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TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1915.

**WEATHER FORECAST**

Fair Tuesday, except showers on the coast; Wednesday fair.

Did you spend a safe and sane Fourth?

Showers Expected Throughout the South—Headline Expected?

J. F. Morgan's Cousin Leaves \$30,000,000.—Headline. Oh, these poor kids.

Speaking of ancient customs, we see where a fellow is writing on the causes of the European war.

A dispatch says all labor is short in the British kingdom. Wonder where all the people are; they're not at the front.

We hope Mr. Morgan has a health and accident insurance policy that's causing his pay to go on while he's laid up.

German Submarine Raised to Surface.—Headline. By the way, that reminds us of the P-4 at Honolulu; has it been raised?

The two Long Island children who chose between two evils, let's agree went to New York with 15 cents between them to see what metropolitan life was like, and were rescued from starvation by a friendly policeman, were no more foolish about it than a good many thousand grown folks have been.

Becker May Squelch Before He Goes to the Electric Chair, says an exchange. We rise to remark that would be the best time to equal provided he wishes to be heard.

"How to Get Married" is the subject of a sermon preached by an Augusta pastor. "How to Stay Married" would be a more appropriate one, judging from the output of the Georgia divorce mills.

"What About Scandal?" is a reader running through Hearst's "Atlanta Georgian." Don't know what it means, but if it's intended for an adv. for that paper it would be true to put it "All About Scandal."

"I should like to ask," writes an "American-born" citizen, "which is the more dangerous to this country, Russian militarism or British navalism?"

Well, without making any invidious distinction, the world would be much better off without either.

**MEDICAGO SATIVA.**

The virtues of alfalfa have long been trumpeted by the federal department of agriculture, but now the medical profession has taken to boosting this particular brand of fodder. At a national convention in Chicago, Dr. Alexander Blackwood of that city announced that alfalfa is just as good for human beings as it is for cattle. In fact, he declares it is not only a nutritious food product, but as valuable medicinal properties.

He experimented with seventeen students at the Hahnemann Medical College, feeding them a compound preparation labeled "Medicago Sativa"—which is merely the Latin name for alfalfa—and they not only digested the stuff and threw on it, but had their appetites for other provender so stimulated that they were impelled to eat five or six meals a day.

Alfalfa may come in time to form an integral part of every family meal and restaurant menu, and there may be an alfalfa bed in every garden. But economically, the discovery doesn't seem to be an unqualified blessing. Even if it cures indigestion, as Dr. Blackwood says, we're not going to have much money by a hay diet that drives us to eat six square meals a day. Why not discover something that will make one meal a day suffice?

**SICK OR CRACKED.**

Edmund M. Allen, warden of the Joliet penitentiary, has been a firm believer in the honor system for convicts. He has put his belief into practice as far as he possibly could. And the other day his wife was murdered by a "trusty."

It was a frightful experience for the warden to go through. Has he become embittered? Does he feel responsible for his wife's death because it seemed to have come as a result of his system? Does he now feel that he was wrong and that there is no honor among criminals? Not at all. Edmund M. Allen is a big enough man to look outside his personal grief and nerve shock, outside the pressure of forces working to alter his life principles, and to see that their principles still hold with all their original power.

His explanation is: "There are two classes of men you can't trust, the sick and the fellows who are cracked. I can do nothing until the legislature makes it possible to classify the men. We must divide them according to their possibilities. Some of them must be kept in a stockade. On account of their sickness or some twist in their brains they can't be trusted."

"I have done what I could, and when my term is out I shall retire. But I hope that my successor will have the chance."

Too long his pathology been confused with morals. The sooner penal authorities realize that the well man for a good man, the better it will be for all society. Few people are hopelessly wicked because they want to be. There is usually some hidden force at work making them abnormal. They are "sick or cracked." Prison reform demands that there be adequate classification of mental and physical types. Prison elimination demands that children be looked after in early life so they shall have no chance to grow up "sick or cracked" and therefore unfit to be trusted.

Sound minds in sound bodies make for good morals. A man of the quality which recognizes this even among criminals ought to be given his chance to carry out his ideas.

**I AM THE NEWSPAPER.**

Joseph H. Finn, president of the Nichols-Finn Advertising company, of Chicago, delivered an address before the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in Chicago, June 22, on the newspaper, so fine that an excerpt from it is being reprinted without comment:

Born in the deep, daily need of a nation—I am the Voice of Now—the incarnate spirit of the Times—Monarch of things that Are.

My "cold type" burns with the fire-blood of human action. I am fed by arteries of wire that grade the earth. I drink from the cup of every living joy and sorrow. I sleep not—rest not. I know not night, nor day, nor season. I know no death, yet I am born again with every morn—with every moon—with every twilight. I leap into fresh being with every new world's event.

Those who created me cease to be—the brains and heart's-blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on—and on.

I am majestic in my Strength—Sublime in my Power—Terrible in my Potentialities—yet as Democratic as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny.

I am the consort of Kings—the partner of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless—the right arm of the needy—the champion of the oppressed—the conscience of the criminal. I am the epitome of the world's Comedy and Tragedy.

My Responsibility is Infinite. I speak and the world stops to listen. I say the word and battle flames the horizon. I counsel

**CHANGING AMERICA**

(Chicago Tribune.)

It is unofficially announced that there are no more "abandoned farms" in Connecticut.

Probably the same could not yet be said of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, or Vermont. But one suspects the dream that has haunted so pleasantly the city weary professional man or clerk since the back to the land romances first began to appear in the popular magazines is fading rapidly.

What a repopulating the New England farm? In Connecticut probably, the automobile is an important agent. With that convenient and comparatively inexpensive annihilator of space, New York and lesser cities in that region have been brought nearer the back country. Remote places are now adjacent to railway points, and a busy man can leave his office at the end of

a long day and be in the hills for dinner on the porch.

This does not much help a district like western Massachusetts, but the automobile is not the only agent of the restored farm. The agricultural school is another at least as important. Better methods make bad farms good, and acres which the loose extensive farming of past times had exhausted are now yielding profitably.

The immigration of foreigners whose living standards are lower than the natives has been a factor, and perhaps also the fact that free land in the west is less plentiful and available is another.

The disappearance of the "abandoned farm" is a portent of significant change. The lavish days of the past are to be succeeded by generations of a more thrifty mode. America is beginning to settle down.

**THREE KINDS OF FARMERS**

(From the Colliers Weekly.)

(Colliers Weekly.)

Frank Johnson of the flat region of South Carolina raises six hundred bales of cotton annually on as many acres. He employs an expert to direct his negro laborers and "dopes" his land with \$25 worth of commercial fertilizer to the acre. When cotton fetches twelve cents a pound, he makes a "killing;" when the price drops to seven cents, he goes broke.

Jim Brown, another cotton grower, lives on a rented farm, knows little, and has little except leisure. He raises a scanty crop on supplies advanced by a lien merchant. In a good year he "pays out" and has a little money for Christmas. In a bad year he has what the lien merchant does not take. The non-resident land lord has a first lien for rent cotton, and, as a rule, he gets it.

But no lien merchant or non-resident landlord pesters James Sheppard, who lives in the hill country. Sheppard had 45 bales of the 1913 crop when the war news reached him last August, and 50 more in the field to pick. "I refused 13 1/2 cents for my old cotton last July," he said, "but I'm not going to worry much. I guess I'll hold both crops till the price goes up again. I don't owe the

bank anything, and I have plenty of corn, potatoes, fodder, hogs and poultry."

The group Sheppard represents, which is very small, reduced their cotton crops this year because common sense dictated it; the Frank Johnson class did so because their bank and fertilizer credit was restricted and the poor class of tenants because lien credit was skimpier.

The general reduction throughout the South is about 15 per cent. Southern farmers, knowing cotton to be their most profitable crop, will continue to raise it; but they are learning that one crop production means illness of live stock, labor and land about half the year, while overhead charges must be paid on the whole outfit. They are beginning to understand, too, that while they cannot compete on a large scale with the wheat growers of Minnesota, wheat raised as a by-product is nearly all profit. Diversified farming calls for diversified information, and that is something ignorant people can't buy, even from a lien merchant. Climate, soil and all other resources in the South are diversified, but resourcefulness is not. Diversify knowledge and the crops will diversify themselves.

**ABOUT THE STATE**

**Darlington Wheat.**

Darlington county can claim a record for wheat production. If anyone has any doubt as to whether wheat can be profitably grown in this county, the following facts, related to The News and Press by Boyd Gandy, one of our most reputable citizens, should dispel such skepticism: Mr. Gandy, whose place is in the Mont Clare section, planted ten acres to wheat. About June 15 he threshed nine acres, realizing an average yield of 44 bushels per acre. On June 27 he threshed the remaining acre, securing the phenomenal result of 54 bushels and 27 pounds of prime wheat.—Darlington News and Press.

**An Amusing Incident.**

An amusing incident occurred on Mr. Sam Balles' place, about four miles north of town, Sunday, caused by a negro farm hand getting mixed up in his count of the days of the week. Under the impression that it was a week day, the darkey went to the stable early in the morning and catching out his mule commenced plowing. When Mr. Balles went to the stable some time later the mule was missed, and instituting a search for the animal, he was much surprised to find the negro and mule busy at work. When informed of the fact that it was Sunday, the darkey was naturally much chagrined and made haste to get the mule back to the stable. He will doubtless consult the calendar a little more often in the future, and will be slow about going to the field quiet mornings when everybody else is resting.—York News.

**More Onions.**

The Record office was presented last week with a few handsome onions by Miss Amanda Edwards, canning club agent of Williamsburg county, which were equal in flavor to the celebrated Bermuda variety. The onions were raised by Miss Wallace Huggins, of Hemingway in her winter garden and are only another example of that young lady's ability for doing things. It will be remembered that she won first prize last fall on her exhibit of canned and preserved fruits, etc., at the court house here. She is now taking advantage of the short course at Winthrop.—Kingstree Record.

**Watermelon Time Again.**

The watermelon lovers of Greenwood were made glad on Tuesday when the first shipment of the year was received. Some very fine looking melons were in the lot and though the price was rather high, many could not withstand the temptation and a large number of melons were disposed of.—Greenwood Index.

**The Place For It.**

On Wednesday last week a lot of nitrate of soda and the car on which

peace and the war-lords obey. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any group. I am the dynamic force of Public Opinion. Rightly directed I am a Creator of Confidence. Abalder of happiness in living. I am the Backbone of Commerce. The Trail-Blazer of Prosperity. I am the teacher of Patriotism. I am the hand of the clock of Time—the clarion voice of Civilization. I am the Newspaper.

it was being hauled by the Mullins Lumber Co., to Mr. Sam P. Gerald in Horry was burned. Mr. Gerald bought the soda of the Palmetto Grocery Co., and they arranged with the Mullins Lumber Co., to haul it. The lumbermen report that it made a mean fire and that it was with much difficulty that they saved the tram engine from the flames. The tram had almost reached its destination when the soda was found to be on fire. Energetic efforts were made to put out the fire, but to no avail.—Mullins Enterprise.

**Fresh Home Raised Flour.**

Mr. Bill Anderson near Mayesville considers one of the progressive farmers of Lee county. He cut his wheat last Tuesday, which turned out 18 bushels of clean wheat to the acre and he had three acres. On Friday he took it to the mill, on Saturday it was ground and Sunday morning he had delightful fresh biscuits for breakfast and has a bountiful supply had delightful fresh biscuits for breakfast and has a bountiful supply of flour for his family for two years. When all our farmers can do this they can pop their fingers at low prices of cotton and secret farmers' societies.—Bishopville Leader and Vindicator.

**No Cotton For Him.**

Oran S. Poo is apparently farming the right way. He has just finished harvesting 2,300 bushels of oats, 350 bushels of wheat and 45 bushels of rye. He is now preparing to plant 50 acres in alfalfa. Now, that surely is farming along proper lines. Not a word about cotton you see. Mr. Poo is going in for feedstuffs and his land is producing bountifully.—Rock Hill Record.

**Early Tomatoes.**

Mrs. C. G. Todd of Belton is on the honor roll when it comes to early tomatoes. It is understood that a good many gardeners in town have grown tomatoes, but last week Mrs. C. G. Todd gave the editor of the Journal several large ripe tomatoes, grown in her garden in Belton. One of the tomatoes weighed over 13 ounces. They were fine. The first in this section of the state. Mr. Moorhead and several other good gardeners were forced to stand aside and give Mrs. Todd first place in the tomato contest.—Belton Journal.

Farmington, Mo.—Twenty-two years ago Fred Butterfield gave a diamond ring to Ida M. Adams to bind their engagement. Miss Adams lost the ring in a log-cabin in the woods. The couple married and died, and the ring was found the other day buried in a decayed log.

Wisdom, Mont.—M. M. McGregoria of Plains has a crab-apple tree which produces rose blossoms. No apples form where the roses have bloomed. A white rose bush was planted last year ten feet from the tree, and it is believed the root grafted itself onto the tree root.

Pueblo, Colo.—A nail factory in this city makes the largest and smallest nails in the world. The 3-16 grade requires \$0.500 to the penny and 2 1/2 million are cut a minute. The 12 by 3/8 inch spike, used in bridge building, weighs 100 lbs. in the pound, and are made at the rate of 200 to the minute.



**CHINESE TYPEWRITER INVENTED.**

A young Chinese student of engineering in New York University has invented what is said to be the first Chinese typewriter. He completed the model a short time ago, and has patented it in this country, China and Japan. The new machine has only three keys. One of these is a back spacer, another the space key, and the third is a strike. It is possible according to the inventor to make 50,000 characters by combinations of "radicals" or base characters. There are two cylinders, five inches in diameter, and about ten inches long on one of which is a copper plate containing 4,200 minute characters. The other contains a paper copy of the same characters, and is used as a guide to the location of each character. On the rim of this cylinder is a list of 110 "key-words" which indicate the location of words or characters which start the same sounds as the key-ords. The operator turns the copper cylinder until the desired character is in front of a key, then he hits the key and the character is printed, after which the turning process is gone through again. At present this is done by hand, though the inventor expects to perfect a mechanism to control this. He claims that after becoming familiar with the location of the characters and the mechanism of the typewriter, a person should be able to write forty words a minute on the new machine.

**WIT AND HUMOR.**

William Howard Taft, the man who has the most right to a grouch, has none.—Florida Times-Union.

The jury sometimes fails to convict on circumstantial evidence, but the neighbors never do.—Topeka Capital.

Love at first sight is often hard on the eyes, judging from the tales they tell in the divorce court.—Ogden Exchange.

Some people seem to think that ex-Secretary Bryan is a blanket Indian, who has left the reservation.—Memphis News Scimitar.

The explosion of a jug of grape juice in an Indianapolis flat seems to be an coincidence that is well worth Washington's notice.—Indianapolis News.

Premier Asquith says the number in the British army will not exceed 3,200,000. Not if the men are kept near enough to the front.—Terre Haute Star.

According to Disraeli "we are all born for love," but seven-eighths of us are destined to be more comfortable in the clasp of debt.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Russians quit vodka, the French absinthe, the British the whiskey and soda, and now the Tealtons might swear off trying to take Warawa.—Indianapolis Star.

An interesting item in exposition finance is the fact that although more than twenty years have passed since the World's Fair at Chicago, the directors have only recently balanced their accounts and disbanded the organization.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An exchange remarks that peroxide has knocked all of the sentiment out of that beautiful old song, "Silver Threads among the Gold."—McAlester (Okla.) News-Capital.

A Detroit tailor is said to be able to cut a suit from memory. That must be the tailor of which some of the ladies' summer clothes are made.—Macon (Ga.) News.

Bring in your frame and we'll frame up a color scheme that will set it off to the best advantage. Your choice of Palm Beach, Mohair, Tropicloth and Silklike.

From five to twelve and one-half plunks will do the trick.

Suits in the right tones for your special complexion, patterns for your particular build and styles for your individual fancy. Neckwear 25c and 50c. Shirts 50c to \$3.50.

Socks a dime to a dollar and everything else to complete the picture.

See our special display of 50c Shirts and 25c ties today. North window.



**PRESS COMMENT**

**Making the Next War.**

(New Republic.)  
It has been said that the business of every peace congress is to arrange the war of the day after tomorrow. The epigram deserves indeed to rank among the great safe commonplaces. Half our professors of history have made an honest living by illustrating this generalization from the records of the congress of Vienna. The congress of Berlin is a case hardly less notorious. One may safely say that it made this particular war by handing over Bosnia to Austria, as it made the two Balkan wars by restoring Macedonia to the Turks.

The epigram, however, is not quite fair to congresses. They are commonly impotent even for mischief. The sinister arrangements which they ratify are commonly made in bargains between individual powers outside them, and before they meet. Russia, for example, sold Bosnia to Austria as the price of her neutrality during the Russo-Turkish war.

When and where the aged survivors of the present war will meet in congress we do not know, but already we can catch a glimpse of one of these characteristic arrangements. It has been signed and settled for about a month in nominal secrecy, over the heads of all the people concerned, and if the next congress should ratify it, even a cautious prophet may safely predict the sure and cause of the next European war.

It will be at all an original war. It will simply be another war for the completion of south-Stav unity, and the only doubtful point about it is whether it will be like this, a universal war, or whether Italy and the new Serbia will be left to fight it out with a limited number of allies and seconds. The arrangements have been made chiefly in London and Paris, but Petrograd has given a reluctant consent. I refer, of course, to the bargain of triple entente in the understanding that she shall annex the entire part of Dalmatia.

**Porfirio Diaz.**

(Chicago Tribune.)  
Porfirio Diaz, dead in Paris, gave Mexico the only long continued period of tranquillity it shows in its history as a republic. Judging him simply in the light of what had happened in fact, and in the light of what has happened since his abdication, the opinion would be forced that he, with his strength, remorselessness and shrewdness, was the only kind of ruler who could keep Mexico peaceful and inhabitable.

If Diaz had been tempered by some of the qualities of Madero, or if Madero had been strengthened by some of the qualities of Diaz, Mexico might be different, but to wait for the fortuitous joining of these characteristics in an occasional leader is to have small hope for an established republic.

Diaz's great achievement was the stabilizing of conditions which made economic development possible. His failure was to raise and encourage a middle class who would make continuance of the tranquillity possible after the strong hand had been removed. Possibly no such compromise can be made in Mexico. Its fate may be to be thrown from the exploiting aristocracy, headed by such as Diaz, to the untold people, headed by such as Villa; and back again, torn in each tossing by devastating revolutions. If this be the case, then such periods of security so long as it exists in name as a republic.

**The Attack on Morgan.**  
(Charlotte Observer.)  
Mr. Morgan is paying the penalty of wealth and prominence. The attack upon him bears all the earmarks of the act of a crank. By no conceivable method of sound reasoning could he be connected with the attitude of the American people on the exportation of arms. If anything were needed to carry conviction on this point it would be the assertion in the rambling note that if Germany were able to buy arms America would straightway return to sell them. The coincidence of the attack on Mr. Morgan and the wrecking of the public reception room of the senate in Washington, by an explosive which seems to have been placed there with a similar motive is striking. They serve to raise the questions whether or not there has been formed an organized program of violence to enforce the propaganda against the exportation of munitions. It is a more reasonable and a more charitable view to believe that these are the actions of week-minded persons whose mental equilibrium has been disturbed by contemplation of the war and by desire for Germany's success. Every great catastrophe finds reflection in that fashion. Men lost their minds merely meditating on the wreck of the Titanic. When the Fatherland is undergoing a death struggle it is possible to understand how an ill-balanced man might succumb to the strain and do rash things. It is scarcely necessary to say that if any attempt at organized violence were made by any organization or group of persons, the heavy hand of the government would repress it and repress it sternly.

**GEORGIA PRESS.**

Writing About William J. Long editorials about William Jennings Bryan. Some people never know when to stop.—Rome Tribune.

Clark Howell might as well try to stop the flow of Tallulah Falls as to attempt to keep Bryan's sayings from the press.—Waycross Journal.

Send, Safe, to the Point. Governor Harris' message compares favorably with any that have been delivered in Georgia in a number of years. It was a Harris document—sound, sane and to the point.—Griffin News.

Charging It to the War. Automobiles are cheap and are going to get cheaper—another result of the war.—Rome Tribune.

Making a Safe Bet. It's a safe bet that Champ Clark will leave the support of The New Orleans Item if he cares to run for president in 1916.—American Tribune.

**CAROLINA PRESS.**

The One Thing Needed. With all the elaborate plans now being worked out to build up a live stock industry in South Carolina, only one thing is lacking: Will the small farmer rise to the occasion and secure cattle?—Greenwood Index.

One Trial After Another. Life to Harry K. Thaw seems to be just one trial after another.—Dorchester Eagle.

Nothing in a Name. Prohibitionists of Georgia have introduced a Mr. Elshelberger for superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. We know now there is nothing in a name.—Greenwood Journal.

Chance for Betterment. We do not know that we could have rain-proof roads in this country without at least spending more money than would be justified, but certainly with a little better system we could have better roads than we have now for the same expenditure.—Newberry Herald.