

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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ONLY

41

More Shopping Days Before X'mas.

The Weather.

South Carolina: Fair Friday and Saturday.

Our Daily Thought.

Some lives most fit for high and noble deeds. Are held and fettered sore with common things. Some hearts hold sealed wells of tenderness. And saints walk through the world with folded wings.

Swat the war talker. A man with wheels sometimes gets out of gear.

Don't judge a woman by the clothes she doesn't wear.

When silence is golden it is funny where all the helixes come from.

Nobody seems to sympathize with the poor blind tiger.

Who was it that said the people couldn't be fooled all the time?

"Switzerland to Move for Peace." Some moving, too.

We hereby start a movement to let "the sick man" of Europe be, paragrappers!

The war tax on beer will probably keep it from being so light, and it will therefore keep better.

Old Doc. Evans, of the Columbia State says "prepare for hot weather." Wonder what kind Doc. is drinking.

The trouble with the boy who sits down in class because he is correct often wants to stay down.

Uncle Joe Cannon is back on the job and we take it that he is glad to get there.

Now listen at this: "The same old Bill" is all smiles because he licked T. R.

The aeroplane has not as yet dimmed the lustre of the good roads movement.

Those who have never felt sorrow or grief are in no position to sympathize with those who have.

It's funny how Nature reverses herself sometimes. Where the temperature wave goes it leaves "dry" territory, and where it don't go the territory is "wet."

The aeroplane may seem to offer an unusually safe manner for criminals to avoid successful pursuit, but they can never escape the laws of gravity.

If you are going to be mean and ornery, it is just as well to go to such extremes that nothing else will be expected of you.

The President did not sit down on the job but the election found him seated squarely on the G. O. P. and the Bull Moose.

A GOOD WORK DONE.

The City of Anderson is to be congratulated upon the complete victory won in running down and putting out of business the dealers in Alcoholic liquors. There are perhaps a few who are unwhipped of justice and the law, but they are very few, and the main offenders are out of business and out of the city.

This is a very desirable state of affairs, but the people of the city who wish to see the good work that has been done perpetuated, must not sit down and feel that everything has been done and that there is no need for further effort. Now is the time for most active work to be done. If there are other places where liquor is sold or dispenses a stop should not be made till they are also closed up. Every citizen of Anderson should stand upon the same footing, and what constitutes violations of the law with one person, certainly should constitute it if done by another.

Then, if a let-up is made, the tiger will soon begin to return, and this same thing must be gone over again. A suggestion has been made that a law and order league be organized. This should be done by all means and at once. Those who mean to make Anderson a clean city are in the majority here, and they can put a stop to any practice they feel is not conducive to their purposes in making it so. But it is necessary that there be organized and concerted effort. Every citizen must feel that it is his duty to report a violation of the law coming under his knowledge as much as if he were an officer. Only in this way will we be able to make Anderson really a "dry" city and keep it so. Let Anderson be like the two cities Dr. White spoke of—entirely and truly clean.

DESERTED BY FRIENDS

One could not have been other than impressed yesterday if a spectator at the liquor trial in progress here, at the utter kindness of the defendant who was present. Without counsel he tried to make out his case, and there were no witnesses to appear for him. If he had friends they were not in evidence, and the hearty good fellowship he found when indulging in his avocation could do him but little good at the time he needed it most. His former friends, so called, were not present to say a good word for him, nor to sympathize with him when the sentence of the court was passed.

But this should excite no surprise, for it is a trait of human nature that friends in adversity are indeed hard to find. As long as all goes well with a fellow, and he has money, or something others want, he is sought and finds plenty of sympathy and friendship, and good companionship. But let the winds of adversity begin to blow, and he must hunt for help and fellowship from others. In this case the friend to whom the defendant could turn, and one from whom he could expect any sympathy or aid, was the attorney whose duty was to prosecute. There is a lesson the evil doer should learn from this incident, and he should endeavor to cultivate the friendship of those who will stand by him in adversity as well as in prosperity. There are such persons, and for the man who does the best he can in an honorable way, they are always ready to hold out a helping hand. But one would hardly go to a blind tiger, or to a habitual violator of the law for this aid and sympathy. The ministers and the broad minded men who wished to see for themselves what the city was doing, are the men to turn to for assistance and help.

Will the remaining offenders, if there be any, in Anderson do this, or will they continue to violate the law? We shall see.

ONLY ONE-THIRD IN COTTON

As the law now stands the farmers of the State can only plant one-third of their total crop in cotton. The Intelligencer will not longer question the wisdom, nor the validity of the law, but as it is law, it must be obeyed by all law abiding citizens. It will be a good thing for the farmers of Anderson county to obey this law literally, and for every 30 acres planted let there be only 10 planted in cotton. Now is the time to get ready to obey this law. If the farmers of the county wait till next spring when it is time to plant their crops, they will hate dearly to plant 20 acres of corn and only 10 of cotton, especially if it happens to be a farmer who has been planting nearly his entire crop in cotton.

We trust the farmers who are readers of The Intelligencer, if they have not already done so, will plant as many acres of grain as possible this winter. Sow oats, rye and wheat, and thus reduce the number of acres to be planted next spring in either cotton or corn. Let the cotton crop next year be truly a surplus crop, and the price it brings will not make so much difference.

PARKER AND THE MILLS

The resignation of Lewis W. Parker, as president of the Parker merger of cotton mills in South Carolina, comes very much as a surprise to the people of the state. No reasons have been assigned for this resignation, or rather had not been when the announcement was made. If he has made any statement as to his reasons, we have not seen it. We suspect that Mr. Parker has been hard hit by the turn the markets have recently taken, and as his successor is said to be connected with a bank, it is probable that financial reasons are back of this move on his part.

It is a known fact that the cotton mills in this State have nearly all been operating at a loss this fall, and in some cases for a much longer period. The Mills of Anderson as well as those in other places have their troubles, and they are bravely struggling to make ends meet, and judging from reports of some of the large orders received they will pull through with flying colors. But doubtless the cotton mills of the city, were they to consult their best interests financially, would close down for a period, but they are loyal to their help, and the men and women dependent upon them for employment should feel grateful that mills of Anderson are offered by humane and kindly men who would rather suffer financial loss than to bring suffering to their employees.

McLAURIN LANDS.

Senator John L. McLaurin has agitated a State warehouse scheme for several years. Spoken for it, wept for it, waxed eloquent for it. The State now has it and Senator McLaurin has "the" job which goes with it and pays \$3,000 per annum. In a word, both have got it. Are we both happy—Greenwood Index.

NOT POLITICS

"Destroy the tiger," urges The Anderson Intelligencer. No, The Intelligencer is not taking a hand in New York politics. The reference is to the blind tigers of Anderson.—Greenwood Journal.

A French savant thinks he has evolved race suicide. His idea is to compel bachelors to either get married or serve several years in the army, probably believing that they will prefer the former kind of warfare to the latter.

Many of us would often give a great deal to have a little fear of what is to follow a transaction in later life as we had when in younger years we asked some confiding damsel to let us support her, without knowing whether a week later we would be able to support ourselves.

OUR DAILY POEM

Bluebirds in Autumn. The morning was gray and cloudy, And over the fading land Autumn was casting the withered leaves Abroad with a lavish hand. Sad lay the tawny pastures, Where the grass was brown and dry; And the far-off hills were blurred with mist, Under the scumby sky. The frost already had fallen, No bird seemed left to sing; And I sighed to think of the tempests Between us and the spring. But the woodbine yet was scarlet, Where it found a place to cling; And the old dead weeping-willow Was draped like a splendid king. Suddenly out of the heavens, Like sapphire sparks of light, A flock of bluebirds swept and lit In the woodbine garlands bright. The tree was alive in a moment With motion, color and song; How gorgeous the flash of their azure wings The blood-red leaves among. Beautiful, brilliant creatures What sudden delight they brought Into the pallid morning, Rebuking my dreary thought! Only a few days longer And they would have flown, to find The wonderful vanished summer, Leaving darkness and cold behind. Oh, to flee from the bitter weather, The winter's buffets and shocks; To borrow their strong, light pinions, And follow their shining flocks! While they sought for the purple berries, So eager and bright and glad, I watched them dreaming of April, Ashamed to have been so sad. And I thought, "Though I can not follow them, I can patiently endure, And make the best of the snowstorms And that is something more. "And when I see them returning, All heaven to earth they'll bring; And my joy will be the deeper, For I shall have earned the spring." —Mrs. Col. Thaxter.

To Dame Fashion.

"Skirts will be furled In 1915." More girl or more goods? Which, Dame, do you mean? —Boston Transcript.

GRINS AND GROANS

Something Else Again.

Briggs—Then you can recommend Rogers as a man of good character? Griggs—No, merely as a man of good reputation.—Boston Transcript.

Too Many Highballs.

Speaking of tennis, when a man goes on a racket he is apt to get into the court. Then there's the deuce to pay, the net result sometimes being that he has to serve a term for his fault.—Boston Transcript.

Where the Son Sets.

Teacher—Now you have in front of you the east, on your right the south and on your left the north. What have you behind you? Small Boy—A patch on my pants. I told mother you'd see it.—Boston Transcript.

Had His Own Idea How Much.

Lady (to the boy at door)—You are an honest lad. But the money I lost was a ten dollar bill, not two fives. Didn't you see that in the advertisement?

Boy—Yessum! It was a ten dollar bill that I found, but I changed it to two fives so you could pay me a reward.—Boston Transcript.

Within His Rights.

Employee—Mr. Brown, I should like to ask for a raise in my wages I've just been married. Employer—Very sorry, my dear man, but for accidents to our employees outside of the factory we are not responsible.—London Opinion.

Mechanical Catarrh.

Jones telephoning—I wish you'd send a man up here to fix that phonograph you sold me. It's singing through it's nose.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Expectancy.

Old Man—What are you fishing for sonny? Sonny—Snigs. Old Man—What are snigs? Sonny—I don't know; I ain't never caught any yet.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Real Flirt.

May—Bob has developed into a very successful story teller. Fay—I should think he had; Sunday he told me I was the only girl he cared for, and today I saw him at the races with the Widow Borne-high.

In Spirit Land.

Spook of Lear—Were you really insane, Hamlet? Spook of Hamlet—I never could ascertain, Lear, old man. I never faced a jury of alienists.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

She'd Do That.

"Do you think he's able to support a wife?" "Why, he can't even maintain a conversation."—Judge.

Both Satisfied.

The man put his hand in the horse's mouth to see how many teeth the horse had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of both was satisfied. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

B-R-R-E-R!

The more the Wintry tempest tears From out the nor' nor'west. The less the genuin' maiden wears About her neck and chest.

Or at the Naphins.

"Waiter, give me the menu." "We have none, but I can tell you what we have." "You must have a jolly good memory."

Stone Blind.

Stude (on geology expedition)—"Say, professor, I can't tell one of these rocks from another." Professor—"Why that's very queer—you must be stone blind."—Cornell Widow.

Maybe She Was.

"Willie is your father a rich man?" "No, Sallie, he is a professor, so I can be educated for nothing." "Oh, that's nothing. My father is a minister, and I can be good for nothing."—Harvard Lampoon.

No Wonder.

Flig—"Mr Brown has become so irreligious. I haven't seen him at church since he married." No—"Well, you see his wife sings in the choir."—Sanford Chaparrel.

Mutual Fevety.

"It seems a pity that the railroads can't make a living." "I know it. They are almost as bad off as the majority of their passengers."—Life.

Laughter Aids Digestion.

Laughter is a most healthful emotion; it is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among my forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles.—Hufeland.

A New and Radiant Morning In The South.

(By John Temple Graves.)

After many a rain-swept and stormy evening, the skies have cleared at midnight to make entrance for a new and radiant morning.

It is so with the South. Out of the most serious financial shadow that it has known for half a century there is surely coming and now at hand, the day of better methods, wiser economies and more substantial prosperity than this section of our country has ever known.

For a quarter of a century the thoughtful economists and serious leaders of the South have preached the wholesome gospel of diversified industries and self sustaining products of the soil. It has taken this European war and its smashing assault upon the supposed citadel of our agricultural fortunes to awaken the South and to impress the saving lesson of common sense. The schoolmaster has been stern and the discipline bitter. The suffering has been great. Millions have vanished from our financial fabric, and fortunes have faded in a night. But the splendid soil remains. The incomparable climate is about us. The unconquerable spirit of the people who outlived the travail of reconstruction survives. And the South, taught of experience and disciplined at last by disaster, is about to overthrow the old oligarchy of agriculture and compel King Cotton to share his throne with the cereal and sustaining products of the royal line of prosperity.

Farmers Much Advised. In years past every farmer heard the counsel of his leaders, listened with respectful apathy to those who warned against the coming day of disaster to the all-cotton planters, and resolutely went home to increase his cotton acreage, in the faith that his neighbor would do the curtailing and he would grow rich from an enormous cotton yield in a year of small supply and great demand. Burned to the level of his selfishness and cupidity by the torches of this war, every farmer will heed, without the lashes of the law. And the 1915 crops, while they will carry cotton moderately for the world's demand, will certainly begin to pile up the great cereal and staple crops behind whose sustaining living power they can defend the citadel of their staple property against speculation or war.

Place the cotton crop of 1915 at 9,000,000 bales or less. I have never seen anything to equal the intelligent vigor with which the South is adapting itself and preparing itself for the new era of agricultural independence. Millions of acres are being set aside for food crops that have carried cotton heretofore. Corn and wheat, alfalfa and hay, fruits and potatoes, cantaloupes and poultry, cat-tail and horse are preparing a permanent and prosperous home in the future economy of Georgia. The Boys' Corn Clubs and the Girls' Corn Clubs are among the most enthusiastic and numerous organizations in the State. Some of them have the record of 200 bushels to the acre. The universities and the railroads are planning in every county of the State their practical and scientific agriculturists to teach a willing and waiting people all the details of diversified farming. There are more prizes and premiums being offered in Georgia for the best yield per acre of corn, the best acre of potatoes, the best hogs, the best cattle, the best field of alfalfa, the best yield of cantaloupes, etc., than will be set in cups and prizes for all the athletic fields of the republic.

Boys' Corn Clubs. The last parade of the Boys and Girls' Corn Clubs in Atlanta, led by three governors and with Judson Harmon, of Ohio, as orator, stretched over a mile of the city's streets. On the 18th day of November more than one hundred counties in Georgia will gather at the county sites in great "home products dinners" at which every article to eat, to wear, to drink, to serve and to enjoy will be made in Georgia—the plates, the dishes, the table linen, the cutlery and the bills of fare.

It is the beginning of the renaissance of the old South of marvelous riches in agriculture. It is the awakening of a great people to thrift and common sense.

The present situation, bad as it is, is improving—in the philosophy of acceptance and renewed endeavor. Three thousand Southern bankers are lending money to the farmers on his cotton. The commercial syndicate of the St. Louis, New York and Southern bankers will provide for a mighty volume of the surplus cotton. The scant concessions wrung from congress and the administration will do something to help. The new interest and demand from English mills is inspiring all along the line. And there is the development from Washington, printed first of all in the Hearst newspapers, that cotton is not the contraband of war and can go without interruption to Germany and Austria, where they wait to welcome it, and back of it all was this initial tonic of the "Buy-a-Bale Movement" to which the Hearst newspapers have given so virile and eloquent an advocacy. This movement, first of all, revived the drooping spirit of the Southern farmer, braced him to hold his cotton as long as he could, sustained the price for nearly two months in the face of a rapidly falling market, and did more to advertise to the world the standard value of the staple, the variety of its uses, the possibility of its development, and to introduce it to millions who never saw it before, than any incident in its history.

Will Pay Delts. The cotton grower has settled himself now to the situation. He has already suffered much. He is going to suffer more. Along with him and because of him there is bound to be a long list of sufferers from the army of the unemployed, hung out of work by the shutting down of shops and the reduction of working forces on

the railroads and the mills and the corporations. These last are the men who will suffer most, because they have no remnant of "hog and hominy" to fall back upon. But the whole list is gritting its teeth and facing the future resolutely. The farmer is going to sell his cotton or lend it at the best terms he can get, pay his debts, pocket his losses with courage and go out for the better day.

Finally, the cotton grower of the South thanks, and has good reason to appreciate, the splendid expressions of sympathy and co-operation from the men and women of the North— from Massachusetts to California—who have generously bought his bales of distress cotton, braced him with courage and worn his cotton fabrics everywhere in ballroom and public assembly, to the eye and admiration of the world.—The Georgian.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The membership of the sixty-fourth Congress, as the result of Tuesday's election, excluding a few contests still in doubt, will be as follows:

House of Representatives—Democrats 229; Republicans 196; Progressives 7; Socialists 1; Independent 1. Democratic majority 24.

Senate—Democrats 53; Republican 39; Progressives 1; Democratic majority 13. Senatorial contests still in doubt tonight were in Colorado, Nevada and Wisconsin. Democratic leaders still claimed the election of Charles S. Thomas over Hubert Work in Colorado, and of Francis D. Newlands over Samuel Platt in Nevada. Republican leaders claimed the election of Francis E. McGovern over Paul A. Husting, Democrat, in Wisconsin; but through an error in counting returns, discovered late in the day an apparent majority for McGovern had been swept away leaving the situation much in doubt.

The result in only one congressional district was undetermined tonight. In the first New York district, Frederick C. Hicks, Republican, and Representative Lathrop Brown were running on virtually even terms. The outcome probably will not be known until an official count is made.

In computing the Democratic total in the house at 229, William Kettner, of the eleventh California district, who also ran on the Progressive ticket and ranks as a Progressive in the present Congress, is included with the majority party.

Representative John I. Nolan, of the fifth California district, who ran on the Republican and Progressive tickets and was elected to the present Congress as a Progressive-Republican is classed with the Republicans. Representative William Kent, of the first California district, is ranked as an independent. This would give the Progressives seven members of the house.

PLUCK!

Four years ago George Stallings, manager of the World Champion Boston Braves, was literally kicked out of the American League. He was manager of the New York Yankees. He had found them their tailenders and made them pennant contenders. He crossed Ban Johnson, president of the American League; and soon landed among the minors. Here he took a weak team and made it a

Ladies or Gentlemen

Elgin Rockford Hamilton Howard Waltham Illinois

In Cases of Any Style

Ladies or Gentlemen

LYON

The Cash Jeweler

pennant winner. When he later took in charge the Boston Nationals they had been at the bottom for fourteen years. He got Evers from Chicago and some bush-leaguers from elsewhere. On July 1st, 1914, his team was on the bottom. Thirty days later he was only one or two points behind the Giants. You know the rest. Here is what we started out to say: George Stallings has let the thousands of young men of America know that to be last is not to be licked, and that victory always comes to the men who never quits—who fights for what he wants, and then fights, and then fight some more, AND THEN FIGHTS SOME MORE.

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