

THE INTELLIGENCER

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The Intelligencer will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors and are not of a defamatory nature.

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.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1915.

WEATHER FORECAST

Probably showers Sunday and Monday.

By the way, what did Atlanta ever do with the Innes case?

Tomorrow is Labor Day and most of us will labor as usual.

Just about a year ago every body was shouting "Bug-a-Bale."

Old King Coal will soon return from exile and solemnly and majestically mount the throne.

It's amazing how happily Anderson has gotten along this summer without professional baseball.

We heard of housekeeper fretting over fear the war on Turkey would cut off the supply of Turkish towels.

Bessy wishes to be Free Again—Headline. Well if she hasn't been free for all these years, what would you call it?

We don't know for sure how to treat a mule's lame foot but we imagine the best way is to treat it with respect.

Funny that every time one belligerent battleship shoots a hole through another it is of the "graping" character.

Over in Greenville they have an institution called the Pepper school, and they say the boys attending it have some hot times occasionally.

Old man Prosperity is somewhere down in the hollow patiently picking his way up the mountainside, but the old gentleman seems so slow in coming we feel like casting down a block-and-tackle to give him a lift.

Don Orozco, the famous Mexican revolutionist, was killed in Texas the other day on a raiding expedition. The first reports suggested that he was captured in an ambitious plan to reconquer the state of Texas from the Union and annex it to Mexico, reversing the process by which General Sam Houston made Mexico a part of the United States three quarters of a century ago.

Later reports, however, show that he was hunted down and shot simply as a horse thief. Most of the other Mexican "revolutionists" would be found in a careful analysis, to be of about the same caliber, and most of them unquestionably deserve the same fate.

BEING LIKE DADDY.

Do you want your boy to be like you, Mr. Father? Or do you want him to be an improvement over you?

Probably no man is sincerely satisfied with himself and without doubt every father wants his son to be an improvement over the parent. If you feel that way about your boy, Mr. Father, are you eternally trying, conscientiously and faithfully, to make of your son a man that will be an improvement over his father?

Most boys think their fathers are perfect, and they have no higher ambition than to grow to manhood and be images of their fathers. Wouldn't it be "great" if all fathers could always so live that their little sons would never have cause to change their estimation of their fathers, and would grow to manhood, becoming all the while, by gradual and unconscious development, an improvement over their daddies.

A boy sat down and wrote once upon a time his opinion of his father, and he would like to grow up to resemble his daddy. And here are some of the reasons why the boy wanted to be like his father:

"Because my mother knew that from the day he first met her until she died, or for all the days in fifty years, she was the woman he loved. I should like the woman I marry to know the same thing of me, all our lives long.

"Because he was gentle. Because he loved all flowers, in cool woods and in sunny fields and by dusty roadsides, and brought them home, gathered into clumsy bouquets for mother, if she could not go herself to see them in the places where they held up their shy faces. Because he loved all children and let them climb over his shoulders and pull his hair.

"Because his eyes twinkled and his face was jolly. Because he smiled at us children even in days when he was hiding black despair in his heart.

"Because, although his work kept him away from home for so many weeks at a time, he wrote jolly letters every day to Mother and me, making jokes out of my wined and bled covered with snow that had drifted in through farm house windows and of all hardships.

"Because he was deep-chested and strong, and because his strength came from work in the fields in such days as he could find no work in his own profession. Because he thought no work of his hands beneath him if it brought us food and shelter.

"Because he talked to farmers and carpenters and to learned men and to diggers of ditches and to little girls and boys and to presidents alike, and all loved him.

"Because he wore his overcoats for ten years and his shoes for two years and called his coat 'as good as new, with a little fixing of the lining.'

"Because he thought no sacrifice of any importance if by it we were made to love more truly whatever is good and beautiful and true in life.

"Because he used to put his arm around Mother and tease her until her eyes twinkled and she said, 'Go away, Boy!'

"Because everybody missed him when he went away Somewhere Else—and will always remember him.

"That is why I should like to be such a man as he was."

Ancient the election on prohibition Sept. 14, the Charleston dispensary board is laying in a quarter of a million dollars worth of whiskey and beer. Talk about preparedness for peace eventually and "in times of peace prepare for war," the old City by the Sea is a hustler after all.

LABOR'S OPPORTUNITY.

American labor today seems more fortunate than ever before in its history. Never have our worker's prospects looked so good, and certainly never have they been so enviable when compared with the lot of similar classes in other countries.

On Labor Day, tomorrow, it is impossible not to think of Eurc, a, where every able-bodied man is in the field, or in a grave, or in a hospital or concentration camp, and where there is no sign of a return to their normal work and their homes—where, even when the war is ended, those who survive with vigor unimpaired will have to bear the crushing burden of national war debts.

Even in peaceful countries the world, except the United States, there is industrial depression and poverty.

We have been blessed with bountiful crops, and the war itself has begun to contribute powerfully to our prosperity. "War orders" started the boom, and now even our purely domestic industries are reviving, promising a continuance of good times if the heavy military buying should stop. The whole nation is busy again. There is plenty of money and plenty of work.

Labor at last is a premium. The workmen have suddenly and rather unexpectedly come into their own. Ordinarily it requires long continued effort, and even bitter strikes to make

important gains. Strikes recently have seldom amounted to much. Employers can't afford to have their factories idle or their forces disorganized and rebellious, and so industrial disputes have been settled more quickly and easily than ever before. Scores of strikes have been nipped in the bud by big concessions, and in many cases employers have taken the initiative. The eight-hour day is rapidly becoming the rule. The general level of wages is rising. Capital and labor are getting along together better than usual, and both are making money.

Such a profitable partnership meets public approval and augurs well for the future of American labor—provided labor leaders are wise and don't press their demands to an unreasonable extreme. If they keep their heads, and preserve their moderation, without sacrificing principles, the present era of prosperity may place American labor permanently on a new, higher plane of comfort and dignity.

It isn't only munitions that are swelling the volume of American export trade. Food has even more to do with our new prosperity than powder and shells. Take cheese, for example. In May, 1914, we exported \$26,000 worth of cheese. In May of this year we exported \$1,818,000 worth and the figures are still rising.

VON BERNSTORFF'S SERVICE.

It's hard to make a fair estimate of Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador at Washington. Just as the American public has about decided that he's a statesman, a gentleman and a friend, he up and does something to make himself persona non grata. And then, when the public is ready to shout for his recall, he shows unexpected sympathy and understanding and renders us a genuine service.

The ambassador seems to be a mixture of desirable diplomatic qualities and of other qualities which, from our standpoint at least, are very undesirable. In the past year he has swung between two extremes. One is represented by "Citizen Genet," the French ambassador whom President Washington dismissed because of his unneutral activity against England. The other is represented by James Bryce, who as British ambassador to America rendered invaluable service to both his own country and ours, through wise statesmanship and irreproachable conduct.

Last year Count von Bernstorff aroused great indignation by his unbecoming and apparently improper encouragement of the pro-German propaganda in the United States. But when the Lusitania crisis came, he seems to have labored sincerely to avoid a rupture and enable the German government to understand the American sentiment. That effort, though fruitless, swung public opinion in his favor again.

Then the newspaper revelations of the secret German propaganda once more directed unfriendly attention to the ambassador, and he was shown to have been engaged in activities which many newspapers and public men declared to justify his dismissal. But suddenly, with the occurrence of the Arabic crisis, when our relations with Germany had reached the most serious stage of all, von Bernstorff applied himself unreservedly to the task of converting Berlin to the American point of view. And to the astonishment of the world, Germany proceeded to reverse itself and bring its naval warfare within the law.

President Wilson, of course, has been the chief actor in the drama, as the spokesman of this nation. But Ambassador von Bernstorff has been an able and admirable collaborator. For what he has accomplished even his bitterest critics cannot refuse him praise.

There are no more Japs in the American navy. They used to be employed in great numbers as stewards, valets and mess attendants. Now their places are taken by Filipinos and negroes. Nothing much has been said about the change, and it isn't necessary to say much. The fact speaks for itself. The Japs are all right in their place—but their place isn't on American warships.

THE JEWS.

Invariably when we hear anyone refer contemptuously to the Jews, as such, we are reminded of the immortal words of that former Premier of the British dominions, the virtual sovereign of that vast empire, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, who, when taunted once in Parliament with being a Jew, rose and answered, "Yes, I am a Jew, but let me remind the honorable gentleman that when his ancestors were savages on the banks of the Thames mine were princes in Solomon's temple!"

And then, too, we are reminded of the fact that He who was spiked to

the Cross of Calvary was born of a Jewish mother and was to all intents and purposes a Jew.

Rising above individual likes and dislikes, let us ask ourselves if it is, or ever has been, consistent for Christians to despise the people who gave to us our patriarchs, our prophets, our Bible, our religion and our Savior. Nearly nineteen centuries have come and gone since Jesus Christ was put to his death by a mob. Surely it is time for His teachings of charity and the brotherhood of man to prevail among His followers.

A LINE O' DOPE

As has been his custom for the past three or four years, Mr. Keith Chapman left yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock for New York and other points north where he will spend a few days.

Mr. Chapman is a great baseball fan and while on this trip will see the New York Giants and the Boston Braves play on Monday, both in morning and afternoon; Tuesday he will see the Brooklyn Dodgers and Phillies play; Wednesday and Thursday he will see the New York Highlanders and the Washington Senators; Friday the Phillies and Giants in Philadelphia and Saturday the Senators and Indians in Washington.

Mr. Chapman says he will furnish the Line O' Dope man with an accurate and detailed account of the games upon his return to Anderson.

"We are getting along splendidly," stated Mr. A. S. Farmer yesterday morning when asked as to the progress of the making of asbestos yarn at the Coneross Twine mill. "That man fro: Philadelphia, who is an expert along this line of business, has helped us to get the links and knots out of the machinery and within ten days or two weeks we expect to be running all of our mill. You see the mill is divided into five sections of machinery and at present we are working on one section. When we get it started right it will not take us long to put all of the rest in shape. When all sections are started to running we expect to turn out about 1,500 pounds of the finished product daily."

At the Palmetto next week will appear the Bluegrass girls, a comedy company with ten people. Manager Pinkston stated yesterday that this company came highly recommended and if they were not up to the standard, out they would go.

The regular monthly meeting of the county commissioners will be held Tuesday. There is no business of special importance to come before the body.

The seventy-five winners of the corn club contests in the different counties of the state, who have just completed their short course at Clemson Agricultural college, made a total of 5,613 bushels of corn last year at a cost of 32 cents per bushel. This is indeed making corn at a very low price and one that most farmers in South Carolina would like to know about in order that they might do likewise.

Charlie McKenzie, one of the winners in Jasper county whose postoffice address is Tillman, probably has the world's record in one way. Last year he plowed an ox and made 76 bushels of corn on one acre at a cost of 19 cents per bushel. It seems that there is nothing like trying when it comes to raising corn in this state.

John Fleming of Mt. Pleasant, Charleston county, was the champion club corn grower in South Carolina last year, having made 170 bushels of corn on one acre at a cost of 25 cents per bushel.

Mr. S. M. Byars is one of the busiest men in the county at this time. Every day he receives numerous letters from farmers who are preparing their soil for the sowing of alfalfa and other fall crops. In addition to this he receives many inquiries as to what to do regarding all kinds of sick animals and also plant diseases.

As yet Mr. Byars has not mixed up any of his replies to the letters he received as once did an editor of a farm paper who attempted to answer all kinds of questions regarding sick children and law suits of various kinds.

This editor once received two letters, one asking what to do with grasshoppers who were eating up everything on a farm and the other asking what to do with twins—nothing.

Advertisement for B. O. Evans & Co. featuring a hat illustration and text: "Your new autumn hat will make a lot of difference in the way you look; one of the most important things you buy; not for what it costs, but for what it does for you. We'll put the right hat on you; fit your head and the rest of you. Here's the fashion headquarters in headwear; quality in every hat, and satisfaction guaranteed. An autumn exposition of international hat styles. The 'Event,' John B. Stetson's new \$4 hat, shown here. In the most stylish shapes and colors; best hat of the season at \$4. This is Stetson hat headquarters; Stetson hats at prices from \$3.50 to \$5. B. O. Evans & Co. SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS 'The Store with a Conscience'"

received instructions as follows: "As soon as they begin to stir in the morning cover with straw and set fire. Then you will be rid of the blamed pests."

The other man received a reply reading something like this: "Give them a dose of castor oil and rub their gums with a rubber ring."

The following is a quotation from one of the lectures of Ralph Parlette, the humorist philosopher who is one of the numbers of the proposed Anderson college lyceum course, which ought to be shouted from the housetops so that all might hear and many heed:

"If you live in a community and allow it to protect you and keep up the value of your property, and then you send your money out of your community for what you can get just as well in your community, you are not a citizen—you are a parasite."

The annual excursion over the Southern Railway to Savannah, Ga., Jacksonville and Tampa, Fla., will be run on September 21st. A special train will be operated out of Columbia leaving there at 2:40 p. m. on Tuesday and will arrive Jacksonville at 10:30 p. m. Excursion tickets will be good on all regular trains from 5 a. m. Sept. 21 to 1 a. m. the following day. Tickets will be good returning so as to reach original starting point from Tampa before midnight of the 30th, Jacksonville before midnight of the 28th and Savannah before midnight of the 26th. The round trip fare from Anderson is as follows: To Savannah, \$4.00; to Jacksonville, \$7 and to Tampa \$9. No doubt many will take advantage of these exceptionally low rates.

A Ford automobile belonging to Mr. Andrew Pickens of Piercetown collided with the 7:30 North Anderson street car yesterday morning. Both car and automobile were running slow and no one was hurt. The left rear wheel of the Ford was demolished but Mr. Todd furnished a new one and soon Mr. Pickens was going on his way. Mr. Archie Todd says this is service.

Mr. Carl Reed, son of Mr. E. F. Reed of this county, who has been connected with the farm at Clemson College for the past two years, has been made superintendent of the Knapp farm just out of Nashville, Tenn. His many friends will be glad to learn of his promotion.

The following so impressed one of Anderson's leading business men that he asks that it be passed along: "Dress Up! Why? Because Company is coming! Because 'giping times of Prosperity' are with us! Never in the world's history was a nation so favored as the United States today are favored. Nature again has taken bountiful care for us. The Earth is about to give us Ten Billion Dollars in crops. Our steel industry is working at, or close to, capacity. At New Bedford

the textile mills are so busy that they were obliged to deny employes time for a holiday.

Our banks hold two billions in gold—probably the greatest reserve ever accumulated in any country.

Each week is adding millions to our foreign trade balance.

The American Dollar has become the standard of foreign exchange.

All these things spell Prosperity. Not the Prosperity of a few but a Prosperity which will infiltrate through every strata of American life.

But after all what is the big asset of this Country? One Hundred Millions of People unafraid, who can afford to Dress up! Every American is a Sovereign! Dress Up and prove it.

You are a Sovereign whether you believe it or not.

"Start Something!" Dress Up, and soon every neighbor on your block will follow suit.

Talk it to somebody. Be a leader! The most remarkable thing in the world is the Law of Suggestion.

Stop on a crowded street, look up at the sky and instantly everybody in sight looks up. Dress Up!

Whistle a cheerful tune and everybody within hearing distance will hum it.

Let everybody dress up. Talk it to everybody else until we all get the habit.

Dressing up is a fine habit!

The "safety razor" has coined millions because it helps men dress up.

"Phoebe Snow" we all love because she is a sweet girl all dressed up.

The wife who meets her husband neatly dressed, holds him safe. Dress Up!

The "drummer" who is untidy in habit may as well stay at home.

It is the "dressed up" store that wins the trade.

It is the best dressed shop window that creates DESIRE and draws the customer in.

Nature is ever proclaiming the Truth to man "Dress Up." She is ever ever Dressing Up! In the morning the East is rosy with the Dawn. At "high noon" cool shadows invite men in the quiet caress of their charm.

At evening, Day passes into the twilight and to rest. Dress Up!

Why They Wept.

Two Irishmen entered a restaurant and ordered dinners. They asked the waitress the price of everything she brought in, and on bringing in some tobacco sauce she informed them it was gratis. Mick took a large spoonful bringing tears to his eyes.

"What are you crying for?" says Pat.

"Ob," says Mick, "its just twelve months today since they hung me poor old father."

Shortly afterwards Pat took a spoonful of the tobacco, which produced the same effect on Mick.

"And what are you crying for, Pat?" "I'm crying to think they didn't hang you along wid your father." Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

ABSINTHE IS DYING HARD DEATH IN FRANCE

Many Cafe's Serving Imitation Which Closely Resembles Genuine Article.

Paris, Aug. 27.—(Associated Press Correspondence)—Absinth is dying hard in France. Artificial drinks resembling it in color and flavor are obtainable in spite of the vigilance of the authorities, and it is even asserted that stocks of the real beverage on hand at the date of the prohibition, and paid for by the government, are finding their way to the consumer. Numerous new concoctions have also been put on the market to replace it. The traffic is encouraged by an unlooked for resistance to anti-alcoholic legislation in parliament.

The wineshop plays in French politics a role similar to that of the American "rogue," hence the reluctance of the radicals to follow the military authorities in the radical measures they have taken and to support the government in proposed legislation forbidding the sale of any drink testing over 15 degrees of alcohol. The first open resistance was in the form of an appeal to the State Council from the orders of military commanders, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in their regions. They declared it was not in conformity with the laws of 1849 governing the working martial law. The State Council upheld the orders of the military commanders.

The next step originated in the parliament itself, in the proposed limitation or martial law to the zone of operations of the armies. Pressing was brought to bear upon the press and upon parliament by the National Union of Wholesale and Retail Wine and Liquor dealers, who threatened to withdraw advertisements from the newspapers, and political support from the deputies unless the anti-liquor campaign were stopped. The big distillers further complicated the situation by drawing the private distillers in. The private distillers in some departments exert the same influence upon politicians as the city wineshops. Their interests are not the same as those of the professional distillers, but the menaces to their privilege have obliged them to join hands with resisting elements.

Monseur Joseph Reinach, one of the leading temperance advocates, declares that it will be impossible to abrogate the abolition of absinth. On the other hand the Radicals and Radical Socialists, the most considerable group of the chamber, numbering 171 out of a total of 612 members, show a disposition to oppose the government in the reforms proposed. The proposition to terminate the regime of martial law in the rear of the field of operations originated with them. To them, also, is attributed pressure brought to bear upon minister of the interior to suspend administrative measures restricting the sale of alcoholic beverages.

The general public takes little interest in the controversy, having taken the prohibitive measures with good grace. In the workmen's districts, particularly, the absence of absinth is little deplored and temperance advocates declare that if the radical elements of the chamber oppose the reform, they will have once more misunderstood public opinion and have made one more blunder.

"Do you find it expensive to run an auto?" "No," it's when the car doesn't run that it's costly."—Detroit Free Press.