

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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The Weather.

Washington, May 28—Forecast: South Carolina—Partly cloudy Friday and Saturday, not much change in temperature.

All's fair in love and war and the weather forecasts.

Cotton—the farmer drops the seed and the New York gambler's drop the price.

Do the veterans like Anderson? We never heard any knocking. That is proof enough.

Now for a Shumann to write the "Three Discoverers"—Old Doc Cook, Teddy and Doc Munyon.

The sensational campaign will hit Anderson July 17th. Let's have an all day singing with picnic dinner.

The democrat who doesn't get to vote in the state will be suffering because of his own carelessness.

Teddy has forgotten that line all of us wrote in the copy book—"A Stream can Rise No Higher Than Its Source."

Just three weeks left in which candidates may decide whether or not to offer for governor—and some to pull out.

Oh for a splendid road from Anderson to Clemson College. It would mean so much for this city at so little cost.

We have heard of one good use for the motor-cycle. Follow out west has chased and killed 87 coyotes by using a motor-cycle.

So Teddy was thick with Mellen, who admits the rogues of the New Haven road. Bad company corrupts good morals, etc.

After the veterans had such a good time here, we venture the suggestion that the State Press Association will be here in full force a little later on in the summer.

We are informed reliably that even now the rules governing the democratic primary in this state are much less forceful than primary rules in other states.

The peace mediators have "newly discovered evidence" that Benton attacked Villa before he was killed. Next it will learn that poor Villa is such a martyr.

None of the newspapers of the state give enough seriousness to the candidacy of "Anderson county's favorite son" for governor—Prof. Jno. B. Adger Mullally, our best laureate.

Singular that no candidate for alderman or majority jobs is "rearing" to annul the franchises of the telephone and gas companies which are not owned by Southern people.

The Intelligencer has heard so many favorable comments upon the publication of Confederate information, that it is our purpose to start a regular department of that kind of information.

Greenville Piedmont thinks that reunion should be held at Yellville, Ark. Well, Anderson was Yellville yesterday. Incidentally one of the veterans in the parade was Mr. "Pony" Yeldall of Greenville.

THE LESSON OF THE MARCH

For some of them the last reveille has sounded. The day of strife and of service and of suffering is over. They are looking with dimmed eyes toward the setting of the sun, and soon will come the silvery notes of the tattoo call—and then taps "Lights out along the line, go to sleep."

Reunions are not merely occasions of bunting and of songs and of parades and of cheering. They recall and they foretell. These meetings recall those days of the sharp agony of conflict, the long convalescence, the fearsome vigil on the picket line, the hunger and the thirst of the rifle pit, the smoke and the dust and the noisome odors of the blood fertile field.

They foretell the relentless march of the remorseless arms of Time which decimates and then annihilates all armies.

The last few days have been happy ones for the old soldiers of South Carolina. The embrace, the commingling of tears of joy, the happiness of gazing once more into the lagging eyes of comrades long since believed to have been dead. Oh, the week has been full of such beautiful incidents, such reunions that no people can appreciate save those who fought under the Starry Cross, fought when they knew they were being driven back, surely and remorselessly, and yet they fought, stubbornly, valiantly happily in the cause of their beloved country.

And comes the reflection, doubly sad after the fleeting days of happiness, that for some this is the last reunion. Just a few more years and these golden hearted men will have gone from among us, yes, the last one. Just a few more years and they will not be here to tell of the great battles which made the world gaze in amazement upon the valor of the South, with her untrained soldiers facing the trained and serried ranks of the regulars of the army of the United States, in numbers overwhelming.

As the days go by, it becomes more and more the intensified duty of the people of the South to keep alive the memories of those conflicts in which we waged a glorious fight. Our children must be given the true sentiment of the South in the matter of Secession. Where proud monuments rear their heads, there must have been a Cause.

It has been a great blessing to Anderson to have had here one of the last of the great reunions of the Confederate soldiers. For the little ones coming on will remember that great parade, their wondering minds will be a part of the inquiry which in the end will lead them to a realization of the grandeur, the sublimity of the cause for which their grandfathers offered their lives—and in many instances Death claimed his own, the brightest of the gems of the chapter of the South.

It was a thrilling scene, one which must have struck it upon every heart with an appeal that will receive a response in a deeper veneration for the matchless courage, the incomparable patriotism, the unequalled chivalry of the men of the South who fought to achieve for themselves a nation whose shrine of liberty should forever be kept pure. That is what the reunion is worth to Anderson. Our little ones received a lesson which countless pages of lore and of story could not thus have impressed upon them.

There at the head of the column floated the silken folds of the flag of the gallant Fourth, the flag under which our own Anderson boys marched out upon the plains of the First Battle of Manassas. How many splendid sons of noble Anderson mothers turned to caress with their dying glance the folds of the banner to die for which was coveted honor. Never let that flag lose its message of love, nor the mute messages which the dying lads upon the bosom of fair Virginia would have had it to bear their loved ones. Let their memories ever be kept enshrined in the hearts of our people and let the people collect, preserve and perpetuate the narrative of their deathless valor, their imperishable devotion to their country.

THE SWEET PATHOS OF REUNIONS

The pathos of a reunion of our old soldiers is nowhere so keenly felt as when they join in the parade, and attempt once more to step with the vigor and spring of their young manhood. One can see the fire in the eye of the old fellow when he straightens up, assuming a military carriage and with enthusiasm cries "Hept Hept Hept!" as he was wont to do in the '60's. But, try as he may to keep erect, the stoop will return, and the footstep become lagging. In spite of the stimulus of the music he wearies quickly, and is forced to admit, "Well, I am growing old, and I can't do the things now I used to do."

Then there are those empty sleeves or wooden leg mutely telling of sufferings on the battlefield. What a loss this has been for the fifty years since they were wounded. How much of life went out when the cannon ball tore away that limb can never be

known except by actual experience, and sad are the thoughts when the reflection is forced home that a half century has passed and every year and day of it is filled with regret and grief over the fact that the afflicted one could not perform a whole man's task.

But while these reunions have their sadness, they are also filled with gladness. How much the load is lightened when these honored soldiers of a Lost Cause return to their homes and think of the comrades seen again and the joys felt over the evident desire of everyone to do something for their comfort. Years lived over in a few days and the storehouses of their memories refilled with tender experiences, and pictures to be looked at and pondered over again and again.

When looking at the joys of these reunions, one is made to reflect over the absence fifty years hence of a suitable reunion or occasion for the young men of today. What are they doing now to unite them in a national cause making necessary a State or National reunion when they are old? Life will be barren on this point for nearly all of the young men, unless they can meet as Sons of Veterans and recount the scenes of this reunion and the next and the next. The thin gray line will become extinct and in its place some other must appear. To fill the vacancy The Intelligencer hopes the organization of the Sons of Veterans may grow, and let them fight the battles of their fathers for an "age of ease," or let them help some other's father if his has answered the last roll call.

Yes, these reunions are pathetic, but it is a sweet pathos, making pure the fountain of patriotic emotion. May there be many more.

LONG AGO.

This night in May upon old Charleston's wall, alone, I muse And recollection sweeps the vistas of the past.

I live again the happy, happy hours that cannot lose, Though long, long years have come and gone, their charm—the witching spell they softly cast.

Familiar faces, dear, smile once again. For some has come to the end, And earth no longer holds them;— and all—how changed!

One there was, who with that fair moonlit scene in complete harmony seemed to blend. As if for her sweet radiant presence that setting of the sea and sky and shore some spirit had arranged!

In the still moonlight, o'er the mirroring bay we gently glide Methinks I hear the very voices softly all the old songs singing And hear the waveslets 'gainst the sea wall lapping with the rising tide And smell the drowsy perfume from the gardens blown o'er the tiny waves to which they're clinging.

And then comes through the misty air faint and afar Like fairy fantasies the tinkling tones, now clear, now hushed again.

As some old hand sweeps o'er the strings—the sound of a guitar; And so one listens thrilled with tense delight almost akin to pain!

As then so now the moon is softly shining down And as I lean upon the railing of the Battery wait And muse upon the beauty and the story of this proud old town I wonder not that once a heart has spell it never can but answer to her call.

JOHN BAILEY ADGER MULLALLY, Charleston Hotel, May 1885-1914.

REQUIREMENTS FOR VOTING.

The state democratic convention has declared existing rolls of democratic clubs null and void. Democrats must re-enroll themselves on the book of the club district in which they reside in order to vote in primary next August.

White democrats, 21 years of age (or those who will reach that age before the next general election), who have lived in South Carolina for two years, or in the county six months, and in the club district 60 days, are entitled to enrollment on the book of their club district, provided they are citizens of the United States and of the State.

The book of enrollment for each democratic club in the state will be opened by the secretary of the club on or before the second Tuesday in June, 1914.

Democrats who wish to enroll in order to vote in the primary elections must present themselves in person to the secretary and sign the roll, giving their age, occupation and postoffice address and street, and the number of their home, where these designations exist.

In case he is unable to write, the applicant for enrollment must make his mark on the book of the club district in which he resides, and the secretary will put his name on the book.

Notice will be given by county chairmen of the names of the secretaries of clubs and where books of enrollment are to be opened. The books of enrollment will be closed and filed with the clerks of court on the last Tuesday in July.

Col. Roosevelt Snapped on His Return From South American Trip



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THE return of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt from South America was an occasion of deep interest. On his arrival at the quarantine station at New York he announced that he would not run for governor of New York state and that he would go to Madrid to be present at the wedding of his son Kermit. Mr. Roosevelt said that he would prove that he had discovered a hitherto unknown river in South America in spite of the assertions of English scientists that the location of the river would necessitate that it run uphill.

"THE LORD'S PRAYER."

Beautiful Composition Found on Battlefield at Charleston, Said to Have Been Written by Wounded Soldier During the War.

According to the Boston Journal, "the following beautiful composition was found on the battlefield at Charleston, S. C., during the war. It was written by a wounded comrade, who never lived to get home. It is quite a literary curiosity."

Thou to Thy mercy seat our souls must gather, To do our duty unto Thee— "Our Father" To whom all praise, all honor should be given; For Thou art the Great God— "Who art in Heaven" Thou, by Thy wisdom, rulest the world's whole fame, Forever therefore— "Hallowed be Thy Name," Let never more delay divide us from, Thy glorious face, but let— "Thy Kingdom come," Let Thy commands opposed be by none, But Thy good pleasure and— "Thy will be done" And let our promptness to obey be even, The very same— "In Earth as 'tis in Heaven," Thou for our souls, O Lord, we also pray, Thou would'st be pleased to— "Give us this day" The food of life wherewith our souls are fed, Sufficient raiment and— "Our daily bread" With each needful thing do Thou relieve us, And of Thy mercy, pity— "And forgive us" All our misdeeds for Him whom Thou did'st please To make an offering for— "Our trespasses" And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe, "As we forgive" That Thou wilt pardon us— Let that love teach wherewith Thou acquaint'st us, "Those who Trespass against us" To pardon— And though some-times Thou find'st we have forgot, "And lead us not" This love for Thee, yet help— Through soul or body's want to desperation, Nor let earth's gain drive us— "Into temptation," Let not the soul of any true believer, Fall in time of trial— "But deliver" Yes, save them, from the malice of the devil, And both in life and death, keep— "Us from evil" Thus we pray, Lord, for that of Thee, from whom, This may be had— "For Thine is the Kingdom," This world is Thy Work, its wondrous story, To Thee belongs— "The Power and the Glory" And all Thy wondrous works have ended never, But remain forever and— "Forever" Thus we, poor creatures, would confess again, And thus, would say eternally, "Amen."

WHAT TO PRINT.

Spartanburg Herald. The Greenville News is now engaged in an effort to justify its method of handling the "Edwell case," the sensational murder trial that held that community's interest last week. There have been complaints from its readers as to the character of matter printed, and in reply to these the News says: "This is the other side of the matter. The butler is: does it do harm or does it do good to publish the details of a trial such as the Edwell trial? One will answer one thing and another will answer the opposite. There is no way of telling what the effect is when one man tells us the effect is good, and another contradicts him. However, all must admit that to publish a case as the Greenville papers did this one, shows up the inner life of the city. It lays bare things which have been hidden, and suggests conditions which many

do not know exist. Is there value in doing this? We think there is. "So long as the general public is ignorant of the facts, how is it to go about righting the things which are in need of reform? So long as people do not realize the extent of the dual standard of morality, will they take any steps toward raising the lower standard? Will the women make additional demands of the men, if they know not what conditions are?"

The question resolves itself into another form. Is it better to hide facts or to make them known? Of course, the man who undertakes to make them known must do so in his manner. The News endeavored to keep this fact in mind during its publication of the trial. The Greenville papers published more of the details of the Edwell case than appeared in the Spartanburg papers during the famous Clement-Pendleton trial, and it is not surprising that there should be

Advertisement for BOBTRANS CO shoes. Includes text: "May we show you the new shoes for May? Maybe we have just the model to mould your foot into. This shoe question we've made a very careful study of, and would like to give you the same comfort for feet enjoy. Snow's Oxfords, \$3.50 Howard & Foster's Oxfords, \$4 and \$5. Hanan's bench made Oxfords, \$5.50 and \$6. Order by parcels post. We prepay all charges. BOBTRANS CO 'The Store with a Conscience'"

Advertisement for Seaboard agents. Includes text: "\$21.75 To WASHINGTON, D. C., and return; account Unveiling Arlington Monument and Peace Celebration, June 4, 1914. 4.85 To ATLANTA, GA., and return, account Annual Convention, Photographers Association of America, June 15-20, 1914. 27.20 To PHILADELPHIA, PA., and return, account National Electric Light Association, June 1-5, 1914. For schedules or other information, call on Seaboard agents or write the undersigned: D. W. Morris, T. P. A., Atlanta, Ga. C. S. Compton, T. P. A., Atlanta, Ga. Fred Geissler, A.G.P.A., Atlanta, Ga."

Advertisement for SUMMER SCHOOL at Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., June 10 to July 10, 1914. Includes text: "COURSES OF STUDY—Full courses of study will be provided to meet the needs of: 1. Superintendents and principals. 2. High School teachers. 3. Primary and grade teachers. 4. Rural school teachers. FACULTY—A large faculty has been secured, composed of specialists and leaders of education. SPECIAL FEATURES—Model school through first six grades. Special course in rural school problems. Kindergarten practice and lectures on Montessori methods. County Boards of Education are authorized to renew certificates still in force for all teachers who do satisfactory work in this summer school and take the final examination. For rates and further information, write for Summer School Bulletin to D. E. Johnson, Pres. Rock Hill, S. C."