

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

FOUNDED AUGUST 1, 1860. 126 North Main Street ANDERSON, S. C.

W. W. SMOAK, Editor and Bus. Mgr. T. WATSON BELL, City Editor. PHELPS SASSEEN, Advertising Mgr. T. B. GODFREY, Circulation Mgr. E. ADAMS, Telegraph Editor and Foreman.

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The Weather.

Forecast for South Carolina—Generally fair Friday and Saturday.

THOUGHTS ON YOUTH.

Youth is to all the glad season of life, but often only by what it hopes, not by what it attains or what it escapes.—Carlyle.

The morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity, of imagery and of hope.—Chateaubriand.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.—Cicero.

The foreground of human life is the only part of it which we can examine with real exactness.—Froude.

There is a feeling of eternity in youth which makes demands for everything. To be young is to be as one of the immortals.—Hallitt.

Now for a county fair!

Why pay taxes, anyway? Eight acres of cotton to a plow. "Buy a bale"—"Back to the barn". Keep money at home and in circulation. Now are you paying all local bills promptly? Anderson county has some show stock already. Buy from home merchants—not from mail order houses. Resolving is easy to do, and sometimes highly interesting. Not air—product of newspaper offices and curtailing conventions. Yesterday was October 1. Remember seeing any bill collectors? Prediction: Anderson cotton selling at 10 cents before November 1st. The Greenwood Journal's 900 readers have a treat every afternoon. Anderson has beautiful sunsets, and it is said, inspiring sunrises. War, baseball, cotton—who said that there was nothing to write about. This paragraph mill has run out of corn, so kind reader, we'll let you rest. By all means, let there be an appropriation for the county farm demonstration agent. How many bales of 10 cents cotton have Sear-Robuck & Co. bought if Anderson? If the war keeps on all the "undesirable immigrants" over there will get killed. The brainy man will solve the cotton question for himself and you cannot legislate it into the other mind. If a farmer can plant only eight acres to a plow next year, there will be some mighty fine cotton grown. Dear country school teacher, there are not paid promptly, your bills will have to close, unless you will be exact.

A FOREWORD

The position of editor of any newspaper is one of great responsibility. Especially is this true when the newspaper is issued daily in a city and county such as Anderson. Directing the utterances of this page is a task from which one may well shrink, and this is particularly true when following so gifted and fluent a writer as Col. Banks, who has given much thought to establishing the Daily Intelligencer.

But since this duty has been placed upon me, I shall endeavor to discharge it with all my soul. The readers who shall daily scan these columns may not find here many brilliant thoughts clothed in faultless English, but they will find the honest convictions of one whose every thought shall be for the upbuilding of a bigger and purer city, a richer and happier county, a prouder and more patriotic state. This purpose will underlie what shall here be written, and by it I wish to be judged. Yes, I shall make mistakes—who does not? I shall fall far short of my ideals in many things, because I am human. You, dear reader, shall do likewise and for the same reason. So let us not censure each other too severely.

Of course we shall not agree on all questions, but let our disagreements be honest differences of opinion. I may say the war in Europe will soon be over; you may say it will last for months, perhaps years. I shall grant you the right to your thoughts; you should do the same for me. You have a right to think as you please—provided you THINK; I have the same right. So why fall out about it?

Anderson county is a great county, in a great section of the State. Her resources and her industries are varied and many. The Intelligencer stands for the development of these. Her people are true, brave and loyal to what they believe is right. The Intelligencer would have them remain true, brave and loyal to the right. Her people are as a rule law abiding. The Intelligencer would create respect for all law. Indeed The Intelligencer would clasp hands with every uplifting agency in this section and help them accomplish their good work.

Is there not enough work to do building up our city, county and State to keep us too busy to find fault with another, too busy to search for faults and too busy to pry for motives that are impure? Let us forget factionalism and unite all our energies to bring great things to pass here and now. That were a man's task. Let us cease looking on the dark side and try to see the silver lining to the clouds. Plants grow and thrive best only in the pure sunlight—Are we not human plants?

The Intelligencer would work for bettering the condition of every farmer and laboring man. This newspaper realizes that the prosperity and happiness of every class of our citizenship depends upon the prosperity and happiness of every other class. If the farmer is prosperous, the merchant, the business man, the professional class, the banks—all are prosperous. This close interdependence of all was never so forcefully illustrated as has been done by this war in Europe. Such being true, then, we need to stand together. Therefore, The Intelligencer deplores the tendency of some persons to array one class against another and to keep alive and fan into flame differences of opinion so as to accomplish this end.

Believing that the stability of our institutions depends upon an educated and enlightened citizenship, The Intelligencer would stand for education of all the children of every community. No enlightened people can long be fooled or enslaved, nor can they be the prey of the vicious and avaricious. Anderson county has a fine system of schools, both city and county, and these are indeed a pride to all her people. The Intelligencer would see them grow and spread wide their influence.

A word personal: Eleven months ago the writer came into your midst. You gave him a warm welcome and proved yourselves kind and considerate. During this time he has learned to know, admire and respect much he has seen of the life, the customs and the ideals of the people. Now he has been selected to stand as the champion of the people who have thus shown him courtesies and friendships. He has chosen Anderson as his home, a place in which to live and rear his children, a place where he hopes they may live and make their homes. He, therefore, would like to have Anderson and Anderson county keep abreast of any progressive section of the country. Dorn and reared on the farm, his sympathies are largely with the men who plow and hoe and sow and reap. They are so busy producing they often have no time to speak up for their rights. He hopes to make The Intelligencer speak for them, but at the same time, not blind-

ly, for others have rights also. Those who manufacture what the farmer produces, those who furnish the means, the channels of trade—all have rights. So he shall promise all a square deal, and isn't that enough? You can help him. Will you do it? Still a stranger to many, won't you come in and get acquainted? He wants to know you, your thoughts, your homes, your happiness, your sorrow, your success, your failures. You can help him be a good editor of The Intelligencer, and he has faith in you—you will

W. W. SMOAK.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

Among the best discussions of the war in Europe, and the most optimistic may be mentioned those editorials on the subject appearing in the Charleston News and Courier. The following is worth careful reading:

John Bull knows that there are other perils as serious as those with which the Mailed Fist of the Kaiser threatens him. He knows, for instance, that no matter what happens, he must keep his business going. A financial panic or a general business collapse in the British Isles would be more disastrous than a defeat of the British army in France. It would do more to paralyze England's resistance to her enemies than another successful submarine attack upon the British fleet. So John Bull is taking the greatest care to keep his business going in spite of the war, and he is purposely keeping enough men at home to run the shops in his absence. "Business as usual" has become a sort of slogan throughout the British Isles; and Reginald Arkell has made this slogan the title of some verses which are recited each evening at the Strand Theatre, before the curtain goes up, by Mr. Mattheson Lang, the actor. As Mr. Arkell puts it, John Bull on leaving his shop to go to the war

"wrote on his window a message for all to read, 'Business conducted as usual, while alterations proceed' Left his Missus and kiddies to carry the business on; Sailed for the sound of the shooting— Good bye, and God bless you, John!"

The "business as usual movement" if one may call it such, seems to be a success and there is no sign of commercial collapse in the British Isles. A Charlestonian recently returned from England, was struck with the quiet optimism of the British people regarding the commercial crisis with which they are confronted and was much impressed by the manner in which business in general, in London and throughout the British Isles, has withstood the shock of war. The utmost care on the part of the Government to provide against a commercial collapse would not have availed if the Government had been dealing with a people panicky by nature and subject to sudden alarms. If an inherent optimism and a determination to make the best of things is keeping British business on an even keel, and tiding it successfully through the worst storm it has ever experienced, the same spirit ought to have an even better effect here in this country where the conditions making for depression are not anything like as grave or as difficult.

We need a "business as usual" movement over here too. We could use at present a good deal larger quantity of optimism than is apparent among us just now. The way to make hard times worse is to talk about them until they get on the nerves. One way to improve them is to recognize clearly that they can be improved. If England and the same thing is probably true of Germany—has kept going simply because her people refused to lose hope or heart in the face of conditions far worse than those which confront us. It will be strange indeed if the same spirit cannot help us overcome the obstacles which seem to threaten our well-being. Our incentive is all the greater, because we know that this period of stress is certainly going to be followed by a period of unexampled prosperity.

The British motto, "Business conditions as usual while alterations proceed", ought to be adopted and lived up to by us with all the better spirit because it is as sure as anything can be that, when the alterations over our business is going to be better than it has been before."

MEETING AT IVA

Editor The Intelligencer: On the first Sunday in September a meeting began at the First Baptist church, Rev. Stone being the pastor, assisted by Rev. B. W. Burriss, of Anderson. Rev. Burriss did some good preaching and the church was greatly revived.

On Friday night before the fourth Sunday, the meeting was continued through Sunday and was continued Sunday night. Two were added to the church and will be baptized the first Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

At the conclusion of these services we went into an election for a pastor for next year, and Rev. Stone was elected unanimously. We want the prayers of all good people that we may do great and noble work for the Master this year.

Lon Mulligan, of the Six and Twenty section, spent a few hours in the city yesterday.

W. Lester Webb, of Columbia, was in the city yesterday for a few hours.

OUR DAILY POEM Buy a Bale If you rate a "man of means," Buy a bale. If you've got 50 in your jeans, Buy a bale. If you've figured out you're broke, Put your diamond stud in soak, This emergency's no joke, Buy a bale.

If you're working for the South, Buy a bale. Let your cash speak—not your mouth, Buy a bale. Buck up, brother, a' ain't lost, This yer river can be crossed, Don't get scairt about the cost, Buy a bale.

Keep King Cotton on his throne, Buy a bale. Since the Dove of Peace has flown, Buy a bale. Let the Old World have her war, When her free-for-all is o'er, She'll need cotton more and more, Buy a bale.

Let the wildcat stock schemes rest, Buy a bale. When you've got 50 to invest, Buy a bale. You will help along your biz, (Doesn't matter what it is), And your neighbor will help his, Buy a bale.

Now's the time to hit the ball, Buy a bale. Help the farmer out this fall, Buy a bale. You'll be proud you did your share, When the cash that you can spare, Flattens out this cotton scare, Buy a bale. —Melis O. Frost, in the Galveston News.

OTHER PENCIL PUSHERS After Ben Franklin: Sow oats And raise shoats. And it won't be long till you owe no notes, or Build more schools And raise more mules, And soon there won't be so many Guess the missing word. —The Newberry Observer

War in Many Tongues We are indebted to an exchange for the following information on how to say war in ten languages: War, (English); Guerre, (French); Krieg, (German); Voyna, (Russian); Haboru, (Hungarian); Guerra, (Italian); Moharebe, (Turkish); Wagna, (Polish); Sen Fo, (Japanese); Wagna, (Polish); Hell, (Sherman). —Spartanburg Journal.

Safety First. Von Moltke's son wore a suit of mail, but the top of his head was blown off by a shell. The forts of Liege were impregnable, but were penetrated. The Titanic was unsinkable, but sank. The British cruisers cost \$4,000,000 each, and were proof against torpedo attacks, but they went to the bottom in pieces with all but a bare 778 of the enlisted men on board. A seal built railroad coach crumbled like a sardine can. Out in Colorado the other day a man accidentally shot himself with a safety razor. How many men cut their faces with safety razors, the record fails to say.

A baby jumped from a third-story window and escaped without a scratch but a man crossing a foot bridge slipped, fell four inches, and broke his neck. A man raised an umbrella in a storm and was killed by lightning that passed down the steel rod through his arm. It is nearly always the expert swimmer who is drowned, and, somehow, the buccoo who can't swim a stroke rocks the boat. It is the one to escape. Somewhere recently one of these daredevil automobile racers was knocked down by a milk wagon, and went to a hospital with three ribs cracked in.

All of this is from the Richmond Times-Dispatch, which paper concludes that "safety is a word that means that if nothing happens to you, in spite of your precautions, you have not been hurt."

However, it must not be inferred that The Times-Dispatch does not believe in precaution. It insists on stringent laws governing automobiling; a superior police force; the best of fire departments and the most up-to-date appliances for the protection of employees. Further, it has its building watchman, insures its plant and, probably, with a blanket accident policy, covers its employees.

Notwithstanding its definition of the word "safety," you may as well take it for granted that this splendid Richmond newspaper is wrapped up in precaution.—Augusta Chronicle.

WANTED—CORRESPONDENTS The Intelligencer wishes to give all the news of Anderson county all the time, and with that end in view we would like to have a number of correspondents at the principal points of the county, where we now have no correspondent. If some friend of the paper in each locality not now represented will do so, we shall be pleased to make arrangements with some suitable person to furnish the happenings of their community for publication. To have one's name mentioned often in a newspaper is a splendid advertisement and will do much to have the section placed on the map.

"That Million Dollar Look!" Go and See This Wonderful Photo-Play—to Appear at The Bijou Theatre Today. You'll be filled with wonder that some picture, book or play has not before brought out the powerful lesson this picture shows. It's a lesson that means greater success—business success, social success, to every man who will take it home to himself—and apply it to his daily living. We're not going to spoil your enjoyment, your "thrill" and your excitement by telling you here what the story is. Wait and enjoy the surprise for yourself. Men have euhred themselves out of big business gains, have closed the doors to countless success chances, have defeated themselves, not only in business, but in politics, in society—yes, even in love—because they never studied and mastered the lesson this picture makes clear to them. Don't fail to see "That Million Dollar Look" at the Bijou Theatre Today. COMPLETE PROGRAM AT BIJOU TODAY That Million Dollar Look.....Essany A Mysterious Mystery.....Victor 2 Reel drama with Florence Lawrence. Feeding the KittyNestor Comedy A chain of entertainment and instruction without a weak link. BODENST Co SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS "The Store with a Conscience" AUTHORIZED RESIDENT DEALER. The Royal Tailors CHICAGO NEW YORK.

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of the Anderson Intelligencer, published daily at Anderson, S. C., for October 1, 1914.

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DEATHS

William S. West. William Shirley died last night at the home of his son, J. J. Shirley in Broadway township.

Mr. Shirley was one of the most prominent men in the county and was well known and highly respected. He was 93 years of age. He was the son of J. A. Dr. Thompson Shirley of Central and Ezekiah Shirley of Liberty.

The funeral service will take place at Neale's Creek church on Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock and will be conducted by Rev. Mr. McCasley of Honea Path.

Mr. Shirley was a Confederate veteran, one of the first to enlist in the cause and he served gallantly throughout the entire war. He was a deacon in the Neale's Creek church for a number of years and has always taken an active part in the church work of the county.

Anderson people learned yesterday with much regret of the death of R. E. West which took place Tuesday night in a hospital in Spartanburg.

Mr. West was a traveling salesman for the Sullivan Hardware Company of this city, and he was well known here. He made frequent visits to Anderson and he numbered his friends by the score. He was 33 years of age and death resulted from an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. West is survived by his wife, who was Miss Zula Hicks, and three children. The funeral services were held yesterday afternoon and the interment took place at Clifton cemetery.

Mrs. C. M. Griffin died at her home on Bleckley street Wednesday afternoon. The funeral services were held yesterday morning and interment was made at Silver Brook cemetery.

Not Gen. Bonham's Father

In the article clipped from the Jeffersonian American, in reference to the monument to be erected to the memory of those who died at the Alamo in the war for Texas independence, published in your paper of Sept. 30th, you state in the preface to your publication that the Bonham referred to was my father. To keep the record straight, let me state that the Bonham referred to was not my father, but my uncle, James Butler Bonham.

Yours truly, M. L. BONHAM. Anderson, Oct. 1, 1914.

RE WEST

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Miss Annie Blalock, a popular young woman of Anderson, died Wednesday night at the home of her father, H. P. Blalock, 21 F Street. The young lady was 15 years of age and had been ill for several months. The funeral services were held at the home yesterday afternoon, followed by interment in Silver Brook cemetery.

Death of a Child. Included, the 13-month old child.

You don't have to be a steeplejack to take a tumble. Fall for this right now. Open your eyes. See what you look at. Glue them on the opportunities staring you in the face in our want ads.