

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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ONLY

44

More Shopping Days Before X'mas.

The Weather.

South Carolina: Fair Sunday, slightly warmer in interior; Monday fair.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed; In war, he mounts the warrior's steed. In halls, in gay attire is seen; In hamlets, dances on the green. Love ruins the court, the camp, the grove, And men below and saints above; For love is heaven and heaven is love. —Sir Walter Scott.

vills may have stolen his name, but power to be dangerous is his own.

After all, though bloodier, the family scrap of European royalty isn't any bitterer than some hereabouts.

Training at European army headquarters ought to turn out some dandy newspaper circulation fakery.

Another advantage—over here a man can carry around war maps without taking a chance on being shot as a spy.

This Spanish art dealer who says he's sold the government of Mexico some valuable "old masters" would better get cash before delivering them.

Canadian papers are overlooking a sure thing bet in not offering to insure subscribers against damage by an invasion of German-Americans.

Did the U. S. surgeon who said if the allies "swore off" and the Germans stuck to her the result would be assured violate neutrality?

Many a promising courtship is nipped in the bud by remarks of pert little brothers and sisters. Moral: Keep the kids out of Cupid's way.

The assertion that public opinion rules goes in this country, but doubt that it rules in the countries now engaged in fighting.

Not a man in Congress will dispute the fitness of the reference of Secretary Garrison to "the masterful figure of the President" standing out in bold relief.

In announcing her intention to take on a fifth, a popular dancer naively remarked that the prophecy that she'd have seven husbands was merely a sportsman's joke.

There must be great excitement in Madison and Middleton over that aviation chase made by a New York concern for exhibition at the San Francisco show.

Philadelphia may be sleepy, but those caught operating a moonshine still there are convinced that Uncle Sam keeps some side-arms hidden in the vicinity.

Don't get excited when reading of America's vessels being searched for contraband on the high seas by British warships—its officials hold in Washington to be within their rights.

ANDERSON, A CLEAN CITY

Possibly one feels that the matter of a clean city is being exaggerated just now as regards the city of Anderson. If such a thing as exaggeration can be possible when the results are so far reaching. There can be no doubt in the minds of well informed persons that the achievements of those who have made a city that is clean in other place is desirable. What they have done done and are doing, Anderson can do.

The reputation Anderson has over the State is that it is a very desirable city in which to live. Its climate and the progressiveness of its people are things which make Anderson known far and wide. The citizens are generally well behaved and law abiding, and because there is just now a great deal of comment on conditions here as regards the sale of liquor illegally, is no sign that conditions here are any worse than in other cities, even much smaller than Anderson. The echoes we have heard from our crusade are that other places are even worse than this city in regard to these matters. In truth the very fact that Anderson is having a crusade shows the city to be a leader among others. Shortly after the crusade started here a delegation of Columbia citizen waited on the mayor of that city and requested that steps be taken to rid our Capital from the presence of this undesirable element. We find that Greenville needs a house cleaning along the same lines, and Greenwood could profit by a similar experience, and a crusade is being conducted in Augusta to have a better observance of the laws there. We refrain from mentioning Charleston in this connection, and the "City of Success" has not been heard from.

How desirable indeed would be the knowledge that it were impossible for anyone to be subject to any influence in this city other than the best. Only a short while ago a college for girls was started here. What an advertisement for that college would be the simple statement that there is nothing wrong in Anderson. Parents would rather send their girls to such city. Of course we know that conditions surrounding Anderson College are as nearly ideal as it is possible for them to be, but the farther off yonder in a remote section of South Carolina does not possess the information we have. He perhaps has heard only of some lark in Anderson, or his neighbor has been here to a convention, and has seen the effects of the liquor traffic, thereby giving him his impression of "My Town." The effects of a morally strong sentiment in the city on the home-seeker has been referred to in a previous editorial.

Thus it will be seen that there is ample ground for the work of the law enforcers, and those who would see in Anderson a city beautiful and a city clean.

LET US REST.

Today is the Sabbath. The thoughts of all should be turned to other things than bond issues and cotton acreage reduction, and state warehouse system. Therefore, we shall not trespass upon the thoughts for the day further than to say that we are "agin" the bond issue, not because we would not aid the cotton growers in every way possible, but because we do not believe this is the way to aid them. They do not favor it themselves. The State warehouse plan is all right, but comes too late to do any good to the small farmer this year. The cotton acreage reduction bill had as well be written on the beach at Sullivan's Island, for the good it will do. So, let's go to church today and forget them all.

THE SCHOOL PAGE.

The school page of The Intelligencer will be interesting Tuesday. There will be several new schools represented in the page, and a number of communications worth reading. We wish to have something from every school in the county, and trust that those schools not having sent in anything will do so at once. If there is any event to come off in the future in any school notice should be given of this fact in the school page.

Uncle Sam collected taxes from 45 persons on incomes of \$1,000,000, or more; John Bull on none. Don't know if this means English magnates are pikers, or alike dodgers.

Possibly the directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railway were decreased from 27 to 17 because of difficulty in getting capable men to serve, owing to the old band name.

Some patient statistician might render the public a real service by showing, with proof, what percentage of voters are affected by campaign hoaxes though it might jolt the spellbinders some.

Holding only its bonds, secured by its property, upon which interest must be paid, Andy Carnegie, doubtless smiled when the steel trust cut the dividends on its common stock to one-half of 1 per cent.

"MOVIES" AND MORALS

There was a time when many people were ready to declare that the motion picture show was a menace to the morals of children, who constitute a large percentage of their patrons. Certain classes of pictures presented in some of these theatres, it must be admitted, are not particularly elevating, morally or otherwise. But it is not to be doubted that the "movies" have to a large extent outlived these early prejudices. Like the newspapers, they cater to the public taste, and if the wrong type of pictures are shown sometimes, it is largely because the public, by their patronage, have indicated their preference for that type of show. The motion picture people study closely the kind of pictures that attract most patronage, and conduct their business on that principle. If the public more freely patronizes undesirable pictures, that is the kind of pictures that will predominate.

But it is almost conclusively shown that certain other advantages must be set down to the credit of the motion picture show. It has been frequently said that saloon keepers complain that many of the nickels and dimes that formerly went into their coffers have been diverted to the ticket windows of the moving picture shows since their extensive operation has become established. Now comes The New York World, and points out that within the past year in Brooklyn 53 saloons have gone out of business, while for the past two years some two hundred new motion picture places have been opened in that city. The World states that while this is not conclusive evidence that the pictures are operating to the detriment of the saloon business, it is nevertheless quite convincing evidence.

Of course the patronizing of a motion picture show is a very different form of entertainment from that indulged in when a saloon is patronized, but the essential point is that each is merely entertainment. Seeing a picture does not satisfy the craving for a drink, but many a drink is taken, not because it is wanted, but because of the fellowship and social contact that go with it. These are to be had in almost as satisfactory a degree by going into a picture show, and hence the film is a foe of the glass.

In South Carolina we do not have the saloon, but it may cause some of us to have a kinder feeling for the pictures, and to be more charitable to some of their faults and imperfections, when we realize that they are apparently a real force against the saloon.

COMMITTEE OF FIFTY

The plan proposed by Dr. White in his closing service at the Baptist church Thursday evening, that a committee of fifty representative citizens should be organized to co-operate with the authorities in suppressing the liquor evils to which the city is heir, is a good suggestion, and The Intelligencer wishes it can be followed. Certain it is that a sporadic effort at cleaning up the city, will result only in temporary relief. If it is not followed up by some such plan as this, and a constant watch be set on the matter, there will be a second growth of the evils now complained of, and conditions will be harder to handle at each recurrence.

The idea that the city is after correcting an evil, and not after filling its coffers with the money secured from the fines of the convicted, is an erroneous one, and should not be believed. In fact, the city is doubtless considerably poorer after each such effort, even after all fines are collected and turned into the city treasury. The idea that should govern, and we believe does govern in this case, is that the evil conditions complained of should cease to exist, and that those are guilty of the alleged violation, should become reliable and industrious citizens of the city. The truth of the matter is, that every good citizen is an asset to the city, and every undesirable citizen is a liability. This is especially true when the city has to spend money to correct the vice of the citizen.

Yes, let us have the committee of fifty, or of one hundred, to add to the effectiveness of the good work being done by the city authorities. Will not someone take the initiative and call for a meeting to organize its committee and get down to business. Anderson must be a clean city, and it can be. Every good citizen will aid in making it so.

THE PIEDMONT FAIR

The Intelligencer desires to compliment the spirit of the promoters of the Piedmont Fair for the splendid way in which they have made it possible for the resources of Greenwood and adjoining counties to be displayed attractively and made to advertise the great opportunities offered in the Piedmont section of South Carolina. It was great, and will do much good, not only to Greenwood but to all this section. It required work to do this, and enthusiasm, but those Greenwood folks have a great amount of the ability to perform, and boasting comes as natural to them as for ducks to swim.

BUT ONE RIGHT COURSE

Anderson has declared war on the blind tiger, and is prosecuting offenders with determination. The intention of the city officials, who are backed by the strongest of allies—public opinion—seems to be to rid Anderson of these miserable parasites, if such be possible. Anderson is to be congratulated upon this activity for the blind tiger is one of the most dangerous of all criminals. His business debauches. It gives rise to law-breaking of all kinds. Homeless and lesser infractions of the peace, often have their start in the joint of the blind tiger.

Every one who is at all cognizant of facts and conditions, knows this to be true. So how can any city afford to pursue any course except one of prosecution for those who illegally dispense intoxicating drinks? Any course except one of law and order, will inevitably mean the ruin of some young men, and the lowering of a community's morality. There is no reason for and every reason against, the blind tiger. Our laws are designed to crush him, and each citizen should demand that these laws be enforced so far as possible.

There was a time when so-called clubs flourished in Greenville and when drinks could be bought with little trouble. But these places of resort were closed and for some time the blind tiger has been on the jump in this city. He does not yet dare to show himself in the open. But he will return if occasion offers, for he is intrepid in his work. So this city should not relax in its efforts to exert every power to crush out this class of men who live, by breaking the laws and by damaging society. We have been diligent in the past, and are diligent now. Let us continue to be.

The News is taking no part in the disagreements which have arisen between certain departments of the city. It is standing now, as ever, for straight out law enforcement, and expresses now, as it has in the past, the wish that all reasonable steps will be taken to prevent the recurrence of flagrant violations of the law, and as far as possible, prevent the violation of the liquor laws which are not open, but on the sly. It is argued sometimes that the sale of liquor contrary to law cannot be stopped. But it can be reduced to a minimum, and this is our duty. What if all violators cannot be made to mend their ways, does that absolve us from our duty to do our best toward checking the violations? Laws against murder do not entirely prevent it. There is no law which at some time is not violated, so the argument that the illegal sale of liquor cannot be stopped, hence there is a little necessity to try, becomes extremely absurd if it be taken to conclusion.

The News is not aware of the plans of the executive officers, with regard to the enforcement of liquor laws, but in the light of recent events this paper feels that the citizens should be urged against a division which might cause us to lose sight of an object which we all have in view—the maintenance of the majesty of the law. There is no escape from the conclusion that connivance at lawbreaking means degradation. This paper does not believe, that any official of this city is the friend of the blind tigers, nor that any official would shield them. But there is a possibility that the disagreements which arise might cause a temporary lethargy, and in this case the lawbreaker, alert for his chance, will flourish like a green bay tree until the principle involved is once more caught sight of. The differences which exist now are differences as to means, rather than as to ends. Let no diversity of opinion cause a halt to be necessary. Greenville News.

"PLEASE STOP MY—"

"Please stop my—" what? Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty. Please stop my Whiskey? "Oh no" times are not bad enough for that yet. But there is something else that is costing me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—" Tobacco, cigars, snuff? "No, no, not these but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—" Ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? Not jewels, ornaments and trinkets? Not at all. Pride must be jostled, if times are so hard but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—" Tea, coffee and needless and unhealthy luxuries? No, no, not these; I cannot think of such a sacrifice. I must think of something else. Ah, I have it now; my weekly paper costs me 10 cents a week. I must save that. Please stop my—" paper; that will carry me through easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy." —The Literary World.

AFTER THE TIGERS

It is interesting news that comes from Anderson to the effect that the city council has taken hold of the men who are in the blind tiger business in that city, and it is better out to their good than deal with impa-

ment. This is as it should be. No place should allow blind tigers to defy the law.

We are glad to see that The Daily Intelligencer is backing up the council not only by publishing the names of the tigers, but in expressions of endorsement, and of hearty approval. This is no more than any honest newspaper should do, but it is more than some of them have done in the past. It might be a good idea for Greenwood to take another whack at the tigers. No one has any use for them. The lowest and meanest man on earth is the down down debased white man who goes into the blind tiger business. He is not fit to live in any decent community.

If he is in Greenwood he should be routed, and if possible sent to the penitentiary.—Greenwood Journal.

A PEACE PICNIC.

(By Elbert Hubbard.)

Just suppose that three months ago there had gone abroad over the world an urgent request for big business—all factories and stores, everywhere—to grant its helpers one day off with full pay for a peace picnic.

What would have been the reply of Coloney Moneybags? "I'll tell you—it would have been this: "One whole day off for a picnic, and full pay? We can't afford it!"

The war has been going on in Europe for ten weeks or more, with at least twelve million men taken from the ranks of useful labor.

The cost, not counting loss of labor, is thirty million dollars a day.

And I hope we dot have to prove that every soldier has to be supported by a laborer.

Going into battle isn't exactly going to a picnic.

Picnics carry a decided benefit, especially where a man takes his wife and children, or his sweetheart.

But even the sophistic apologists are at their wits' end to explain the good of this war.

And no one yet has come forward and claimed the credit of beginning it.

Conceive that this is 1914, of the Christian Kalends.

Pinch your ear, whistle out loud.

Are you dreaming?

No. It is 1914. It is the age of Edison, Kelvin, Steinmetz, Lister, Roentgen, Charles W. Elliot, David Starr, Jordan, Robert Collier, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Rodin, George Westinghouse, the Wright brothers, Madame Curie, S. Weir Mitchell, William James, Nathan Straus, Alexander Graham Bell, Mæterlinck, Thomas Hardy!

The human race seemed sure of itself.

Its mind was opening, like a gigantic, intelligible eye.

The phantoms and goblins were in a panic in their sinister heavens.

With microscope and alembic, with pen and press, man—heir to the Promethean spark—was invading the realm of death, disease and fear.

He had put wings on the stage-coach; he was whispering messages across continents.

He had segregated the germ; and brave men had gone to both the North and South Poles, man was civilizing doctors, preachers, lawyers, civilizing his rulers—those in heaven and those on earth.

His telescope foraged among the ruined constellations of the infinite. His microscope brought his eye to pasture on the inconceivable.

No matter how much pain he had suffered, he found it glory to have lived in the last century and the opening years of the present.

He reigned over life like an eagle. His achievements put the touch of godhead on his brow.

Conceive that this is 1914. And that art, science, invention had glorified man—lifted him to the Matterhorn of highest hope.

Then conceive the inconceivable. Think the unthinkable. Realize the unbelievable.

One may paint the horrors of this struggle of the ages a la Tolstoy or Zola. Sickening task!

One may look at it from the brain of a Hugo and write magnificent strophes in prose and verse, whose beauty would quench the rainbow.

But there is no romance or heroism in this war today to inspire a Victor Hugo.

The safest, healthiest manner of traveling with the Great Blood Beast from day to day is in the manner of the philosopher. It will stiffle those bitter, burning tears that are in our hearts, and purge our souls of those sobbs that choke us.

And keep your eye on the great reaction, when the human race will take possession of the old planet by right of eminent domain!

And at the close of the war, let the entire world of workers and toilers have a picnic—with full pay! And let the band play and the oratory flow, and joys, for once, be legal tender.

Can we afford it? Why, sure, we certainly can. And even if man Moneybags will join us!

INGERSOLL AT NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

The following will doubtless be of interest just now in the light of the happenings in the Old World.

"A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rests at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon, I saw him gutting down a mob in the streets of Paris; I saw him at the head of the Army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marano, at Jim and Ansterlitz. I saw him at Krasna, where the infantry of the snow, as if the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like withers without leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the



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force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field at Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king, and I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. "I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory and the only woman who ever loved him, and gone down to the turquoise silence of the dreamless dust that to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder."



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