

THE INTELLIGENCER

ESTABLISHED 1820.

Published every morning except Monday by The Anderson Intelligencer at 140 West Whitner Street, Anderson, S. C.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER Published Tuesdays and Fridays

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Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1914, at the post office at Anderson, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES

Telephone..... 321

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: Rate (One Year, Six Months, Three Months, One Month, One Week) and Price (\$5.00, 2.50, 1.25, .42, .10)

Table with 2 columns: Rate (One Year, Six Months) and Price (\$1.50, .75)

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To insure prompt delivery, complaints of non-delivery in the city of Anderson should be made to the Circulation Department before 9 a. m. and a copy will be sent at once.

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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. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1915.

Opportunity knocks but is not a knocker.

Have you been invited to join Mr. Ford's little peace hunt.

And sometimes a square deal has every appearance of being crooked.

If silence is golden then some barbers are poorer than a church mouse.

A Kurd would stand a mighty poor chance getting in the cream of society league.

How's this for a candidate for your goat-getter column. Bro. Bob Gonzalez: "Brutal" murder.

We suppose most members of the British House of Commons are anything but common people.

"Only two people in five have a sense of humor," says Sewell Ford. Of course you're one of the two.

When Governor Brewer of Mississippi and Governor Rye of Tennessee get together what else is needed?

The Columbia State has been conducting a class in the use of similes, but so far has neglected to drag out the old reliable: "An --- as Holl."

Spain has decided to recognize Carranza, but she had better do it before Villa gets hold of him because she wouldn't recognize him then.

Speaking of national conventions—why don't the Republican candidates for president hold a convention? Maybe they could find a convention hall big enough to accommodate them?

The White House denies that Mrs. Galt is to have her wedding gown made in Paris. What in the thunder has the White House got to do with it?

With most pacifists a man is either a lingo or a pacifist—they recognize no level-headed, common sense view that would have prepared us without militarism.

John Wainwright has accepted Mr. Ford's invitation to join the latter's little peace outfit. The department store genius might pick up a little bargain in the way of Belgium while over there.

REFUSING THE PRESIDENCY

The reluctance of Kansas Republicans to take Justice Hughes' name off the ballot shows how hard it is for political leaders to understand how any man can refuse the honor of a presidential nomination.

To the politician, it is inconceivable. He regards the presidency as the natural goal of every public career, and he is certain that even a losing fight for that prize is champion of a party is an honor to be grasped at eagerly by any ambitious American.

It is a wholesome thing, then, for the politicians and for the nation at large to be reminded that there are men whose eyes are not dazzled by visions of the White House, and who recognize in the presidency only one of the many honorable offices worthy of high ability.

Charles E. Hughes would rather have his present job than Mr. Wilson's. He considers the supreme court of the United States as not inferior to the office of chief executive. He thinks he can serve the nation better where he is, and he knows that he will be happier there.

And Justice Hughes isn't the first man who has been so minded. William H. Taft, it may be remembered, wanted above all other things to be a supreme court judge, and ran for the presidency unwillingly.

It is customary in America, if a man shows conspicuous ability in any public place, to begin immediately talking of him for the presidency. It is unfortunate that this is so. There are many public jobs besides the presidency that demand first-class men. Moreover, the ambition that this practice incites tends to make a public man dissatisfied, viewing whatever place he may hold as a mere stepping stone to something higher—when as a matter of fact, whether it be a majority or governorship or senatorship or judgeship or any of a dozen other forms of public service, it may be the one place in which he can do his happiest work and render his most effective service.

Presidential ambitions have ruined far too many fine public careers in America.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE

Critics who insist that the South always discriminates against the negro in favor of the white man should consider a recent verdict rendered in Colleton County, S. C.

A white man was tried for killing a negro. There was no excitement. It was shown that the negro had been abused and threatened by two intoxicated white men, and had been shot when he tried to run away. The white jury took just twenty minutes to find the assailant guilty of murder.

This verdict is said to be notable as the first of its kind in that community since the war. It isn't by any means the first of its kind in the South, however. And it is an index to the growth of evenhanded justice in South Carolina and neighboring states.

The number of convictions of whites for offenses committed against blacks has been steadily increasing, under the active encouragement of the best element of the bench, bar and press.

AN UNAPPRECIATED SONG

If Kaiser Wilhelm doesn't like a song that somebody has written about him, all he has to do is to say so, and it dies a quick, painless death. The author may or may not go to jail. In England, all King George has to do in similar circumstances is to frown slightly and the piece is automatically barred from publication or public rendition and the author is ostracized by all right-minded Britons.

Just now President Wilson is perturbed by the perpetration of a pair of New York song writers, who, learning that his fiancée is descended from Pocahontas, dashed off a lay celebrating the love of a white chief for his Indian Princess. The gully authors sent their composition to the White House, and can't understand the president's reply that the song pains him, and that he will be obliged if it is suppressed. They think he's wrong about it, and refuse to suppress it. And the president is helpless. It's one of the penalties a Democrat has to pay for democracy.

REVOKING PASSPORTS

It was drastic action that our state department took with regard to a certain hyphenated citizen sojourning in Germany. The man in question was a naturalized American, who, with his wife, had been living in Berlin. He was known to have made remarks during the past year, which were regarded as insulting and treasonable to his adopted country. On one occasion he is said to have announced publicly that he was ashamed of his American citizenship.

When, therefore, the gentleman

presented himself at the American embassy with a request for his passport, he was calmly informed that it had been revoked.

The applicant was filled with consternation. His wife thereupon made a tearful appeal to Ambassador Gerard, explaining that her husband merely wanted to go to Holland and back, and that it was a matter of vital necessity. But the ambassador was obdurate.

That leaves the citizen-ashamed-of-his-citizenship in a serious plight. He has nothing to show that he isn't a German subject, and is therefore liable to be drafted into the army whose cause he has so warmly espoused. His intended "visit to Holland" was a ruse to get back to his despoiled America, to escape military service.

The propriety of the government using its passport privilege in this cold-blooded manner may be questioned; but there can't be any question of the salutary effect of such a lesson of the American citizen living in Germany, England, France and Austria who have been slandering their country instead of defending it.

OUR DANGER STRIP

In case of a foreign invasion, our country would bear one strong resemblance to France. About four-fifths of our munition plants and general manufacturing industries of military importance are located within 200 miles of New York, together with about 90 per cent of our shipping yards, navy yards and government storehouses. An enemy who succeeded in gaining possession of that region would be in much the same position as Germany today, holding a strip of northern France containing 80 per cent of France's manufactures and mines.

We have the advantage that our country is incomparably larger than France in extent and resources, but that doesn't prevent the residents of the eastern states from feeling more keenly than those of the safe interior the possibilities of foreign peril.

Whether any enemy, however, even with our present defense, could hope to effect a landing on our eastern coast with a large enough army and equipment to conquer that populous section is another question, regarding which experts are hopelessly at variance.



Weather Forecast—Rain Saturday; Sunday fair and colder.

"My daughter-in-law, Mrs. John M. Graham and two little daughters came up to spend Thanksgiving with me," stated Mr. T. A. Graham yesterday, "and I have been having lots of fun with my little grandchildren. They are both girls and are twins, twelve months old. They are so much alike that I do not attempt to try to be able to tell Mary from Martha. In fact, they are so much alike, that their mother gets them confused at times. It is the custom for the mother to keep one at night and the nurse the other. A few nights ago along about 12 o'clock both of them woke up and began crying. Although many lullabies were sung, and medicines given, those children continued to cry. At last it was discovered that the nurse had the children mixed up and had the wrong one. After an exchange was made they went to sleep immediately."

Evidently those twins must look alike.

The Junior Philatheas of the First Baptist church will serve oysters on next Tuesday night, Nov. 30, the place to be announced later.

"Well cotton advanced 50 points today and cotton seed oil went up five cents," stated Mr. Joe Fretwell yesterday. "You can just tell the people that I said that I believe if they will hold their cotton they will get 15 cents a pound for it and that if they hold their seed they will be able to get \$45 and \$50 a ton for them. We must keep both off the market and the prices will go up all right."

The Elks Lodge of Sorrow, a memorial service for the deceased brothers, will be held by the local B. F. O. E. on the afternoon of the first Sunday in December. An impressive program is being prepared by the committee in charge. Judge J. M. McCullough of Greenville will make the address, and in addition the local officers will take part in the exercises, which will be held in one of the local theatres.

The following account of a fire in Sumter will be read with interest by many Anderson people. The Mr. O'Donnell referred to formerly lived in Anderson and was in business with the late Mr. John O'Donnell. The Mr. the late Mr. John O'Donnell. The Mr. Chandler referred to is a brother-in-law of Mr. Walter H. Keese.

Fire early this morning totally destroyed O'Donnell & Co.'s store, causing a loss estimated at around \$75,000, with insurance of \$42,000 on stock of goods and building.

Nothing was saved from the building except one bicycle out of a stock of goods valued at approximately \$60,000. The store had two entrances on Main street, one side for dry goods and clothing and the other for groceries and crockery ware.

Cuttino & McKnight, a grocery store on one side of O'Donnell & Co., was damaged by water, while Joseph M. Chandler's clothing store on the other side suffered serious loss when part of the parapet of the burning store gave way and fell into his store on top of a large amount of clothing, which was ruined. The merchants had insurance on their stock to cover their losses. These buildings were owned by the estate of Mrs. Ella Toumey.

The O'Donnell store was the largest retail mercantile business in the city and the loss of the store with the entire stock of goods means a big loss to Sumter. Many farmers secured all of their supplies here and the company was a large buyer of cotton and sold much fertilizer. The building was erected some 12 years ago and its cost was more than \$12,000. It was now valued at more than that amount because of the increase of the value of materials. It was learned today that no plans had yet been made to reopen the business in some other building, but unless this is done soon the fire will prove a serious matter to many of the clerks; about 30 of whom will be thrown out of employment.

Rev. W. H. Frazer, D. D., pastor of the First P. S.byterian church had two requests recently for the address which was delivered some days ago at Townville, on the American Negro. These requests have been acceded to and he will deliver the address at 10 o'clock on Friday evening and on the following Friday at the school of Misses Haddon and Hagan near Pendleton. Those who have heard the lecture speak most complimentary of it and lauders of the dialect and students of the Afro-American problem will find entertainment and instruction in what the speaker has to say on the subject. Dr. Frazer has made this a special subject for years and has written somewhat extensively for the Northern religious press on the subject.

Reed Shaw and Ernest Gentry, two white men convicted of manslaughter in the last term of court and sentenced to seven and six years respectively, were sent to the county chain gang supervised by Mr. Carl McConnell yesterday morning.

In accordance with their custom, Walter H. Keese & Company local jewelers, are now mailing out their annual catalogs. These catalogs are a credit to any jewelry store, whether it be one in Anderson or in the larger cities. The books are printed at considerable cost and the displays are arranged in tasty fashion. Patrons of this firm may receive one by calling at the store or by writing.

As is the usual custom a committee consisting of Mrs. Fred Maxwell, Mrs. Wm. Laughlin and Miss Nora Hubbard, from the W. C. T. U., on Thanksgiving Day fixed up baskets with fruits and good things to eat and carried them to the county home. After this was done it was found that they had enough left over to give a treat to the patients at St. Mary's hospital and so several baskets were left there. It is good that some remember the poor and sick on these days.

His Pedigree. Old Dumas was just as little ashamed of the colored blood in his veins as was his son, says the Baltimore American. A troublesome man was boring him about his origin. "Your father, Mr. Dumas, was the offspring of a White Frenchman and a negress."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Your grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side must have been coal black."

"And your great-grandfather, M. Dumas?"

"He was a monkey, monsieur. My pedigree begins where yours ends!"

An Observing Father. Pa—Hortense is them stockings got fur trimmings onto 'em, it is my eyes deceiving me?"

Hortense—Your eyes are O. K. Pa."

Pa—"Great Caesar's Ghost, who ever heard of a fur-trimmed calf?" Hortense.

ANCIENT MARTINET SPIRIT

British Officers Ordered to Wear Swords on King's Visit.

London, Nov. 26.—A curious survival of the martinet spirit of the old army appeared during the recent visit of the king to the British troops in France, when an order was issued that the officers should appear with swords during the royal review. It was a costly order for the young officers, as few were provided with swords, which are the most expensive part of a kit.

Swords are obsolete as part of an officer's equipment in the field. Officers who had them left them at home when they went to the front. A small bamboo cane has taken the place of the sword except when in action and then some officers carry rapiers.

In anticipation of the royal review, an order was issued at the headquarters by France for all officers to provide themselves with swords. This piece of antiquated etiquette fell heavily on the purses of the subalterns. The king, on account of falling from his horse, was unable to review his troops, after all. And it is said that the king would have been the last man in England to place this heavy tax on his officers for the sake of mere form, had he known of the order.

Queer Mail Conditions in Idaho. The following R. F. D. conditions of the waste places in Idaho, as told by a correspondent in the December Woman's Home Companion, smack of the Eskimo system and barren Alaska:

"If the snow is fresh," she writes, "the dog teams find it difficult to haul the letter mail and the insured parcels that needs must come when some of us in the wilderness happen to be short on sugar, coffee or other necessary food. In the early spring the magazines, papers, books, and so forth are piled in the nearby office. Gradually they come over each week, but not until the trails open in June to cayuses do all of us get everything that lies stored at the other end of the line. The Companion is rarely left, for it is one that we of the wilderness consider a necessity, along with the sugar, coffee and other "grab."

If the dog team plays out, or there is fear of it, some one crosses the summit to help the carrier over the divide. At times men take the great sacks of mail on their backs and turn the dogs loose, for there is snow so bad that no matter how willing a dog may be, he cannot wallow through it with a load. Then the dog sleds are discarded and the mail tied in deer hides, this being found an easier way of hauling the loads, especially later, when the spring thaw is breaking up the winter snow. By the middle of March the real difficulties come, for many parts of the trail then are bare, yet the summits closed. That means that cayuses must come up to the snow line on each side of the divide, while dogs must be used over the summits. This takes the extra men, for the cayuses from over the hills have to be brought up to meet the carrier, who has to return to the cayuse he left on the other side, while otherwise the poor beast would starve or freeze."

Evading the Sale. A mother told her small son she would punish him if he ever asked for anything to eat while at a neighbor's house.

The next time he went over to call on the neighbor he sat still for a few minutes, then he said:

"Now, I must go. Do you know why I have to go? Well, I'm hungry, that's why."—Woman's Home Companion.

Evangelical Diction. Burglar (late acquittal, to his lawyer): "I will drop in soon and see you. Lawyer—Very good, but in the daytime, please.—Boston Transcript.

A Christmas Custom.

"Old, very old in England," we read in the December issue of the Woman's Home Companion, "is the custom of setting lighted candles in the windows on Christmas Eve to give holiday greeting to the passer-by, but little use has been made of this charming idea in our country. Baltimore, however, has had a city-wide lighting of candles which was so successful that it is repeated every year.

"Weeks before Christmas, when plans were being made for the community tree, it was suggested that each household set lighted candles in the parlor windows to wish 'Merry Christmas' to the fellow townspeople, not even the most enthusiastic supporter of the Candle Greeting expected to see half the number of windows that were so lighted when Christmas Eve came.

"Scarcely a city block in any section of the city was without at least one illumination, and it was not rare to see every house in a row brightened by this evidence of 'peace on earth and good will to men.' It warmed the very cockles of one's heart to walk through street after street with these silent Christmas greetings everywhere, and no one who has gone through such experience could ever want to know another Christmas Eve without them."

A Mexican Christmas Custom. The people of Mexico have a grand celebration every year, beginning December 16th, says a writer in the December Woman's Home Companion, "and continuing until after New Year's. Every night they have jolly family parties and feasts; a few gifts are given out each evening. But they have no stocking-hanging, no mythical Santa Claus and no Christmas tree. Their substitute for the latter is the pinatas—which would be a popular novelty if introduced to American homes.

"These pinatas are queer figures about four feet tall, which dangle by the neck or head from a rod six feet long. They are made of paper over a fragile oblong jar, which forms their body and holds the Christmas gifts. Some look like huge paper dolls in holiday array; there are queer animals, crazy clowns, gorgeous dancing girls, etc., all decidedly fat in body and decidedly flat in the extremities.

"Early in December, street corners and squares are crowded with vendors who offer these grotesque tinselled creations at whatever price they can get from passerby. People of all classes haggle over the amount, and then carry them jauntily, and very carefully—home on their shoulders."

Selling "Nickel Thrillers" by Fraud. Disguising the itiney screamer as real literature and selling it for fifty cents is a new form of fakery described in the December issue of the Woman's Home Companion by Walter Prichard Eaton.

"I have on my desk at this moment," he writes, "a book which sells for a nickel and would be burned in the stove by any careful parent. The volume is issued as a single number of a weekly periodical (an ideal publication for American youth) it calls itself); each number of this volume written by the same author, is over three hundred pages, with a well-printed 'back' showing an attractive picture of boys playing football and baseball and bearing inside the imprint of a Philadelphia publishing house. The type and paper are not bad. The whole get up is sufficiently respectable to make the book physically desirable as a present, and the price is only fifty cents, which of course adds to the desirability.

"This book is by the very same author who supplies the material for the weekly 'Already mentioned, and the hero is the same hero. In short, this book is a fifty-cent book is nothing more nor less than an old nickel novel in a dress suit."

Science and the Dime Novel.

How the fifty-books-a-year authors are employing modern science to help them in their trade of 'constructing impossible adventures' is told in the December issue of the Woman's Home Companion by Walter Prichard Eaton. After sampling one of these books he says:

"We learn that Tom Swift—who is, supposed, mind you, to be scarcely more than a boy—has made enough marvelous inventions to crowd Edison into the kindergarten class, and has had more adventures than Sindbad the Sailor. Listen to this: "By the time moving pictures were beginning to occupy a large place in the scientific, as well as the amusement world, and Tom invented a Wizard Camera which did excellent work. Then came the need of a powerful light to enable Uncle Sam's customs officers on the border to detect the smugglers, and Tom was successful in making his apparatus.

"He thought he would take a rest after that, but with the opening of the Panama Canal came the need of powerful guns to protect that important waterway, and Tom made a Giant Cannon, which enabled the longest shots on record to be fired. "Now some months had passed after the successful trial of the big weapon, and Tom longed for new activities. He found them in the idea of a photo telephone, and he and his father were just talking of this when interrupted by the accident.

"To let boys read such impossible rubbish is nothing short of a crime. It deprives their sense of realism, it atrophies their powers of literary appreciation, it debauches their imagination, it makes science contemptible."

A Demand for "Better Mothers!" A novel scheme adopted by the Woman's Home Companion will give stimulus to the "better babies" agitation that is prevalent throughout the country. Women may now receive by mail advice and instruction in bringing up their children. In the Companion's December issue we read:

"Here is a big piece of news that will delight the heart of every mother. The Better Babies Bureau has started a service in the Mother's Club, especially for mothers of babies under one year of age. So many of our expectant mothers, after their babies come, beg us to continue sending monthly letters that we have decided to help them through the first year of their baby's life.

"Month by month, from the day we receive notice that the baby is born, we shall send cheerful letters of advice and instruction on the care of babies. We shall teach mothers how to bathe and dress them; how to feed them; how long they should sleep; how much they should weigh; and many other things that every mother needs to know if she wants a better baby. A mother may register her baby any time before it is a year old and receive the letters.

"Records from State Boards of Health show that the greatest number of deaths among babies occur during the first year, and doctors tell us that most of these deaths are preventable if mothers only knew how to take care of the little lives entrusted to them."

A Message to His Love. First Barber—That was a bad cut you gave that old man while shaving him.

Second Barber—A, there's a reason for that. I'm courting his wife, and the cut will let her know that I'll meet her this evening.—Boston Transcript.

Why Ethel Was Beached. "You must learn to swim the fly, Ethel. Flies carry typhoid fever."

"You'll typhoid fever all day and you get it?"

"Certainly."

"Mother, why doesn't it kill the fly?"