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L. M. GLENN... Editor and Manager

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ADVERTISING

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The Intelligencer will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors and are not of a defamatory nature.

In order to avoid delays on account of personal absences, letters to The Intelligencer intended for publication should not be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1915.

WEATHER FORECAST

Generally fair Thursday and Friday.

"A Fool There Was," is and always will be.

Germany apparently has discounted Uncle Sam's last note.

Fortune Left to Dead Man.—Headline. But who wants to be a dead man?

That must be a death grip the Sick Man of Europe has on the Dardanelles.

The verdict of the coroner's jury investigating the Frank lynching was very frank.

The fellow who sues for divorce probably argues that he is doing it to correct a fool miss-take.

Richland county has just celebrated the opening of a new jail. They wear 'em out pretty fast down there anyway.

The Eastman Kodak Company has been declared a monopoly the exposure having been made by the Federal court.

In the West Indies there are nearly 5,000,000 uncrushed by the gospel, to say nothing of the vastly greater number here at home.

Cuts \$1,000 for an Idea.—Headline. Which shows the advantage of having an idea, as Bro. Booker of the Spartanburg Journal would low.

As the summer resort season draws to a close and the old gossip returns to their homes values on the reputations market will proceed to rise.

It is reported that over a hundred barber shops in Berlin have been closed since the war started. But that hasn't prevented the Germans having some close shaves.

A masculine writer inquires: "Why do American women wear short skirts?" There are two reasons so apparent that it is not worth while to name them.—Winning Star. We've seen some wear 'em with no reason at all.—Greenville News. Not so severe, Bro. Derieux, you might have said the two reasons were rather slender ones.

THE JUGGERNAUT COMETH.

The magnificent water-oaks that for scores of years have stood in the middle of south Main street, between Market and River streets, and like benign guardians watched over Anderson in its growth from a sequestered hamlet to a thriving town, weathering the fiercest blasts of winter to become green again with the spring and through the sultry months of summer ward off with their protecting arms beating rays of the sun from both man and beast, are being felled to earth and their mighty trunks uprooted.

It is not fair to charge city council with vandalism, for they all love trees and would like to leave these stately kings of Woodland standing, but have been advised that the trees ought to come down as they would interfere with the stability of the pavement that is soon to be put down along that street. So the towering monarchs are sacrificed upon the altar of this thing we dub Progress. But it is a dear toll that is being taken.

It's a funny thing, but true, that when a little town begins to shuffle off its swaddling clothes for the more conventional habiliments of a city or old, old friends who never forsook us—the trees—must bow their stately heads before the axe of the black laborer slashing away at their mighty roots, to make way for the juggernaut Progress. And another funny thing, but true, is that twenty years from now, when Anderson shall have become a real city, one of the most instrumental of its municipal bodies will be a "Park and Tree Commission," who will go about the sun-baked thoroughfares tenderly nursing and blessing each scrubby tree that ekes out a scrawny existence in the most remote plot of earth to be found, setting out young trees here and there along the streets and in the corners and by-places and besieging the "city fathers" for appropriations for the maintenance of the public parks and for the propagation of trees, yes trees, every one of which, science tells us, is a great physician standing with its vast fingers pointing heavenward and absorbing from the atmosphere roundabout countless poisonous properties infesting the air breathed by mortals who tread here below all ignorant of the blessings of the trees. Yes mortals who with a sharp axe undo in a day what it has taken Nature a century to perfect.

JUSTICE HUGHES.

Voters of every section and every party will probably agree that Justice Hughes of the United States supreme court is a bigger and abler man than most of our presidents have been. Nevertheless, most citizens are well satisfied with his declaration that he will under no conditions be a candidate for the presidential nomination. The reason he gives is sufficient. He regards it as improper for a member of the supreme bench to participate in politics in any way. The supreme court is necessarily above parties and independent of them, as the sovereign is in a constitutional monarchy. While there would of course be no immediate harm done in a man of such unquestioned disinterestedness and integrity as Justice Hughes accepting a nomination thrust upon him, the precedent established might open the way to dangerous abuses.

ATTACK ON SOUTH RESENTED

Angered by an unjustified and uncalled for slur on the South as a whole by the Chicago Tribune, Judge Alvin M. Douglas of Birmingham, now visiting in the Illinois City, has written a letter to the editor of The Tribune in which he resents the fling of the editorial. Judge Douglas' letter addressed to the editor of The Tribune, follows: "Please allow The Tribune, a Southerner, who feels keenly the attack you made on the South this morning in an editorial published under the above head, I live in Birmingham, Ala., and was in Atlanta just after Governor Slaton commuted the sentence of Frank. Many people thought Governor Slaton made a mistake, but they were submissive to the law and the action taken by Slaton. It was a rough, lawless and rowdy element that, at the time would do violence to the governor, as it was to those who brutally murdered Frank. The good people of Georgia and the South do not approve of the mob who took the life of the Georgia prisoner. This act is to be very much deplored and condemned, and while I was away from home, returning from the Pacific coast when I heard of the tragedy, I am sure I do speak for the South when I say they do condemn and disapprove of such acts of lawlessness. "There may be fault on the part of

REPLY TO ATTACK ON SOUTH

"The South is backward. It shames the United States by illiteracy and incompetence. Its hill men and poor whites, its masses of feared and mulled blacks, its ignorant and violent politicians, its rotten industrial conditions and its rotten social ideas exist in circumstances which disgrace the United States in the thought of Americans and in the opinion of foreigners. "When the North exhibits a demonstration of violence against law by gutter rate of society, there is shame in the locality which was the scene of the exhibition. When the South exhibits it there is defiance of opinion. "The South is half educated. It is a region of illiteracy, blatant self-righteousness, cruelty and violence. Until it is improved by the inxasion of better blood and better ideas it will remain a reproach and a danger to the American republic." To be sure, such stuff might be trod off by a loose, unprincipled space-writer in quest of cheap notoriety. Or, it might be done. But, assuming it by chance the crude outcropping of an immature and untraveled mind, a word or two, serving an educational purpose, may not be wasted. Our tyro says the South is backward. So it is, and so unhelpfully is

CRIME IS NOT SECTIONAL

At the time that the newspaper-magazine mob of the North was assailing the courts of Georgia, which had been sustained by the courts of the United States, with a success that later incited a group of Georgia ruffians to rescue and murder a prisoner that the first mob had rescued

MAKING GOOD PROGRESS.

The people of the city will read with pleasure the announcement this morning that the street car track paving forces on South Main street are becoming better organized and that from now on more progress will be made every day.

For awhile some seemed to think that this track paving would hold back the street paving on the streets where the street cars operate but all danger of this is now passed. The forces are far ahead on South Main street and will have no trouble in remaining a good distance in advance of the regular street paving crew.

There is a great deal more work to the car track paving than the average person would think unless they had seen it. There are various crews doing the several different jobs connected with the paving and all of these have now become more organized and are better able to progress faster.

The grading on South Main street for the brick paving is now well under way and it will not be long before the entire street will be finished and the people of the city will justly feel proud of the street car track and the main thoroughfare as well.

A FARMER WITH PLUCK.

The public generally will sympathize with Mr. W. Keith Glenn who suffered such a heavy loss Tuesday night in the burning of his barns on his farm west of the city, this being the second time he has experienced loss of this kind in the past three years. But there's this much about it—he is a young man fairly bulging with energy, a splendid farmer and a good loser. The time that some farmers would spend in moping over such a loss he will spend in retrieving what he has lost, and ere you know it he will have made it all back again and a good bit more for good measure.

So often farmers are thought of as professional grumblers. It is either too wet or too dry, the seasons too late or too early, and this is too much that way or too much the other way. Some of it is deserved, no doubt, but not nearly so much as we would

SIMPLE SIMON SHIES A BRICK

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

The Courier-Journal has received simultaneously from several correspondents a clipping from the Chicago Tribune upon the Frank case, which, not content with excoriating the Georgia mob, turns upon all the people and institutions of the South with the ferocity of a roaring Bengal dry goods clerk.

One might expect to read such a melange of ignorance and malice in the Bungtown Bugle. But, coming from the journal made famous by Joseph Medill, he wonders whether its wangling influence and adverse fortunes have left it quite bereft of mental rectitude and moral accountability, or whether in the frequent change of editorial writers incident to a double and sometimes disputed ownership, one of those stupid old musk-rakers long out of a job has not contrived to impose himself upon a careless, or impecunious management.

In any event the subject matter is too undiscriminating and splenetic to hurt unless it recoils and hits the Tribune itself in the pit of the stomach, or rips the seat of its breeches.

Here is a sample of the topical blatherskiting characteristic of the greenhorn who thinks he can write: "The murder was not by a mob, but by vendetta, which is determined, cunning, resolved and cruel. A vendetta is possible in a low social organization, one which has not been sufficiently trained in the rudiments of education to submit itself to restraints necessary to the orderly processes of society. "The South is backward. It shames the United States by illiteracy and incompetence. Its hill men and poor whites, its masses of feared and mulled blacks, its ignorant and violent politicians, its rotten industrial conditions and its rotten social ideas exist in circumstances which disgrace the United States in the thought of Americans and in the opinion of foreigners. "When the North exhibits a demonstration of violence against law by gutter rate of society, there is shame in the locality which was the scene of the exhibition. When the South exhibits it there is defiance of opinion. "The South is half educated. It is a region of illiteracy, blatant self-righteousness, cruelty and violence. Until it is improved by the inxasion of better blood and better ideas it will remain a reproach and a danger to the American republic." To be sure, such stuff might be trod off by a loose, unprincipled space-writer in quest of cheap notoriety. Or, it might be done. But, assuming it by chance the crude outcropping of an immature and untraveled mind, a word or two, serving an educational purpose, may not be wasted. Our tyro says the South is backward. So it is, and so unhelpfully is

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think. But Glenn isn't that kind. Good luck or bad luck are not known to the man who has sand in the "crawl." It's a case of get there, b' gosh or bust a trace.

NICOTINE OUT OF TOBACCO

Government Experts Experimenting With Plants in Pennsylvania.

Uncle Sam and a group of his plant tinkers from the department of agriculture are working away at Landisville, Lancaster county, to see how much of the nicotine they can take out of the tobacco leaf without reducing the cigar to the quality of cabbage leaf.

For three years the government has been experimenting along this line, and it already has reduced the percentage of nicotine in tobacco from 3.5 to 1.31 per cent.

What's more, Dr. W. W. Garner of the bureau of plant industry at Washington says that the flavor of the tobacco hasn't been changed a bit.

The government has an experimental station at Landisville. Three years ago an analysis of 10 stalks of tobacco was made and showed a nicotine content of three and a half per cent. The plant with the lowest content was taken and the seed planted the next year.

From this tobacco 10 stalks were selected and the same process gone through. Last year it was found that the nicotine content had been reduced to 1.31 per cent.

Up-to-Date.

"This is certainly a modern cookbook in every way."

"How so?"

"It says: 'After mixing your bread, you can watch two rees at the movies before putting it in the oven.'—Puck.

A Ford Joke.

"What do you think of this second-hand auto which my father picked out at a bargain and sent me to use at college?"

"It sure is a rattling good car.—Hobart Herald.

He Refused.

Father—Why don't you come back to your own home and start a paper and help mold public opinion?"

Impatient Journalistic Son—Public opinion around here is moldy enough as it is.—Farm Life.

Taking No Chances.

Madge—Why don't you tell him frankly that you don't like him as well as you do Charlie?"

Marjorie—How can I, dear? I'm not just sure that Charlie will propose.—Judge.

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MISTER 'YOU!' You're the man we're after—the man who should be after us. The liberal reductions here now stimulate to action every man alert and alive to exceptionally powerful saving possibilities. BUT here's a warning finger; let's have the action now, there's only five more days of this clearance. \$10.00 Men's Suits... \$ 7.45 \$12.50 Men's Suits... \$ 9.45 \$15.00 Men's Suits... \$10.95 \$18.00 Men's Suits... \$12.95 \$20.00 Men's Suits... \$14.95 \$22.50 Men's Suits... \$16.95 \$ 3.50 and \$3 Boys' Suits \$2.45 \$ 4.50 and \$4 Boys' Suits \$2.95 \$ 5.00 Boys' Suits \$3.75 \$ 6.50 and \$6 Boys' Suits \$4.45 \$ 7.50 and \$7 Boys' Suits \$4.95 \$10.00 Boys' Suits \$7.45 \$12.50 and \$11 Boys' Suits \$7.95 \$2.50 and \$2 Trousers... \$1.75 \$3.50 and \$3 Trousers... \$2.45 \$4.50 and \$4 Trousers... \$2.95 \$5.00 Trousers... \$3.75 \$6.50 and \$6 Trousers... \$4.45 \$1.50 Manhattan Shirts... \$1.15 \$1.50 Adjusto Shirts... \$1.15 \$2.00 Manhattan Shirts... \$1.50 \$3.50 Manhattan Shirts... \$2.65 Complete clearances; oxfords, boys' knee pants and all summer underwear for men and boys. Manhattan and Wilson Bros. Union Suits at same reductions as Manhattan Shirts.

from the courts, a South Carolina sheriff and his posse having custody of a negro guilty of the "nameless crime" were attacked by four or five members of the family of the negro's victim. After the prisoner, the sheriff, a deputy and one of the assailants had been mortally wounded, the sheriff bore the wounded negro in his arms up the court house steps and laid him before the bar of justice. That night the sheriff died. Next morning, two or three leading newspapers of South Carolina proposed that a monument to Sheriff Hood be erected. At this same moment, Northern newspapers that were printing four or five columns a day about the Atlanta case had not an inch to give to the Winnsboro case. Now hear the Northern press, through The Tribune of Chicago, a conspicuous spokesman, forgetful of the far-flung assault on the Georgia courts whereby respect for law in Georgia was inevitably undermined, lecturing the South: "What the South needs is a tongue-lashing and a continued tongue-lashing of the most violent kind. It needs to be isolated from the respect of the nation which is compromised by the acts it defends. We do not say that the North is free from the spirit which flares up in the South. We know it is not free. The North is able to show an act of violence for every one exhibited in the South, but the North does not condone them nor defend them and it does endeavor to get at the causes that produce them." What Southern newspaper defends or condones lynching? What Southern newspaper neglects to condemn it? If the Tribune point to certain mouthing Southern politicians, dare it proclaim that no Chicago politician ever raised himself to power by partnership with vice—by financing his campaigns out of the profits of the White Slave traffic? Who is the more dangerous, the blatant, vulgar defender of lynching or the smug, silent, fat-necked Congressman or governor ruting a great Northern state through a great Northern city with the money of shame? Yes, the South is cursed by politicians who defend violence and they are as representative as tug politicians (whose methods are less noisy and more efficient) are representative of Chicago. The Southern press and the great majority of Southern public men have struggled and strived for years and decades to strengthen RESPECT FOR LAW in the South. Lack of it is the great affliction—of the South and of the United States. Then, when the Georgia courts condemned a white man to death on the testimony of a negro, it was the enlightened, the cultured, the wealthy North that turned against us and betrayed us, that wantonly forgot our handicaps, that struck down the courts and armed the lynchers with defensive argument. So this newspaper warned long ago, foreseeing the danger. The same tremendous efforts for Charles Becker, outside of New York, would probably have saved him from the chair; newspaper defense of his crime would have been easier than in the Atlanta case. The "Thou also" argument is unusually full but sometimes the provocator compels it. In South Carolina men are killed by their fellows in a year. With three times the number of inhabitants there were 140 homici-