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The Week's
Washington, May 15.—Forecast: South Carolina—Fair Saturday and Sunday. Heavy showers.

The Spring, the spring, the beautiful spring.
How our heart so gently sighs,
For the picnic and fried chicken and other things.

A girl with a crash suit is not a loud dresser.

Congress wishes to hustle to the business.

As Mass is being made the goat he had better change his name to Baa-Zee.

Some thieves are not cheap skates, not when they steal paintings worth half a million.

After all the war with Mexico may be fought out over the dinner table in Washington.

Sort of feels along about noon these days as if some body had left the equator door open.

The most graceful tangoist cannot pick up a handkerchief off the floor without an escort.

Why don't those two Columbia papers shoot traps to see which has the larger circulation.

We wish to deny any responsibility for the weather forecasts. They do not suit us a little bit.

Remember the part that the Confederate soldiers took in the great war and open your homes to them.

The dollar a man keeps as well as the company he keeps is the yardstick by which success is measured these days.

Careless treatment ruins the complexion, says Lillian Russell. Treat it carefully. Put it on the top shelf.

Anderson's greatest need before beginning her greatest march of progress is paved streets over which to march.

Col. Roosevelt returns disappointed. Not a country in South American presented a presidential nomination upon his return.

Joe Cannon, Willie Hearst and Sam Mahan all are disappointed that they were not appointed to mediate for peace.

We thought the strength of the standing army was only 97,000, but it seems like that many have been sent to Mexico already.

The committee of homes for veterans tells the people of Anderson not to wait until the last day to signify how many veterans they will take.

Among the advocates of primary reform is Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., the State historian. He believes in making as well as preserving the same.

Woman jumps to conclusion, but one thing she can't explain is why the catalogue tomatoes are so red and round and the domestic variety are not.

In war is peace in sunshine, and all the time. Gen. O. A. Bond is a worthy citizen of Anderson and Governor the late Gen. Bracy Patton in this city.

LAND REFORMS

The cause of the war in Mexico may be stated in one word—jealousy. There are individuals in that country who owned landed estates that compare in size and extent with whole states in the American union. On the other hand there are in Mexico hundreds of thousands of persons who are so poor that the entire amount that one receives in the course of a year would not pay for a decent suit of clothes.

It was the wish of Francisco Madero to establish a constitutional form of government which would require the owners of immense tracts of land to partition them off and sell portions to the poor to be paid for in installments, either by the month or by the year. Madero was honest and sincere in his intentions, although he was the richest individual in Mexico, perhaps, but when he got into office he found so much to be done that he did not get to carry into execution the plans for a constitutional government, which is in effect a democracy, much like our own. That is the reason why jealous fellow-rebels against Diaz rose against him. That is how he happened to fall a prey to the wily schemes of Huerta.

Mexico in the crucible of time and in the course of years may be ground down into a wonderful country. It cannot come in a day. We have recently learned of an experiment that was tried with success in old England, by which owners of large estates permitted their tenants to acquire the ownership of their homes. It has transformed that section. We believe that in this plan lies the redemption of rural South Carolina. Have a community center and surround it the homes of a thirty happy people, no longer dependent upon negro labor to produce cotton. Anderson county cannot realize the need of this kind of thing for there are so few farmers in this county who have not now a good start in life. But in some sections of the state there is a need for a system of rural credits that will permit a cottager to buy his own home. Fifteen years trial of a strange system of land reform in the little village of Winterslow, near London has proven the success of at least one plan.

In 1899 John P. Moore, father of the Duchesne, Amilton, secured possession of the village and some of its environs, re-establishing a local government, practically identical to that of the Saxons there a thousand years ago. At the beginning of the experiment the major choice for the permanent of the scheme persons noted for industry than for wealth. A Saxon village hundred was chosen and this primitive legislature allied land to heads of families under contracts whereby the payment for the land could be extended over a period of years.

These plots surrounded a large common which belongs to the village and the grazing rights of which is held in perpetuity by the villagers. The village is now a self-sustaining community and what was started as more or less of a charity has proven successful commercially. All of the villagers are free men in the old Saxon sense the term and the social and political life of the place is based on this assumption of equality. The promoters have been chary of publicity for fear that the plan might have proved a success, but since this has been assured they have invited the leaders of the government and reform agencies to inspect the community.

OPEN YOUR HOMES

We feel sure that the people of Anderson will open their homes with the usual cordiality and generosity to the survivors of the Lost Cause. There has been many a night when they had no cover but the canopy of heaven, and nothing to eat but a handful of parched corn, but these are days of plenty and we are told, of peace.

Let us open our homes to these good, gray men. Let us open our hearts to them. Let us make their last few years—perhaps days—just as happy as they can be made.

The committee is having a moderate response to the call for homes. A splendid suggestion was made yesterday by Mrs. Patrick. She points out that the Anderson Hotel, now the property of the C. & W. C. is vacant

and it might be used as a "barracks" where the old soldiers might be given comfortable sleeping quarters, and meals could be provided in the neighborhood. The committee will endeavor to locate several halls where camps may be placed and the old soldiers made comfortable.

It is hoped that this will be the happiest and most orderly reunion ever held in the state. There will be no free distribution of booze or even of beer, as has been done with bad effect in some places.

To assist the boy scouts of Anderson, Gen. C. A. Reed yesterday notified the company of scouts at Aiken, 30 in number, they are expected here as the guests of the city of Anderson and it is understood that they will accept. They did splendid work last year in caring for the old soldiers at the State reunion at Aiken.

The music committee of the reunion met yesterday afternoon in the parlors of the Chiquola and last night made an announcement through the chairman, Miss Zenobia Welsh, that there will be a special reunion choir of 200 voices, boys and girls, who will sing the old songs of the South. Work of training them will be started at once. They will march in the parade singing the songs of Dixie-land and waving Confederate flags. The girls will be dressed in white and red.

Anderson is to be beautifully decorated for the reunion, as the artist from Atlanta who did such excellent work in Jacksonville has received the contract to come here and put up flags and bunting in the business district.

When a man has to foot the bills, kicking is second nature.

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BILLY SUNDAY

The Tabernacle Evangelist has been cutting a wide swath in this State of Pennsylvania for the past year. He is called the Tabernacle Evangelist because he will not hold his meetings in any sort of building save a tabernacle built for the purpose. Indeed, only such a structure can accommodate the crowd. He does not go to a city unless the churches and pastors will go into the meeting. He does not have to. He is besieged by scores of urgent invitations. When Scranton, Pa. wanted him to come there one of the Presbyterian churches (the is a Presbyterian) would not join in the invitation. The committee went to Pittsburgh to see Billy. He looked over the list of churches and then said: "Where is that Second Presbyterian church on this thing?"

The committee said, "They refuse to go in." Billy said, "You go on back and tell that church to go on to hell where they are booked for. I'll not come to Scranton." The committee then went back and "sat up" with the church and they repented and came across. So Billy went. That church and its pastor before the meeting was over, was shouting sky high for Billy and his work. He was there seven weeks and those who sit the sawdust trail numbered 17,555. Of these 3,334 were ministers, 1,500 were church members who reconsecrated themselves to God. The remaining 12,175 were persons not affiliated with any church. Converts from the city proper were 9,059 of whom 5,543 were men. The various denominations gained members as follows: Methodist, 2,379; Presbyterians, 2,044; Baptists, 2,198; Congregationalists, 781; Episcopalians, 434; Lutherans, 408; Catholics, 328; Christian and the rest of the similar societies, 327.

The Sunday meeting in Pittsburgh resulted in 30,000 additions to the churches. Billy preaches the old time gospel with great power and pushes the obligation of church membership to the last ditch. The aftermath of his meeting is great. I've been in towns two years after his campaigns. I've seen as the aftermath a thousand men who were converted in his meetings banded together as personal workers for soul saving. They were evangelizing all the year round. At Washington, Pa. one big club of men of several hundred were converted. It had been a booze treating, gambling, dancing club—as most of them are. Now they meet to study the Bible, hold prayer meetings, etc. And no new members can get in it save such as the members of that club have led to Christ. So it is called "The Converts Club" and they are coming all the time. Nothing like this work has ever transpired in American history. There are many groups of Evangelists all over the Northland holding such tabernacle meetings. They are not as prominent as Sunday, but in proportion to the size of the towns where these meetings were held off, the results are proportionately as good.

OTT'S HOT SHOTS

IN THE WAR ON POVERTY.
Don't forget brother that ignorant men would spoil good land even if it were free.

EDWARD ABERNETHY OTT
Sell for Life. Pass the Word Along—Now You Too! Get you
(Make a Scrap book of these hot shots)

The Intelligencer's Daily Short Story

A SURPRISE
By AMBROSE NEFF

"You can't go on this coach," said the agent. "I've got to go on this coach. There's no other till tomorrow noon, and I've got to be in D. in twelve hours." "Nevertheless, you can't go." He turned away from me, resolutely, and stalked into the office. The coach was standing at the door, with its horses attached. I asked a lounge when it would start, and he said it would probably not get off for an hour. I determined to go on that coach. I struck out on the road in the direction the stage would pursue, intending to do a few miles, then wait till it came along, trusting to a five dollar bill for the driver to take me on. I carried out this resolution, and when the coach reached we asked the driver to pull up. Passengers within put their heads out of the windows, as though they thought the stop was a holdup. I asked the driver to take me on. To my surprise he said I might get on if I liked, but he would advise me not to since it was very probable the coach would be attacked by road agents.

I was somewhat set back by this information, but I was bound to be in D. the next morning and had no other way of getting there. Pulling open the door, I climbed into the coach, the passengers looking at me as if they thought I was going through them for their valuables. There were two men and two women, one of the men wearing the white cravat of a clergyman, the other being a quiet, sleek looking little chap with a high keyed voice. This was in contrast with the women, who were the most striking persons I ever saw, both of them having rather rough enough for the driver of an animal.

"Any armed stranger?" asked one of the women. "No," I replied, "I am not." "I've got two guns. Y' kin have one on 'em if y' like." "No, no!" said the clergyman. "Don't give him a gun. If we have a fight he'd start in before we're ready."

"I don't want a gun," I said. "I've lived in these parts five years and never have been in a holdup yet. I don't believe there's going to be any business." "When road agents come down a coach they don't let people get off."

"Like enough," grinned one of the women. "I had been traveling nights and was tired out; so, resting my head against the cushion, I fell asleep. I was awakened by the stopping of the coach and the flinging open of both doors. A man stood at each door with a short rifle, and one of them told us to stay where we were, to make any fuss and he was your business. They didn't want our valuables, but they did want the treasure box. Notwithstanding this assurance the passengers seemed

to be beside themselves with terror. The clergyman begged them not to kill him, the squeaky voiced man asked them to consider his wife and children, and both the women shrieked hoarsely.

The treasure box was taken off the foot and laid beside the road. Two men attended to that, and one of them was trying to get the cover off to make sure they were getting what they wanted. The door guard on that side turned to see what they were doing when the man with the squeaky voice cried:

"Shoot!" Quick as a flash one of the women raised a cocked revolver she had concealed under a fold of her dress and shot the door guard on her side dead. There was a simultaneous crack, and the other guard fell at the hands of the other woman. Before the men who were trying to open the treasure box could get their guns to bear both fell—one shot by the clergyman, the other by the squeaky voiced man. Then both the men jumped out of the coach and finished those who were only wounded.

While they were doing this the women were tearing off their dresses and flinging their ribbon bedecked bosoms on the floor, both appearing as stalwart men. Having divested themselves of their tawdry finery, they, too, left the coach and stood looking down upon their victims. I asked the clergyman what it all meant.

"It means," he said, "that this is Bill Owens' gang. That's Bill over there. They have been terrorizing this very country for months. The sheriff—that's him over there—got into the squeaky voiced man's organized party to get rid of 'em. The express company arranged to send a big lot of gold over the road and let it leak out that it would go by this coach. But that box hasn't got no gold in it. It's full of sand. In order to trap 'em we traveled an ordinary route, two of our men making themselves fine ladies."

I saw it all except the fine ladies, who did not play the parts of women at all. I failed to get to D. on that coach because it was not intended to go any further than the meeting with the robbers and was now needed to take their bodies back to the starting point. So I said goodby to all and when I saw them lumbering off to the right, started off to continue my journey on foot.

About sunset I found a house by the road, where I got some supper, and succeeded in hiring the owner to drive me into D. the next morning. The news of the trapping of the robbers had preceded me, and my coming was looked upon with surprise. I told the story to gaping audiences.

ADVERTISING TALK

BUSINESS BUILDING
(Continued from Yesterday)

This line of development treats of the salesman and the sale. The next important factor is the reading of human nature. You cannot handle the looker as you do the thinker; you cannot handle the man in whom intellect predominates just as you cannot the man in whom emotion predominates. You will have to size up your prospects and decide to which division each belongs, and then conduct your selling campaign accordingly.

You will also learn that there are many subdivisions in each division. The reading of human nature is such a tremendous study and is such a vast matter to such a novice that I will leave that matter to each individual.

The next business factor, it is not words, words, words, but points, points, points. Better fill up on points, but remember that points are oily ammunition. Some men want to hear things and carry a load of ammunition with them and then bring home no game. This is because they cannot shoot straight.

Some salesmen are armed up with points, but when it comes to shooting they are miserable failures. You must shoot straight. It is important to be able to present your proposition in such a manner that the prospect must think and feel the points as you present them, whether he wants to or not.

In making a sale, you must realize that the most important part of the sale is the APPROACH, the manner in which you introduce yourself, or greet your customer, the manner in which you state your proposition, and your dress, hair, appearance, etc., and the manner in which you present your proposition on approach.

The cover tells you that of your chance of getting the prospect. WHY? Because if you do not approach your prospect properly, you will not instantly present to him what you will turn you down without giving any proposition a hearing or any consideration whatever. Now think of this, for this is where real business nature, tact and close lying play their part in salesmanship.

Remember this, while you are selling that if you approach in the way that you will fail as a salesman, and as a reason that your prospect will decide against you without giving your proposition a hearing, is other words, he will consider you a failure.

The next step in making a sale is to gain the attention of the prospect.

not only to gain attention, but to gain FAVORABLE attention. I once saw a salesman rush into a store, interrupt a merchant in talking to a customer and attempt to sell him a bill of goods. The merchant listened to him talk for a few minutes and then called him down. The merchant told him that he had interrupted him in talking to a customer, that he had forced himself ahead of two other traveling salesmen who were waiting, and if he had no better sense than that, he could get out of his store and stay out.

The young salesman was mortified and humiliated as much or more than any person I ever saw. I felt sorry for him, for I learned that this was his first trip on the road. You must gain the attention of the merchant, but it was not favorable attention. You cannot do anything to sell a man goods until you have gained his favorable attention.

The farmer knows that he must prepare the soil before he sows the seed, and you must prepare the mind thoroughly before you sow the points that is, by gaining favorable attention of your prospect.

The next step is interest, which will be discussed tomorrow. AMBROSE NEFF, (To be continued)

BEING GOOD TO THE COW

Washington Post.
The steadily dispositioned and ever vivacious Columbia State on hearing that a New Jersey hair expert had addressed a gentle treatment towards the cows of the owner wanted to reap rich crops of the woolly creature. The minister of the church, which was to have been a good one. But in a measure of enlightenment in which the cow is given a place almost equal to that attached by neither Jesus, celebrated to living heroes, savors rather of an exploration of the State's own business common than of any professed knowledge of cows in general.

The cows can be at times most perverse creatures. On such occasions, a casual peasant of Artemus Ward's description of his favorite kangaroo will assist in discussing everything. The cows are all that and a whole working surplus in the treasury besides. In the good old days when the pasture fields were large and heavy trees made up of pawpaw bushes and jack oak jungles afforded refreshing shelter places from the flies, it was

There is quite a run in our athletic underwear this week. Nainsooks, soisette and white madras and all practical fabrics. Nothing so comfortable. 50c and \$1. for two-piece garments. Union suits \$1. and \$1.50. Everything for inside wear as well as our two-piece business suits at \$15.

Order by parcels post. We prepay all charges.
B. O. Crane & Co.
"The Store with a Conscience"

Chero-Cola

For that hot, "stuffy," "sticky," "no-count" Feeling. Cools—Refreshes—Stimulates. IN ICED BOTTLES 5c ANYWHERE—5c A delightful flavor all its own. Look for the Chero-Cola Label BOTTLED BY CHERO-COLA BOTTLING CO. ANDERSON, S. C.

Not an unamixed joy to find the family cow in the shack at the evening. One day the open she loomed up as innocently as the side of a barn. But the way she could revere herself when she was not wanted would have been a godsend to a benevolent trust manna when confronted with your emotional investigation. And how it usually discovered and disappeared by a well-aimed stone she took up a magnificent amble toward the milking shed.

There's something she meditated revenge with the same sweet look in her eyes she had ever been placid by the walling of the end, and the week periodic regurgitation of the best or more stomachic below. They destroyed 1,000 bushels of tobacco in a warehouse in the tobacco district.

Charles Koch, an electrician, became entangled in the wires and was slowly asphyxiated in view of hundreds of persons.

This total fire loss was about 100,000.