

The Watchman and Southern. Published Wednesday and Saturday. —BY— OSTEN PUBLISHING COMPANY SUMTER, S. C.

Advertisements: One Square first insertion... \$1.00 Every subsequent insertion... .50

Sumter Watchman was founded in 1859 and the True Southern in 1868. The Watchman and Southern combined circulation and the best advertising matter.

A humorist as well as a delightful wit, Willie Jones, Thomas S. Bryan, of Columbia get-rich-quick him to a niche in the South. To ask these eminent humorists, convincing reasoning, convincing reasoning and Young, the humorists who got caught, he pardoned was a stroke at only a humorist could be. It was the merriest merry Christmas tide and indebted to Gov. many appreciative chuckle, however, that the financiers were made merry for the joke was at their and dry grins were more better than care free hi-

Outlook for practical, progressive constructive legislation at the approaching session of the general assembly is not propitious. There is chief Justice to be elected, an Associate Justice, a circuit judge or two, besides the usual run of minor offices to be filled. There will be such a scramble among the office seekers and logrolling politicians that there will be little time left for business.

Col. Roosevelt is opposed to the arbitration treaties and antagonistic to the unusual peace movement. Naturally he is averse to peace, prosperity and happiness for all mankind, since this condition of affairs leaves no field for the activities of an ambitious adventurer who can get on only by strife, turmoil and the disorganization of society. Nothing would suit Roosevelt better than to be President at a time of internal anarchy or serious foreign war that would afford an excuse for a military dictatorship.

The farmer who has hay or oats to sell next spring and summer need not worry about the price of cotton.

If Sumter county is to be organized in the interest of the cotton acreage curtailment movement, it is time that something was done to start the ball rolling.

Uncle Jasper Talbert is saying something again and so is John T. Duncan. It is well for them to make noise every now and then lest the people forget that they say they are candidates for office.

BOTH DANCES MUCH ENJOYED

Informal Dance Tuesday Afternoon and Masquerade Ball Tuesday Night Successful

The dances given Tuesday afternoon and night were both much enjoyed and both were very successful. The costumes at the masquerade dance were funny, grotesque and otherwise attractive, if not beautiful.

The occasion was one of the pleasantest dances which has been given in Sumter for some time. The masqueraders unmasked early in the evening as the weather was too warm for them to long to wear their fancy costumes. Dancing continued until one o'clock, music being furnished by the colored orchestra.

Tuesday afternoon a small informal dance was given in the Armory Hall by several of the young men of the town and some of the boys at home from college. The dance was given to a number of their young lady friends at home from college and visiting in the city. The affair was very much enjoyed and all of the young people spent a delightful time.

Marriage License Record.

Marriage licenses were issued to the following couples Wednesday: Mr. B. W. Brogdon, Jr., and Miss P. Pauline Brunson, Concord; Mr. Wallace Hodge and Miss Laurel Jones, Tindal.

Among the colored people marriage licenses were issued to Molock Monroe and Albia Johnson of Mayesville.

TALBERT VS. TILLMAN.

SAYS HE WILL GO VIGOROUSLY INTO CAMPAIGN FOR SENATE.

Will Put it All Up to the People—Has Been Giving Much Thought to the Senator, He Says.

The Greenwood Daily Journal publishes the following under an Edgefield date: It looks as if Senator B. R. Tillman and Hon. W. J. Talbert, of Parkville, S. C., former member of Congress from that district, and both Edgefield men, are the only candidates in the field for the position now held by Mr. Tillman, for United States Senator. The successor to Mr. Tillman will have to be elected next year; but, he says that he can go back to Washington easily. Mr. Talbert does not think he can, and as he says in an interview on the subject which is given below, he is in the race till the votes are counted.

Mr. Talbert has been very quiet about his candidacy, refusing to be interviewed, saying that when the time came he would announce his platform. As there seems to be so much interest in the race, your correspondent ventured to get from Mr. Talbert something about his position, but the effort has been only partially successful.

Your correspondent stated to Col. Talbert that some people expressed a doubt as to his being a candidate for the United States Senate next year and asked him the direct question if it was a positive fact that he would be a candidate for Senator in the coming primary. He replied: "Yes, if not providentially hindered, I will enter to win and will remain in the race till the votes are counted."

On being asked for an outline of the platform of principles on which he would run, he replied: "Well, I think my past record amply answers that question. I am no stranger to the people of South Carolina, and they already know my sentiments upon all questions regarding the common welfare of the country. Of course, at the proper time I will announce a platform and discuss from the stump all issues that may arise, but as 'Old Hickory' said to his men at the battle of New Orleans, 'I will hold my fire till I see the whites of the enemy's eyes.'"

What have you to say as to the claim that Senator Tillman can beat all comers and sit on his back porch or even allow people to vote for him after he is dead? "Oh, I am not running especially against Senator Tillman nor any other man, out of the office. At the same time, I will endeavor to be around with the 'pebble' of truth as was the shepherd boy against the mighty Goliath of Gath."

Mrs. E. W. Vogel Entertains.

One of the most delightful events of the holiday season was the party given by Mrs. E. W. Vogel, 401 West Hampton Avenue, in honor of her guest, Mrs. W. T. Backus, of Van Wert, Ohio.

The parlors were tastefully decorated with holly and banks of palms and ferns.

The guests found their places by matching sections of Xmas post cards.

A series of games of heart dice was played, at which Mrs. M. B. Parham won the honors, a heart-shaped plate.

At the close of the games a delicious salad course was served.

Trade at Home.

A Wilmington paper tells the story of how a lady in that town sent to New York for a piece of furniture only to find when it was uncrated that it was made in High Point, N. C., and that she could have saved the freight from High Point to New York and from the latter place to Wilmington had she bought it in that town, and even then she could have bought it at a less price than she paid for it. Her only excuse was that no one in Wilmington advertised this special piece of furniture, which was quite good enough excuse but shows mighty little enterprise on the part of the merchants of the principal seaport.—Gaffney Ledger.

PICKING A PRESENT FOR PLATT BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

HEN Harry Platt and that girl friend of the Greens (I forget her name) were married, it was one of those my-goodness-gracious-just-think-of-that affairs, with no one in the secret except the suburban minister who tied the knot, the cabman who drove them out there and the girl from the minister's kitchen, who was a witness, and left a thumb-print of grease on the certificate (she was frying doughnuts at the time) and the minister's wife (at least the name was the same). Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, when the Platts were married, it being that kind of a wedding, there was no chance to send them a wedding gift as I would have liked to do, or to have gone, (whichever is proper, or grammatical, though I'm sure I can never tell which). But Mr. Platt is one of the nicest men in the office, that is, he was before this happened. So I felt we ought to do something for him, just to show our good will—and, anyhow, we've dug down for others we thought much less of, so why shouldn't we for him? But the wedding was over, without invitations, or even a reception, and they were housekeeping before we knew it. So what could we do?

Well, just then Christmas came along not just then but two months after the wedding. They were married October 29, so it wasn't quite two months, but that's close enough. When Christmas came along, that is, just before it came along, I suggested that we make up a purse and give them a sort of delayed wedding present, just to show our good will. Everybody thought it was a splendid idea, that is, of course, except Mr. Platt, whom, of course, I didn't consult. So I got up a subscription paper and went to everybody in the office (except Mr. Platt, of course). I got \$26.60, including ten cents from the janitor, who wasn't expected to give anything, which shows just how popular Mr. Platt was with everyone in the building, when a janitor even would chip in.

Christmas shopping is hard enough, goodness knows, when you do it for yourself; but when you do it for a stock company capitalized at \$26.60, with 28 stockholders, with 28 different kinds of ideas and tastes, then Christmas shopping rises above a mere annoyance to the dignity of a real trouble. And that's what I was up against. I thought it would be nice to get an expression of opinion. So I went around one morning and asked for ideas. But I couldn't get a word. Nobody could think of anything. I couldn't myself. At noon I went out and looked. I walked miles I priced, then I went back to the office. You should have seen my desk. Honest, you would have thought some one had turned in a general alarm. They couldn't wait for me to get back. There they were—28 of them, (that is, 27, or 28 with me) They all had suggestions, and they were all different.

The head book keeper thought an arm chair would be nice (He stands up all day). The collector thought a raincoat would be best, while Miss Jones suggested a dress pattern. They all said, of course, that they left it entirely to me; and then each went away sadly, as much as to say that he hoped I wouldn't be so foolish as to buy any of those other things that the others had proposed.

The next day I looked again. But either a thing was too expensive or I would have money left. It is remarkable how few things there are in the world you can buy for \$26.60, no more, no less.

And then I saw it. It was in a department store, and marked down from \$50 to \$26.60! There it was, a cent! A great, big, glittering, magnificent Punch Bowl! Nobody had thought of that!

But, to make sure, I sent the sales ticket with it and told the Platts they could exchange the punch bowl, if they wished, for something they liked better.

And what do you suppose those Platts did? In January they traded in that magnificent punch bowl for three tons of...

A Yuletide Home-Coming By Charles McCabe

HE club looked just the very thing Gerald Mannersley was craving for—a sense of home. A few lines read accidentally in an out-of-date newspaper had made him restless with longing for the old scenes. And so he had traveled two days and nights in a sleeper, vaguely connecting his journey's end with all the love and friendship his starved nature was demanding.

When he arrived at his old club on a chill, grey Christmas morning, it was only to find that fifteen years' silent absence had been too severe a test for friendship. The place was empty of all but servants, and they wore strange, unwelcoming faces. He stood at the club window, looking out on the desolate, deserted street which he had always remembered as being thronged, and a great sadness swept over him.

This was not what he wanted. From his pocket he drew out the scrap of paper which had really brought him so many miles, and looked at it bitterly. It was only a death announcement cut from a paper of a year ago, and ran in the usual way—"Michael Townley, at his residence," etc.

In fancy he saw a sweet-faced maiden, who sought her happiness only in the eyes of the youth by her side. There were joy-bells there, too, as they left the church with the fragrance of mutual love about them.

The bells pealed on outside, and willing fancy led him still further into the realm of "might have been." In an instant he made up his mind to visit once more the old-fashioned cottage not many miles away, to which he had hoped fifteen years before to take a bride. He would go and see it, even if its neglected condition only added to his loneliness and pain.

Two hours later he was striding through the crisp country air along a winding path which led to a rambling, ivy-covered cottage. As the last turn brought him in sight of the house he stopped in surprise. He had expected to see dirt, ruin, and decay, but instead he looked upon a trim, well-kept cottage, and a soft, crooning song, in a voice which reawakened the tender memories of long ago, came floating through the unwatched door.

Half believing that it must be fancy leading him still, he entered the house softly, and, following the voice, went into the inner room, and stood in the glow of the warm firelight. The sweet, tired-faced, middle-aged singer turned as his shadow fell across the light, and then stood white and trembling.

"Gerald!" she whispered. "Gerald! have you come to reproach me? Not today! Not today!" The strong man's voice broke as he held out his arms.

"Nance!" he cried joyfully. In a moment she was crushed, sobbing, to his breast. "Oh, Gerald! is it really you? God is very good. I thought you must be dead."

For several moments they stood thus, the strong man's tears falling on her grey-tinged hair. Then he gently put her into a chair. "You are not alone?" he asked as his eyes caught sight of a little table laid for two, daintily spread with Christmas fare.

"Yes," she answered. "I am quite alone. I have often come down here." "But you are expecting somebody?" he said, calling attention to the table. She flushed prettily, looking almost as young as she had in his dreams of the morning, as she replied: "I was expecting you, Gerald."

The Markets

New York Cotton Market. New York, Dec. 28. Table with columns: Opened, High, Low, Close. Rows for Jan, Feb, Mch, April, May, June, July, Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov, Dec.

Spots, 9.35-15 off. Sales, 6,000. Opened steady. Closed steady. Port receipts today, 65,965 vs. 47,324 last year.

LIVERPOOL MARKET. Liverpool, Dec. 28. Table with columns: Opened, Closed. Rows for Jan-Feb, Feb-Mch, Mch-April, April-May, May-June, June-July, July-Aug, Aug-Sept, Sept-Oct, Oct-Nov, Nov-Dec, Dec-Jan.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON LETTER.

Strike Situation Still Serious—Statistics for Tomorrow Expected to be Bullish. New Orleans, Dec. 28.—Reliable information this morning regarding the labor trouble in Lancashire contradicts the rumors of settlement which were circulated by New York yesterday afternoon. The strike situation is serious; weaving mills closed, locking 160,000 operatives, spinning mills going on half time. Strikers added a five per cent. increase in wages to their demands and apprehension of other complications is expected.

Liverpool came in poor this morning, with futures about four lower than due, spots two higher, sales 4,000. Tomorrow's weekly statistics will be apparently bullish. The movement is smaller on account of bad weather and small holiday shipments, while mill takings will be large owing to heavy forwardings via the Pacific coast, being too early to feel the disturbing effect of the Lancashire strike. We compare with 279,000 takings for the week last year and 268,000 in 1908 the into sight for week looks around 469,000 vs. 456,000 last year and 428,000 in 1908.

We had a very narrow but steady market this morning. Feeling is bearish, but selling is held in check by the systematic support in New York which has been so conspicuous lately. This buying is variously interpreted, some think it is directed at the general short interest, others think that 8 cents is considered the low point for the season and, as interests are large, it requires one cent to turn about, still others believe that a bullish census report on the 8th of January is the object, owing to delay to picking and ginning on account of the bad weather in this period.

As To Corn Growing.

While we are talking about this corn championship we want to rise to ask again the unanswered question "why do not the farmers all over the country make use of the same means of cultivation of corn that the boys who win these prizes? We can see no use of walking a mule and a man to death to make a small yield of corn on a large number of acres by the old plans when a greater amount can be made on a very much smaller acreage, and not working man and mule into the grave. Jerry Moore tells us that the corn he made on his prize acre cost less than the other corn made on the plantation, but the plantation is still run on the same old extensive plan, and 999 out of 1,000 plantations in the state are run in the same way, and we are willing to bet that the McDonald plantation will be run on the same plan next year, though it may be seen that the corn made on this acre, if it were multiplied by two or three, would be all that was wanted and corn that costs 33 1-3 cents a bushel and sells for \$1, or even less looks like mighty good profit to us. We want to see that farmers exchange established in this county, and then there would be more of all this sort of thing raised, and the farmers would be better and the whole people would be better off.—Florence Times.

CHRISTMAS QUIET AT MAYESVILLE.

Students at Home from Various Colleges for the Holidays—Personal News. Mayesville, Dec. 26.—Christmas passed off rather quietly here. Business was only fairly good with the merchants, although better than many anticipated owing to the dullness of the fall season. Probably the bad weather had a dampening effect on things in general, too. Quite a number of visitors are in town and the college students are all at home and the week will, no doubt, be lively in a social way.

The Civic League will give an entertainment in the school auditorium tomorrow night, the main feature being "A Lilliputian Wedding." This beautiful spectacle will prove a drawing card, no doubt, if the weather is favorable. After the entertainment, the ladies of the league will serve an oyster supper in the Pythian hall.

Miss Clara Womble of Sanford, N. C., is visiting Miss Edna Mayes, and her sister, Miss Margaret Womble is visiting her brother, Mayor N. D. Womble, being a guest at the Anderson Hotel.

Miss Bertie Gregg of Florence is visiting Mrs. M. C. Mayes. Miss Fannie Mayes of Sumter spent Christmas at her home here. Miss Annie Mazursky of Barnwell is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. T. I. Kahn.

Capt. and Mrs. H. A. Wells of Florence, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Mayes during Christmas. Mr. W. B. Chandler and family of Columbia are visiting his mother, Mrs. R. A. Chandler, Sr.

Miss Tillie Morris of Sumter was the guest of Mrs. T. L. Kahn on Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Thomas, of Springfield, Ga., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Cooper.

The following college students are at home for the holidays: Misses Nettie and Sadie Mayes, College for Women, Columbia; Miss Louise Griffin, Winthrop; Capt. J. M. Workman, Clemson; H. D. Corbett, Davidson.

Dr. E. M. Davis spent Christmas at his home in Florence County. Miss Effie Simmons of Summerville is visiting her cousin, Mrs. E. O. Spencer.

Mr. Allison Thomas of Atkins spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. C. Cooper. Mrs. Henry Weinberg and children are on a visit to relatives in Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Burgess of New Zion are on a visit to their daughter, Mrs. T. B. Fort. Mr. Isaac Blodman has gone to Charleston to spend the holidays.

Mr. I. Munneron of New York is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Denemark. Mr. Forrest White of Marion is in town for Christmas, visiting friends.

Prof. O. V. Hamrick of Shelby, N. C., who is principal of the Wainwright, N. C., school spent last Friday in town. Prof. H. H. Haltiwanger of the Mayesville school has gone to his home at Chapin for the holidays.

Mrs. Leila Mayes of Sumter spent Tuesday with her sister-in-law, Miss Emma Mayes. Miss Catherine Miller of Augusta is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. W. Gardner.

Mixing Paint. Is there anything more interesting in life than mixing paint, putting in black to darken it, yellow to lighten it, vermilion to make it bright, and green to see what happens?—Atlantic

Send us your job work.

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