

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

Founded August 14, 1896
228 North Main Street
ANDERSON, S. C.
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Entered According to Act of Congress as Second Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice at Anderson, S. C.

Subscription Rates: Semi-Weekly Edition—\$1.50 per Year. Daily Edition—\$5.00 per annum; \$2.50 for Six Months; \$1.25 for Three Months.

Member of the Associated Press and Receiving Complete Daily Telegraphic Service

Large circulation than any other newspaper in this Congressional District

TELEPHONES: Editorial 327, Business Office 321, Job Printing 693-L, Local News 827, Society News 821

The Intelligencer is delivered by mail in the city. If you fail to receive your copy regularly please notify us by mail.

Labels: Label to be pasted on each copy of the paper. Label to be pasted on each copy of the paper.

Forecast: Fair Thursday

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Costumes for... resorts are... more concern than "Is the water warm enough for you."

The White Way seems to be receiving... tributes from friends in all parts of the State.

The more battleships the less fighting, seems to be the policy of the democratic administration.

Seems to us that too many colleges have been robbing the cradle roll. Give the high-school a chance.

Two weeks hence the people of South Carolina will have a line on the political situation in the state.

A lot of annoyance is being caused by this chap Carranza. Will the United States be made to do as he says all the time?

Every democrat should see that his name is on the club rolls. This is really not as much trouble as going to the polls to vote.

Time for summer excursions is indefinitely postponed—until after the rain puts the grass where it can be fought with the hoe.

We are printing today the entire roster of the democratic party, and recommend that all democrats read the whole thing through.

The campaign opens every candidate should make up his mind to treat his opponent fairly and to accept the result in good grace.

Rev. S. A. Nettles seems to be on top technically, but there are some others who seem to think the Adversary will suffer under his return.

The Southern railway would do a lot of good for South Carolina by building the Blue Ridge road through at least as far as the apple orchards of North Georgia.

One of the militant suffragettes in England, after knocking a man down with a hammer exclaimed that the man had been too lady-like. She had just finished ruining a painting entitled "Lovers Wounded."

Rev. Hillman in town yesterday... store buildings in course of construction and gradually admitting Anderson is almost as good as dead. His name is George, not W. W. Evans, as the townsfolk say.

BREAKING CONFIDENCE

One of the first rules taught by men breaking into honorable newspaper work is not to violate a confidence. It is often heart-breaking to a news gatherer to have things told him on honor and then to be unable to publish them, and to sit silently by and see some other paper in sheer luck stumble over a "story" which has been nursed for days.

While The Intelligencer feels a responsibility to give its readers the news, we also feel a pride in our professional reputation to such an extent that we would rather suffer a "beat" on an item than to publish it under circumstances that would appear base and would bear discredit on the very face of it.

Tuesday The Intelligencer learned that the treasurer of Anderson county has tendered his resignation to the governor of the State. This paper was requested upon honor not to publish the information. In making inquiry about the matter some of the persons approached evidently "tipped it off" to the local afternoon publication, and as a result the treasurer told the reporter for the aforementioned that he would talk of the matter in confidence only. As a result of that confidence the following appeared:

Columbia, June 3.—It was learned this afternoon that Governor Bleuse has received the resignation of Mr. C. W. McGee, treasurer of Anderson and it was said that Mr. McGee asks for immediate acceptance. No announcement has been secured from the governor's office as to what disposition he will make of the resignation. It is understood here that Mr. McGee intends to enter into another business and this is the cause of his resignation.

In some manner our curiosity was piqued and we wired the private secretary of the governor of the state to the following effect: "Did the governor's office today give out a story on the resignation of the treasurer of Anderson county?" In reply we received the following:

The Intelligencer, Anderson, S. C. Your wire. No newspaper story given out today on any matter today, as far as I know. John K. Aull.

We know that the public is not interested in the shop talk and the other matters of newspaper offices. But this is a matter of deep significance to the newspapers trying to live up to a professional standard.

We would not have said these things but for the fact that some weeks ago the publication referred to made a false statement to the effect that The Intelligencer had obtained a certain bit of news from the county treasurer's office and had violated Mr. McGee's confidence. We felt at the time like stigmatizing the allegation in the manner it deserved, but as the county treasurer himself repudiated the thing and requested that nothing more be said, we let it drop.

We wish to say here and now that The Intelligencer will ever fight to earn and to deserve and to retain the confidence of the people. We would, therefore like to ask the question: Did the purported story from Columbia published yesterday afternoon come from outside the city limits of Anderson?

There is more in this than the mere matter of a "beat" or a "loss" of a story, it is a matter of principle. If this story did not originate in Columbia, why does it bear a Columbia date line?

Post Script—Since the above was written, The Intelligencer has received the following from its Columbia correspondent, Mr. W. F. Caldwell.

The Intelligencer, Anderson, S. C. No resignation received here, so Mr. Aull announced. Governor Bleuse is in Charleston. 10:22 p. m. W. F. CALDWELL.

We believe that the case here is made quite plain. The Intelligencer does not wish to be very severe in this matter, but we wish for our readers to know that we try to be careful in the selection and printing of news and facts, although newspapers, like individuals, are prone to err and may be deceived by designing persons "riding" their columns.

THE OLD FIRE DEPARTMENT

We reproduce today from another paper an article written by that steady lover of Anderson, Andrew C. Todd, upon the history of the fire department of this city. This article is especially interesting as the firemen of the city have had hard work this year and their friends wish to see them get a trip to the State convention at Florence.

What has become of the first horses of the Anderson fire department? That is a question which some might not stop to think of often, but we saw one yesterday, Old Charley. He had a bad sore on his side and the flies were bothering him a great deal. This one time splendid old animal has done his part for the protection of the city—but today he is but a shambling old wreck. Are there any human prototypes?

ANDERSON JURORS

Look at the roster of jurors to serve in the Anderson county court. That lot of men could be trusted with any case. This county has the highest average in the state with reference to character, intelligence and fear of the law on the part of the petit jurors. And that is one of the things that has helped to make Anderson a great county.

Luracy divorce deposition of wealthy young Howard Dale against his wife, Dorothy, gives detailed descriptions of Swedish punches.

An Oakland, Cal., man, arrested for violating the auto laws, argued the excuse that he was in an argument with his mother-in-law, which distracted his attention.

GATE CITY NEWS

Atlanta, June 3.—When Peal Banks, a negro, was shot to death last night for stealing a five cent "hot dog" sandwich another murder was added to the long list of tragedies which have given the gruesome name of "Dead House" to a negro dance hall in the outskirts of Atlanta. The sandwich man who fired the fatal shot, escaped in the turmoil before the county police arrived on the scene. It was a typical Georgia negro night gathering, with "hot supper" features, dancing and banjo playing.

When Mrs. A. E. Cole, who was the forty-ninth candidate for divorce in a list of 67 unhappy spouses, found that tales of ordinary bad treatment did not constitute bona fide "cruelty" in the eyes of the law, she cut loose with the following specific description of the particular form of cruelty for which she was suing her husband. "He kicked me out of bed, threw me from place to place around the house, drew a pistol on me, threatened to kill me, and said he had changed his mind and would hold me in oil instead."

As soon as the gasping jury got its breath, she got her verdict. Mrs. Nellie Barfield, another of the 67, got a verdict on the ground that her husband came home drunk at 2 a. m. and made her get up and cook him breakfast at that hour.

The small-town constables "put one over" on the city cops last night when they arrested on a joy-riding charge two Atlanta policemen in a police commissioner's automobile, with two of the police commissioner's pretty daughters.

They were arrested at Smyrna, on the charge of violating the speed laws. The two officers are being made the target for much sly wit today at the hands of their fellow bluecoats.

The whole board of Fulton county commissioners is now formally on record as favoring a searching investigation into the charges of graft, favoritism, maladministration and incompetency which have been lodged against those who have in charge the direction of the county's affairs.

Some of the commissioners believe there is a "nigger in the woodpile" and want to see him forced out into the light, while others believe that there is no graft or maladministration, but that since the charges have been made, the public has a right to an investigation to clear the matter up.

Mayor Woodward's veto denying women the right to membership on city boards, while not intentionally directed at the suffragettes, since the mayor was simply opposed to enlarging the boards, is taken by the suffragette leaders as another serious setback.

BARNES NEWS

Barnes, June 3.—Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Schumpert were here recently visiting at the home of Mr. H. M. Schumpert.

Mrs. John Craft and daughter, Miss Laura and son, Johnnie of Anderson, are spending a few days here with the family of Mr. A. A. Mauldin and other relatives.

Mrs. S. A. Morgan and little daughter Winnie spent awhile in Anderson recently at the home of Mr. J. W. McCarley.

Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Hampton of Danielsville, Ga., were here awhile recently on their way to Rocky River to spend some time with homefolks.

WANTED—A few more families to reside at Barnes who are filled with spirit of good will and are not afraid of an idea. Cast your lot with us and you will add to your list of friends—and enemies.

Rev. J. B. Herron will preach here on the second Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to hear him.

Miss Sallie Patterson and her cousin, Miss Carrie Patterson of Iva, were here Saturday and Sunday with their relatives.

Mr. E. R. Evans of Anderson, R. F. D. 7 and B. B. Evans of Iva were here last Sunday at the home of W. R. Evans.

Albert McManis, of Orangetown, N. Y., had his only arm fractured and in a sling today as a result of being pitched over a ledge of rock on the sides of the Pallasades in Alpine by a foot pad, and falling twenty-five feet.

Bryan on the Platform. Washington, June 1.—Secretary Bryan announced today that if house business would permit he would spend a part of his vacation this year lecturing on a chautauque circuit. Mr. Bryan's first lecture will be delivered in North Carolina July 4, he said.

THE BEAUTIES OF PISGAH FOREST DESCRIBED IN CHARMING MANNER

The Wonderful Land of the Sky Sold By Mrs. Vanderbilt to the Government To Be Kept Perpetually as a Playground for Nation

(Written For The Intelligencer by Donald Gliffs.)

Ashville, N. C., June 3.—The recent decision by the U. S. Forest Reservation Commission to purchase from Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt 86,700 acres of land near Ashville, N. C., will soon make the United States the owner of a vast and beautiful forest in the heart of the Southern Appalachian mountains, only 16 hours ride from Washington and 13 from Atlanta. It is believed that by next year congress will convert it into a national park to serve as a playground for the thirty-five million people to whom the railroads make it accessible in a day's journey. Its center is 17 miles in a Southwest direction from Ashville from which its nearest point is only six miles distant.

Containing 134 square miles, it formed the bulk of the land which the late George W. Vanderbilt acquired in the past 23 years in connection with his princely Biltmore House, the finest country place in America. "Pisgah Forest," he called this cherished possession, and this name has been adopted by the commission. Conserved by the first scientific forestry practiced in America, it is the finest and most extensive hardwood forest in the Eastern States, and it will be the largest area owned by the United States East of the Mississippi.

Pisgah Forest is a princely domain of mighty mountains and crystal streams. Lacking the barren grandeur of the Rockies, it is a great green garden of wooded heights and grassy glades, impenetrable thickets of rhododendron and azalea making masses of bloom in spring and early summer. In its bounds are giant peaks, some grassy "balds," other balsam-clad domes and rock capped summits with granite precipices sheltering bear and wolves, culminating in the sharp spire of Pisgah's pyramid 5757 feet above sea level.

Abundant rainfall ensures luxuriant vegetation. Noble trees of poplar, oak, spruce, hemlock, balsam, hickory, walnut, maple, birch, cover the slopes. A thousand high placed springs send their cold waters through ferny dells to form the hastening streams. Cascading over rocky bottoms they foam against great boulders swirl in dark pools, spread like a silver curtain over rock tables and plunge, as at Looking Glass, sheer down for sixty feet. It is a land of singing brooks and white-crested streams.

Game and fish abound in the forest. It is estimated that there are 3,000 deer, besides bear, wolves, foxes, raccoons, opossums, squirrel, rabbits, quail, wild turkey, native pheasants and the descendants of the Chinese and English pheasants with which it was stocked years ago. The clear, cold water is the native habitat of the speckled or mountain trout and the larger streams are the rainbow of California variety. Wardened religiously for many years the trout are as plentiful as the ardent fisherman could desire.

One may reach the heart of this wilderness in a two hour's ride from Ashville, and the greater part of it may be overlooked by a scenic road believed to be unequalled in America; a road nearly a mile in elevation and an automobile road at that. It was built by Mrs. Vanderbilt exclusively for her use by his automobile in reaching his hunting lodge on one of the "ears" of that "rat" which, as seen from Asheville, the imagination pictures as climbing to the sharp summit of Pisgah.

NINETY SIX WAS THUS NAMED

History of Old District and Its Famous Indian Legend. (Paper From Edgefield Chapter.)

The origin of names of various towns and places is of interest to us, being always a matter of more or less curiosity and not less often quite a source of information. I feel that I can make no better introductory remarks in connection herewith than by relating the incident, very pathetic and touching, that gave rise to the name of the district of Ninety Six.

Ninety Six derived its name from a strikingly peculiar, though to a certain extent, quite a natural occurrence; and all will join in the opinion hearing the story, that the name is both appropriate and suggestive. Many of the names of our States, towns, rivers, etc., are derived from the Indians, because they are almost invariably very pretty names and because they preserve aboriginal history and legend.

Ninety Six, however, is of course of our own English language. The name arose from the legend of the beautiful devotion of an Indian maiden to her white lover, an early settler, of that section, whose life was in the hands of her who loved him best.

The home of this Indian maiden was some distance from that of her lover, it being near the subsequent location of Fort Prince George, and was known as Koo-wee, an Indian village of the Cherokee tribe, but it was also in this same district, Chiquola—for that was her name—having learned of a contemplated attack upon the small band of whites by the Indians, rode with the speed which only love could have made possible, just in advance of the attacking Indians, covering the distance between Koo-wee and the home of her lover—36 miles—in 24 hours. The whites, rejoicing in Chiquola's bravery which saved them from destruction, named their settlement Ninety Six, the distance of the memorable ride. Eighteen and Twenty-Three mile creeks of the same section derive their names from this legend also.

Advertisement for B.D. Cranst Co. featuring an illustration of two men in suits. Text: Who is more uncomfortable than the man wearing a heavy suit on a warm day? He is not only uncomfortable, but cannot enjoy the neatness of the man wearing one of our light suits. Come here and see how easy we can fit you in a Palm Beach or Mohair suit—you'll then find out what comfort is. Palm Beach Suits, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10. Cravenetted Mohair suits, \$15, \$18, \$20. Order by Parcels Post. We prepay all charges. B.D. Cranst Co. The Same with a Conscience.

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