

The Advertiser

Subscription Price is \$1.00 per Year Payable in Advance.

S. E. BONEY, Editor.

PUBLISHED BY ADVERTISER PRINTING COMPANY LAURENS, S. C.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING. — Ordinary advertisements, per square, one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Liberal reduction made for large advertisements.

Obituaries: All over 50 words, one cent a word. Notes of thanks: Five cents the line.

Entered at the postoffice at Laurens, S. C. as second class mail matter.

LAURENS, S. C., NOVEMBER 24, 1909.

GIVE THANKS.

In accordance with a custom of more than a hundred years standing, one day in the year, in the harvest time, is set apart for a day of general thanksgiving to Almighty God, our benefactor. This year, Thursday of this week has been designated by the President of the United States and the governors of the various states.

The proclamation issued by Governor Ansel of South Carolina is as follows:

"Another year has rolled around and another mile-stone in the computation of time has been reached and we come once again to the harvest time and the day of thanksgiving. In conformity, therefore, to the long established and beautiful custom of observing this one day as a day of thankfulness and joy, I, M. P. Ansel, governor of the State of South Carolina, do hereby designate and appoint Thursday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1909, as a day of general thanksgiving.

"The people of South Carolina have many things to be thankful for. The fields have yielded their fruit in good measure; we have been spared from pestilence and famine; we have had no epidemics of sickness; we have had peace with all nations and a fair return for all our labors. We should be thankful also for the full measure of religious liberty that we enjoy and that we can worship God under our own vine and fig tree with none to molest or make us afraid."

"Let all the people, therefore, put aside for the day their usual work, assemble in their churches, as well as in their homes, and give thanks to God for his many tokens of love and kindness to us as a people and as a State. Let us not forget the poor and the needy and the various orphanages with in the State where the fatherless and motherless are cared for, but let us remember them in our prayers as well as with our means, and thereby bring a little sunshine into their lives. Let us also pray for a continuance of God's grace and goodness to us in the coming years."

Let the people of Laurens county observe the day. It is primarily a day of religious rites and ceremonies, designed for praise and thanksgiving to the Creator and Preserver of the universe. On this occasion it behooves us to recall the many blessings that have been ours during the past twelve months; to reckon the peace and happiness that have attended our ways; to be mindful of the manifold kindnesses that have been bestowed upon us, and to render thanks for all to the Giver of all good things.

We would especially urge our people to remember the orphans on this day of gladness and joy. The lot of these has not been so pleasant and bright as that of most of us; they have been deprived, through providential means, of the love and care of parents, the greatest loss that can befall boy or girl. Do something Thursday to make happy one orphan, no matter who or where. If every man in Laurens county who is able to do so, will give something, no matter how little, there will be several thousand happy children in South Carolina tomorrow.

The day is for thanksgiving; let us not forget.

DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Talking shop becomes rather monotonous when indulged in at too much length and too frequently. However we are very desirous of impressing upon our readers the importance of renewing their subscriptions now, thus getting their standing in shape for the first of the year, when the paper will be put on a strictly cash in advance basis.

The Advertiser has been losing a great deal of money during the twenty-five years of its existence on unpaid subscriptions. This is not good business. Every Saturday afternoon, the management is called upon to issue checks for about \$100, expenses for running that week. If we cannot collect until the end of twelve months, and even then lose a great many dollars, how are we expected to do business. It is not good business for us to pay out money every week and receive none until the end of the year.

People who owe a newspaper and do not intend to pay are its worst enemies; that is a fact, proved by years and years of experience. The Advertiser is roundly hated by a few people, most of whom owe it money. In the future, this condition will be avoided. We are going to run on strictly business principles. If the people want the paper, they will pay for it; and it is up to us to make a newspaper that the people want. How well we are now succeeding is for the people to judge. Our 12,000 readers are passing upon this question every week.

Let the people renew their subscriptions now; this week, if possible. During these few days, their renewals will count something on the great contest we are conducting; it will be a favor to the candidates, who will appreciate it.

Here is a little poem, bearing on the subject of subscriptions that may interest our readers:

"Don't stop my paper, editor,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the cash come slowly,
And the dollars are hard to get;

But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together—
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it,
And I find it doesn't pay
To do without your paper,
Even if others may.

I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs to loan,
They don't say, but they mean it:
"Why don't you get your own?"

We do not want to stop it,
Or seem to be unkind,
We would love to send it to you
Until you saved the dime.

But uncle Simon, don't you know,
With a purely legal shout,
Has said unless you pay us,
We will have to cut you out."

Are you a newspaper borrower? If so, shame on you!

DISGUSTED, OF COURSE.

While, in our opinion, the concert by Miss Mabel McKinley and company on last Wednesday evening was nothing extraordinary, it was considerably above the average musical entertainment heard in Laurens, and deserved a respectful hearing at least. This was not accorded by the audience that assembled, expecting, we know not what.

There were a great many people there Wednesday evening who, of course, appreciated the performance. They went expecting to hear classical music; they heard it, rendered in very acceptable manner, although many of them have doubtless heard better. These enjoyed the program as best they could under the very trying circumstances; trying, because of the noise that was kept up almost incessantly. There was scarcely a number, but what was materially interrupted by some one moving about, talking, or laughing. Ill-bred, of course. The performers could not be expected to put any feeling or enthusiasm in their music, which was being listened to by an audience which they knew was unappreciative—the audience is judged by its striking characteristics and the noise and inattention were decidedly the most noticeable facts of last Wednesday evening. Of course, the three performers were disgusted; they showed it on their faces, and we didn't blame them.

The occupants of the gallery, few in number, true, soon vacated, their expectations for a musical comedy, or a minstrel show being disappointed; and they left while some especially soft or beautiful piece of music was being played. And some of the people in the pit were no better; they discovered something funny in their surroundings at odd times and "blat out"; or they decided they had to talk about the "babies at home" or how to make quince preserves. All of which usually comes under the head of bad manners.

If E. H. Southern or Julia Marlowe were to appear in the Laurens city opera house, we wonder how they would be received; yes, we wonder.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

There are some very fine school teachers in Laurens county, and they possess the sweetest tempers imaginable. We can just picture them, in our mind's eye, contending with the many problems and annoyances that greet them every day. We have taught school too, hence our sympathy with those of the profession. A great many funny things occurred while we were teaching "the young idea how to shoot" and we enjoyed them to the full. In fact, we believe that a school teacher thoroughly alive to all that is interesting and funny in life can get more genuine enjoyment out of the incidents that occur day after day than any other person in any profession.

Just think of what a laugh you might have had if you had received the following note:
"Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that you have pulled Johnnie's right ear until it is getting longer than the other. Please pull

the left ear for a while and oblige his mother". How delicious! How kind and considerate! This really happened.

But, in the vernacular of the street, that ain't nothing! To this one received by a lady teacher some time ago. This good teacher and good cause for complaint. Johnny had a goat, and Johnny did love to ride that goat every morning before he came to school; and Johnny never changed his trousers, commonly known as "pants" before he came to school. The teacher and all the other pupils could all "hear" Johnny coming (you know that goats are a very odoriferous animal). So the teacher wrote a very kind note to the mother of youthful Johnny requesting that he be required to change his "breeches" before coming to school as the goat odor was not at all pleasing. Well, lo, and behold, our good teacher received the following note from the very matter-of-fact parent:

Dear Ma'am: Johnny ain't got but one pair of pants, and besides he ain't no rose anyway, and besides that, Johnny is sent to school to be learnt and not smelt."

Just what the teacher thought and said we cannot tell; we left just about that time. This did not happen in Laurens county.

"THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT."

Some recent sentences imposed in the various courts in South Carolina furnish food for thought. So much is being said about the findings of juries, that we seem to forget the sentences that follow the convictions.

In the case of "Peg-leg" Hughes, who killed a white man, the sentence of the court was that the negro be confined to the state penitentiary for the remainder of his natural life. The evidence showed that Hughes' victim had come to his house for immoral purposes, had beat the defendant, the wounds still being on his body.

Thos. Badgett, who shot and killed a negro woman, was sentenced to serve a term of ten years in the state penitentiary.

W. B. Avant and G. C. Bigham, for the killing of a white woman, the wife of the latter, were given three and one-half years each.

A negro man, in the Spartanburg court last week, was given a sentence of five years for stealing some leather belting. Another negro, for stealing a horse was given a term of five years.

Circumstances, of course have great influence on the sentences imposed. The circumstances in each of the above-mentioned cases are an interesting study, the conclusion of which is the simple, yet complex interrogation point.

THE SHADOW OF A SIN.

There is a little town, let us say in Tasmania (we believe that is sufficiently remote to render a word of criticism perfectly safe and free from immediate danger of an assault) where the members of the ladies' clubs are very particular about the games in which they indulge. Indeed, they are extremely guarded, avoiding the least semblance of wrongdoing. Cards, regular playing-cards, they abhor; the things are outlawed. Why? Such an outrage could not be permitted; visions of razors and English "bull-dogs" accompany these instruments of the devil.

And yet, these ladies of the dear little town in Tasmania must have amusement; the heavy hours must be willed away in some manner and by some means. So the ingenious minds of some got busy and a clever play was devised. The game of "nations" was invented; possibly it has been heard of in Laurens and Clinton; it recently broke out in a very mild form at Ellenton, a small town on the Augusta-Beaufort road. These delightful little cards are so dainty and so neat; on one suit are artistic pictures of Indians—these represent the American "nation". The ace for this suit is a very fine map of America, so instructive, so elevating; the king is represented by a big Indian chief, so awe-inspiring, so majestic; and the queen is an Indian squaw, so queen-like, so interesting. And then the African "nation" is represented by specimens of its rulers and little thatched-roofed huts and so on. Asia and Europe complete the suits.

How fine! The cards are so instructive; the ladies ponder over them so studiously; they learn so much of the world's geography. It was really a happy idea, and the originator is indeed a benefactor to mankind, or at least the female branch of it.

How is the game of nations played? Oh, that's very easy! Of course, they all know how to play old fashioned whist. Yes, Well "nations" is played exactly the same way; in fact nations has been called Presbyterian whist, just why we cannot say. So far as our knowledge extends the ladies of Presbyterian inclination have not betrayed any more weakness along this line than others; however, our limited acquaintance with customs in this Tasmanian town may have deceived us. Yes, it is just like whist; the only difference is in the kind of cards used.

Why do the ladies prefer to use a very cheap kind of card-board to the

regular playing-card, which is of much superior quality. Oh, because nations is so instructive, and incidentally because their religious affiliations do not admit it; the rules of their church prohibits or advises very strongly against the use of cards. So the good ladies must, of course, must not violate the mandates of their churches or offend their consciences. But they do want to play whist; they love it. Hence, the very ingenious substitute—and subterfuge.

Poor deluded creatures! They are balking at the shadow of a sin (for the ace admits consciousness of wrong) and yet committing the sin itself. The disgraced playing-card is outlawed—lifeless, unoffending cardboard, but the ladies still play whist. Is the harm in the card itself? It seems to be, for have not these good women by their acts declared it so? There is no harm in whist itself; no, not at all. The fault is with the card. The game is precisely the same; no harm in the game.

We will not enter here into a discussion of the right or wrong of cards; they have proven decidedly hurtful to many people; to others, they have not. But card games are card games, and our point is simply that, no matter the exact nature of the card employed, if the game is wrong and sinful, then those who indulge are guilty of sin. Our dear friends in Tasmania, seem to be conscious of wrong in whist playing for they have discarded the game, and yet they play whist by subterfuge. They object to the shadow, but revel in the pleasures of the reality. Consistent? Well, not much.

Out in Kansas last week, eleven thousand chickens were destroyed by fire. And thus it is proved that fires are close competitors to Methodist conferences.

We beg of our people not to forget Thornwell orphanage tomorrow. There are those there who will appreciate a kindness.

The most remarkable piece of news that we have stirred up recently was contained in the headline of an article in an old copy of The Advertiser. It said: "Bryan Not A Candidate."

Big hats in church have been condemned by the Baptist women in recent convention. Very good. But why deprive the dear creatures of all the enjoyment in attending Sunday morning services?

Love may make the world go round; but it usually makes the lover go flat.

Watch for it: some day there will be a belt line taking in Union, Spartanburg, Greenville, Anderson and Laurens. Yes even Union will get in.

The other day a Missouri woman married a man who eats tacks, nails, tin cans etc. Her job, as cook, is what might be termed a cinch.

The man who designed last year's hats for women was at the time on a big spree; he had the nerve to design this year's styles while sobering up.

Laurens county cannot afford to dilly-dally in the matter of our confederate monument; let's raise the money now; why wait?

Every man, woman and child in Laurens county has something for which to be thankful. Think it over tomorrow, and give thanks.

What is the matter with our contemporary, the Woodruff News and Herald? What is the game? We notice that its editorial page is headed with this very significant couplet:
"Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."
Better cut it out, brother.

Is there money in raising hogs? Just ask Mr. P. B. Bailey and T. J. Weathers about it. And furthermore, just read what these two men made on some sales last week. Mr. Bailey sold \$428 worth of hog flesh last Saturday—not a bad day's work. Why depend on one poor crop, which is likely to fail, when more money may be made in other directions?

Think of it: eating at the banquet table in Charleston with the president of the United States one evening and then in a Columbia restaurant the next morning. Horrors of midnight!

The bird shooting season is on, but people ought not to kill the game just for the fun of it.

The melancholy days are here—for those who sold cotton at ten cents.

There is a flag over at the new graded school building; in case you do not see it on top of the building, where you will naturally look, glance down to the side; it's there all right.

In the course of a criticism of the special newspaper correspondents who accompanied President Taft on this southern tour, The Greenville

News says: "during the president's visit to Charleston the half dozen or more special correspondents who accompanied him made themselves very scarce and not one of them appeared at the banquet given that night in honor of the president."

You are quite mistaken, Brother Brunson, Mr. R. T. Small, of the Associated Press was present at the Charleston banquet seated at the south table. The A. P. is always on hand.

Business methods on the farms? Read the article on another page which tells about Mr. F. J. Leonard of Woodruff and see what he is doing on his farm. Read the article; it may be of vast value to you.

Who is the greatest living South Carolinian?

Those Abbeville ladies! Now, we would have given six months' growth to have seen them last Saturday at the dispensary auction. Of course they bought only cooking sherry, as The Medium says. Yes, they will need it, because Christmas is coming; and then the Methodist conference meets there in a few days. We can just picture the scene there on Saturday, when those women were bidding against each other for their "cooking sherry". The Abbeville Medium says:

"The drought" will not be felt for some time as most persons laid in a supply of drinkables which would last a reasonably moderate man at least until after the Christmas holidays. The sherry wine went off like hot cakes, the ladies in town getting enough for cooking purposes to last for the next year or two."

Wise and sugarcious, ye women of Abbeville.

A floating debt is not necessarily an unpaid-for airship.

Illinois physicians are much perturbed over a case in which a man's heart is encased in a bony growth. That's nothing; we've seen lots of women whose hearts were encased in steel.

Of course, the Spartanburg Journal has the right to say what it pleases, but that does not make its utterances in good taste. Our friend, the Anderson Daily Mail administered a well-deserved rebuke a few days ago, for The Journal's harsh criticism of Capt. W. E. Gonzales. Criticism is all right, but when it sinks to the level of mean, cutting insinuations, not even based on fact, it is an offense to the ethics of journalism.

GARDNER L. DAVIS IS DEAD.

Ex-Confederate Soldier and Good Citizen of the Ora Section.

The Rev. W. D. Hammett was called out to Langston church Saturday afternoon to conduct the funeral of Mr. Gardner L. Davis whose death occurred Friday about one o'clock.

Mr. Davis was sick at his home near Ora for several weeks, but his condition was not considered critical until a few days before his demise. He was an ex-Confederate soldier, a member of Langston Baptist church and a most highly esteemed citizen.

The deceased was a native of Cross Keys, Union county. After his marriage to Miss Alice Sexton of Cross Keys, he removed to Ohio where he resided until about fifteen years ago when he returned and located in Laurens county. Besides his wife, Mr. Davis is survived by several children, among them being Rev. J. O. Davis, Messrs. Walter, Jason, and Lander Davis, Mrs. Fitzhugh Donnan and Miss Alice Davis.

Great Thanksgiving Preparation at J. W. Payne & Co's.

Don't forget we have a very complete line of the best of the seasons goods that are absolutely fresh. Full line Citron, Crystallized Orange and Lemon Peel, Figs, Raisins, Currants, Pulverized Sugar and a big line of Nuts and Cranberries, Mince Meat and Plum Pudding. We also have a full line Salad Dressing and all other things necessary to make your Thanksgiving complete.

SEE US

J. W. Payne & Co.

The Cash Grocers, Dial—Gray Block.

OUR SPECIAL NOTICES.

For Sale—One house and lot in town of Mountville, will sell for cash or exchange for farm property. Also several houses and lots in city of Laurens, and quite a number of farm lands very cheap. Call on Anderson & Blakely if you need any property or have any to sell.

Cabbage Plants—300,000 Wakefield and Early Jersey Wakefield Cabbage plants ready for delivery at \$1.50 the 1,000, or 20 cts the 100. J. W. Donnan, Laurens, R. D. 2. 13-5t.

Trespass Notice—All persons are hereby forbidden to trespass on my premises hunting or otherwise. John D. Mills, Laurens, S. C., Nov. 24th 1909

For Sale or Rent—All that Plantation of Land, situate, lying and being in the county of Beaufort, South Carolina, known as "Cane Island," bounded on all sides by waters of Beaufort River and just opposite Port Royal, containing four hundred and forty acres, over two hundred and fifty of which are under cultivation, the balance could easily be cultivated this year. Large fine dwelling, barns, tenant houses, wharf and all conveniences new and in perfect state of preservation, an ideal cotton plantation or truck farm and beautiful home, abundance of labor. Address W. J. Thomas, Beaufort, S. C., or J. Ross Hanahan, Charleston, S. C. 13-2t

Copyright Flour, is a flour of Quality, when you buy Copyright you should feel satisfied. You have bought the BEST value money can buy.

For Rent—Dwelling and Farm of 10 acres, located on South Harper street. Property formerly owned by Mrs. Tallulah Irby. Now having notice thoroughly repaired & painted. Would sell the dwelling & lot. Apply by letter, T. D. Darlington, Laurens, S. C.

For sale or Rent—Storehouse in Mountville, S. C. W. W. Werts.

Salesman Wanted—To look after our interest in Laurens and adjacent counties, Salary or Commission. Address The Harvey Oil Co., Cleveland O.

Wanted—A live hustling man to represent us in this section in handling monuments and cemetery work. We have a good proposition for the right man. References required. Address Owen Bros. Marble Co., Greenwood, S. C. 16-2t

Wanted—A good white tenant for best 3 horse farm in county, 2 miles from Laurens. Good house and fine stock. R. V. Irby. 1t

For Sale—Controlling interest in a well established furniture business, satisfactory reasons for selling. Apply to B. K. Humphries at the Caine & Pitts Furniture Co. 17-1t

For Rent—Two up-to-date store rooms, several offices, splendid dwelling newly re-covered and freshly painted inside and out; in two blocks of square. W. H. Dial. 4t

Professional Horse-Shoer — For blacksmithing and horseshoeing come to my shop. I have a professional horse-shoer employed; he beats the world. General blacksmithing and repair work done. ROBERT L. WHITLOCK, Mountville, S. C.

Registered Berkshire Boar—Ready for service. Fee \$2.00. D. E. Todd, Laurens, R. F. D. No. 1. 2t-pd

Notice—Don't fail to read the special offer of 25 per cent reduction at present on Farrand Pianos.

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Pardon Refused John Evans. Governor Ansel on Saturday announced, 4 his refusal to grant a pardon to John Evans, colored, of this county. Evans was convicted in 1905 for manslaughter and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. His counsel, Mr. R. E. Babb secured a strong petition, backed by a letter from Solicitor Cooper; however, Judge Memminger declined to endorse the petition.

STATEMENT

Of the Condition of The Peoples Loan and Exchange Bank, Located at Laurens, S. C., at the Close of Business, November 16, 1909.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$326,777.69
Overdrafts	26,735.31
Bonds and Stocks owned by Bank	37,090.00
Banking House	10,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,451.32
Due from Banks and Trust Companies	63,610.73
Currency	13,704.00
Gold	3,142.50
Silver and other Coins	3,451.48
Checks and Cash Items	17,628.67
Total	\$504,501.70
LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock Paid In	\$100,000.00
Surplus Fund	25,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Current Expenses and Taxes Paid	74,472.28
Due to Bank and Trust Companies	3,544.38
Dividends Unpaid	32.00
Individual Deposits Subject to Check	194,495.98
Time Certificates of Deposit	99,137.89
Cashier's Checks	820.07
Reserve Fund	7,000.00
Total	\$504,501.70
State of South Carolina County of Laurens, ss. Before me came C. W. Tune, Cashier of the above named bank, who, being duly sworn, says that the above and foregoing statement is a true condition of the said bank, as shown by the books of the said bank. C. W. TUNE. Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 23rd day of Nov., 1909. W. R. McCuen, Notary Public, S. C. Correct—Attest: J. W. Todd, W. L. Gray, W. A. Watts, Directors.	