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In order to avoid delays on account of personal absence, letters to The Intelligencer intended for publication should not be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1915.

There's nothing wooden about Woodrow.

25,000,000-year-old Serpent Reaches New York.—Headline. The devil!

We trust Gottlieb von Jagow liebo Gott more than he does a jag.

Begin Work When War Is Over.—Headline. You're in for a long vacation, brother.

That Spartanburg thief who stole a tub of lard believed in getting the fat of the land.

Poison Victim Says He Didn't Seek Death.—Headline. Usually death does the seeking in such cases.

We suppose it is called the theatre of war because of the battles staged and there are so many wings.

Girl Gets Shot as She Talks of War.—Headline. Would have been better if she had gotten only half shot.

Von Tirpitz is characterized as a "typical old sea dog." Calm yourself, ye shades of Stede Bonnett, Capt. Kidd and other pirates of old.

A New York State aviator fell to his death in a cemetery. Let us hope his spirit flew in the direction opposite from that in which he fell.

Result of Zeppelin raid over London: one infant, one boy and one woman killed. Wonder if the Kaiser will give the Lord his share of credit for that brilliant feat?

Greenwood County is to organize a split-log drag association. We understand Brether Bill Gardner, Jr., of the Journal is waiting to find out who is going to split the logs before joining.

Colonel Aftermath reports: "Along the southern parochial front, there is virtually no change." Neither is there any on either the right or left flank.—Spartanburg Herald. Nautically speaking, neither is there any a-stern, port or starboard.

Germany has issued a "White Book" in which it sets forth alleged atrocities committed by Russian soldiers invading Prussia. Wonder how much the crimes said to have been committed lack offsetting German outrages perpetrated in Belgium.

NEWSPAPER GAMENESS.

One of the finest exhibitions of nerve we have seen, in the circumstances now prevailing in the business world, and especially for a newspaper, as no business in the country has felt more keenly the pinch of hard times, is that shown by The Florence Times, a hustling daily newspaper published in the thriving metropolis of the great Pee Dee section, Florence, in getting out a "Greater Florence Edition."

This special edition comes 32 pages strong, which is a mammoth paper for a town the size of Florence and a plant the capacity of that of The Times. A perusal of the several bright sections of the paper reveals a wealth of information with reference to the resources of the splendid section of country, rich in agricultural resources, blessed with good climate and fortunate in location as respects railroad transportation.

Somebody on The Times has been at work, and, whoever he is, he knows his business. While the mechanical appearance of the edition is excellent, the subject matter is the real feature of the paper. Various subjects have been treated by persons well versed in the branches covered by their writing upon all topic covered in the edition.

An editorial in this issue of The Times, which is in the nature of a foreword for the booster edition, is a clarion call to business to "buck up" which is unexcelled by anything we have read in many moons. The spirit exhibited is so fine that we reproduce herewith the editorial in question:

"The extraordinary times through which we are passing have fallen with heavier burden upon the South, perhaps, than upon any other section of the United States. By no means the least extraordinary or remarkable circumstance in connection with that fact is that the South has shown a power of resistance to panic, a stability during depression and resiliency and recuperative power, which is truly astonishing.

"Nothing can argue more strongly the fundamental soundness of Southern business, and the resourcefulness of Southern business men than do these manifestations.

"We have found that our business and our institutions were built upon a rock and not upon the sand. They were not to be beaten away by the tempest of fear that swept the land like a gale before the face of the storm of approaching war.

"With every business prospect bright and abundant crops smiling from every field, with confidence strong and nothing to threaten the way, we looked out upon a year of unprecedented prosperity and progress. With the first crash of war business was paralyzed and the very abundance of our great cotton crop but served to further depress its value. The crisis was the severest that the New South had ever met. How she has met it is now a matter of history. She met it heroically and triumphantly, and today she faces the future with a finer tread and surer purpose and more certain destiny than ever before in her history.

"The times that try men's souls bring terror only to the weak; to the strong they bring opportunity.

"We believe that South Carolina recognizes this splendid fact and that she has met and is meeting that opportunity more than half way. We believe, and have believed, that the people of Florence, the business men, professional men, the working men, the farmers and God bless 'em, the women, are imbued with this spirit of self-reliance and community of interest that makes that opportunity attainable. They are resolved upon seizing and making the best of it.

"This spirit pervades every activity and the heart of every dweller in Florence; we verily believe and it is this that makes Florence in truth a leader in every forward movement in this great section of South Carolina of which she is the geographical centre as she is the point of the crossing of the ways.

"Convinced that this was so, we came to the conclusion that this was the time to "buck up" and let the country know that Florence, for one, was planning for bigger things—in the midst of war was planning for peace, as we were, and we invited our friends and patrons, the business men of Florence and of our sister towns of Florence, to join us in this movement for exploiting to the world the advantages of Florence and Florence County and the opportunities which they offered to those who would come among us.

The "Greater Florence Edition" of The Daily Times contains the response to that call. That it was generous, we acknowledge most gracefully, that it was splendid we protest to all those who scan these pages, that it proves our case and our contention we assert without fear of contradiction. It exemplifies the spirit of progressiveness and confident strength which animates the spirit of the community. As an expression of this spirit, we offer you, dear reader, our salutations through this "Greater Florence" edition of The Daily Times. —Here's how!"

Perfident Query.
(Lancaster News.)

The Anderson Intelligencer is worthy of its name, but it never contained a more pertinent query than this: Wonder how the little doggie which hasn't a muzzle jammed over his head would feel when being chased through the streets by an officer with a pistol if he knew how little is being done to destroy the fly, which is a million times more dangerous to the health of the community.

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RECESSIONAL

(Rudyard Kipling.)

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the tire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday!
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

LOOK AT THE BACK!

That's what tells the story of good tailoring. It's much easier to "put up a good front" than a smooth back.

In the back, front, fabric and work of our Spring suits, style and fit are all united.

And you'll get style and fit in the very lightest fabrics here. Our Mohairs, Palm Beaches, Crashes and Silklikes tell the same story of quality tailoring as do our Serges and Worsteds.

High mercury suits \$5 to \$10.

Light serges and worsteds \$10 to \$25

B. C. Evans & Co.
"The Store with a Conscience"

GERMANY AGAINST THE WORLD

(Augusta Chronicle.)

It looks more and more as if the war will finally resolve itself into a situation where Germany will be almost literally, in the words of the Kaiser, fighting "against a world of enemies."

Italy is now a hard and fast member of the late triple alliance—which has become the quadrople alliance, with each of the four powers bound to make no peace or peace terms without the consent of the rest. The entrance of Italy is regarded as certain to drag in her close friend and blood relative Roumania, sooner or later. And if war does flame up again in the Balkans, all the little countries lately allied against Turkey may once more fight side by side. There is no more expectation that Bulgaria will cast her lot with the Teutons, in spite of her bitter grievances against Servia and Greece. She may decide almost any time to plunge in and seize the territory wrested from her in the second Balkan war, after she had won it in the first. Greece's neutrality is wavering, since the king, with his pro-German sympathies, has been taken seriously ill. There are signs that the former premier Venizelos, the strong man of Greece, who is eager for a war of aggrandizement against the Turk, may be restored to power.

The Teutonic allies are already at war actively with seven nations—Russia, France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro and constructively with Japan and Portugal. The entrance of Roumania, Bulgaria and Greece would make a league of twelve enemies. Such a ring of foes, it might seem, would soon render Austria-Hungary incapable of effective resistance, and finish the work of taking Constantinople and prostrating Turkey, leaving Germany alone the titanic task of defending her frontiers against overwhelming odds.

The appalling nature of such a struggle is all the more impressive when the full scope of this possible "duodecial alliance" is considered.

Reckoning the twelve hostile countries and their colonies, Germany

would be arrayed against much more than half the world's population. If we reckon together, Germany, Austria and Turkey, there is a total of 136,000,000 people against 800,000,000 out of the earth's estimated population of 1,730,000,000. If we figure on Germany alone, at last standing at bay against such a pack of foes, it will be 67,000,000 people against 800,000,000.

If Germany can win against such a combination as that, she may truly be said to have conquered the world, making trivial in comparison all the conquests of the Greeks under Alexander, the Romans under Caesar and the French under Napoleon.

made rapid progress in the last generation. It has built "big buildings." It has improved its equipment. It has engaged a splendid corps of professors to instruct an ever increasing number of students. It has improved its curriculum, liberalized its teaching and in a moral as well as in a material sense placed itself among the leading universities of America. All this, however, is of little value so long as the control of the university is representative not of the whole people of Pennsylvania, but solely of "the ruling class," of a small group willing to give and able to get, with industrial power, political privileges, and social prestige. There is no representative of labor on the board. There are few if any representatives of radical thought of small business of the farmer. The university is run by the people who raise the money; and these men, consciously or unconsciously, invest their capital in the business of making public opinion. It remains to be seen whether in the long run public opinion will permit itself to be made.

Only a Trifle Lazy.

A lawsuit was recently in full swing, and during its progress a witness was cross-examined as to the habits and character of the defendant.

"Has Mr. March a reputation for being abnormally lazy?" asked counsel briskly.

"Well, sir, it's this way—"

"Will you kindly answer the question asked?" struck in the lazeable lawyer.

"Well, sir, I was going to say it's this way. I don't want to do the gentleman in question any injustice, and I won't go so far as to say, sir, that he's lazy, exactly; but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food—why, he'd die from lack of nourishment, sir."

A Prize Bull.

Little Minnie was having a birthday party and some of the little guests were discussing the merits of the babies in their homes.

"My little sister is only 5 months old," remarked Annie, "and she has two teeth."

"My little sister," said Nellie, "is only 6 months old and she has three."

Minnie was silent for a moment, then she burst forth:

"My little sister hasn't got any teeth, yet when she does have some they're going to be gold ones!"

Unlucky Henry.

A New Englander was complaining to a friend the hard luck encountered by his son Henry.

"Now, take the last case," he said. "Just as soon as he went to Boston to work Henry fell in love with a girl. She lived in one of the suburbs, and as soon as Henry made up his mind he led her up and bought a 50-cent ticket to her place and—"

"And—"

"Got turned down at the second call! The ticket was left on his hands! If that ain't hard luck, what is?"

Leaks on Farm.

(News and Courier.)

The Dallas Morning News makes no mistake when it says that one of the big leaks in the shape of money paid out as expense on the farm is due to needless damage to machinery and implements.

There are thousands of farmers who have to plead guilty to the charge of neglect of farm machinery.

The idea seems to be widespread that most farms or farm machinery can stand any sort of treatment and can be exposed to any sort of weather.

It is an idea that costs those who entertain it a good many dollars that could readily be saved.

Disgusted.

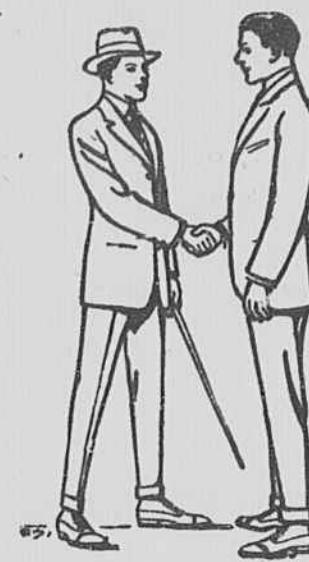
One day, while her grandfather was paying a visit to Florence's home, the little girl said to him:

"Gran'pa, your talk about 'perseverance winning' is all nonsense."

"Well, well, child!" cried the grandfather, "why do you say that?"

"Why," said the little girl, "I've worked all the afternoon blowing soap bubbles and trying to pin them on mother's hat."

Bibles decorated with a portrait of Marshal von Hindenburg are being sold in Germany.



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