

THE INTELLIGENCER ESTABLISHED 1860.

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L. M. GLENN... Editor and Manager

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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 absence, letters to the Intelligencer intended for publication should not be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1915.

WEATHER FORECAST

Generally fair Saturday and Sunday; not much temperature change.

Why doesn't somebody write a poem about this weather.

The gout should be given a place on the roll of reformers.

Most of us are thankful we have jobs even at reduced salaries.

We hope the weather man is pleased with this weather, nobody else is.

We hope Germany wont send a note in settlement for the loss of the Leelanaw.

King of England Approves Three Bills.—Headline. Bet Kaiser Bill wasn't one of them.

We wonder if those Mexicans ever stop to think how tired we are of reading about their scraps.

How would you like to submarine in a good old wash hole under spreading shade trees on these roasting days.

At the rate they are running these days, the Russians will be in need of legs factories as well as arms factories.

We dislike very much to call your attention to it, children, but it is just about five weeks until school starts up again.

The water of Columbia is said to be perfectly palatable. The newspaper men can't vouch for it out of personal experience.

North Carolina is having moonlight schools, but Greenville county's "Dark Corner" inhabitants put moonshine to a different use.

Ye scribes who draw thy pittance every Saturday gaze with sinking hearts upon this fifth pay-day that is about to depart from us.

The Belgian city of Brussels has been fined one million dollars by Germany because of the destruction of a German Zeppelin hangar.

Sir Thomas Lipton telegraphed his sympathy to Chicago on account of the Eastland disaster and accompanied it with a check for \$1,000. That's sympathy with a punch to it.

MURDER BY LAW.

Within the hour he walked bold and with firm tread from his cell to the death chair Charles Becker issued a statement embodying these words:

"Gentlemen: I stand before you in my full senses knowing that no power on earth can save me from the grave that is to receive me. In the face of that, in the teeth of those who condemned me, and in the presence of my God, I proclaim my absolute innocence of the foul crime for which I must die. You are now about to witness my destruction by the State which is organized to protect the lives of the innocent. May Almighty God pardon every one who has contributed in any degree to my untimely death. And now, on the brink of my grave, I declare to the world that I am proud to have been the husband of the purest, noblest woman that ever lived—Helen Becker. This acknowledgment is the only legacy I can leave her. I bid you all goodbye. Father, I am ready to go. Amen."

Yes, Amen; and God rest your soul, Becker. We hope that you were innocent and that you were ready to go.

What one of us who read that harrowing story of Becker's last hours in the death cell, of the parting with brothers, sisters and relatives and at midnight with his devoted wife, and of his ringing declaration of innocence, pronounced as he stood upon the very threshold of the Great Unknown, but wished that there were no such thing as capital punishment; that our laws did not provide that when one poor sinner falls from grace and slays another we shall calmly and deliberately go about the ghastly business of taking his life in return?

We are not arguing the question of Becker's guilt or innocence, nor the pros and cons of capital punishment; but the terrible last chapter of the whole horrible story that involved already the execution of four men is enough to set one thinking thoughts he rarely if ever indulged in before.

Is it a reflection or not on our boasted civilization that after these thousands of years of intellectual and moral progression we have failed to improve on the old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth," but are still down in the mire and slime of barbarism groping about in the dark with this question of punishment for crime, and in the meantime taking from one another that which is Divinely bestowed—life, life which we cannot give, life which we cannot restore.

We have often heard that a lie was never told from the death bed. There are hundreds of instances where death-bed confessions have unlocked mysteries that were never penetrated by the courts, and there have been death-bed confessions that have cleared up the names of innocent persons who went to their deaths on the gibbet. Becker may have been telling the truth when he protested his innocence as he sat with the death-carrying electrodes strapping him to the chair. We are not prepared to say whether he was innocent or guilty. Unless Becker confided in his spiritual advisers, we suppose there are but two who really knew whether the man was guilty—Becker and his God. But our discussion is not of the merits of the Becker case; it is with reference to our manner of dealing with men who have been convicted upon the testimony of other men—ordinary, fallible mortals—of committing some crime for which the penalty is death.

Becker's executioners, and by that we mean the courts, believed they were in the right. And yet the condemned man, standing on the brink of the grave, protested with his last breath that he was innocent. Who knows, of those who are left, which was right—Becker or the courts. It's a terrible responsibility we take upon ourselves when we send a fellow man to his death upon the testimony of other fellow men, our fellow men, like ourselves, weak, full of errors and of the earth earthy.

As we said in the outset, it's a poor commentary on our so-called christian civilization that after centuries of weary winding in and out through the wilderness we have arrived at no better solution of how to deal with these excesses upon that civilization than that of murdering them by process of our own man-made law.

LETTER BOXES.

Maybe, after the postoffice department gets all its other problems solved, it will concentrate its efforts on the creation of a letter box so shaped and so placed that a citizen can open the slot and slip his letter in with one hand. The type of box now in vogue requires two hands to operate it, and a person with only one

hand free is helpless. Merely lowering the box a little would help considerably, until such time as departmental genius evolves a sensible box. The apparently trifling improvement of a slot door which opens inward instead of outward would do much for the convenience of the letter-mailing public.

The Augusta Chronicle has a pernicious habit of crediting one paper's paragraphs to another sheet. For instance, we see where a perfectly punk one gotten off by us was credited to the Greenville News.

FREEDOM OF THE MOVIES.

When the Eastland disaster occurred in Chicago, a moving picture man arrived with his camera and got pictures of the scene showing the victims struggling and drowning in the river. The mayor of Chicago, hearing that the film was to be shown in the movie theatres, issued orders forbidding any such exhibition.

A big New York newspaper, commenting on the fact, expressed its surprise that it should have been necessary for the mayor to prevent "such an outrage."

Now, it happens that in the same issue of that same newspaper, there were printed nearly three pages of pictures showing the very scenes that were depicted by the movie film. The editor saw no incongruity or "outrage" in that. Those pictures were news. They supplemented the story of the disaster told in the columns of type ranged alongside the cuts. They were shocking, even revolting, some of them—they showed victims struggling in the water, and dead women and children being carried out by the rescuers, and divers at their gruesome work. But so was the news shocking and revolting. If the pictures were in bad taste, the fact probably failed to strike most readers, just as it failed to strike the editor.

Now, what is the difference between those "news pictures" and the "news film" that was suppressed? They were meant for the same purpose—to show people what happened when the passenger boat capsized. The chief difference was that the newspaper pictures did feebly and disjointedly what the moving picture film would have done powerfully and consecutively.

Where are we to draw the line in such matters? The question is far bigger than this particular case. The censorship of the movies is a problem of growing importance, and in applying it the censors do not yet seem to have arrived at the truth that the moving picture when it portrays incidents of every-day life is news just as surely as anything that is printed in a newspaper.

The movies have become a sort of extension of the public press. We shall probably have to give them, sooner or later, the freedom that we give the press. There are even involved the right of free speech and the right of assemblage that are the heritage of our race. The film is an engine of publicity, of propaganda and truth, with immense possibilities. It may be as dangerous to curb it as to curb the press, the platform or the pulpit.

A LINE O' DOPE

Manager H. A. Orr of the Anderson branch of the Southern Public Utilities company stated yesterday that the new schedule of city trolley cars inaugurated some days ago on account of the tracks being torn up on South Main street was proving satisfactory to the general public. While persons transferring from Brogon Mills, Greenville street and North Anderson cars to Riverside Mills and South Main street cars, and vice versa have to walk several blocks, and while the sun is sizzling hot and the streets and sidewalks fearfully dusty, they are talking to the new arrangement without grumbling. The Southern Public Utilities company officials are appreciative of the splendid manner in which the public generally is putting up with this inconvenience.

This is great weather for going to the mountains, and numbers of Anderson people are hiking off to the cool valleys and the breeze-swept heights. Some of them are going in their cars, while others are going by train. Among those who leave today are Capt. and Mrs. H. H. Watkins, who will motor to Hendersonville, they will be away for a month. While at Hendersonville they will stop at the Kentucky Home Hotel. Mr. M. M. Mattison left last night for Blount,

where he will join members of his family who have been there for some time.

Some newspapers men are terrible liars. In writing of a cyclone one west one of them said it turned a well inside out, a cellar upside down, moved a township line, blew the staves out of a whiskey barrel and left nothing but the bung hole, changed the day of the week, blew the mortgage off a farm, blew the cracks out of a fence and knocked the wind out of a politician.

Robert Ulmer celebrated his 17th birthday one day last week, and holds the record of weighing 300 pounds. This is an unusual weight for a young man of that age, and for anyone for that matter, and it is doubtful whether any other county in the State can boast of such a boy.

Everybody knows Robble and he is a good fellow. He is good natured and takes "jolly" about his size in good natured way. He is fond of music and spends much of his time playing in this amusement.

Clemson McGee will go to work at the Anderson Bank on Monday morning in the capacity of assistant bookkeeper, taking the place of Mr. J. C. Shearer resigned.

Mr. McGee is a native of Iva and has been living in Anderson for nearly the past three years. He has many friends here and is making good as a business man. When he first came to this city he was employed with the C. & W. C. railway, but a few months ago went with the P. & N. as bill clerk at the freight depot, but this was only a temporary change. His many friends will be glad to know that he is to be at the Anderson bank.

First Dirigible Ordered for American Navy.

Definite steps have been taken by the navy in carrying out its aviation program, which was outlined with the army's plans in the February issue of this magazine. Secretary Daniels recently approved a contract for the construction of the first dirigible to be built for the navy. This, it is expected will be delivered in September at the Pensacola, Fla., aeronautic station, where it will be used particularly for experimental and training purposes.

The craft will be 175 feet in length, 55 feet in height, and of 110,000 cubic feet gas capacity. It will be capable of carrying eight men, will have a speed of approximately 25 miles an hour, and, when loaded to its capacity, a radius of action of about two hours. This, however, can be increased by lessening the number of occupants and replacing their weight in gasoline. The contract price of the craft is \$45,630.

Two new flying boats of the Curtiss type have been delivered to the navy of late, while three Burgess machines are to be ready this summer. Bids for three additional craft are to be asked immediately. The armored cruiser "North Carolina," which spent the winter in the Mediterranean, is to become the new aviation ship, after it has been thoroughly overhauled, and will be stationed at Pensacola. From the August Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Surgical Operation on a Hen.

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside, a woman contributor tells about a hen in her flock which ate so many dried peas that her crop became distended, and she was in great pain and danger. The woman goes on as follows to describe the operation she performed:

"Well, I was 'up against it,' for I wanted to save that hen, and so far as I could see, an operation was the only thing that would do it. Now, I never could hear the idea of using a knife on anything, but I gritted my teeth and hunted up an old razor. I scalded it well, got a pan of clean water, and a little cloth, and went after those peas. Holding the hen, back down, between my knees, I made a cut about an inch long in her crop. Then, very carefully, I worked the peas out one by one, using the cloth to wipe away the blood. I kept at it until I had at least one third of them out, then put a few drops of turpentine on the wound, and let poor Biddy go.

"For about a week she stood around, all humped up, and I was feeling very doubtful of my skill as a surgeon. But at last she decided that life was worth living and soon began singing."

Prismatic Compass for Night Marching.

Leading troops across country by compass bearing with as much certainty by night as by day is made possible through the use of a prismatic compass just brought out in England, and described, with illustrations, in the August Popular Mechanics Magazine. The name given the compass is due to the prism fitted to one side of the frame, although this is not the most important feature of the instrument. The dial, which is made of mother-of-pearl, has a center coated with luminous paint, and in addition to this there are luminous patches on the lid by which the instrument is opened and exposed to the daylight for half an hour. This is sufficient to make the dial center and sighting patches luminous for from six to nine hours. In the latest form of the instrument this exposure to daylight is unnecessary, owing to the use of radium, a substance that is always self-luminous.

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All feather weight suits—Palm Beach, Mohair, Tropicloth, Crash and Silklike—are reduced twenty per cent effective today. We've a very comprehensive showing of all fabrics. In Palm Beach, natural color, blues and blacks with stripes; in Mohairs, blue and black self-stripes and grays; in Tropicloth and Silklike, natural colors only.

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HISTORY OF BECKER CASE

New York, July 30.—Herman Rosenthal, the gambler for whose murder Charles Becker was sentenced to die in the electric chair, was shot to death by hired gunmen in the early morning of July 16, 1912, in front of the Hotel Metropole on Forty-third street, a few steps from Broadway. The murder was the swift culmination of sensational charges made a few days before by Rosenthal against Becker in which Rosenthal asserted that Becker, then head of the strong arm squad of detectives, freely sold police protection and had accumulated thousands of dollars of graft money.

Rosenthal went further than that. He swore that Becker was his silent partner in a gambling enterprise that failed and Becker, angered by losses where he had expected large profits, raided the Rosenthal establishments, and drove Rosenthal out of business by stationing uniformed policemen on his premises day and night.

These charges were published and District Attorney Whitman began an investigation of them. He summoned Rosenthal to the criminal court, building and listened to his story. An appointment was made with Rosenthal for the next day. Before the time came, Rosenthal was murdered.

When the assassins had done their work, they ran across the street, jumped into a grey automobile, which was waiting at the curb, and whirled away uptown. A bystander caught the license number of the car. District Attorney Whitman, notified by telephone of the murder, reached the police station where Rosenthal's body lay, before dawn. He aroused his detectives from their sleep and spread a dragnet over the city for the murderer car. It was found before night. Its driver, Shapiro, and Louis Libbey, part owner, were arrested and Mr. Whitman asserted openly in an emphatic statement that the police had accused the murder.

New York city, already interested in the charge of police corruption, responded to the news of the murder as if to a call to arms. Becker, who had been the chief target of Rosenthal's accusations, was openly suspected. He was relieved of this command of the strong arm squad and transferred to the Bronx. Jack Rose, his graft collector, walked into the criminal courts building the day after the murder and surrendered to the district attorney, declaring he had nothing to fear. Harry Vallon and Bridgie Webber, gamblers and friends of Rose and Becker, were arrested as witnesses. The grand jury began its investigation.

Rose lay in prison twelve days without word from Becker, and, believing his chief had deserted him, confessed. Vallon and Webber corroborated his story. He told of his long association with Becker, of police corruption which existed as Rosenthal had charged, of thousands collected by Becker for police protection and, finally, of his commission by Becker to arrange to have Rosenthal killed by gunmen—a commission he executed.

That night, July 29, 1912, District Attorney Whitman summoned the grand jury by telephone and telegraph, laid his evidence before it and within two hours obtained the indictment of Becker on a charge of murder.

Four East Side gangsters were indicted as the actual murderers. Rose had testified that these men were assigned by "Big Jack" Zelig, a gang leader who had been arrested by Becker's men on a trumped-up charge, to do the murder. They were to receive \$1,000 and Zelig was to be released. Zelig's orders had been issued from the Tombs to the gunmen. These gunmen—known in the streets of the East Side as "Gyp the Blood," "Horowitz," "Lefty Louis," Rosenberg, "Dago Frank," Crofick and "Whitey" Lewis—were rounded up by one. The last two were arrested, "Gyp the Blood" and "Lefty Louis" were not found until September, hiding in a Brooklyn flat. With

them were found their young wives who, to divert suspicion, had died their light hair black.

To give standing to the testimony of Becker's three accomplices who had turned informers—Rose, Webber and Vallon—a corroborating witness who was not implicated was needed. Sam Schepps, a dapper little gambler who had fled the city, was the man who could do this. He was found at Hot Springs, Ark., brought back to New York and the people's case against Charles Becker was complete. It went to trial on October 7, 1912.

A verdict of guilty of first degree murder was returned at midnight October 24, 1912, after the jury had deliberated seven hours and fifty-seven minutes. Becker was sentenced six days later to die in the electric chair during the week of December 9, 1912. Within less than a month the four gunmen were placed on trial as the actual slayers, found guilty and sent to the death house.

More than a year later, on February, 1914, the court of appeals decided that Becker should have a new trial. The gunmen's conviction was upheld and they paid the penalty with their lives on April 14, 1914. One of the number, "Dago Frank," confessed the guilt of his three associates, but maintained his own innocence. His confession, made on the eve of the execution, became known the day they were put to death.

Becker was brought back to the Tombs. His second trial was begun May 6, 1914 and ended May 23, with a verdict of guilty. He was sentenced to die during the week of July 6, 1914. An appeal was filed but the conviction was upheld by the higher court in a decision handed down May 25, last, and the date of the execution was set for the week beginning July 12.

Throughout Becker's troubles, his wife remained loyal to him and was his constant adviser. She labored apparently without effect in his behalf, assisting his counsel in every way possible. She appeared in every way when the court of appeals upheld his second conviction, but soon turned her energies toward eleventh-hour work to save him. It was largely at her urging that he joined in the plan to ask Governor Whitman, his prosecutor, for clemency.

There was one other woman who if reports are true, followed Becker's career through the courts as closely as his own wife did. This was Herman Rosenthal's widow. Soon after Becker's second conviction she disappeared. Not long ago she was found, broken in health and spirit, and living with an old-time friend. "I am living for only one thing," she was quoted as saying, "to see the day that Becker pays the penalty."

Clever Invention for Farmers.

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside appears an account of a new invention made for farmers which is to overcome a great agricultural difficulty. Nature has made some seeds with such thick, hard coats that it takes more than a year for them to germinate. This is all right when the plant has to shift for itself, because the seeds which must be soaked for a year or two may save the plant from destruction, when a bad year wipes out the first-year sproutings. Professor H. D. Hughes of Iowa State college has invented a machine, which scratches the shells of the seeds and lets in the moisture. Following is a brief account of this machine: "It is a very simple machine. The seeds are blown against sandpaper by a blast of air and their coats scratched, or scratched. "The results with it are remarkable. Seeds that are treated will go twice as far in many cases as untreated seed. Seed made a 25 per cent record of sprouting which when left untreated made only 50 per cent. One man got a perfect stand of clover with five pounds of scratched seed to the acre. It is simple, sensible, and very valuable."

Where Heredity Wins. Theodore I.



Theodore III.

Here is a comparison of the foremost and the latest exponents of the House of Roosevelt. The upper photograph was taken of the former president in one of his most strenuous moments. The lower is a photograph of his grandson, now a little more than a year old. It was also taken in a strenuous moment.

CONTENTMENT.

In the great town of Lifeopolis Where both the rich and poor Rub elbows; where the great and small Converge, caught by the lure There stands a monumental shrine Known as the Hall of Fame, And those who dare its portals fair May win an honored name.

Upon the heights the temple stands; The stairway to this hall Is built of Excellence and Worth And yet, how many fall! Many of humble birth arrive While some of noble caste Make for the prize no sacrifice, And Failure meet at last. Unrecognized, unknown, And wait until Posterity Their tardy honors own; But others seek a humble manse Where written on the door You read in gold these letters bold—CONTENTMENT—and no more.

But SUII immortal. The Officer—His name will go down to posterity when this horrible war is all forgotten. The Girl—I quite agree. By the way? What is his name? The Officer—I'm dashed if I can remember it for the moment!—London Opinion.

Safe Conjecture. Tramp—Please, num, I'm a Belgian refugee. Lady—Are you? Mention a town in Belgium. Tramp (contorting a moment)—I would num, but they have all been destroyed.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.