

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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IN ADVANCE

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The Weather. Washington, Feb. 4.—Forecast for South Carolina: Cloudy and colder Thursday, with rain in extreme west portion; Friday rain.

Daily Thought. So many gods, so many creeds, So many ways that wind and wind; While just the art of being kind Is all the sad world needs. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Hazing by any other name is just the horsplay of cowards.

A young man has to settle down before he can rise.

One can find fault without straining his eyes to discover it.

The Mona Lisa smile now sold with every bunch of tango lessons.

Anderson is My Town, even if the hotels are too small for the town.

The mileage bill appears to have been railroaded through the house.

Ever have an automobile run over your foot? Don't try it. Not a bit amusing.

Secretary Wilson seems to trust the trust to return their trust to the government.

The concealed weapon law in Mexico has been repealed by President Wilson.

Who are the best listeners? Married men. Why? Well, no married man would ask why.

He that entertaineth a stranger unaware sometimes finds that his guest was a shrewd man.

The popularity of the ground hog is assured if he is responsible for these beautiful days.

There is quite a novelty in New York—a restaurant that serves cats—no music, no cabaret.

Bulgaria is in a terrible plight because of her greed. The whole world now must help her starving peasants.

Ovville Wright's attempt to make a foolproof flying machine shows that the fool killer yet has work to do.

Anderson county real estate transactions during January eclipsed all previous records in extent and for value.

Let him who is without sin cast the first stone" has been distorted to cover up more crookedness than anything else in the Bible.

The first fruits of Henry Ford's plan to divide his profits with employees has been for 75 of them to get married. Hear that, Archie?

Some Democrats are trying to knock Mr. Hammer of North Carolina out of a federal job. Anvil chosen?

Uncle Tomma' Earle says he has a fine new Studebaker that he would not swap for any other auto or any Ford that he ever saw.

The wealth of the United States is said to be greater than that of Great Britain, Ireland and France combined. But there is some poverty here also.

No use for scare crows any longer. The whole bird and animal kingdom can't be frightened any more if they stand for the prevailing styles of women's dress.

ANDERSON AND THE SOUTHERN.

When it was announced that President Fairfax Harrison would come to Anderson some business men, appreciating the need of better train service west of Anderson, thought it would be a good idea to get up petitions asking the president of the Southern road to give earnest consideration to the opening of the line from Waihalla to Clayton, Ga., and thence by sundry connections to Knoxville.

As a step in this direction, to show to the railway company that even its local business might be benefited, without track extension, it was decided to ask that the gas-electric coach, which now operates at a loss between Anderson and Greenville, be switched to the line west of here, taking in Westminster and Waihalla.

The gas-electric car is said to be anything but a financial success. The railroad people admit this themselves. It could not be any more of a dead loss when operated between Waihalla and Anderson. This proposed plan of getting petitions was not by any means to go over the head of Capt. John R. Anderson, but to work in connection with him, to back him up in anything that he might ask for the road.

Capt. Anderson loves the Blue Ridge road more than any other human being, and is more ambitious for its extension; he loves Anderson; his personal interests all are here. But he has had such a long, hard fight to get the road where it is that the public should not hesitate to back him up and to encourage him in anything that the road will do for the development of trade and the improvement of the country.

Heretofore we have pointed out that the Blue Ridge is not operated, as to schedules and connections, in a way that is quite to the advantage of Anderson. The "Anderson coach" that stands in the Union station in Columbia attached to the Columbia and Greenville train has got to be a State-wide joke, and discredits this city.

When the road from Columbia was first projected it was stipulated in the charter that Anderson was to have as many trains a day out of Columbia as Greenville, and we would like to inquire if this consideration has been shown Anderson by the Southern Railway? Any one who thinks so has but to run over to Belton and see the trains glibly on their way to Greenville—nice, clean, electrically lighted, steel frame coaches, and Pullmans once a day.

And yet we have heard that under Capt. John R. Anderson's superb management the Blue Ridge has been relatively the best paying piece of property of the Southern Railway.

We are not knocking the Southern Railway. This great organization has done wonders for the South, but only where the demand has been made. Those people in Spartanburg have had a union station built within the last seven years, and they are about to get another merely for the asking. If we make no start, we will never ask for anything, and how will Capt. Anderson and the Southern Railway know that the people here are dissatisfied with train conditions and with poor accommodations unless a protest or appeal of some kind is registered?

We see no harm in the people of Denver and Sandy Springs and Pendleton and Aulam and Clemson College and Seneca petitioning for a better train service. The Southern Railway will make adequate investigation before anything is done.

There is no reason for any strained relations between the people of Anderson and the Southern Railway. The city of Anderson, as a commercial whole, should appreciate the efforts of the Southern and the Blue Ridge to build a handsome union station here, and should give the Southern a lot of freight, and we believe that if the Southern will show a liberal gauge policy toward Anderson it will never have to make a cry of discrimination. The Southern is a great railway system, and Anderson needs it, and the Southern should hold out the helping hand to Anderson, a city that has lifted itself by pulling at its own boot-strings.

Clemson College is within the natural territory of Anderson, and yet much of the trade and nearly all of the travel of that community goes to Greenville, 15 miles further, because of better train service. If there were a spur track from Clemson to the Blue Ridge, we believe that the trade of Anderson would be appreciated by nearly a quarter of a million dollars a year.

Again to the main proposition. The petition to be circulated in the towns west of Anderson is for the Southern Railway to investigate and see if it would not pay the company better and serve a larger number of people and relieve conditions to a greater degree to have the shuttle trains now operated between Greenwood and Greenville, or the gas-electric, switched over from that part of the line which has so many trains, to the western end of the Blue Ridge.

THE NEED OF HOTELS IN ANDERSON.

There were some 10 or 15 persons who had to sit up all night in hotel lobbies in Anderson last night because there was no place for them to lodge. The night before the Sheriff of Elbert County, Georgia, arrived in the city after dark. These are conditions which are unknown to the people of Anderson. And yet we learn that this kind of situation occasions no surprise among those who are acquainted with the facts. The patrolmen on duty at night frequently have to find room for the late comer who finds all the hotels crowded.

Tuesday night the Sheriff of Elbert County, Georgia, came in here with a deputy, and even the boarding houses known to the police officers were filled to a crowded condition. A well-meaning citizen tried to find a room at the Y. M. C. A., and finally took the Georgia Sheriff to his own home rather than let him go back home with an account of the apparent inhospitable conditions in Anderson.

There are the conditions, men of Anderson. The hotels that are here today are absolutely inadequate to take care of the transient business. We are to have a theatre, which multiplies the business of a hotel. And we all look forward with longing, and with expectancy, to the day when Anderson will have railroad extension. Notwithstanding what some croakers say, the logic of the situation is that if Anderson goes after it right she will get the railroad extension in the next year or two.

We must begin to provide hotel accommodations in anticipation of that event. Professional hotel men, observing the unmistakable trend of events, have put their prices too high, when consulting with reference to going into business here on a stock company plan. They know that something MUST be done. It appears to us that the thing to be done is for the business men of Anderson to work out this problem for themselves.

Otherwise the town will suffer, as it has suffered already by not having hotels sufficient to accommodate the public.

SEND US NAMES OF VETERANS.

In view of the fact that the State reunion of Confederate veterans is to be held in Anderson this year, we feel that there should be a more widespread organization of the veterans of the county. The camp in this city is alive and active, but there should be camps in every part of the county, and the Sons of Veterans also should get busy to assist the old soldiers in every way.

In order to assist in preserving the military history of this county, The Daily Intelligencer will be pleased to receive the names of all of the old soldiers in the county, as well as old company rolls, etc. We call upon our correspondents to assist us in this work. Learn the name of every old soldier, the name of his regiment and the number of his company. In fact, we would like to have every old soldier in the county who may think that he will be overlooked to send us his name.

We wish they would write us scraps of history, describing deeds of heroism or tales of gallantry and of suffering of Anderson county men.

IS THERE A GROUNDHOG? THERE ARE

A Reply to The New York Sun

There are some people that are unbelievably apt to think that there is no such thing as a groundhog. This is flying in the face of tradition, superstition and Webster's Dictionary not to mention Will Shakespeare who wrote "How Much Wood Would a Woodchuck chuck," etc. For the woodchuck and the groundhog, be it known by these presents, are one and the same.

That there is really and truly such an animal can be testified by a certain eminent attorney of Anderson. This yagal gentleman, who has baffled in many courts, once met a groundhog as Commodore Perry said, "The groundhog was him." It was while on a vacation up in the mountains, that the whole-souled host of this aforesaid eminent attorney remarked that a pesky old groundhog was bothering him so much he would give \$50 to get rid of the beast. Armed with a rifle, the attorney lay in wait for the predatory marmot, the ruthless destroyer of gardens. The Anderson sportsman began to think that he was the victim of a trick, such as the fabled snipe hunt or the badger game of song and story. "Is there such a thing as a groundhog," he began to worry. Then there recurred those lovely, lilting lines of Shakespeare, "Would a Woodchuck chuck," and he took fresh hope. And with taking hope he took aim.

For not far away there was an object easier and quainter, spatter and waddling, fat and fluffy, about 18 inches, with a to gray hair like a rabbit's, head broad and flat, ears small and opaque, eyes round and ratty, legs short and stout. So this was the woodchuck, colloquially known as the groundhog. "Ping," spoke the rifle and the woodchuck chuckled his last chuck.

"Here's your woodchuck, what shall do with it?" was the greeting that the lawyer gave his host. And incidentally he added: "You may just apply the \$50 to my board bill." The old mountaineer laughed not one whit at this, but grimly took the woodchuck to the woods and chucked his head and shed his coat of fur. His object was not apparent until at the hour for the noon meal. And he it was that at this home, as at all other in that section, there was never a lack of good "rashuns" for the table. When that particular noon meal arrived, there was a great dish with a tantalizing aroma and an appetizing appearance, some kind of baked meat, rounded up with home brown dressing of delicious home corn meal. Oh, it was a feast! Yes, that was the answer. It was the groundhog, the splendid little vegetarian that had been fattening on carrots and all such.

"On the ground of noble tendere or some such circumstances the lawyer was about to interpose an objection and plead for restraining order. But the aml of the stern court after a most agreeably long "blessing" was "fall to and eat all you like." The lawyer at first went at it daintily, and some what skeptically. But he had eaten squirrel, and had eaten rabbit, and he was informed that the only difference is that the groundhog is fatter and more savory and more succulent. And he did eat right heartily. Indeed, he says that he could do so again and thank'e for it.

When he had eaten so much that it almost required a derrick to remove him from the table the aforesaid eminent lawyer began to twit with the mountaineer for his reward of \$50 and the other members of the family joined in the twitting. After a while the old gentleman stood it as long as he could and he ended the proceedings by handing down an order, ex cathedra, and so forth—"Look'e here, man, did you ever hear tell of a man selling a groundhog for \$50 and then eating it all up? You owe me for the cooking. And that is just about the way the lawyer felt about it, too.

(Note, the hero of this tale is NOT Col. Tule Boggs.)

HOLT-SNIPES.

There was a large and happy gathering of relatives and friends Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Holt, three miles west of the city, to witness the marriage of their daughter, Pamela Josephine, to Mr. Halle B. Snipes, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. C. Snipes. The marriage was performed by Rev. W. B. Hawkins of Tawville, assisted by Rev. O. L. Orr and Rev. W. H. Frazier. There was a bounteous wedding dinner served after which the guests left, bidding the happy young people a long and happy life. Today they will be given an old-fashioned "bachelorette" at the home of the groom's parents. A fuller account in Sunday's paper.

GOETHALS CONFIRMED.

(By Associated Press.) Washington, Feb. 4.—The nomination of Col. George W. Goethals to be governor of the Panama Canal today was confirmed by the Senate. The appointment becomes effective April 1, 1914, with President Wilson's order creating a permanent civil government for the canal zone.

AMERICUS BANK CLOSED.

Americus, Ga., Feb. 3.—The Americus National Bank did not open its doors today. Officials of the institution would make no statement pending an investigation by a national bank examiner. The institution has a capital stock of \$100,000 and was organized eight years ago. G. D. Wheeler, Jr., assistant cashier of the bank, has disappeared.

Advertisement for B.D. Cranst Co. featuring a cartoon of a man holding a key labeled 'ECONOMY' and a list of men's suits and overcoats with prices. Includes text: 'The key to economy in dress is this—watch our daily advertisements. Never since Adam gave up leaves and hides has there been such a chance for economy in men's clothing. Would you like to save a bunch of dollars? Then step in today—the earlier the better. Men's Suits & Overcoats: \$27.50 Values reduced to \$20.00, 25.00 Values reduced to 18.75, 22.50 Values reduced to 17.25, 20.00 Values reduced to 14.75, 18.00 Values reduced to 13.75, 15.00 Values reduced to 11.50, 12.50 Values reduced to 9.75, 10.00 Values reduced to 7.50. Men's Odd Trousers: \$2.50 and \$2.00 Trousers \$1.75, 3.50 and 3.00 Trousers 2.50, 4.50 and 4.00 Trousers 3.25, 5.00 Trousers 3.75, 6.50 and 6.00 Trousers 4.50, 8.00 and 7.50 Trousers 5.00, 9.00 and 8.50 Trousers 6.00. Send us your mail orders. We prepay all charges when cash, check or money order accompanies order. Your money back if you want it.'

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