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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.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1916

WEATHER FORECAST
For South Carolina: Partly cloudy in interior and local showers on Thursday and Friday.

Up and at 'em, Funston!

Are you getting ready for a safe and sane Fourth?

"No new is good news" wont do to apply to Mexico.

All is not quiet along the Potomac and the Rio Grande.

Mexico has no under-sea boats but she is rich in under-hand methods.

Wilson's tenure of office has been most notable, in fact, a note most every week.

Come on, boys, and join the militia—there's always room at the top for one more.

The summer is well under way and not an all-day singing yet that we have heard of.

For bald faced impudence, did you ever see anything that could equal one V. Carranza?

Mutt and Jeff are off on a vacation. When did they ever do anything to deserve a vacation?

Teddy and Hughes dined together yesterday. A case of the Hon and the lunch lying down together.

If Villa does join Carranza's army it's a safe bet the old renegade will always keep well to the rear.

There's one thing the war cannot affect the price of and that is the intelligence of the Watermelon.

Lee Villa join Carranza, if he wishes, then Villa can be able to kill the renegade with one campaign.

John T. Duncan says he will lead the boys to Mexico. Were he to do it, the newspaper correspondent could tell it thus: "Duncan also ran."

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AS TO SWIMMING POOLS

While the agitation set afoot by The Intelligencer for a municipal swimming pool has created quite a lot of comment, no one has offered to take the matter in hand and put forward some feasible plan for accomplishing such a needed place of amusement for the people on hot summer days.

In this connection it will be interesting to note what The Chronicle Augusta, Ga., says in commendation of a little Georgia town that has pushed to the front in an effort to add to the attractiveness of the municipality. The editorial account is given in full as follows:

The Chronicle learns that Boston, Ga., a little town down in the southwest corner of the state, has established a municipal bathing pool. The town was not exactly able to put on a free attraction, so to speak, so they made a scale of prices which amounted to just a little more than cost, to supply the local population, but in order to retain the rights and privileges for the folks at home, they put an ordinary price on the people from out of town. This was occasioned by the fact that the Boston swimming pool was literally infested with hundreds of people from the towns for twenty-five miles around; the good roads of that section making it easy of access. The result has been stupendous, for they have cleared hundreds of dollars since the inauguration of the swimming pool idea.

The big idea of recreation is finding response in all parts of the country. In many instances where large factories are located the factories themselves are providing playgrounds, baseball grounds and swimming pools for their employees. It has been proven thoroughly that the establishment of these places is most gratifying from the economic standpoint, for it improves the physical condition of the employees of the stores and factories and adds greatly to the sociability of the community life of the workers. It is declared that it makes the wage-earners more cheerful and large industrial concerns reap great reward from the recreation projects. This is especially the case in reference to the swimming pool.

Sunshine and fresh air, together with the exercise and recreation, augmented by the improved community spirit, is working marvels where these plans have been put into practice. In many of the big department stores of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco, the half holiday during the week is becoming an established custom and swimming pools and baseball grounds are producers of efficiency that are hard to excel.

Of course, it must be understood that big business, which is now taking a leaf from the experience of the churches, as one writer puts it, is doing something for its employees as well as adding its own business, in its last analysis.

It occurs to us if big business and little towns can undertake to establish swimming pools there is no reason why Augusta should not do the same. In other words, it is time for Augusta to establish swimming pools, not only in one section, but in almost every section of the city, for would it not be wonderful if we could have swimming pools in Allen Park, May Park and various other sections where there is room enough to provide for water?

THE NERVEST STUDENT

College students as a class are by no means lacking in self-esteem and assertiveness. But for sheer, unadulterated nerve, a Wisconsin university student deserves the grand intercollegiate prize.

He inserted this "want ad" in the Wisconsin State Journal the other day:

Wanted—What home, incomplete in its membership or otherwise, will exchange board and room for companionship of a large and growing personality while attending the university the next two years—Randall J. Condon, Lock Box 34.

Maybe by this time young Randall J. has been overwhelmed with eager replies. He ought to be, anyhow. What faculty with the slightest appreciation of the benefits to be obtained from association with such a "large and growing personality" would venture to turn him down?

And he'll find a way, no doubt, even if the residents of Madison, Wis., owing to their considerable acquaintance with student personality, should remain unmoved by the appeal. It's such "large personalities" that win. Modest worth hasn't the faintest of a chance nowadays, even in academic pursuits, in comparison with the Randall J's.

THE COAST DEFENSES

The fortifications hill reported to the house of representatives efforts are ground for debate that the army and navy bills. It seems to accord with expert army opinion, and Republican and Democratic congressmen are agreed on it.

It is the last of the three big military measures, the least expensive, the appropriation of only \$10,000,000 and perhaps the least important.

Our navy is recognized by all competent which as the one vital branch of national defense.

essential to have so strong a navy that no foreign enemy can land an invading force on our shores. The army comes next, for use in case the navy should fail, and for such police duty as is necessary at home and among troublesome neighbors. The coast defenses, in the nature of things, cannot take the place of the army. We cannot possibly establish and maintain forts enough to protect all our immense stretches of coastline. All we can properly expect to do is to protect our rich seaports and certain other strategic points. And the plans adopted seem reasonably fitted to that purpose. For inland forts we have no use at all.

Our coast defense was already in better shape than the army or navy. The additional men, ammunition and guns provided, particularly the guns of heavy caliber designed to equal in range and hitting power those of any fleet that may be brought against them, ought to leave no doubt in the public mind regarding this branch of our defense.

SOME SINGULAR STORIES

SON GAVE HIM IDEAS

How Late Governor Began His "Peck's Bad Boy." (From an Exchange.)

An interesting sidelight on the late Governor Peck's character is disclosed by a passage in a letter once written to The Detroit News in reply to a request that he forward material for his life story. Mr. Peck wrote:

"What do you want stuff about me for anyway? I am a democrat and may never die so you can use the stuff about me. Some of us have agreed not to die until the democrats elect a president. So we may keep on living until the millennium—who knows?"

Mr. Peck was famous in Wisconsin for his red cavitation, an he invariably wore such a blossom. "How did I come to think of the bad boy? Well, my son came in one day, and told me a story, about a boy who wrote a note to his father in a fine hand, signed Daisy, inviting the father to meet her at the corner by the bank. Well, it worked, and the old man put on his best clothes and stood on the bank corner, while that confounded boy kept coming past and asking his father what he was waiting for. Finally the old man gave the boy a dollar to go to the theatre with and got rid of him. That struck me as funny, every paper in the United States did and I thought I would give them more of it. It added 80,000 subscribers to my weekly paper."

STILL THERE ARE HEROINES

(From the Hartford Courant.) One of the few desirable results of this Mexican muddle has been that it has shown that there are still heroines, women who are ready to part with their sons, husbands or sweethearts, as the case may be, in obedience to the call by President Wilson. They are responding nobly; men are even getting married before going to the front, possibly with a view of being sure of a fight, even though the trouble on the border is averted, but it remains for Waterbury to furnish a most shining example of the willingness of a woman to sacrifice her husband upon the altar of her country.

The store is told in the Waterbury republican, and it stirring enough. On Monday evening Capt. H. B. Carter was examining various applicants and found one who had a wife and three children, but who wanted to go to the front. He told Captain Carter that his wife would not object but he was asked to bring a letter from her and he said that he would be back with it within half an hour. He was as good as his word, and the letter which he brought back from his wife bore out his statement. It was brief and to the point, and read as follows: "I hope the first bullet that is fired knocks his d--a head off." It was sufficient. It is hard to see how the Roman matrons or any of the famous women of antiquity could have expressed themselves with more brevity or resolution. The country, one may assume, is still safe.

Taking the Near Relatives.

(Branford Correspondents, New Haven Register.) Mrs. Beers of the Arrow Head, Short Beach, was hit hard when the State militia was called up. First her son, of one of the New Haven banks, then her chef and last her cousin's son, William Fodger of Guatemala, who makes his home with her.

Pockets.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.) The Amiable Imbecile who is always springing something on the unwary has a new one. He rushes up to you and cackles, "How many pockets you got? Answer quick. You answer six or seventeen," according to your conservative or radical impulses. The Amiable Imbecile grins broadly and tells you to count 'em. You count them and find that you have missed it by anywhere from two to ten. If you are wearing a three-piece suit, the Amiable Imbecile says he know you couldn't tell how many pockets you had, and goes away and tries it on some one else.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

(C. A. D. In The Greenville News.) As compactly built as a torpedo boat, with no fancy frills or furbelows about him, the little Chimney Sweep, or as he is called in the South, the Chimney sweep, is one of our most interesting summertime visitors. He may lack the soft outline, and the dainty prettiness of many birds, but when it comes to strength and endurance, considering his size, he is the peer of any eagle that ever lived. As hard as nails, as tough as shark-skin, he looks more like some big beetle hurtling through the air, than a tiny, little bird with feathers and feeling. His very motions are stiff and mechanical; his wings seem to have but one joint, and that where they are fastened to the body. As he comes doddling towards you, he appears to use first one wing and then the other, as he rows his little black body through the air. He is at least an inch shorter than the English sparrow, but his long, reaper like wings make him seem much larger. His stump of a tail would have the appearance of having been chopped square off, were it not for the stiff, spines that extend beyond the end of the feathers. His feet are small, but are as strong as wire, and armed with long curved claws. Hold one of those birds in the hand and the claws clasp the fingers with a grip of steel; and as you try to force the claws apart, you can hardly realize that creature so small, could exert such strength. He dresses in a shade of gray that is almost black, so he does not hesitate to dive, head foremost, down the flue of a smutty chimney; soot does show on the kind of clothes he wears, so he does not have that to bother about. Before there were chimneys, the swift roosted and built his nest in hollow trees; Audubon relates, having counted over nine thousand clinging to a certain plane tree in Kentucky. As the country became thickly settled, he made the discovery that chimney flues were mighty good substitutes for hollow trees and he promptly changed his mode of living, and moved. When the last cool days of spring are past, and the danger of fire being lighted seems remote, the swift takes possession of our chimneys, and calls them his own, until we need them again in the fall. He is first, last, and all the time, a being of the air. His breakfast, dinner and supper are eaten as he slides through space at the rate of about a mile a minute. His courtship is also done as he passes his swoonheart at the same high rate of speed; she has to be quick about the answer she gives, for if she hesitates, he is out of hearing and making the same twittering avowal to some other dusky maiden as he passes. It is a very rare thing to see one of them at rest; even when gathering twigs for the nest, they never alight; a dead limb is lightly brushed by a passing wing, a dislodged particle is caught before it reaches the ground, and carried to the chosen chimney. The nest they build is a curiosity, it is a kind of a hay-window arrangement, much like the sliced off half of a little wicker basket. It is fastened to the smooth surface of the brick by a glutinous substance, thought to be the saliva of the bird itself. Each twig is smeared over with this home-made glue, and when once put in place it is there for keeps, unless a long, damp spell should cause the glue to soften, when "Down comes cradle, babies and all." The only function of bird life that is not performed while on the wing, is sleeping; for this purpose they are obliged to fold their wings, and keep quiet for a time. They roost plastered flat against the brick, holding on by the claws that grip like tempered hooks, lean back on the stiff jointed feathers, and snatch a few hours rest. Possibly the reason why they do not sleep on the wing, is that they would probably continue to fly in a straight line, and when they were waked up, would find themselves in some foreign country and the nest and babies a thousand miles away. They lay four or five pure white eggs, and usually raise two broods in a season. Some particular chimneys seem to appeal to them more than others and such one becomes the summer home of quite a colony. In late numbers, and circle and wheel for a long while, before going to bed for good. Many times they will approach the chimney as if about to enter, only to swing off in a black cloud, for more circling and more high flaps in the Western glow. When they do begin to enter, they drop in by dozens, and by twos, and soon the last one has disappeared and a lonely bat is the only living thing in sight, where a minute before was a swarming mass of twittering birds. They feed entirely upon such insects as they can take on the wing; and their drink is procured as they skim just above the surface of rivers and lakes. The only sound they make is a soft, musical twittering, that flows tenderly as they approach and die away as they recede. A sudden noise in the room where the chimney opens, sometimes causes them to leave their nests with a noise like distant thunder, as they watch themselves upward. In September or October, or the first falling of cooler days, the swifts gather in immense flocks, and form very dense clouds. Each day the gathering is increased by black crows

man's pockets on short notice. He is stampeded by an abrupt inquiry on the subject and makes the most outlandish estimates.

A woman is different—a married woman, anyway. If you really want to know how many pockets a man has don't bother with him. Ask his wife.

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man's pockets on short notice. He is stampeded by an abrupt inquiry on the subject and makes the most outlandish estimates.

Anderson goes solid for thin Suits



There was a time when the men of Anderson hesitated at the far southern idea in summer dress.

It was all right in New Orleans—but it seemed a bit conspicuous here

To day the best dressed men in the city wear our thin suits.

Evans' thin suits — mohairs, palm beach, cool cloth, silk like, and serges, are tailored in the same manner as all B. O. E. clothes.

Porous, durable and shape retaining.

Not thrown together to sell at a price which precludes good workmanship; but suits for a gentleman's wardrobe.

Sack Coat style, \$5, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10, \$12.50.

Pinch Back style, \$7.50, \$8.50 \$9.00.

Palm Beach Oxfords, \$3.50.

B. O. Evans & Co.
SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS
"The Store with a Conscience"

NATIVES TERRORIZED BY ENORMOUS REPTILE THAT BELLOWS LIKE A BULL

Atlanta, Ga., June 28.—An enormous snake which bellows like a bull, according to those who have seen and heard it, has terrorized people in the vicinity of Bay's mountain, in Tennessee, says an Atlanta man who has just returned from that vicinity.

Estimates as to the length of the reptile vary from thirty to fifty feet. Recently it wriggled across a corn field, and interested persons measured the width of its trail which was reported as eighteen inches.

Dogs, sheep, small pigs and other animals are said to be missing in the neighborhood over which the bellowing snake holds sway. Investigation, according to the Atlanta man, revealed evidence which inclines to the theory that these animals were the prey of the reptile.

It is a known fact that snakes have no bones in their jaws like men to keep it from distending them sufficiently to swallow animals larger than one might suppose, so that some persons around Bay's mountain fear that a careless child may some day be the snake's victim.

Home Canning.
Clomson College S. C., June 28.—Every farmer should have a small canning outfit for use in preserving fruit and vegetables for winter. An abundance of canned products of this sort add comfort and health to the family, and often there is enough surplus to give a nice little income. It is seldom that canned fruits and vegetables of fine quality fail to command a good price. With a good fall garden one does not so much feel the need of canned vegetables, but there are a great many of the tender sorts that will not grow at this season and must be preserved in cans. Think also of the number of fruits that may be canned! Even where one has negroes in most localities an abundance of blackberries, blueberries, huckleberries, grapes and cherries growing wild. In case enough vegetables have not yet been planted to furnish a surplus to can, it is a good thing now to make up the deficiency. Tomatoes, snap beans, lima beans, sweet potatoes and other vegetables may yet be planted for canning during late summer. Anyone interested in canning should write the Agricultural Division at Clemson College for circular No. 27, on "Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables."

Dead or decaying wood of any fruit should be removed as soon as it is noticed, it matters not what the season may be. Such wood harbors disease and insect pests that will spread to healthy parts of the tree and to the neighboring trees.

A small amount of ocean shells fed to the fowls in a wet marsh occasionally will help to keep off some of the summer ailments.

Give the young growing fowls all the pure wheat bran they will consume.

Spartanburg's military commission is sending back telegrams from Dix pleading for more men to join the company of the 101st Cavalry.

Dr. Louis B. Bloodworth, former reading clerk of the house and now the secretary of the senate, was on the job with his famous editorial voice which made a reputation for him in the senate in the country in national convention in St. Louis recently.

Colonel John T. Hollenheit, who has been clerk of the house of representatives for seventeen years, and who is special first secretary to the American embassy in London during his seven-legislative seasons, was in his accustomed place in the lobby, but his veteran young talented clerk, O. H. P. Bloodworth, was missing for the first time in years, having gone to the National Guard mobilization camp at Mason at the head of a company of infantry.

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IS PROUD OF GA NATIONAL GUARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

organization act, passed by congress, called attention to the requirements placed upon this state precedent to securing its benefits.

Among other subjects discussed in the message were the least of the Western & Atlantic railroad, the antiparalleling act, lynch law, compulsory education, prohibition law, local legislation, highway commission, state warehouse system, state finances, inheritance tax, labor legislation, exemption of college endowments from taxation, litigation with copper companies, and four-year term for governor and state-house officers.

The governor showed that the Western & Atlantic railroad is the best of all the tangible assets of the state of Georgia. He said the prospect of leasing the road seems very favorable.

Referring to the prohibition laws enacted at the extraordinary session of the legislature, called by Governor Harris, and for which Georgia prohibitionists give him full credit, the governor shows the great benefits that have followed its operation of nearly two months. Bank deposits have largely increased in all the cities; the merchants are selling more goods to customers; there is more work in progress, and a general improvement has resulted in nearly all lines of business throughout the state. He points out that the law is being well enforced, and there seems to be a disposition to give the statutes a fair trial in every locality. He recommends compensation for the ordinaries of each county for filing statement of each shipment of intoxicating beverages, as required under the law.

The message of Governor Harris is of unusual length, as it goes thoroughly into the various subjects that he takes up. It is regarded by lawmakers as a particularly strong document and shows the close investigation which the executive has made into matters in connection with his administration. The governor expects to send special messages on the W. & A. problem and other matters.

Assembly Convenes.
Atlanta, Ga., June 28.—The general assembly of Georgia convened today in the state capital in Atlanta for its annual fifty-day session. The house was called to order by Speaker W. H. Barwell of Hancock county, and the senate by President G. Ogden Persons, state senator from the twenty-second district.

Colonel John T. Hollenheit, who has been clerk of the house of representatives for seventeen years, and who is special first secretary to the American embassy in London during his seven-legislative seasons, was in his accustomed place in the lobby, but his veteran young talented clerk, O. H. P. Bloodworth, was missing for the first time in years, having gone to the National Guard mobilization camp at Mason at the head of a company of infantry.

Dr. Louis B. Bloodworth, former reading clerk of the house and now the secretary of the senate, was on the job with his famous editorial voice which made a reputation for him in the senate in the country in national convention in St. Louis recently.

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