L. & M. Paint and you have, ready for use, 7 gallons of the best paint made costing only \$1.20 per gallon. Done in 2 minutes.  
J. H. & M. L. Nash, Laurens,  
Clinton Pharmacy, Clinton,  
L. & M. Paint Agents.

## Notice of Application for Charter.

Take notice, that after the expiration of three days from publication of this notice, the undersigned will apply to the Secretary of State for a charter for the Barred Aid Society of the Colored Presbyterian Church at Piedmont, Laurens County, S. C.

William Pitts,  
John Byrd,  
R. L. Pitts.

Dec. 23, 1908. 21&22  
If the country wants to do any legislating for itself in congress it will have to show Uncle Joe Cannon how he can be induced to let it.—New York Press.

## A Beautiful Woman.

Her surroundings should be in harmony, and can best be made so by a well kept home. The L. & M. Pure Paint makes the home beautiful. It preserves it and prevents decay. The cost per gallon ready for use is only \$1.20. It wears for ten years and longer. Thirty-three years of continuous use is evidence.

J. H. & M. L. Nash, Laurens,  
Clinton Pharmacy, Clinton,  
L. & M. Paint Agents.

## A \$150.00 Starr Piano.

In a few days, I am expecting the arrival of a beautiful Mahogany Eight Grand Starr Piano. This is one of the most artistic and elegant styles made by the Starr Company. A liberal discount will be made to a reliable purchaser and terms to suit.

L. A. McCord.

## Davenport House Burned.

Waterloo, Dec. 21.—The Davenport house near Mr. Pleasant owned by Mr. J. M. Pearce, was destroyed by fire late Saturday afternoon. This house is one of the oldest in the county as well as the largest, containing fourteen rooms. The house was vacated about a month ago by Mr. Joe Nelson and family and was partially insured. The origin of the fire is not known.

# Dear Mr. Farmer:

I BELIEVE there is no class of men who need life insurance more than farmers. As a rule, they are far from being a wealthy class; yet they are a class of men who have a steady income. Statistics show that a very large portion of men who are engaged in trade fail some time during their lives. It is even stated that the number who fail form over ninety out of a hundred.

Few farmers ever become rich, and most of them get ahead very slowly, if at all, from year to year. The money that they would pay out for life insurance is just so much saved. It amounts to a creation of a sum that comes in one lump, and that when most needed. THIS IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE. A young farmer almost always starts out in debt, and it forms the business of nearly his life to work off the debt. IF DEATH COMES IN THE MEANTIME, his family or estate must lose. Every man should stop and think of this matter and picture his exact circumstances in case "the unexpected should happen."

I beg to call your attention to the extremely small outlay necessary to carry a policy in South Carolina's first and only Old Line Company. At age 30, the premium on a \$2,000.00 Payment Life Policy is \$53.32 per annum. This is a very small amount, being only \$1.44 to save a month.

The above policy has good paid-up loan and Extended insurance values after 3rd year fully paid up at end of 20 years.

In closing I wish to ask you this question: Would you promise your neighbor to pay his family \$2,000 in case of his death, in consideration of his payment to you annually of \$53.32? Of course not. Yet, by neglecting to insure your life with us you do worse than this. For the \$53.32, which you pay yourself, you risk against your own dear family the \$2,000 which would be theirs to a certainty if the money had been applied for an insurance policy in this company.

Come in to see me today—tomorrow may be too late. If you can't do this write me a card and I will come to see you.

## Southeastern Life Ins. Co.

BROADBODUS ESTES

DISTRICT AGENT  
BOX 278

Do Your Christmas Shopping at

# SIMMONS'

AND GUESS AT THE SOAP!

Somebody is going to win \$50.00 worth of prizes and it might as well be you.

Every time you buy

25¢ WORTH

You get 5 Guesses.

A great many people are overestimating—guessing out of all reason. Contest closes

JANUARY 9

So do your shopping here from now until the close of the contest and get more guesses.

# O. B. Simmons & SON