

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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

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THE COTTON QUESTION.

The one important question before the people of this State now is as to the reduction of the cotton acreage, or the total elimination of the crop next year. The text of the bill introduced by the select committee Monday provides for the reduction of the crop to six acres to each plow. Now comes a dispatch from Columbia stating that the efforts now are to have a bill to eliminate the entire crop passed.

We must confess to a bit of skepticism as to the constitutionality of either of these laws, and even if constitutional, to the expediency of their passage at this time. This is too radical a step and one which we are sure the farmers themselves—we mean the large majority of them, the small farmer—do not wish to have taken.

Talk about interfering with the personal liberty of a man, we would ask what is this if not taking away the entire right of a man to do as he pleases with what is his own. It would be a different matter if there were some police regulation attached to this planting cotton, which would affect the health or personal safety of the people of a community, but there is nothing injurious to the health of a community in a large crop of cotton, and the only person effected by the farmer himself who grows the cotton.

Then if it should prove legal and constitutional, would not the legislature have the same right to pass laws restricting other work. Why not then limit the number of acres of corn or oats, or the number of hogs or cows a farmer should own? Why not restrict the number of pairs of shoes the merchant shall sell, or the number of papers The Intelligencer shall issue each morning?

As a farmer owing and paying taxes on my farm, I would want the right to plant any crop I please, and as much or as little of it as I choose, and I would not think the legislature had any right to restrict me in so doing. If my personal interests would be best served by planting 20 acres of cotton to each plow, then I would feel that I had a perfect right to plant 20 acres. If I felt on the other hand that I should plant no cotton, then I would feel that I should have the same right to plant no cotton. In other words, I should want the right of eminent domain over my farm, and I would resent any interference with that right whether or not it should be by an individual or a State.

Now, The Intelligencer feels that this view is one that will be taken by at least nine out of every ten farmers in the cotton growing belt, and for the simple reason that it is right. Governor Slaton, of Georgia, also a large cotton growing State, announced that he would not call his legislature together in special session because as a lawyer he would not ask it to pass a law which he considers unconstitutional, and which his Attorney General also considers unconstitutional. Governor Slaton is not alone in this opinion, but is backed up by legal opinion of other able lawyers. So, in our humble opinion, should the present session of the legislature pass this law, it will mean a lengthy and expensive litigation to determine the constitutionality of the law, and should it be declared constitutional, then endless litigation to enforce it. We seriously doubt the wisdom of any law attempting to legislate on the matter of cotton at this time.

Rather than a law, let common sense and reason dictate what the

farmer shall do in this matter. The Intelligencer trusts that, law or no law, there shall be a great reduction of cotton acreage for next year. Let there be more attention to grain, hogs, cattle, poultry and other small products of the farm.

Timely suggestion—the clock.

The battle that is on in the city of beans grows warm.

The clubs of Columbia seem to be in the bad with the city authorities.

Make everything you attempt a canning demonstration.

Men of mark make more than a scratch.

If you haven't a man side job, you are doing yourself a great injustice.

If Spartanburg is "The city of Success," we don't see any use in rubbing it in.

It may be that the Richland county sheriff wanted to put Ringling Brothers circus in his watch chain.

Along with the grain proposition, how would it do to put several acres in alfalfa?

When farming in South Carolina, there is something wrong with the man, not the land.

The grain elevator is coming. Now it's up to you to get something to put in it.

Ask for something "made in Anderson." The next best is "made in S. A." Don't say America—it takes a too much territory.

If you don't like the way things are going on in the world, you inquire into your own conduct and see if any improvement can be made there.

OUR DAILY POEM

A Pretty Good World.

This world's a pretty good sort of world, Taking it altogether. In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,

In spite of the gloomy weather. There are friends to love and hopes to cheer, And plenty of compensation For every ache for those who make The best of the situation.

There are quiet nooks for lovers of books, With Nature in happy union; There are cool retreats from the noon-tide heats

Where souls may have sweet communion; And if there's a spot where the sun shines not

There's always a lamp to light it, And if there's a wrong we know ere long That Heaven above will right it.

So it's not for us to make a fuss Because of life's sad mischances, Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about

A change in our circumstances, For this world's a pretty good sort of world,

And He to whom we are debtor Appoints our place, and supplies the grace To help us make it better.—Tid Bits.

The Day In Congress

Washington, Oct. 13.—HOUSE: Met at noon.

Debate on Philippine bill resumed. Judiciary committee decided to recommend that charges against Justice Wright, of Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, be dropped.

Rules committee failed to agree on bill for cotton relief legislation. Adopted resolution asking President for information as to enforcement of laws against sale of liquor on Indian lands.

Conference report on Alaska coal land leasing bill presented. Adjourned at 5:22 p. m. until noon Wednesday.

SENATE: Met at noon.

Debate on war tax bill resumed. Passed resolution calling on Commissioner of Internal Revenue for statement of amount raised by income tax by States.

Manufacturers committee favorably reported bill requiring labels on all fabrics in interstate commerce. Ratified peace commission treaty with China and Russia.

Recessed at 6 p. m. to 1 p. m. Wednesday.



Oct. 12 to 17.

MRS. J. A. BROOKS HAS PASSED ON

Feeling Tribute of a Friend to This Worthy Christian Woman.

The home of Mr. John A. Brooks, an old veteran of the Civil War, has been made sad and lonely by the death angel entering it on the third of October, bearing away on its bosom the sweet spirit of Nancy Ann Brooks, the wife and mother of that home. She was born July 24, 1848. Was married to John A. Brooks, August 11, 1867. Her maiden name was Hackett.

There are left to mourn her death, her husband and six children, four sons and two daughters, Mrs. J. O. Swaney, of Pendleton, S. C., Miss Cora, Messrs. Willie, Samuel, Adolphus and Lewis Brooks. And three brothers, Whitt Hackett, of Covington, Ga., William Hackett, of Howell, Ga., and Earl Hackett, of Liberty, S. C. Beside a host of relatives and friends.

Five children preceded her, two in infancy, three after reaching manhood and womanhood.

Nancy Ann Brooks gave her heart to God in early life and united with the Methodist church at Old Sandy Springs where her body was laid to rest in the cemetery, in the presence of a large assembly of sorrowing friends. She was ever faithful to her church. While she did not possess as much of this world's goods as some, yet she was the possessor of something far more precious. She possessed a title to a mansion in heaven, bequeathed to her by her Saviour whom she loved.

Her life was a benediction. Her children will rise up and call her blessed. Her husband will miss her sweet counsel. Nancy Ann is gone, yet death is the gate that opens out of earth toward the house eternal in the heavens. We have lost her, but heaven gains her. We mourn, heaven rejoices. We hang our heads on the willows, but she is tuning hers in the eternal orchestra above, rejoicing that she has won the victory through Christ her Saviour.

When standing by the death bed of our loved ones with stifled grief, a tear dropped in silence often rings in heaven with a sound which belongs not to earthly trumpets or bells. It is heart rending to witness the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh, how thrilling! the last feeble pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon you from the threshold of the border land. The faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. The sobbing, the heart-breaking agony that seem to rend your very souls as we see their breath get fainter and fainter, until we realize their spirits have departed and left us, oh, so lonely, so lonely.

The ties that unite us are not broken. They are too strong for death's stroke. They are made for the joys of eternal friendship. No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes it has likewise its delights; when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart.

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. The grave! What a place for meditation! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. There we think of the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene.

But why grieve? The loving wife mother has only gone a little ahead of us to be with the loved ones that are gone before. Look up through your tears to Him who loves you, and gave His life for you. He is the shelter that will protect you from all the fury of the raging storms. And you, Cora, who have been drinking deep of the bitter cup of affliction; faint not at this, the crowning trial of your life. He is only polishing you through affliction to shine with greater brightness as one of the jewels to be placed in the crown of your loving Saviour.

Let me again say to all the mourning friends; catch the spirit of the poet as he cast his eyes heavenward and seem to hear his Saviour say to him: When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

A FRIEND.

Stop Those Early Frothy Coughs! They hang on all winter if not checked, and pave the way for serious throat and lung diseases. Get a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and take it freely. Stops coughs and colds, heals raw inflamed throat, loosens the phlegm, and is mildly laxative. Chas. T. Miller, Ed. Enquirer, Cannelton, Ind., had bronchial trouble, got very hoarse, coughed constantly from a tickling throat. He used only Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Was entirely relieved. Wants others to know of Foley's Honey and Tar.

For sale by Egan's Pharmacy.

ONLY ONE WEEK UNTIL THE FAIR

Belton Has All Her Plans Complete and Is Expecting an Enormous Crowd.

On next Wednesday, one week from today, Belton will stage the biggest event she has ever undertaken and will have the pleasure of entertaining more people than have been to Belton in many months. On that date the annual Belton Fair will take place and of this Fair it can truly be said that the event will be bigger and better than it ever was before.

One Belton man spending yesterday in the city said that every person returning to their home next Wednesday night would be able to say that no more pleasant day was ever arranged.

Claude A. Graves, editor of the Belton Journal and secretary of the Fair Association, was in Anderson yesterday and he says that there have been many entries in all classes and that more are being received daily.

Indications are that Anderson will send over a large delegation for the day.

BUILD MEMORIAL TO MRS. WILSON

Proposed to Erect Block of Sanitary Houses in Slum Districts in Her Memory.

Washington, Oct. 13.—A movement to build a memorial to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, in the form of model block of sanitary houses in the slum district of Washington, has been started by Mrs. Ernest Bicknell, wife of the director of the American Red Cross, and other prominent women. The plan is to raise money by subscriptions from the women of the country and to call it the Ellen Wilson Memorial Block.

Mrs. Wilson's dying wish was that a bill for the elimination of the unsanitary alleys of Washington be passed and since her death this has been done.

Mrs. Hopkins will submit the plan this week to a meeting of various women's organizations to be held in Pittsburgh.

ORBITUARY.

Death visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDonald Friday evening, October 3, and took away their darling little boy Lee. He had been sick only a few days with diphtheria. Everything was done for the little sufferer, but God had planned that medical skill should not avail. Every thing that loving hands and good nurse could do was done for little Lee, but he passed over the river to join his little sisters who had gone on before. While loved ones watched beside the bed of the dying child in this moment of sacred stillness it seemed that the heavens opened to receive the spirit of little Lee, so sweetly, so peacefully it entered into its heavenly rest. The home is lonesome and sad since little Lee has passed away, the father and mother feel that hopes have perished with the flower they cherished so with the faith and love of these found parents. We know they can say, Thy will be done. We know the hearts of these loved ones, we point them to Him, who alone can give balm to wounded hearts such as these. Weep not, dear parents for God has plucked a bud to transplant in his garden of love, there to mature and blossom for eternity. He hath but gone before to await your coming. This little boy was lent to his parents just two short years, but in just those tender years which seemed to endear the little life to the hearts of fond parents and grandparents and friends. He was just at that age when the sweet little lips were beginning to speak the words loved ones so eagerly heard. I pray that his parents will go to him for comfort who doeth all things well.

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had in a magistrate's court, the same be entered and enrolled in the office of the clerk of court of general sessions and common pleas as judgments or magistrates' courts are now allowed to be entered and enrolled in said office.

FEWER ACRES OR ELIMINATE

(Continued From First Page.)

Provides for Surveys. "Sec. 3. That after any proceeding has been taken against any person or persons for a violation of this act, it shall be the duty of the clerk of court of general sessions and common pleas for the county in which the offense is charged, upon application under oath of either party to such proceeding to issue a rule of array in the case, giving three days' notice thereof to the opposite party, the costs of such rule and survey to be taxed in the bill of costs in the final adjudication of the case.

"Sec. 4.—That all sheriffs, sheriffs' deputies, magistrates, constables and rural policemen shall be charged with the duty of inspection, the production of evidence and the prosecutions for violation of this act.

"Sec. 5. The word 'person' used in this act shall be held to include partnerships, voluntary associations and corporations.

"Sec. 6. This act shall go into effect immediately upon its approval."

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Thoughts on the War

By Mrs. J. J. Fretwell.

The year 1914 seemed the greatest in the worlds history. Finance commerce, literature the arts and sciences, inventions of the most marvelous, all combined seemed to make man indeed the greatest creation of God! Endowed with brain and brawn to conceive and carry into execution the most gigantic and stupendous ideas such as building and completing the Panama canal and making it one of the wonders of the world, building aeroplanes and any number of other devices equally marvelous. The Prince of Peace seemed to veild a mighty influence over the entire world and contentment and happiness seemed to reign supreme—no disagreements between nations was apparent, and great wings of the Dove of Peace seemed to reach out and take the world under its protecting care—America under a wise Democratic rule was prospering—all differences existing between the North and South were wiped out, and with the east and the west were pulling together for mutual benefit. The summer was waning and men were rejoicing in anticipation of the harvest, a realization of their dreams of peace and plenty—when lo! in the twinkling of an eye the world was plunged into a bloody war. It seemed impossible with all the evidences of content and prosperity that behind the curtain there was such hatred and before one could realize the true status all was changed—seventeen million of men are withdrawn from their labors of helping the world and set to the business of destruction. They leave the plow, the saw, the pen and seize the rifle, the bayonet, the sword and the cannon". Homes are made desolate, women are widowed and made childless (poverty and destruction everywhere—works of art that can never be duplicated, demolished, commerce paralyzed, mills still, shops closed, banks barred, school houses empty and all of this horrible things following in the wake of war! It is discouraging that Christianity has not yet Christianized the world that even in this time of so much learning, so much progress that still men are not satisfied, but in a spirit of greediness are reaching out to destroy their fellow-man in order to have and to hold still more. Oh the greed! the sin of it—the wickedness, living in an enlightened age, still going back to the dark-ages and thirsting for blood and sacrificing so much—nothing seems possible to clear the sky—God's vengeance will surely be meted out to the children of men and it will take years to regain His love and blessings! We can only sit and wait and pray God for mercy on us all! feeling that after all we have fallen far short of what it takes to make an enlightened people. That ignorance, hatred, greed are ungoverned and we are poor specimens of humanity. We should rejoice that our own dear country is "the home of the free and the brave" and should strive more than ever to make ourselves worthy and beg Him to send peace once again to all the nations of the earth!

When standing by the death bed of our loved ones with stifled grief, a tear dropped in silence often rings in heaven with a sound which belongs not to earthly trumpets or bells. It is heart rending to witness the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh, how thrilling! the last feeble pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon you from the threshold of the border land. The faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. The sobbing, the heart-breaking agony that seem to rend your very souls as we see their breath get fainter and fainter, until we realize their spirits have departed and left us, oh, so lonely, so lonely.

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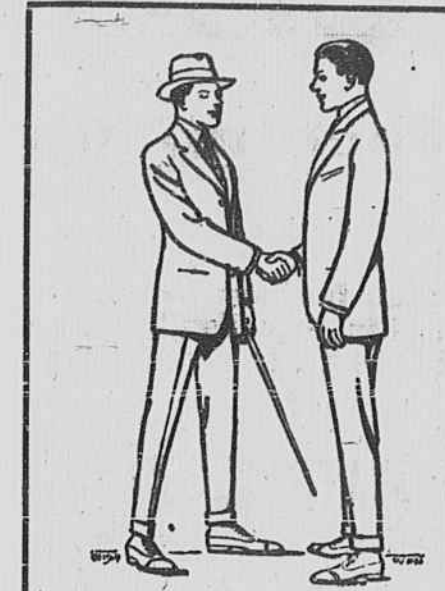
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We've mobilized our army of Styles for Men. Everything ready for the Fall invasion of customers.

Our New York Resident Buyer keeps us in close touch with the base of supplies.

Never such attractive colors and patterns, never better made suits and overcoats.

Come in and review the grand review.

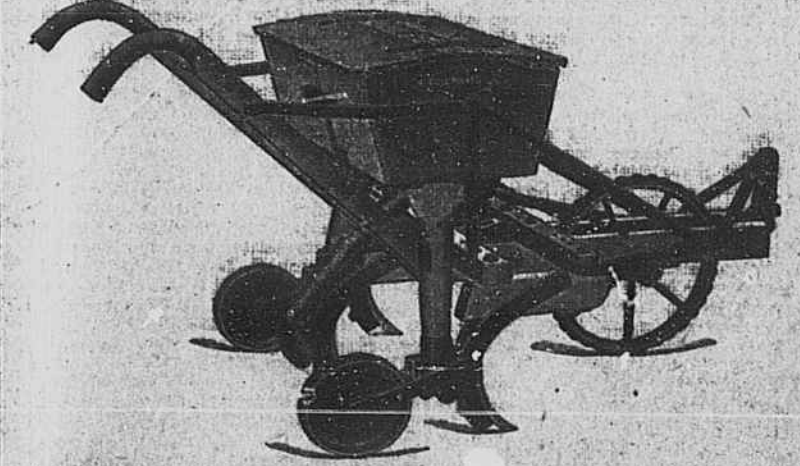
Suits \$10 to \$25. Overcoats \$10 to \$25.

Outfits for men and boys that outfits them right.

Order by parcel post. We prepay all charges.



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The Cotton Fields

of nearly all our best and most progressive farmers at this time have COLE THREE FURROW GRAIN DRILLS sowing grain.

If you have not such an implement you should have one. It is the only safe, sure way of getting a crop. Such an implement insures largest possible yield.

Put in your grain now with a COLE THREE FURROW DRILL.

Sullivan Hardware Company Anderson, S. C., Belton, S. C., Greenville, S. C.