

THE INTELLIGENCER

ESTABLISHED 1868.

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L. M. GLENN... Editor and Manager

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1915.

Constantine is king but Sophie is boss.

Wonder what the next legislature is going to do to the mileage law.

War Note: All is quiet along the River Styx—not a stir.

The frost was on the pumpkin all right.

"What is the Matter With Greenville?" asks the Daily Piedmont. The Piedmont just now.

Assistant Postmaster General Roper evidently thought for the time being that he was holding office in Russia.

The machine that a scandalous story travels in is never in need of repair for it never breaks down.

Jurkitt spoke the minds of a good many of us, if the truth were—but known.

The next best thing, in the way of news, to the killing of a Bulgarian is the killing of a whole passel of 'em.

The frost is on the pumpkin and the crows are in the shock, while the corn is beginning to find its way into the jug.

Editor Bell of the York News is prone to paragraph about the fair. First thing he knows he will know that he doesn't know anything about them at all.

Now let us all hope that the paragraphers won't be forced to get off and of that old stuff about Summer coming back for a wallow in the lap of Winter.

Many editors are hoping peace will soon prevail in the republic south of the Rio Grande as many of them have been deprived of the privilege of spending their winter vacations in Mexico City just about as long as they can stand it.

New York is once more indulging in imaginative arithmetic and bragging that she has 5,000,000 population. In view of the nature of a large part of that population, and her inability to take proper care of it, we should think that New York would be feeling sorry for herself.

HATED BY THE WORLD

The words spoken by Joseph H. Choate before the Massachusetts branch of the National Security League bring somewhat of a shock—"The United States is one of the most hated nations in the world." The speaker seemed to think that by the close of the war we should be absolutely the most generally hated of all nations.

The average American is likely to scratch his head in perplexity, wondering why, in heaven's name, the world should hate us.

Are we not peaceful, in policy and deed? Don't we mind our own business? Don't we fulfill our international obligations? Haven't we been generous with our sympathy toward most of the belligerents, and generous with our money toward all of them? Haven't we labored to maintain the sanctity of international law and safeguard the rights of all, whether belligerents or neutrals?

We can see that it's natural for belligerents to be irritated by our neutrality. It's natural for a nation, in the heat of the conflict, to assume that anybody who is not with it is against it. It is natural for both sides to resent criticism, to see us in the wrong perspective, and to dislike the very coolness that enables us to steer an even course.

But why should the neutrals hate us? Perhaps, after all, our greatest offenses are these:

We are prosperous, and therefore a cause of envy.

We are conscientious and fair, and therefore an offense to every nation which has a bad conscience or is blinded by passion.

And yet, we can't believe that at the close of the war we shall be entirely without friends among the nations. Surely by that time the nations will understand better.

RAILROAD MORTGAGES

In reorganizing the bankrupt St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, the bonded indebtedness is to be greatly decreased and the capital stock increased. The need of such a change is seen in the fact that in the reckless years when this line was used primarily for the financial operations, it accumulated a bonded debt of about \$43,000 a mile, with a capitalization of only \$10,000 a mile. The road was undoubtedly worth more than \$10,000 a mile, but the fact of its financial collapse would in itself be proof enough that there was no property basis justifying the enormous sum borrowed on it.

If a man owns a house and lot with a stated valuation of \$10,000, he finds considerable difficulty in mortgaging it for \$43,000. Yet in the halcyon days of railroad financing such a feat seen to have been taken as a matter of course. It was similar operations that broke the back of the New Haven.

The extent to which the stockholders of such railroads have been "bled"—even aside from the question of their money being wasted in unwise investments and unskilled operations—is seen in the fact that in twelve years the San Francisco railroad paid more than \$50,000,000 in bankers' charges connected with bond and note transactions. No wonder it was called a "bankers' railroad."

Today the principle is accepted that railroads are built and run for transportation purposes rather than banking purposes. And in proportion as that principle is lived up to, the railroads are making money.

THE "OLD FAMILIES"

The New York World rises to protest against the prevalent lamentation over the "extinction of the old American families."

The old families, the World maintains, have always had a tendency to die out. There has never been a country nor an age in which the celebrated families have not been disappearing. In England, where the aristocracy is supposed to be as ancient and durable as any in the world, great numbers of once famous families have become utterly extinct. Those which persist have kept their lines unbroken only by continual marriages with more plebeian stock. There is nowhere an aristocracy that has kept its blue blood "pure" for centuries.

In America, as in Europe, great men have left few lineal descendants. In Revolutionary days the Tories, who were the aristocrats of that time, were grieving over the threatened extinction of their class. The Revolutionary families now regarded as old were mostly new then. Now they, too, are at the vanishing point. There are few cases where the great Revolutionary names survive through an unbroken line of descent. And even in those cases, the strain of "blue blood"

is so modified by the admixture of vulgar red blood that little remains but the name and tradition.

Old families are always disappearing, and new families of vigor and worth are always arising to become "old" in their turn and disappear, giving place to other aristocrats according to the shifting but systematic working of nature.

We have no fear that there will not always be plenty of "fine old American" families. They will continue to come and go, some of them lasting longer than others, but all finally giving place to fine new American families. Whatever may be said of particular families, the parent stock is not exhausted, nor is it ever likely to be.

A LINE OF DOPE

Weather Forecast—Fair Wednesday and Thursday; warmer Thursday.

The tickets for the Bryan lecture are going like a prairie fire," stated Mr. Fred M. Burnett yesterday. "Those who have not already purchased their tickets better do so at once as we can not guarantee anyone a seat except those who buy tickets for downstairs. The out of town inquirers keep the wires busy and every mail brings orders for tickets."

Mr. John P. Colpoys, one of the government men in the city yesterday to investigate the Brogan Mill strike, was formerly a newspaper man. He stated that he would be glad to say something in regard to his visit here but all of this is done from Washington.

There are no kicks coming from that show at the Palmetto this week except those on the stage. Manager Pinkston is well pleased and so are those who have seen it.

This afternoon the management announces that ladies will be admitted free. In other words it will be "Ladies Day" at the Palmetto this afternoon. Tonight one lady will be admitted with every paid admission. The management announces an especially good show for both performances.

Jim Bailey, who has been in Knoxville for the past several months, has accepted a position with Liggett and Myers Tobacco company, his headquarters being in Anderson. Mr. Bailey's specialty will be cigarettes. He is one of five representatives in South Carolina and his territory will be the upper section of the state.

Rev. W. H. Stone of the Orrville Baptist church on Monday received notice that he had been unanimously called to the pastorate at Newberry, to begin work January 1. On Sunday night the Rev. Stone was again elected to serve the Orrville church for the next or third year.

The committee which notified Mr. Stone of the action of the congregation in Newberry, advised him that in addition to the salary offered him a nice parsonage would be arranged. He has the matter under consideration but it is not yet known whether he will accept or not.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Anderson County Farmers' union held in the city hall yesterday a resolution was passed asking Senator Sherard to call a mass meeting to discuss the Torrens land system. Another resolution was also passed to the effect that a committee composed of J. W. Rothrock, T. H. Burris and J. M. Broyles confer with the federal authorities in the investigation of the cotton situation which exists in this territory.

Mr. Sam Milford, proprietor of a grocery store on East Whitner street, announces that in a few days he will move into the vacant store room on South Main street next to Manning and Glenn.

The South Side Grocery store will in a few days purchase another auto truck. The management announces that they intend delivering goods to the retail trade in Belton and all of the nearby towns. Only last week this grocery company put on an auto truck, which it is stated is proving very satisfactory.

The monument of Sovereign J. H. Lowe will be unveiled by members of W. O. W. Camp Bethel, 501, next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mr. Wainston Smith will be the orator of the occasion.

There was a killing frost yesterday morning and it seems that there is a heavy frost this morning. The doctors state that now everyone will feel better, the farmers state that the cotton will stop sapping the land, the merchants say that business will be better, and the coal man says that he will now be able to do a big business.

This cold weather is encouraging to all, and although it may be a little uncomfortable for a few days, it is a good thing. It puts more life into everyone and business too. It is causing many people to put on their new winter clothes, both men and women, and they look mighty good—yes, the clothes and those who wear them.

CLEAN FALL FARMING

Cleanliness on Farm is Big Factor in Insect Control.

Clemson College, Nov. 16.—"Clean up the farm in fall," is the advice given to farmers by the entomologist of Clemson College, who says that clean farming is not only an aid to the control of present insect pests but is one of the principal steps in preparation against the boll weevil.

No practice on the farm, according to the entomologist, is more important than cleanliness, especially in fall. The number of insects in spring depends, to a great extent, on how well a farmer has cleaned his terraces, edges of fields, creek bottoms, and road sides. These are some of the places where insects spend the winter and where those that are active during winter find food and shelter.

For example to leave poke weed on terraces is to invite the cotton red spider. To leave life everlasting weeds on terraces and at the edge of fields is to invite the bud worm beetle and numerous other pests that stay on a farm during winter.

The most important step in fall cleaning is the destruction of corn stubble during late fall or winter. In the roots of the stubble are the winter homes of the corn stalk borer and the bill bug. The corn stalk borer is the insect that causes what are known as "windfalls" of corn.

The bill worm or corn ear worm remains over winter from two or two and one-half inches below the surface of the soil in undisturbed, neglected cotton and corn fields.

Cleaning the farm in fall should be one of the first steps in preparation against the coming of the boll weevil. This insect is tremendously destructive on plantations that maintain old pastures covered with underbrush, creek bottoms covered with weeds and matted grass, rubbish-filled terraces and fields.

WINTER COW FEED

Mixtures of Cottonseed Meal and Grain Make Balanced Rations.

Clemson College, Nov. 15.—South Carolina farmers are being urged to use as much home-grown grain feed as possible in the rations they give their cows this winter. One reason for this is the high price of cottonseed meal. But even if meal were low in price, this advice would be given, say the Clemson dairy experts, because cottonseed meal and hulls do not make a balanced ration and by substituting some grains a man can improve the feeding value of his ration and at the same time save money.

In a circular letter sent to farmers by the agent in dairying at Clemson college the following ration is suggested for dairy cows:

One part cottonseed meal.

One part corn-and-cob meal or rice meal.

One part wheat bran.

One part ground oats may be added to the above ration or substituted for either the corn-and-cob meal or wheat bran. Feed one pound of this mixture for every 3 pounds of milk given by the cow daily.

Cowpeas, hay, continues the letter, is bringing low prices. It can be used to great advantage in the cow's ration. If cows have free straw and racks of corn stover or oat straw and are given 10 pounds of cowpeas hay daily, one pound of the meal and grain mixture may be fed for every four pounds of milk given.

Do not let present high prices of cottonseed meal discourage you in the dairy business," say the dairy specialists. "Feed your cows liberally on home-grown feeds. The man who sells his cows or cuts their rations when feed is high never has any high-producing cows. The dairy cow is a means of converting home-grown feeds into cash, while all the skim milk and manure remain on the farm. These by-products are valuable to you in maintaining the soil fertility of your farm."

Obedying Orders.

F. E. Smith recently told the story of the captain of hussars who gave a dinner to the men of his squadron the night before they left for the front, says Tit-Bits.

"Now, my lads," he said, "treat this dinner as you will the enemy." And they set to with a will. After the dinner he discovered one of the men stowing away bottles of champagne into a bag, and highly indignant, he demanded to know what he meant by such conduct.

"I'm only obeying orders, sir," said the man. "Obeying orders?" roared the captain. "What do you mean, sir?" "You told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, sir, and when we meet the enemy, sir, these we don't kill we take prisoners."

No Bad Habits.

Maud seems to consider her alimony an improvement over her husband.



'Ware Chills

IN the Fall when mornings are frosty and there's a tang in the air after sundown—your wise man gets his overcoat.

And in buying early he's doubly wise—for, in the first place, he insures his health; in the second, he gets a far better selection than he would by waiting.

These men are wise, but the wisest add another point—they insist on B-O-E Overcoats, thus insuring their money, for they know whether they pay \$10, \$15, \$18, or more, their money is always regarded as only on deposit here until they are perfectly satisfied with what they have bought.

B-O-E Overcoat Co. The Slave with a Conscience

Saved From the Ancona



Dr. Cecile L. Grell.

Dr. Cecile L. Grell of the Ancona survivors, was returning to New York from a special hospital, to which she was called at Bari, Italy, by the Russian Red Cross. She sailed from America last August on the Adriatic.

"I would not go there merely to blind up wounds," she said. "There is too much misery here at home that needs an abundant supply of working physicians. I am going for the organizing part of the work."

At ten, Dr. Grell was a cash girl in a store at Grand and Allen streets, New York City. She married at sixteen, and after having three children found herself called upon to support them. She said once that it took her fourteen years to save the \$2,500 with which, after reaching the age of thirty, she went through medical school. She later went to Italy and was attached to the Children's Hospital in Florence and the Marine Hospital in Naples.

In Stratford Town.

William Dean Howells, the well known American critic, tells a Shakespeare story.

"In Stratford," he says, "during one of the Shakespeare jubilees an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock and said: 'Who is this chap Shakespeare, anyway?'"

"He was a writer, sir?" "Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such an infernal fuss over this one, then? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare choofolats, Shakespeare shoes. What the durn did he write, magazine stories, attacks on the government, shady novels?"

"No, sir! Oh, no, sir," said the aged villager. "I understand he writ for the Bible, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

Not Up to Her Shoulders.

"Have you any references?" Inquired the lady of the house. "Yes, mum, lots of them," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why didn't you bring some of them with you?" "Well, mum, to tell the truth, there're just like me photographs. None of them don't do me justice."—Ladies Home Journal.

Regeneration of Ranks of Stricken

Paris, Nov. 16.—The French government recently gave facilities to The Associated Press and a party of foreign journalists to inspect some of the remarkable work which is being done for the regeneration of the ranks of stricken, crippled, maimed, and apparently hopeless wounded who are borne back from the fighting line at Champagne.

Under the escort of French officers, the party was taken to St. Maurice, a short distance outside Paris, where wounded are brought after the physical cares of surgery have been given to be nursed into convalescence, diverted from the loss of limbs, and gradually educated into some new line which recreates them into useful members of society. St. Maurice is of vast dimensions, the buildings and grounds occupying an area probably greater than Central Park in New York. The buildings stretch as far as the eye can see; low, two-story stone structures, so that the cripples are not climbing long stairs, and are near the gardens, everywhere abundant with flowers and shrubbery, to lend cheer to the occupants.

"Two hundred more wounded are coming," said an attendant, as the officer led the way into the first building, the receiving ward.

"Here they are," said the officer, pointing to 200 large glass photographic plates ranged and numbered in a case.

The photographs of the 200 wounded had been sent ahead, the plates showing with precision the exact wound and its process of healing, some of them X-ray plates.

"See this one," said the officer, holding up a large glass plate showing the side profile of a wounded soldier, with a gaping bullet hole back of the ear, and around the hole little sutures or cracks of the skull.

"It is not a fractured skull—that would be hopeless," said the officer. "No, that man can be made over."

But this receiving ward was merely the first stage in a sort of ascending scale, which improved the wounded man's condition at each stage until he was finally landed in the school where he was made over into a condition more useful to himself and society than he was before. It was to this school that chief interest was directed.

This enormous school at St. Maurice is a hive of work shops of all kinds—shoe-making shops, machine shops, auto repair shops, blacksmith shops with blazing forges and clothes-making shops and the workmen were the wounded soldiers from the firing line, minus an arm, leg or eye on which did not need that arm, leg or eye. As a whole it was as efficient a body of workmen as one would find in any well-regulated factory. The men had smiling faces; those working in groups were chatting and laughing.

Attention was also given to the fine arts and the professions, and here also were schools for sculpture and painting and architecture, so that legless or armless or crippled soldiers, who had a taste for the aesthetic, could be set into some new line, which did not require the use of the lost member. One pale-faced young soldier, his left hand gone near the elbow, was delicately modeling a Venus of Milo with his remaining hand.

The soldier architects were making designs, with blue-prints of girders, arches and columns, and calculating the strength of walls and roofs. All of these men had something unusual, but their work was so chosen as to make absolutely negligible the lost member, and to make what remained of their members entirely efficient for

this particular work. Near the soldier architects were ranged two long lines of soldier typewriters, men who lost a foot or some other member, but whose hands had now been taught a skill they had not known before in rapid typewriting.

In the shoe shop the men were turning out a good grade of shoes, selling for 23 francs (about \$4.50), also wallets and purses of all kinds, leather watch chains and belts. A large glass case exhibited the diversity of their product. It was the samity in the machine shop, the blacksmith shop and all the other branches of this hive of industry.

"One soldier with both hands gone," said the officer, "is making 18 francs a day as a carpenter."

He explained that special tools had been made for this handless carpenter, fitting on to the steel hooks on his arm-stumps. The plane, for instance, automatically permitted the carpenter to do his work with precision, a bell ringing, if pressure was too great to the right, another bell if pressure was too great on the left and other bells of forward and rear pressure. So that the handless soldier carpenter learned his trade automatically, bells warning him of each false move until he had become expert.

The St. Maurice institution and school which is thus making soldiers over for a new and useful occupation has a capacity of 600 men, who have their wounds dressed so far as remains necessary, are housed and fed, and at the same time carry on these extensive shops which turn out useful products of all kinds, and what is more turn out useful men skilled in the arts, architecture, mechanical arts and the many branches of manufacture.

According to Orders.

Timetables are distinctly "subject to alteration" nowadays, and frequently at very short notice.

On a certain Irish railway a suburban train was taken off and another altered suddenly. So the station master told the porter—whose name was Pat, of course—to give notice of the change to the passengers as they passed the barrier.

Shortly afterward he heard a terrible din outside his office. Going to ascertain the cause, he found Pat ringing a huge bell violently and shouting:

"This is to inform ye all that on and after tomorrow the 10 o'clock train will start at nine-thirty, and there will be no last train."—London Answers.

The Only Way.

A western ranchman, who had spent all his life with horses and had had little experience with womankind, got married, says the Sunday Magazine. After the ceremony the bride and groom mounted their horses and started along the mountain trail toward home. Going along a hedge the bride's horse stumbled and fell down the steep embankment.

"It was mighty hard luck for both the woman and the horse," the ranchman said in telling the story of the accident; "each of 'em broke a leg."

"What did you do?" replied the other sorrowfully. "I shot 'em." Food Mother—Bobbie, come here, I have something awfully nice for you. Bobbie (age six)—Aw—I don't care. I know what it is. Big brother's home from college. F. M.—Why, Bobbie, how could you guess. Bobbie—My bank don't rattle any more.—Awgaw.