

THE INTELLIGENCER

ESTABLISHED 1860.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1915.

Well, how goes it, old man Turkey Gobbler?

Aren't you glad we don't have milanos in this country.

It ought not to be hard to set Greece afire with the war flame.

The Serbian capitol changes location about as often as the fortunes of the Serbian army.

The seat of war must be getting awfully shiny.—State. With corn on it here and there.

The pepper growers of the Pen Dec are going to meet at Florence. Go to it, paragraphs.

Woodrow Wilson will go down in history as a president of note—and notes.

Says Brains Don't Go With Beauty.—Headline. Derleux, thou art an intellectual giant.

It is not impossible to suspect some folks of being descended from elephants judging from the amount of ivory they have about the head.

Who wants to take a bet that within less than 30 days Teddy will do something to get himself on the front page again.

The reporters are not on their jobs. As yet there hasn't been a single "grind" on the opening of the hunting season next Monday.

A dispatch says that the president gave Mrs. Galt a diamond-studded gold vanity case. Some news agencies seem to be unable to discern between the president's personal affairs and his official doings.

Here's the language in which a Chicago literary genius described his wife in a bill for divorce: "She is an uncultured woman of the shallow, hair-brained pin head, Calamity Jane type; large, muscular, bony and heavy; she is some 30 years, having the civilities of a Corbett, the ferocious temper of a tiger, the strength of an ox, and the reason of an ass." And yet both Gonzales, poor boob, persists in incorporating in his collyrium every and anon diverse sugar-coated ripeness of the "dear sweet things."

THE NOTE TO ENGLAND

Great Britain and Germany are both disappointed by Secretary Lansing's note of protest against British aggressions. One regards it as too strong and the other as too weak. From the fact alone a neutral may gather the impression that our government has steered a middle course and is trying to protect American interests impartially against offenses from any quarter.

It was necessary to deal with Germany first, because German wrongs were committed against American life and British wrongs only against American commerce. With most of the German controversy out of the way, and some promise even of satisfaction in the Lusitania matter, our government is apparently determined to devote its attention to England for a while. And the purpose is the same in both cases—to maintain the rights of neutral nations in war time against all infringement on the part of belligerents.

In pressing our case against either Germany or Britain, we are acting not merely in defense of American property interests, but as the champion of international law in behalf of all nations, for both the present and the future. It will mean much to mankind if our principal aims can be accomplished, and a substantial body of international law can be saved from the wreckage of war.

There will presumably be no relaxing of energy in pressing our claims against England; there certainly should be none. There is no hint of force, no threat, in our demands, but there is the intimation of moral force which in civilized international relations is more potent than bluster or violence.

We do not recognize the legality of England's blockade of Germany. If it becomes genuinely effective and operative against all nations, we will recognize it. Even then we cannot admit England's right to take our ships into prize courts "on suspicion," subjecting them to vexatious and costly delays. We cannot let her use us as an instrument for unlawful retaliation against Germany, nor can we let her discriminate against our legitimate commerce in favor of her own export trade.

Our differences with England are probably not irreconcilable. There has been aroused, as yet, no very intense feeling on either side. The controversy may be ironed out by diplomatic exchanges. If not, the disputed points can be submitted to the Hague Tribunal, in accordance with our British arbitration treaty.

In any event, it would be well for United States to take the initiative in calling an international congress after the war to settle, once for all, the status of international law and its bearing on the new problems raised by the war.

POISONING WAR HORSES

According to a staff writer of the Chicago Tribune, no stranger is allowed to pat a horse's nose in the Chicago stockyards. Anybody who approaches a horse in friendly wise is met by the blunt, official order from a guard, "Go away from that horse's head!"

Why? Oh, merely because strangers have been killing and maiming the horses. Some have killed the poor brutes with poisoned syringes in the stockyards. Others have hamstrung them with knives in the cattle cars.

For the stockyards and railroads are now in the "war zone." Horses are being shipped in large numbers to Europe, and there are always "war bugs" trying to interfere with the shipments.

"Half of the European war is being fought in America," says a stock dealer. And so the dumb brutes during every moment of their long trip from the western ranch or farm to the European market, must be watched to save them from the poison and the knife. Stock men, railroad men, dock men and vessel men must be eternally vigilant.

It's just one little part of the vast, complex game in which partisans of one group of warring nations are trying, on our neutral soil, to prevent the other group from getting supplies. Every sort of merchandise sold to England, France or Russia is similarly menaced. Automobiles are put out of commission en route. Factories are blown up and burned, and their output is ruined. Warehouses are subject to incendiary fires. Bombs are placed on ships to sink them at sea.

Shells, sugar or horses, it's all the same—anything to destroy them! But the poisoning or maiming of horses is the most revolting of the whole shameful business.

THE INSIDIOUS CANE

Ever and anon the cane tries to rear its head in America. It is trying today, though without much success except in some of the big eastern cities. Most of the country is frankly against it, regarding a walking stick in the hand of any able-bodied man as an offense against democracy and a peril to free institutions.

And yet there originally was a sign of democracy and freedom. It came into use in France in the eighteenth century, as a substitute for the sword, which only the nobility was allowed to wear. Its use spread until a cane became the universal badge of a gentleman, even conquering the sword in social usage.

That condition has persisted in Europe. If a man wants to be treated respectfully in any European city, he must carry a stick. To be without one is to be set down as a member of the serving class or the proletariat. But we Americans have our own standards, and the voice of the nation is unmistakably against the cane.

MAKING CHICAGO CLEAN

Chicago has decided to make itself "the cleanest and best behaved city in the world." That would be a considerable chore for Chicago, if it were not animated by the indomitable motto "I Will." In all matters of municipal reform, it might as well be understood at the outset that where Chicago will there's a way.

The way in this instance is the enlistment of civilians for police duty. The police force and the uplift societies are collaborating in a plan to organize a volunteer citizen police force of 20,000 members—men and women both—to help the regular, salaried police. There is to be one citizen in every block bearing the title of "civic co-operator." He will have a card signed by the mayor indicating this authority, and may also wear a star on his chest to impress lawless or irreverent fellow-citizens. The enrollment is already under way.

It's a good idea, this impressing citizens into the municipal service. We have had lately numberless organizations of civilians for the national defense. If civilians are to save the nation, why not the city? When it comes to making Chicago clean and orderly, however, a police reserve of 20,000 men and women looks like an awfully small force.

NEW YORK AND JITNEYS

Now New York City is grappling with the jitney bus problem. A jitney company has applied for a franchise to operate its buses north of Fourteenth Street; and the Interborough, which has a monopoly of the transportation traffic, is trying to block it.

The monopoly's argument is interesting. If the jitney buses are introduced, says the Interborough, the public will ride on them, because people naturally like automobiles and fresh air. Even the surface trolley lines have been gaining in patronage, because the people won't use the subways when there's any decent way to get about above the ground. In London the motor buses are said to have interfered with the traffic of the subway lines. A similar shift of patronage in New York might bankrupt the subways.

Therefore, argues the Interborough, the city should refuse the jitney's permission to use the streets, and thus compel the public to ride underground. It may be a perfectly valid argument from the standpoint of the Interborough stockholders. But how about the right of the public?

If the New York public, merely to swell the profits of a powerful transportation monopoly, will stand for being herded like cattle in its stuffy, ill-smelling subways when it might ride in the fresh, wholesome outdoors where human beings belong, the New York public is even more bovine than usual.

A LINE o' DOPE

Weather Forecast—Rain and colder Saturday, Sunday fair.

Mr. Joseph B. Simpson, architect, has gone to Detroit, Mich., after spending several months here during the illness and death of his mother. For the past six years Mr. Simpson has been employed by a leading firm in New York city but has now accepted a splendid proposition with Preston, Brown and Walker, architects in Detroit.

City council yesterday afternoon accepted Mayor Godfrey's proposition which was that in the future he would conduct recorder's court and thereby save the city the money which has heretofore been paid out for this purpose.

The office of recorder has been made vacant by the death of Mr. Russell and during his illness Mayor Godfrey did the work. He stated yesterday afternoon that he would be willing to continue doing it, if it was agreeable to council. The salary of the recorder is only \$400 per year, but recently the city has had to pay out considerable money in carrying on the street work preparatory to the paving. Owing to this the mayor is willing to do this work and save the city this money.

This is a liberal offer on the part of Mayor Godfrey, and he will have the support of the people in this action.

Arthur Lambie, advance man for the Prince of Pilsen, was in the city yesterday and stated that Anderson was one of the most prosperous towns he had visited in the south. He claims the Prince of Pilsen to be one of the best attractions on the road this season, and that it is playing at \$2 a seat in other places. However, Mr. Trowbridge out talked Mr. Lambie and the show will appear here at \$1.50. Mr. Lambie praised the Anderson theatre and stated that it compared very favorably with those found in cities five times the size of Anderson. His only criticism was in regard to the seating capacity of the local house, which is 485 in the pit, 168 in first balcony and 102 in second balcony, which makes a total of 755.

A negro cemetery has been established on the extension of Franklin street by Messrs. J. M. and J. F. Evans. This cemetery will join the one owned by the city. The burying ground has been named "West Vale," and it was stated yesterday that already some of the plots had been sold. Several months ago Messrs. Evans acquired 12 acres of land adjoining the colored cemetery owned by the city, and they have cut about seven and one half acres of this up into small lots, which range in price from \$10 to \$25.

F. H. McGarrity, a white man, was yesterday fined \$100 or 30 days in mayor's court for transporting illicit or contraband liquors. The arrest was made by Officer Whitten Thursday afternoon and the man had two pints of liquor, one of rye and one of corn, in his pockets.

Mr. T. H. Laslay, president of the Southern Paving company, was a visitor in the city yesterday, having come over from Greenwood where his company submitted a bid for the paving work to be done there in the near future. Mr. Laslay is a very interesting man and it was a pleasure to see him yesterday.

Mr. Laslay stated that judging from what Supt. Cramsey said, the paving in Anderson would be completed by the 15th of next month. He stated that he thought all of the asphalt work would be completed by December 1, including the work recently ordered on Manning, East Earle and East Market streets. The brick work on North Main will take about two or three weeks.

The contract in Greenwood has not yet been let, but all of the bids except three have been thrown out, that of the Southern Paving company being one of those remaining. Mr. Laslay stated that he was proud of the work in Anderson, and also of the co-operation on the part of the city officials in carrying on the job.

Trains into Anderson over the C. & W. C., were delayed yesterday owing to a small wreck on the main line below McCormick. Engine No. 204 ran off the track and it took some time to get it back on and the track cleared. Reports state that no one was seriously injured.

Four prominent Asheville citizens passed through Anderson yesterday in an automobile en route to Atlanta, Ga., on a little pleasure trip. They will take in the Joe ball game there today between Tech and Georgia, returning home Sunday. Those composing the party were H. W. Chandler, S. C. Satterthwaite, Jr., W. D. Ray and H. P. Campbell.

A paroled convict of South Dakota must serve out his term because he got married while at liberty. Pretty hard lines for a man who was taking the best way to behave himself.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A married man laughs when one of his bachelor friends gets married. It may be better to be born lucky than the start.

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Judged by our higher standards of value, the suits and overcoats here priced at \$15 carry a greater measure of style, fabric and tailoring value, than is obtainable elsewhere.

See our Evans Fifteens Today.



"The Store with a Conscience"

The Brogan Controversy

The State prints today an account of the troubles in the Brogan mills, near Anderson, written by Mr. Glenn, the editor of the Anderson Intelligencer. The story is told in temperate terms. It is a plain statement of the facts as the writer has observed them and we commend it to the careful attention of South Carolinians everywhere who are interested in the preservation of the peace and the maintenance of the laws. The columns of The State are open to a presentation of the other side of the case, if any one wishes to take exception to the statements of Mr. Glenn. The State would of course expect that the same moderate tone be observed by others in discussing the tense situation in Anderson that characterizes Mr. Glenn's expressions.

The Problem in Anderson

The owners of the Brogan mills in Anderson are not going to injure or destroy their own property. Of that there is no doubt. They are entitled to protection for it. They are not less entitled to protection for it than Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown or any other farmer in Anderson county is entitled to protection for the cotton in his ginhouse.

Supposing that Farmer Jones of Anderson county has five bales of cotton in his ginhouse, has he or has he not the right to ship the five bales to Columbia or Greenville?

Suppose that Farmer Jones warns all persons not having business on the lands, which he owns, immediately surrounding his ginhouse, not to come upon them if he or is he not within his rights?

Suppose that in spite of warnings, persons trespass upon the lands near Farmer Jones' ginhouse, is or is not Farmer Jones entitled to have protection from the peace officers of Anderson county, of whom the sheriff is the chief?

Is the right of Farmer Jones to ship five bales of cotton in bales less than the right of the Brogan mills to ship five bales of cotton after it has been spun and woven into cloth?

There is but one answer to these questions and every sane man knows what that answer is. All property is entitled to protection in Anderson county, whether it is owned by a farmer or a spinner, and the duty of protection rests upon the officers of the law of whom the sheriff is the head.

The condition of affairs at Brogan has attracted the attention of the people of the State. They expect the sheriff and his deputies, who are the sworn officers of the law, to perform their plain duties and if they do perform them the people of the State know that both life and property and liberty to work will be secure in Anderson county.

STORAGE OF COTTON SUBJECT OF BULLETIN

Washington, Nov. 12.—It is very important, according to the specialists of the United States department of agriculture, that all cotton that is no marketed when ginned should be stored or placed in a position where it will be protected from injury by moisture. Where cotton is exposed to rain it is subject to serious injury, and where it is sheltered but left in contact with the wet ground it is likely to become seriously damaged. It is frequently the case that people do not realize the amount of damage that is done. In many instances cotton appears from the outside of the bale to be in fairly good condition, when it is really badly injured inside due to the fact that moisture has been allowed to penetrate the bale, thus causing mildew.

It is not unusual, according to the department's data, for cotton to suffer a loss of from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per bale as a result of unnecessary exposure. At all times it should be kept off the ground and properly sheltered. Where it is impossible to place it in a warehouse it should be protected by a dry shed or it may be placed on poles or timbers which will keep it several inches from the ground, and covered with tarpaulins. Protected in this way, it can be held for six months or even a year with very little damage.

In some sections the farmers and business men have organized companies for the purpose of constructing warehouses in order to protect the cotton. This, the investigators believe, is a move in the right direction and every community should take this precaution where the warehouses now available are not ample for the protection of the cotton crop. They point out, however, that many of these communities are making a serious mistake in constructing cheap warehouses. It has been shown (Bulletin 216, U. S. Department of Agriculture, "Cotton Warehouse, Storage Facilities Now Available in the South," that there is an annual loss of several million dollars in the cost of insurance. This loss is brought about primarily by the construction of cheap warehouses. The rate of insurance on these cheap structures ranges from two per cent to four per cent per annum, while it is possible to insure cotton, in the standard warehouse, with proper equipment at the rate of one per cent per annum. The cheap structures last a comparatively few years and cost almost as much as the standard warehouse. The saving in insurance will pay for the difference in cost of the warehouse in a very short time. While it is better to construct inexpensive warehouses than it is to allow the cotton to be damaged, it is much better and even cheaper in the long run, to construct standard warehouses.

A Wise Doctor. Some time ago Brown began to feel a little under the weather, and a physician was summoned. A few days later a friend called to see how the patient was getting along. "Borry to see you getting up, old boy," remarked the caller sympathetically. "What seems to be the trouble?" "Just run down a bit," answered the patient. "The doctor says I will be all right in a short time." "I see," thoughtfully returned the visitor. "I understand the doctor told you to take plenty of fresh air." "Yes," smiled the patient. "He knew it was the only kind of medicine that I could afford to get."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

In Defense of Giggling.

Raleigh Times. Discussing the advice given to young men by a certain woman doctor; that they avoid in choosing wives the "girl who giggles," the Greensboro News has the following: "The designing woman, or girl, may be heartless—she may be expert in playing the game of deception to accomplish her ends—but she doesn't giggle. The girl who giggles wears her nature on her sleeve. Dr. Yarros is wasting her time in ringing alarm bells for either sex. If there ever was a time in the history of man and women when they were serious, it is the present."

Is "giggling" really dead? Frankly, we hope not. It is true that the practice is one that gets on the nerves of the man who has fought so long that he has ceased to appreciate the laugh that means no more than the exhalation of health and spirits. It is annoying to that experience of life that comes by its humor hard. It is true that, publicly indulged, it is a breach of that decorum of manners which is the arrogant boast of a hearty animalism that glories in its red blood and presents age with a list of the things it has outlived. But for all that, the giggle of the human animal that is ripening into maturity is no less instinctive and natural than the chirping of a bird, in the springtime, than a peacock spreading its tail, a tiger dancing with its shadow, or a moonlight—or the eternal feminine that runs through nature giving the half-beckon of invitation before it runs while yet undetermined whether to get away or be caught.

Cut out the giggle? By the comic papers speak true with their cartoons, of the spectacled little men and women of Boston? Are we to be born serious as well as to that trouble as inevitable as the upward flight of sparrows? Is the matron who unselfishly pours her life into the hard routine of keeping a family to have no lustrum or giddy-headed folly on which to ponder with yearning eyes? Is the grand folly of the divine comedy of mating itself to be robbed of all its sentimental lines and settings? Are we to be deprived even of the sedate pleasure of thinking that "There Was a Time" even if we come back to earth with a jerk.

The saddest thing in life is to take it seriously. Should age that protects itself with satire begrudge to youth the high quality of giggling in the face of facts that are hid with fancies?

Throwing OR on George. Some of our irreverent contemporaries are disposed to throw off on King George of England for getting a fall from his horse while reviewing his soldiers. They evidently look upon his royal highness as a sort of mollycoddle, who does not know how to sit a horse. Very likely he is not a skilled rider, for he is not fond of sports like his father was; in fact, his father was a good deal of a sportsman in his day, while George has the reputation of being a little bit henpecked.

But they are not giving George a square deal in the reports of his recent equestrian accident in saying that he was thrown from his horse. The correct sense of that term. The sportsman's fall comes to the effect of a fall from his horse, while reviewing his soldiers. They evidently look upon his royal highness as a sort of mollycoddle, who does not know how to sit a horse. Very likely he is not a skilled rider, for he is not fond of sports like his father was; in fact, his father was a good deal of a sportsman in his day, while George has the reputation of being a little bit henpecked. But they are not giving George a square deal in the reports of his recent equestrian accident in saying that he was thrown from his horse. The correct sense of that term. The sportsman's fall comes to the effect of a fall from his horse, while reviewing his soldiers. They evidently look upon his royal highness as a sort of mollycoddle, who does not know how to sit a horse. Very likely he is not a skilled rider, for he is not fond of sports like his father was; in fact, his father was a good deal of a sportsman in his day, while George has the reputation of being a little bit henpecked. Give the king his dues.—Newberry Observer.