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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. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

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, AUGUST 7, 1915.

WEATHER FORECAST

Partly cloudy Saturday and Sunday.

The electrocution of Becker was a shocking affair, to say the least.

The Kaiser seems to have forgotten to return thanks for the capture of Warsaw.

Astronomers say the moon won't keep still. They wouldn't either if they were repeatedly getting full.

What Mexico needs is not so much A. B. C. mediation but a little S. O. S. intervention on the part of Uncle Sam.

Factory Superintendent Shot at Directors' Meeting.—headline Moral: Stay away from directors' meetings.

Even John Bull is waking up to the fact that Americans won't admit his proprietorship of the seven seas.

Georgia Solons Doing Nothing.—headline. We were going to say something, but the pot should not call the kettle black.

Any fellow who will follow the rules for "How to Live a Hundred Years" deserves to live twice that long.

A Massachusetts couple quarreled two years after their marriage and determined never to speak to each other again. And they kept their word—for fifty years, living on the same farm. She lived in the farmhouse and he lived in a shanty near by. The other day, the house burned down, and that broke the long silence. If you had read that in a fiction story, wouldn't you have called it impossible?

Members of Spartanburg jury have pledged themselves to drag one mile of road for a period of one year in their respective localities. Perfectly grand jury.

In our imagination we can see an Anderson campaign crowd cheering General Villars remark "Let it be the United States government don't like me it can go to hell."—Spartanburg Journal. Aw, for the love of Mike, Booker. We know what you mean, but remember that the "rottenness" of the mayor of the metropolis of South Carolina when he spoke in a Spartanburg theatre against the same individual?

A BOMBHELL FROM MANNING.

Dispatches appearing in afternoon papers of the State yesterday under a Columbia date-line read as follows:

In a statement given out today Governor Manning denies inconsistency in offering rewards for the capture of persons accused of crime. The statement was made in view of the criticism of his offer of a reward for an alleged negro murderer of Abbeville, who had been reported lynched but had escaped to Alabama. It is thought, "I have refused rewards in cases asked where there was no special reason except that the criminal had not been arrested" stated the governor.

When rewards were offered he averred the alleged criminals had made good their escape. Relative to the Anderson county case the governor said a reward was requested before the officers had a fair chance to apprehend the alleged criminal. "I must do my duty as I see it even though I am criticised for so doing" concludes the statement.

Zounds, not much "inconsistency" in that, eh? Just plain, every-day common sense. But it is no less than we expected. In discussing this matter previously, we asserted that we were confident that Governor Manning would give from the stump next summer, in the event he stands for re-election, an account of his stewardship that would be entirely satisfactory to his followers and confounding to his critics and enemies. Governor Manning chooses to give this account, with respect to the reward business, at the present instead of waiting until next summer and giving it from the stump.

It's no use arguing about the matter further. Manning is dead right about the proposition, and that is all there is to it. Those who have "jumped on" him about the matter of offering a reward in one instance and not offering a reward in another instance, either went off half-cooked or belong to that class of "metaphysicians" who deny that "circumstances alter cases" and that a man must be consistent at any price, doing the same thing every time, in every instance and in the same manner, regardless of circumstances. Might as well argue that the taking of human life is murder, regardless of whether the circumstances surrounding the act make it pure and unadulterated murder, manslaughter, a killing in self defense or an accidental killing. So much for that.

But mark you the words of the man: "I must do my duty as I see it, even though I am criticised for so doing."

That's Richard I. Manning. A man who dares to do right, who dares to obey his conscience and who dares to perform his duty as he sees it, regardless of the consequences. Not much of a "politician," you say. No, thanks be to God, there's not.

Governor Manning's mistakes have been mistakes of "folley," and nothing more; his intentions have been good. "Policy" and "politics" have no place in his make-up. South Carolina has suffered for "policy" and "politics" as long as it is a relief to have at the helm a skipper who dares to drive his ship athwart the current of "politics."

SUCCESS.

Under a spreading chestnut tree the village blacksmith lies in a comfortable hammock smoking a two-for-a-quarter cigar. His name is Matthew McNulty, and the chestnut tree stands in front of his cheerful farmhouse just outside Lafayette, Ind.

Day in, day out, from morn till night, as the poet sung, you could hear McNulty's bellows roar, for nearly sixty years—if you stuck around that long. During those years he shod more than half a million horses and mules. He used to have a monopoly on shoeing the tow-path mules that hauled the canal boats between Lafayette and Toledo.

McNulty has retired now, with a fortune of \$40,000 and a farm, over and above the good living he's made in his blacksmith shop all these years.

And it's a safe bet that no retired city banker or merchant gets more satisfaction out of his career and his millions than McNulty gets out of his anvil memory, his little farm and his Forty Two's.

NEUTRALITY.

At the convention of the German-American National Alliance in San Francisco, Dr. C. J. Hexamer its president, commended the genuine neutrality of the organization as follows: "I do not want to be prophetic, but I believe that the future will prove us right. The time will and

must come when the American, even the boldest Anglo-American, will admit that the German-American is the most Americanized and therefore the most human of all neutral American citizens."

And he capped his argument with the words: "Hail and victory to German and Austrian arms on the seas, on land and in the air."

After that outburst, when Dr. Hexamer adds, "I must say that I have been proud of my country lately," a plain American who can never hope to rise to such hyphenated heights of neutrality may be forgiven for asking, "Which country?"

AUTOMOBILE SPEEDING.

Several complaints have already been heard on the streets in regard to the reckless driving of automobiles, which seems now to be getting an every day occurrence in Anderson.

At this particular time, when many of the streets are torn up because of the street paving and traffic becomes somewhat congested on certain sections of the open streets, more caution than ever before ought to be taken by automobile drivers. A little extra precaution will not cost much and probably mean the avoidance of serious accidents.

On the main streets of the city automobiles are seen running at a very rapid rate every day, especially at night time. Some of the streets are taken for regular speedways and someone is going to run a little too fast some of these nights and thereby cause a serious accident.

Anderson has been very fortunate in the past in not having serious automobile accidents, and much of this is due to the "drive to the right" signs and the vigilance of the police.

'Tis summer time now and the people are having a good time, but they must not forget that by running their automobiles at a reckless speed they not only endanger their own lives but those of others also. They do not mean to speed and be reckless, but if they do forget, the police will have to kindly tell them that they are having too good a time and are not thoughtful enough of the value of human lives.

ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

The Intelligencer takes the trouble to print each day at the top of the first column of the editorial page this notice, among others: "Anonymous communications will not be noticed." And yet in spite of this we receive frequently items of news and articles in the nature of statements setting forth views of the writer on some subject which are not accompanied by the name of the person writing or sending in the same. In view of the rule of this paper to discard anonymous communications, these unsigned news items, announcements, statements etc. fail to appear in the columns of the paper. And no doubt persons sending in such items "get sore" when they fail to see them in print, never knowing that it is a rigid rule of all newspapers to publish no article of which the author is not known.

The Intelligencer does not require the names of authors of communications for the purpose publishing the names, but must have the names as an evidence of good faith. In other words, we have to know whether the author of a communication is a responsible person and that what he writes is trustworthy. It is simply a precaution that all newspapers are forced to take, and one that they adhere to rigidly the country over.

Some days ago we received a communication in which a vitriolic attack was made upon a merchant of this city by one who signed himself merely "Anderson Mill Worker." As this paper does not knowingly publish articles of a defamatory nature, even when they are accompanied by the signature of the author, this communication, of course, found its way into the waste basket.

We have before us at present a communication reading "Death of John M. Jolly." The article is a proper one for publication, so far as we know, but there is no mark about it to indicate its authorship. As unsigned communications of any and all sorts are consigned to the waste basket immediately upon receipt, this would be the natural course this communication would take. But we are making an exception in this instance, for we realize that the article, which concerns the death of a good citizen, ought to be published. We will hold it until the author of the article makes himself known to us, and then we will proceed to print it. But under our rule of rejecting all unsigned communications—a rule which is adhered to most strictly—we cannot publish it until the author is known.

UPHOLDING OUR CITIZENSHIP

If an immigrant wants to go back and fight for his fatherland, that is nobody's business but his own. But if he is in the way of becoming an American citizen he must start all over again when he returns to America.

This fact, important to hundreds of thousands of men from many lands, is pointed out by the federal department of labor in a recent announcement. Our laws provide that an applicant for citizenship must have resided in the United States for five years continuously immediately preceding the filing of his final petition. The courts are holding that absence from the country for the sake of performing military duty in a foreign land breaks that continuity. They hold, further, that the original declaration of the immigrant of his intention to become a citizen is "vitiated" by the oath of allegiance to a foreign sovereign which is required in all, or nearly all, European armies.

The ruling is not made expressly to meet conditions of the present war. It is based on a judgment handed down in the case of a Greek who declared his intention of becoming an American citizen on July 6, 1909, and then returned to Greece in December, 1912, to fight in the second Balkan war, remaining there until March, 1914. He is not disqualified from becoming a citizen, but his citizenship is delayed five years.

This is an admirable policy. It tends not only to uphold the value of American citizenship, which many new-comers regard too lightly, but it emphasizes the fact that this nation has no connection with the European war, and neither directly nor indirectly lends any sanction to participation in it.



The following tourists, travelling by motor cars, stopped over at Hotel Chiquola last night: Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Benson, Miss Sallie Carr and Mrs. E. E. Lister, all of Uniontown, Alabama. Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Rich and Mrs. F. J. Rich, of Atlanta. Mrs. Geo. G. Reid, Mrs. Mrs. John A. Callaway and Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Hall, of Milledgeville, Ga. F. W. Howell and son and R. H. Lock, of Gastonia, N. C.

Many people of the city yesterday attended a Mason's picnic at Mountain Springs and it was stated that there were between 400 and 500 present.

Among the speakers was Robert A. Cooper and the fact that he was to be there caused many to attend. Other speakers of the day were Messrs. A. H. Dagual and Bryant.

Still others from Anderson yesterday attended the Brown reunion which was held at Concord church. This family is one of the most prominent and most widely connected in the county and there were 200 or 300 present. Speeches were made and those who attended state that the dinner was one of the best ever put out.

Nothing remains to be done on West Market street now but the asphalt work, the concrete base having been laid at the C. & W. C. railway tracks yesterday. It will be remembered that this place was skipped when the forces reached there because the tracks had to be lowered to conform with the other grading of the street.

The concrete mixer was moved back to DeDuffe's street yesterday afternoon and the work will continue there this morning.

As stated in The Intelligencer yesterday, Mr. C. A. Maul, advertising agent of the Atlantic Coast Line railway, will be in Anderson next Tuesday morning to meet the representative citizens of the city and to discuss with them matters of vital importance to the business interests of the people generally of this section.

It is hoped that a good crowd will be present to hear Mr. Maul.

The people of the city will be glad to know that on Sunday they will have an opportunity of hearing Mr. D. E. Caneek preach at St. John's Methodist church. Mr. Caneek is principal of the Textile Industrial Institute and is a preacher of note.

On last Saturday the Liggett and Meyers cigarette company contest came to a close and there was much excitement right at the last because of the

large numbers of votes cast by some of the leaders in the race.

Now one whole week has passed since the contest was closed and as was stated at the time, the winner will very likely be announced today. It has been a very long week for some of the contestants, especially the three leaders, Messrs. Olin Sanders, Furman Geer and Capt. Bowen. All have had sweet dreams of the motorcycle but as yet none of their dreams have had an opportunity to be realized.

Olin Sanders, it is stated, dreamed one night this week, that he was assisting in capturing a noted escaped convict and was riding his motorcycle so fast that he could not stop when the man was overtaken and accordingly sent it into a sand bank on the side of the road. The crash awoke him and he found that he was still in his bed and it had only been a dream.

Furman Geer dreamed that he rode to a fire on the machine one night and was just tickled to death with the way it ran. The speed was great and he was very enthusiastic about his prize but when he awoke he was merely riding along on the fire truck, a gas concern, but not a motorcycle.

Probably the best one is told by Capt. Bowen. He dreamed that he was riding along on a perfectly good road when all at once he saw some holes ahead of him and forgetting that he was on a motorcycle and not on an interurban car, he turned on the gas, thinking he was signalling the motorman to slow up, and the speed was greatly increased. Faster and faster went the motorcycle until at last it crashed into a telephone post. Duddy Bowen woke up with a start, but instead of having been hurled through space of the contact of the motorcycle and the post, he had only fallen off one of the seats at the interurban station where he had been taking a little nap.

The August number of the Piedmont Magazine is from the press and is one of the most interesting copies ever published. Several pages are devoted to news pictures which are really interesting, especially those given to photographs of some of Uncle Sam's battleships. Several good stories appear, all of which are very interesting.

The Macon Telegraph suggests that Bryan is using the same weapon to fight for peace that Samson wielded when he slew the Philistines.

Returning from the west, Teddy Roosevelt stopped off in Chicago and visited Lincoln Park zoo where he scratched the back of the meanest Royal Bengal tiger, patted the head of the fiercest lion, toyed with the head of a deadly serpent, gave the elephant an affectionate jerk of the tail and set all the other beasts and the birds screaming with delight, and yet with all that Teddy is fearfully afraid of a certain Donkey.

In a Churchyard.

How often have I stood with bared head at the grave of Hamilton, in the old Trinity churchyard on Broadway! The thick-budded gravestones seemed to elbow each other for lack of room. The eternal sleep of Hamilton was not disturbed by the eternal roar of traffic in the streets, for Hamilton loved his business and the sound of it could only be music in his ears. The slender spire of the old cathedral pointed upwards to the Broadway larch of sky like the finger of some marmoreal saint from the bottom of an abyss; for everywhere the toppling architecture of commerce with its myriad framed windows, like Argus in spectacles, looked down on the little church, and its little steeple, and its little graveyard, and its little headstones—all little and all looked down upon save, to me, the big memories of the past. And even these seemed shrunk and shriveled in the presence of those towering, starting monuments to Mammon. The prospect was dispiriting, and had I been a poet I should then and there have written an Elegy in a City Churchyard that would have made Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard cheerful reading. For the symbolism was all there—obtrusive and ominous. Materialism had triumphed! The church with all its minarets and towers had been dwarfed and vanquished! The iron hand of Moloch had gripped the white throat of Him on the cross—Christ's monogram had become our dollar mark.—"Truth—Business and Politics," Henry D. Searbrock, in National Magazine for August.

A Long-Winded Clerk.

On arriving in this country Pat was met at the pier by his brother Mike who had been in America some years, and was taken to his home. Early on the following morning the new arrival was awakened by an alarm clock, an invention that was entirely new to him.

"Shure and Oh say, Mike," he exclaimed, springing out of bed, "the nights here in America must be the longest any place in the world!" "Borry," "Oh don't know about that," was the wisely rejoinder of Brother Mike. "That makes you think so?"

"Didn't you hear that clock?" returned Pat, pointing toward the bureau. "It must have struck at least a thousand." "Kane," "Oh say, Mike."

Yes, we've thrown a bomb into the prices, but not a gas bomb. Simply broken the prices to break all clearance records

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Men's Suits (e.g., \$10.00 Men's Suits Now \$7.45) and Boys' Suits (e.g., \$3.50 and \$3 Boys' Suits \$2.45).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Boys' Suits (e.g., \$4.50 and \$4 Boys' Suits \$2.95) and Men's Trousers (e.g., \$2.50 and \$2 Men's Trousers \$1.75).

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Men's Trousers (e.g., \$3.50 and \$3 Men's Trousers \$2.45) and Men's Oxfords (e.g., \$3.50 Men's Oxfords Now \$2.75).



RUSSIANS HAVE EVACUATED WHOLE LINE OF VISTULA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

believed to be the prelude to the enveloping of the retreating forces. Petrograd reports show the Russians retired to the right bank of the Vistula, blowing up bridges both at Warsaw and Ivangorod and contesting the German advance on the river. The vast morass of central Poland is back of the retreating Russians which has few railroads and primitive roads. This makes the quick movement of guns and supplies virtually impossible, while back of Warsaw the only fort available as a rallying point is Brestovok. Tus the Russians are menaced by Beulow's columns bending southward and by Mackensen's southern army bending north. The fall of Ivangorod proper is reported officially both from Berlin and Vienna. The occupation of Warsaw is centering attention on a series of important events being arranged. The first will be the selection of the German governor. Reports indicate that the appointee will be a German prince, possibly a son of the German emperor or of the Austrian archduke, who will be vested with authority similar to that Napoleon gave his brothers and marshals as kings of captured territory.

Berlin reports that a council will be held Sunday to formulate a proclamation declaring Poland a semi-autonomous State under joint Polish and Austro-Hungarian rule. This conforms with the recent decision of the Polish congress held at Piotrkow in Russian Poland which proposed a joint Polish Austro-Hungarian rule with a separate Polish army and the fullest Polish autonomy consistent with the strategic interests of Austria-Hungary. What the Germans will do next in a military way is a matter of speculation. Conservative students think the Germans will withdraw a part of the eastern forces, leaving enough men to secure and maintain defensive positions when they are dug in.

Berlin Papers Comment Soberly. Berlin, Aug. 6.—Berlin's morning papers publish no additional details of the fighting preceding the fall of Warsaw and Ivangorod. Warsaw's fall had been discounted and evoked no demonstrations. When the capitulation of Ivangorod was reported an impromptu procession was formed. The morning papers comment intemperately but soberly.

Needless Extravagance. Casady (visiting Warsaw)—I've done that, Mr. man in Fred Dancy, every time that he goes up in smoke, hundred dollars, got up in smoke. Conley—Oh say, Mike, why don't they use smokeless powder?—Puck.

The Lincoln Hornbeam Tree.

It has always seemed peculiar that congress has not awakened to the fact that the Botanical Gardens should receive the attention of the appropriation committee. Here William R. Smith, sturdy Scotchman and lover of Burns, lived for many years in a cottage that resembled the home of Bard of Ayrshire. Every president and many national celebrities have planted trees in these historic gardens. Every tree and shrub seems to have its whispering, leaf and romantic history. Here towers the beautiful hornbeam tree planted by Abraham Lincoln, with its myriad of branches spreading out, affording a wood shade typical of the kindly manner of Lincoln. It has been pronounced the most perfect tree in symmetrical form and wide-spreading branches of any in the world. Near at hand is a cedar of Lebanon, transplanted from the mountain forests mentioned in Holy Writ. Almost directly opposite the Lincoln tree is a towering cedar planted by Edwin Booth, the famous actor and innocent brother of John Wilkes Booth, slayer of the first martyr president. Across the walk is another tree planted by Lawrence Barrett, another great actor. These two trees were planted prior to the tragedy of April, 1865, fifty years ago.—"Affairs of Washington," Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine for August.

Announcing a Victory.

Gen. Ivan Pavlovitch sat in his room and studied the map. Then he rang the bell at his elbow. In came Sergius Julliofski, his aide-de-camp. "What are your orders, excellency?" "Sergius Julliofski, glance over this map. Do you see this hill?" "I do, excellency." "That hill must be captured. Attend to the matter and let me know when it is done." "I will, excellency." "Twenty minutes passed and there was a knock at the door. Sergius strode in, clicked his heels together and saluted. "Well, what is it, Sergius, my son?" "I have the honor to announce, excellency, that the hill has been captured." "Already captured? Fine, my son, fine! Who occupies it?" "The Germans, excellency."—New York Evening Post.