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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1915.

WEATHER FORECAST

Showers Saturday and Sunday fair.

Mexico didn't raise her sons to be peace-at-any-price advocates.

An ounce of sharpnel is worth a pound of peace literature.

The most "impressionistic" reading in hot weather is reading the thermometer.

A man's batting average in the field veracity is at low ebb during the fishing season.

Germany had better watch out, Mr. Wilson probably hasn't forgotten how to write notes.

The summer girl who worries about her new bathing suit has mighty little to worry about.

It's about time the Russian government was making another appropriation for running expenses.

We see where hard coal is going to get cheaper. But that won't make the getting of it any softer job.

Since Winnsboro is in South Carolina, folks in this State should think well before they speak their minds about Georgia.

Somebody said once upon a time that war was invented to keep the population thinned down. But that was before the day of automobiles and railway grade crossings.

From a careful perusal of the editorial pages of northern papers one suspects that the lynching of Leo Frank called forth comment that can scarcely be construed as favorable.

After reading the slop which the Atlanta Georgian is printing about the Frank case from its Marietta correspondent, O. B. Keeler, we wish to suggest that it would have proved more effective had the story been written in blank verse.

One of Frank's lawyers, giving out an interview on the subject of the lynching, said that Tom Watson was responsible for it and that he ought to be tried for murder in the first degree. He closed the interview by saying there was a lot more he would like to say, but guessed he had said enough for that time. No doubt Tom agrees with him.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The south is backward. It shames the United States by illiteracy and incompetence. Its hill men and poor whites, its masses of feared and bullied blacks, its ignorant and violent politicians, its rotten industrial conditions, and its rotten social ideas exist in circumstances which disgrace the United States in the thought of Americans and in the opinion of foreigners."

That's pretty stiff talk, isn't it? And it's talk that makes you want to smash the nose of the man who says it, and particularly so if he is of that specie we sneeringly refer to sometimes as a "Yankee." It wouldn't be absolutely safe for him to come down here among us and talk to us like that to our faces, would it?

Before going further, we might remark that the above quotation is an excerpt from editorial comment in the Chicago Tribune—"The World's Greatest Newspaper"—about the lynching of Leo M. Frank. And it's by no means the roughest part of the editorial either. We did not select this editorial with any particular thought of getting one that was especially bitter. Of all editorials that we have seen in northern and western papers on the Frank case this one from the Chicago Tribune appears to be typical.

We are reproducing the editorial here because we believe you will be interested in knowing how other sections of the country view mob violence and lynch law. Those are rather stinging things the northern, eastern and western papers are having to say about the Frank case and about the south generally and its lamentable reputation for mob violence. But how are we to help ourselves?

What are we to do about it? We are frank to confess we have no suggestion of an immediate solution for mob violence. We are rather afraid that it is one of those short-comings of our nature that will have to be eliminated by process of evolution. That is naturally a slow process. It is the reverse of evolution. For that reason we fear that for generations to come the south is going to see exhibitions of mob violence when outrages are committed that stir the people to ungovernable wrath. In the meantime, it strikes us, the best that we can do is to lend our aid to this slow process of evolution, which we hope and believe will be the solution of our ills. That process, of course, is one of education—education of not only the head but of the heart.

But referring again to the editorial from the Chicago Tribune about the Frank case, here it is, and read it for yourself: For a very long time the name of Leo M. Frank will be remembered as indicative of something discouraging and not wholly explicable in American life.

We know that, elsewhere than in the ill ordered south, communities can be aroused to acts of violence against the law, but usually the demonstration is one of low elements and also one of hot blood.

What has taken place in Georgia is not due to mob violence. The psychology of the mob does not permit such steadfast malevolence, such a continuing purpose and determination. If a mob cannot act soon its will dies out.

Frank was murdered by men controlled by the spirit of the vendetta. In the background of his fate there was no element of law's utility to punish a crime. Law had not been indulgent to Frank. It had been severe. The questions of reasonable doubt in his case were resolved finally in his favor only to the extent that he was granted the mercy of spending the rest of his life in a penitentiary.

To this doubtful mercy, which Frank asked only as a means by which time for the disclosure of his innocence could be had, was added the terrible experience to which he was subjected when a convict cut his throat. Frank has not been dealt with leniently. What he had gained was the smallest possible expression of doubt. He gained it at the last moment from the last man in authority to aid him at all. Every time he appealed to the law, every time without exception the law denied him the benefit of doubt.

Therefore there had been no failure of what we regard as retributive justice. The trial judge, who had denied him every plea, was disturbed finally by doubt. The United States supreme court which ruled against him contained two justices who had doubts. The then governor of Georgia, Mr. Slaton, at last could not endure the responsibility of a conviction that there was doubt of Frank's guilt.

Clemency obtained for him the gift of life, but in its highest terms. This must be thought of because when an American community yields to lawlessness it is a mitigation, however slight, if the processes of law have fallen, as occasionally they do, into disrepute and if it seem that outraged citizens had to do things of which they disapproved to get justice which they demanded.

Such considerations are not involved in the Georgia case. There had been no miscarriage of justice. At its worst, assuming Frank guilty, there had been only a slight departure from

the sternest code, ordered by the last man who could save Frank, to meet the pressing and irresistible fear that the convict might be innocent.

Georgia did not have an excuse of law's failure for the sentiment it cultivated regarding Frank. And it did not have, as we have said, the excuse of mob passion. Georgia society has developed men who could carry for months a premeditated policy of outrage against law and cruelty to a tortured human being and execute that policy in the end by taking the man away from the State and killing him.

We have said that this is not wholly explicable and it is not. The failure of Georgia to protect the threatened man, even when he was imprisoned in a State penitentiary, reveals a fault in organization.

The present governor of Georgia, when he was told that raiders had broken into the State penitentiary and were running away with their victim to some place where they would kill him, said feebly that he was sure the good people of the State would deplore the act. We doubt it. The real protection the raiders had was the sentiment of the State and the real disgrace in which the State stands is that sentiment.

The murder was not by a mob, but by vendetta, which is determined, cunning, resolved, and cruel. A vendetta is possible in a low social organization, one which is not learned self-control, which has not been sufficiently trained in the rudiments of education to submit itself to restraints necessary to the orderly processes of society.

The south is backward. It shames the United States by illiteracy and incompetence. Its hill men and poor whites, its masses of feared and bullied blacks, its ignorant and violent politicians, its rotten industrial conditions, and its rotten social ideas exist in circumstances which disgrace the United States in the thought of Americans and in the opinion of foreigners.

When the north exhibits a demonstration of violence against law by gutter rats of society, there is shame in the locality which was the scene of the exhibition. When the south exhibits it there is defiance of opinion.

The south is barely half educated. Whatever there is explicable in the murder of Leo M. Frank is thus explicable. Leo M. Frank was an atom in the American structure. He might have died, unknown or ignored, a thousand deaths more agonizing in preliminary torture and more cruel in final execution, and have had no effect, but the spectacle of a struggling human being, helpless before fate as a mouse in the care of a cat, will stagger American complacency.

The south is half educated. It is a region of illiteracy, blatant self-righteousness, cruelty, and violence. Until it is improved by the invasion of better blood and better ideas it will remain a reproach and a danger to the American republic.

The Atlanta Georgian takes a double column, double headed, 10 point black caps and lower case type story on its front page to relate the fact that one of its correspondents had been requested to deliver Leo Frank's wedding ring to the widow.

KIND WORDS FOR THE MIDDLE-MAN.

At last the much abused "middle-man" has found somebody to plead his cause. In a recent bulletin, the department of agriculture points out that, contrary to the opinion prevalent among producers and consumers, the middleman is not a mere economic parasite—that he fulfills a necessary function in the distribution of farm products, and on the whole does it pretty well and about as cheaply as he can afford to.

In paying high prices for goods, the public is paying the cost of a commodity called service—a fact not fully appreciated. Food is distributed today more widely, more thoroughly and more promptly than ever before. The products of every land and climate are accessible to every family in nearly every community. Many commodities must be moved very rapidly, and even at the best involve a great amount of waste, which has to be paid for.

The retailer especially gives service that nobody would have expected a generation ago. The display of goods in attractive and convenient form and their delivery in small quantities involve an enormous expense. As the bulletin remarks, "Service can become a very expensive luxury."

The chief objections to the middleman as an institution not mentioned by the bulletin are these: There are far too many of him, and he has not yet solved the problem of efficient retail distribution. There are at least twice as many small merchants as communities have any use for, most of them eking out a precarious living and incapable of introducing genuine efficiency into their business. Half the number of merchants, with better systems of delivery of goods, eliminating duplications of routes and trips, could give better service at less cost.

THE PERFECT HUSBAND.

The 100 per cent husband has been discovered. If any woman doubts that husbandly perfection exists, let her scan the catalogue of virtues possessed by Edward K. Fischer, a railway clerk of St. Joseph, Mo. Fischer is so industrious that in

eight years of wedded life he has not lost one hour's work from the office.

He is so thrifty that before he was married he saved \$600 on a salary of \$50 per month, and he has since bought a home with the savings from a \$60 salary.

As for making himself useful around the house: He always got up at night to feed and take care of his four children in their infancy; he always undresses the children and puts them to bed; he rises at 4 o'clock every Monday morning and does the family washing before he goes to the office; he works morning and evening in the garden, and raises chickens; he helps his wife do the dishes several times a week.

He requires for spending money only 25 cents every two weeks. He gives his wife the rest, and walks two miles to work to save carfare. Speaking of domesticity, he has been away from his family only one evening a year since his marriage.

He has sent his wife on trips to Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, San Francisco and elsewhere.

Is he not a perfect husband?

Well, that depends on the viewpoint. It happens that Fischer is suing his wife for divorce. It looks, on the face of it, as if he spoiled her by over-indulgence. Would a perfect husband do that?

Incidentally, does it not strike you as rather queer that the former Governor, who used to assail so violently so-called government by injunction should now wish by injunction to prevent the people from having their way.—Florence Times. No, nothing queer about that brother. A demagogue is only queer when he is consistent.

A LINE o' DOPE

It rained again yesterday, the regular afternoon and night showers. Not doing much damage, however, it is delaying the street paving. Mr. E. K. Chapman stated yesterday that the rains seemed to be confined to this section somewhat since the river at Portman Shoals had not shown much rise. Another reason that the rain is thought to be confined to this section is because the Southern power company yesterday called on its Southern Public Utilities company for 3,000 kilowatts of electricity. They were unable to supply this amount but furnished from 1,000 to 1,500 during the day. The former's water supply seems to be lacking.

Many people in the county and city will be interested in the news that the big Woodmen picnic at Clemson College has been called off. Many were preparing to attend and this will cause them to abandon their plans.

Dr. R. L. Robinson, president of the College for Women at Due West will preach at the First Presbyterian church Sunday.

The directors of the local chamber of commerce are making great efforts to have the subscribers pay up their subscriptions. A committee consisting of Messrs. W. W. Sullivan, P. E. Clinkscales and Rufus Fant has been appointed to prepare a list of the past due subscriptions and a campaign to collect them will be waged. It seems for some reason the people have lost interest in the chamber of commerce and something must be done or else abandon the idea of having one.

Mr. A. S. Farmer stated to a representative of The Intelligencer yesterday that he was getting along right well with the experimental process of making asbestos yarn at the Conocross yarn mill. He exhibited a sample and when compared with yarn made at regular mills, it was hard to distinguish the two. He stated that experts had advised him that he had the weight all right but not the density. In appearance the yarn made here is about the same size as that made at other places and has a smoother surface. An expert from Philadelphia will be in Anderson Monday week to confer with Mr. Farmer about the asbestos yarn process.

Among the tourists registered at the Hotel Chiquola last night were Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Davis, Miss Catherine Davis, Paul Davis, Miss Elizabeth Johnson and J. M. Pittner all of Chattanooga, Tenn.

The friends of Mr. Lewis Cox in this city will be interested in the following which is taken from the Bolton Journal: Mr. Lewis Cox who was taken to the Episcopal hospital in Philadelphia for treatment last week is holding his

SALE UNDERWEAR advertisement featuring an illustration of a man and a woman.

own and his family and many friends hope that he will soon be able to return home. His father, Mr. J. T. Cox, and Dr. C. G. Todd returned from Philadelphia a few days ago.

Mentioned in German Plot.



Captain Franz von Papen.

Captain Franz von Papen, military attache of the German embassy in Washington, has been prominently mentioned in connection with the story of the German plot now being published. A New York newspaper has presented what it calls a report made by him to his superiors on the question of buying the produce of factories which manufacture chlorine gas, such as used by the Germans in the trenches about Ypres in April. In fact, his name runs all through the remarkable story about the operations of Dr. Heinrich F. Albert to help the German cause in the United States. It is broadly hinted in Washington that an investigation, which may result in a request on the German government for the recall of several of those in the embassy, may be made.

The Uninflated.

A story which has recently come to light relative to the new notorious election of Terre Haute, displays once again the resourcefulness of the apostles of corruption, says The Indianapolis News.

Two young women, eagerly desirous of the constitutional convention advocated during the last campaign, were devoting their efforts toward that end, by passing out printed slips asking the eyes of the voters. At the polling place at which they were stationed, the greater number of holders were foreigners, unacquainted with our methods, etc. (And yet they were entitled to the franchise, just the same.) The young women patiently dealt out their printed appeal, also smiles by way of good measures, satisfied in their precinct, at least, they were winning out. But alas! "There's many a slip," etc. Between the girls and the booth were two "ants," who, as the uninflated passed them, said uncomplacently, "Tickets, please," and almost invariably the poor little scraps of paper which meant so much to the advocates of a new constitution also equal suffrage, was passed into the hands of the ants, without even a glance at its contents.

Beck Beer.

It is at Munich, in the land of beer, that they meet one week in May each year to pay honor to the black beer special brewed for the occasion and called Beck's beer (biere de bock). During these eight days fabled calves pigs pullets sausage and black radishes are absorbed in enormous quantities. In normal times certain Bavarian brewers retail as much as 30,000 liters of beer in 24 hours, to accelerate the digestion of these provisions. Beck made its appearance in France with the German beer houses of the exposition of 1876. Some pretend to

Advertisement for B. O. Grant & Co. underwear, listing prices for various garments and suits.

For Saturday only, a few dozen 35c socks in blue, black and white; at 25c. You'll hardly have another opportunity at these; the quantity is small and we will not restock them for 25c.

New Grocery BROWN BUILDING, EAST WHITNER J. F. Gary, Proprietor

Having lost my right hand in the Asphalt Plant two weeks ago, and having a family to support, I am compelled to seek some other means of support; so I have decided to open up a Retail Grocery Store, and cater to the Mill people around Anderson for the greater part of my business.

I have bought a stock of Brand New and Fresh Groceries. They are being put into the store NOW. We will open for business

Wednesday, August 15, 1915

and we will appreciate your trade. We will show our appreciation by close prices, and fair and honest treatment.

Mr. J. C. Burk will be associated with me in the management of this business, and any courtesies shown him will be appreciated by both he and I.

Remember the place—Brown Building, East Whitner Street, where you will receive fair, honest treatment.

J. F. GARY

find a reason between the time of the brewing and the season when the book is in his most gallant humor, for the name given to this beer. The truth but little known is that the name bookbeer is derived from "Elmbock-bier," formerly called the beer of Elmbock or Elmbeck, a little Hanoverian town renowned in the Fifteenth Century for its beer.—Le Cri de Paris.

The Knitting Firemen. Sandusky—Sandusky firemen are knitting not socks for soldiers, but shawls for their wives and sweethearts. The knitting idea was put into their heads about a week ago when a fireman from one of the Columbus stations visited the local central station and remarked that knitting is the principal pastime of Columbus firemen.

Cards and checkerboards were promptly put aside, and now almost any evening firemen in each one of Sandusky's five stations may be seen sitting around with yarn, knitting needles and shawls well on the way to completion.—The Ohio State Journal.

Your income may be very small. But, son, you should not float it. Though you can't live within it, I know you can't live without it. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sold. "Oh, go 'way. I don't want any insurance. Don't try to jolly me—I can't be affected by flattery. I'm not that kind of a man. Why—" "That's just what I thought," interposed the agent, according to The New York Evening Post. "The minute I found your name on my list I decided to call on you at once. If so sickening to have to keep calling on men who expect you to jolly them, and praise them, and flatter them all during a business conversation. It isn't done by any business house in the regular course of business, so why should it be done by agents? My dear Mr. Grouch, we need such men as you. We need them greatly and always. I've had battered until my mind is a storeroom of endearing adjectives and pet names, and I tell you I'm tired of it. I could tell at a glance that you were far beyond such crude methods. No man who has achieved the position you have, and attained the honors of the top rung of the ladder pure through his startling intelligence, cares for any of that sort." "This one of the highlights in my life to meet such a man—and to find that I don't have to use the puerile methods of my trade on him. I thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart. Yes, sir, sign on the dotted line. Thank you, sir. Good day."