

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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WILLIAM BANKS - Editor W. W. SMOAK - Business Manager

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The Weather.

Washington, May 23.—Generally fair Sunday and Monday, light variable winds.

Will Anderson be duty for the reunion?

The water wagon merely stirs up the dust.

Our hearts our hopes, our aims—all are one; sweet girl graduate.

"By way of explanation"—If you had not had anything it would not have been known.

The Veterans of South Carolina will find Anderson the capital city of the state of hospitality.

Anderson girls do not have to leave home to get an education in the best school in the country.

No city in this state has ever decorated as beautifully as Anderson will be by the end of the week.

We have heard of but one making a kick on the new rules of the primary. The principal thing is to register.

The rain will probably be pervasive enough to come when not needed and when the reunion is at its height.

Mr. Halfour assures us that Ireland is to have home rule but we haven't heard the latest from Ulster.

"If a vote and a half costs a pint and a half"—begins the esteemed Barwell News—Oh, very well, refer it to Harris.

Sun Yat Sen predicts a thrilling revolt in China, but he was driven out of that country and practically Mr. Sun has set.

Folks tell us The Intelligencer is getting better every day. Sure, and we belong to the progressives, but not Teddy's kind.

Our Georgia friends are talking of nominating Editor Dick Grubb, of the Darien Gazette, for governor, and he ought to be able to hoe his own row.

Mr. Mellen tells us that he is a great admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, but did Mr. Mellen ever read the story of the old lady who kissed the cow?

Political note, May 24, 1914: "W. J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt are the presidential nominees; congress heard sixty-four speakers today on the child labor bill," etc.

Entomologist Moultrie Observer sighs thus: "Bill Harris has shucked off everything and waded into the deepest of it. Now who will duck him? O, no, hum—is Georgia that wet?"

With the thunders of Niagara in their ears and the thunders of the rebel guns in the air those peace envoys probably sometimes wish they had a slug from Huerta's black bottle.

Instead of firing with the political boss and so forth, we observe that a gentleman by the name of Clark Howell is engaged in running a newspaper—a glance at the Atlanta Constitution will show.

A gentleman just arrived from Greenville informs us that the citizens of that enterprising community are ecstatic over a new song that has just reached there, entitled "Apple Blossom Time in Normandy."

Editor The Intelligencer:

On behalf of the committee charged with getting homes for the veterans I make this appeal to the people of Anderson. Thus far we have placed over 200 veterans in the homes of Anderson. The committee is preparing to house 100 veterans in vacant buildings. General Teague today wires us that we must expect several hundred veterans so that we face a deficiency of homes equal to the number we have obtained.

It is hard for the committee to see all and may be that there are those who expect to entertain some veteran and the name has not been turned in. This makes it necessary that the committee provide a home for the veteran you expect to obtain. The committee, therefore urges that all such names be sent in or phoned to the Chamber of Commerce, and that every home that is willing to open its doors to at least one veteran will let that fact be known. We all profess to love the veterans who gave 4 years of their life to the Confederacy, but it is little evidence of that love if we refuse to open our homes to them for 2 days. This last appeal is made in the belief that our people will open their doors now that they know the conditions. Don't wait for one of the committee; use your phone now.

LEON L. RICE, Chairman.

The housing committee of the Chamber of Commerce asks that all boarding houses in the city, notify the chamber of commerce Monday as to the number of veterans they can care for. Also please state the rate per day.

JUST VAGRANT THOUGHTS

Some one has remarked that the most satisfying pleasures are stray wafers of memories that steal into our life to keep the soul from dying with ennui.

Whether this be true, certain it is, ere most of us can vouchsafe, there are flowers long since withered, perhaps which we have in times past, pressed to our lips, reveled in their wondrous odors and delighted in their rapturous beauty.

Perchance, when we are tired and prone to sadness, there will come trooping into our minds some delightful event of childhood, or the visit to the country of the old swimming pool the little red school house on the hill, of a childish face that we once loved.

Ah, who would blot memory from the mind—even if one could do such a thing? A writer in the current number of Everybody's Magazine thus states the point we should like to stress in these beautiful stanzas: Carnations and my first love! and he was seventeen.

And I was only twelve—a stately gulf between!

I bought them on the morning the school dance was to be, To give among my ribbons, in the hope that he might see.

And all the girls stood breathless to watch as he went through With curly crest and grand air that swept the heart from you!

And why he paused at my side is more than I can know— The shyest of the small girls that all adored him so.

I said it with my prayer times — I walked with head held high— "Carnations are my flower!" he said as he strode by.

Carnations and my first love! The years are gone a score, And I recall his first name, and scarce an eyelash more;

And those were all the love words that either of us said— Perhaps he may be married, perhaps he may be dead.

And yet . . . to small carnations, their spicy, heavy sweet, Perfuming all some sick room or passing on the street

Then still the school lights flicker, and still the lances play, And still the girls hold breathless the while he goes away.

And still my child heart quivers in that first ecstasy— "Carnations are your flower!" my first love said to me!

TERRY DILL AND HIS PRIZE PIG

In the "Interesting People" department of the June American Magazine, there appears a sketch of Terry Dill and his prize pig. Terry Dill is the 16-year old Greenville boy who raised a 308-pound pig at a cost of 3.5 cents a pound. Following is an extract from the article:

"The contest was very close. Terry's was not the heaviest pig, and his average gain in weight was 14.5 lbs. a week, for the full term, against 17.85 pounds for the boy raising the heaviest. On this point Terry scored 44 points. But the heaviest pig cost 5.5 cents a pound, while Terry with a cost of 3.5 won the perfect score of 30 points. Another boy was too kind altogether and spent 2 cents a pound. Terry scored the perfect ten points for the "general condition" of his pig, so it would be unfair to omit the fact that, so far as he was concerned, he was perfect in everything. The business and common sense of Terry's reports were only one part of the perfect ten. His win with the score of 33 points. The paper throughout the South proclaimed the thought of the Greenville pig club as an inspiration, and Terry Dill's victory as a solution of the problem of home-grown hog and hominy."

Terry Dill promises to rival Jerry Moore as the favorite son of South Carolina, and he is progressive, doing good for the South.



Gen. Clifton A. Reed

Commander of First Brigade of the United Confederate Veterans—Anderson Will Make a Success of Reunion In Compliment to General Reed

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

While we do not espouse the cause of votes for women, yet we realize that this is a movement which is growing and spreading, and has been found a success in states where woman has been permitted to express her wish with the ballot.

We do say this, if the men would vote as the women direct, the world would be better, but would it be good for women to mingle with men in the sordidness of an election? That is the deterrent question.

In fact many good women, especially here in the South, might not wish to vote on account of the obnoxiousness of the polls and the staring, swearing crowds of hangers on.

Even many good men hesitate to go to the polls these days.

PATRIOTIC CITY BEING ADORNED

First Decorations for the Coming Reunion Were Placed On Buildings Yesterday

Patriotic Anderson is rising to the occasion in connection with the coming Veterans Reunion and the city will be a blaze with the Confederate colors throughout all of next week. The first decorations for the event began going up yesterday and last night there were eight or ten buildings on Main street with the Stars and Bars and Stars and Stripes floating side by side from the top. Pictures of renowned Confederate generals and commanders are to be seen displayed in the windows of the buildings and in some instances the photographs have been worked into decorations above the building.

The Anderson merchants are willingly doing their part and Anderson will be more beautiful next Wednesday when the Veterans arrive than she has ever been before.

Air Craft Are Used by Army in Mexico; Aviator Making Report



Photos copyright, 1914, by American Press Association.

BIPLANES are proving of distinct utility to the American army in Mexico. General Funston is using them constantly to keep track of the movements of the Huerta forces. The illustration (top picture) shows an aviator coming ashore in a hydroplane after a reconnaissance trip, and at the bottom is Lieutenant Mustin, an army aviator, making his report after returning from scouting over the Vera Cruz suburbs.

POWERFUL ENGINES ARE PLACED IN USE

PIEDMONT & NORTHERN IS IMPROVING SERVICE

TWO ANNOUNCED

New Machinery Has Been Received For Freight Traffic of Line and Is Now Being Used

The Piedmont & Northern Line is placing in commission six powerful electric locomotives of a new type on the Greenville, Spartanburg & Anderson division of the system. These locomotives 63 1-2 tons, with all the weight on drivers, have the box type of a cab extending nearly the entire length of the under frame, and are designed for heavy freight service. At the normal rating of the motors, which each locomotive is equipped, they will develop a tractive effort of 17,500 pounds and a speed of 21 miles per hour. The locomotive will handle trains of 800 to 1,000 tons gross weight.

The new locomotives were designed and built by the General Electric company. The cab is of the all-steel box type and extends nearly the entire length of the under framing. Outside platforms of suitable width are left at each end for the switchman to handle the trolley poles and are protected by side and end hand or guard rails. In the interior the cab is open throughout as far as is consistent with the apparatus located therein. While the operating mechanism is grouped in the central section, it is not located in a compartment separate from the engineer's operating chair. Convenient passage-ways run along each side and connect with the operating positions in each end.

Each locomotive is driven by four motors, insulated for operation on 1,500 volts. Each motor is geared to an axle. All the axles are therefore driving axles. For this complete equipment of four motors on a locomotive this is equivalent to a continuously sustained tractive effort of 11,200 pounds.

The locomotive is equipped with standard luminous arc headlights fitted with semaphore lenses. The sanders are pneumatically operated. Sand boxes of ample capacity are located alongside the door in each of the cab, and the valves are arranged for sanding the track in front of the leading wheels at either end when running in either direction. The interior of the cabin is illuminated by incandescent lamps. Included among these are two portable lamps with extension cords installed at the centre in the side passageways. The bell is fitted with an automatic bell ringer and the whistle is air operated. Two air signals are supplied, one in each end of the cab, to enable the switchman to signal the engineer.



Perhaps you're thinking about the cost of that suit.

Come in and let us think with you—we'll give you a big dollar's worth of satisfaction for every dollar you pay here and your money is on call, too.

No, we're not running a bank—but you can bank on satisfaction or your money back.

Suits \$10. to \$25.

Order by parcels post. We prepay all charges.

B. O. Grant & Co.

"The Most Sacred of Human Institutions"

As "The Saturday Evening Post" points out, "The duty of a married man without a fortune, to insure his life is as clear and almost as urgent as his duty to" support his family while he is living." The same thought is expressed in the following editorial from "The Commercial Tribune," of Cincinnati:

"Life insurance was evolved for the protection of the most sacred of human institutions—the family. It has done and is doing that work with unswerving fidelity, and no coming time can wither its strength or the certainty that the family of the man who insures and stays insured shall never know the misery and degradation of a penniless existence."

Are you adequately and securely insured with the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company that put "sur (e)" in insurance by the adoption in 1912 of

Reserves to Cover All Contingencies

to which the life insurance business is exposed.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J., was organized in 1845, and now has over \$600,000,000 of insurance in force.

M. M. MATTISON, General Agent. CHAS. W. WEBB, DISTRICT AGENT. JOE J. TROWBRIDGE, SPECIAL AGENT