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ANDERSON, S. C.

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ONLY 23 More Shopping Days Before X'mas.

OUR DAILY THOUGHT.

Tomorrow you have no business with. You steal if you touch tomorrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep any man occupied without concerning himself with the things beyond.—Henry Ward Beecher.

This is the open season for tramps. Join the economy club and save that turkey for Christmas.

Now that the paragrafists' convention is over, we look for the weather to moderate.

"Railroad Commission Enunciates Principles," reads a headline. How perfectly awful.

A German general avers that numbers are not decisive in the present war. Was he speaking of the dead ones or the living?

A dispatch from England has forbidden the exportation of tea to Germany. Who believes that a German would drink tea?

We wonder if the Columbia State has suspected A Rustom Bey in connection with the firing upon "Old Glory" in Turkish waters a few days since.

About the time it became popular for women to pay social calls by telephone along comes the government and places a war revenue tax on telephone messages. Now who is not willing to be taxed?

Once again the war correspondents have Przemysl on the verge of falling. If it is destroyed, let's hope the victors make a good job of it, so there will be no danger of it being lugged into war again.

Instead of staying open late at night, as has been the custom the barber shops of Greenville are going to close hereafter at 7 o'clock. Would you say they are shaving or cutting work hours?

The followers of Carranza are said to be fleeing from Mexico City. There has been so much fleeing down there lately Mexicans generally ought to be expert at the art of "beating it" when necessity calls for it.

The Greenville Piedmont chronicler has lost a suit. Unless he is better fixed than we in this respect, we opine that he is spending his time in bed.

Attracted by alcoholic odors coming from the direction of a garden, revenue officers discovered a barrel of whiskey buried in an onion patch at Gainesville. Thus the odoriferous herb was put to use "before" as well as "after" taking.

"Banzai" is defeated. Austria should stand up before the world, leopards of Germany and announce promptly "Banzai" and we have killed a bear.—Greenville News. And if England is defeated, they should jointly whisper: "And we can throw the Bull too."

THE SIN OF LYING.

In conversation with a gentleman yesterday the remark was made that there are many sins being committed in Anderson, but that in his opinion there are none of them comparable to the sin of lying, and especially does this seem true in Anderson at this time, according to the gentleman.

He stated that one hardly knows what to believe about anything one hears, that there are so many persons whose motives are impugned, and who are accused of making misstatements, that it is indeed an alarming condition which confronts the people of Anderson. Not only is this true in reference to ordinary conversation on the street, in which, perhaps, unintentionally facts are exaggerated, but it extends to business matters. In driving bargains, often the principals indulge in misrepresenting the merits of their wares, in order to make a sale or a trade.

But perhaps the most objectionable kind of untruth is that which has to do with the character of our fellow man. A whispered word has ruined the reputation of many a woman, and man, for that matter, and has caused deepest sorrow. How careful, then, ought we to be when stating an occurrence as a fact.

Doubtless our readers are familiar with the fable of the ancient ruler who directed his servant to prepare a dinner for his guests of the best things in the world. The dinner consisted of tongue. The next day the order was changed to the "worst thing in the world," and again tongue was served. Calling for an explanation, the servant said that he had, indeed, done as his master had required. For what is there in the world of more comfort, and can do more good when properly used than the tongue? And, also, what is there that can cause more anguish and suffering than the tongue when used to pull down the good, or to ruin the reputation of the just.

Shakespeare believed in speaking the truth and the following quotation shows what he thought of the person who would speak ill of his neighbor:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; But who filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, But leaves me poor indeed."

As a thought for this Holy day, let us pause long enough to look this matter of misrepresentation squarely in the face, and when convinced of the sin of falsely speaking, let us resolve that henceforth we shall speak only the truth.

ON THE SQUARE.

The local morning paper says it holds no brief for the Southern Public Utilities Company. We don't know anything about a "brief" neighbor, but the whole town believes that corporation owns you body and soul.—Daily Mail.

Now, neighbor, if we are to continue to get along we must stick to facts. The Intelligencer is absolutely independent, and so long as the present editor remains in charge, we shall take positions along what we conceive to be right and proper, and according to what we believe to be the side that needs championing, whether it be for a clean city of to keep a wrong being done any corporation, whether its name be Southern Public Utilities Company, or what not. No man is at all informed who "believes" that corporation owns you body and soul, and no one knows this better than our afternoon contemporary.—The Intelligencer.

The above appeared in The Intelligencer of the 12th inst. Yet in spite of that fact in the issue of The Daily Mail, of yesterday, the following appeared:

"If Capt. Watkins' will make a statement that the Taylor article was ever intended to be printed first otherwise than in the local organ of the company, the Daily Mail will make any kind of apology necessary." Our afternoon contemporary seems determined to insist on making this misstatement of facts even after its attention is called to the untruth of the statement. We therefore, demand of our afternoon contemporary proof of its statement or correction. We shall give this opportunity for a retraction or apology before branding it as it deserves, or taking such other steps as seem best for protecting this newspaper from such malicious and false misrepresentation.

D. WATSON BELL.

The Intelligencer wishes well the young newspaper man who serves his connection with this newspaper, and goes to a field of his own. The best wishes of the entire force of The Intelligencer goes with him to his new field, and that he will succeed, goes without saying among those who know his energy and ability as a writer. Since The Intelligencer began the publication of a daily newspaper, Mr. Bell has worked in season and out of season, to make it a real newspaper, and through his efforts this newspaper has taken rank as one of the best local newspapers in the State. We commend him to the good people of York County, and predict for him a great career in the north State.

TOLLS COMING IN

From August 1 to November 1, according to figures made public in Washington, the tolls collected from merchant vessels passing through the Panama Canal amounted to a little over \$735,000. No one, of course, understands this record to be anything like normal. It is certain that, with the revival of business that is taking place in this country as well as in other countries not at war, the amount of tolls collected at the canal will increase very largely and very rapidly, because the amount of freight that will be carried over this route will increase.

This item of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars in three months goes directly into the treasury of the United States, thanks to the act of Congress recently passed by the Democrats under the lead of President Wilson, repealing the tolls exemption law of 1912 which owed its existence to Republican votes. Had this tolls exemption repeal act not been passed by far the greater portion of this sum would have gone into the coffers of the shipping interests. Most of the tonnage upon which tolls were paid during the period mentioned was carried in the coastwise trade and would, under the free provision of the Republican law, have paid no tolls for the privilege of passing through the canal, built at the expense of all the people.

The American people built the canal with their own money. They have a right to charge tolls for the use of that canal. To allow ship owners to use it free would be purely and simply to give to them the benefit of taxes paid by all the people. It would be as clear a case of graft as if the shipping interests had donated the thousands of dollars represented by a direct appropriation of Congress.

One of the significant things about the situation is that, in spite of all the wild warnings of the Hearst-led newspapers of last spring as to what dire consequences would follow the repeal of the tolls exemption, there is nothing but satisfaction in the country over the operation of the tolls law—except among those who have millions invested in ships which have to pay the people for the use of the people's canal.

CLUBS AND TIGERS.

Of course we wish every possible success for the movement that has been launched in Columbia to suppress the blind tigers, but we think it will not amount to much. It is evident that the city administration is not very determined on the subject, and so far it appears that only a very small part of the public is at all interested.

The trouble is that there are so many social clubs in Columbia, composed of wealthy and influential people, that the police will not dare try to molest them, and the blind tigers will never be suppressed so long as these high-class social clubs are allowed to exist.

That is the plain truth, and most people realize it. The dividing line between a social club and a blind tiger is not easily discernible to many people. The social club is a convenience for those who are able to belong to it, and many a poor man cannot understand why he should not be allowed if a rich man is to be allowed to get it at his social club. The answer is, of course, that the blind tiger is operated for a profit while the social club is not, but the answer is not very satisfactory when one considers that the sole object of the man who belongs to the club and the man who patronizes the tiger is to get liquor.

At any rate, the distinction between clubs and tigers will never be satisfying to the average run of people, and there will be tigers just as long as there are clubs. If the officers permit the clubs to exist the people will see to it that the tigers exist, and the officer who makes war on the tigers while closing his eyes to the clubs is going to have an up-hill job of it.—The Anderson Daily Mail.

A PRAYING SOLDIER.

A dispatch relative to the arrival at Ascot of the body of Field Marshal Lord Roberts, who died rather suddenly at the headquarters of the British forces in France last Saturday, contains these words: "The body was placed in the small room in his residence in which the great soldier was wont to conduct family prayers."

It is good to know that this great British soldier was a praying man. Somehow it raises him in the estimation of the one perhaps who is not so familiar with the brilliant record which he made and the deluge of honors which were his during his long career. It is pleasing to know that among the master minds directing the titanic carnival of murder now raging in the European slaughter house there was at least one who was given to bending the knee before Him who holds the millions of earth in the hollow of His hand.

In reading of this prayerful British soldier one calls to mind the sublimity of character of "Stonewall" Jackson, who, it has been said, read his Bible and prayed every night during the fierce struggle between the sections. And one calls to mind the sweet and gentle countenance of Lee, himself an index of the Godly soul reposing within. The greatest murders of men in the world's history may not have been religious. We know that Attila, the Scourge of God, was not, Napoleon, Caesar, Hannibal, Alexander and the others—not mentioning them in the order of their day—may have been, but we are inclined to think not.

Why is it that Lee and Jackson are the idols of their people, and why is the name of Lord Roberts revered throughout the kingdom of those possessions the sun never sets? Does one think of Attila, Hannibal, Napoleon, or any of those as "idols" of the people? Somehow, in our own mind, we don't think of the two types of soldiers in the same way. Is it not the fact that Lee, Jackson and Lord Roberts were more than mere soldiers, but were enlisted under the banner of the Great King as well, that we think not of them as mere destroyers of human life but great men, good and kind and true?

OUR DAILY POEM

Mother. Love her today. Fold your arms around her. Smooth back her hair, where gentle sunbeams play. The your wild strength, unleashed, may confound her, Love her today.

Love her today. Spare not one dazzling token, Nor leave unsaid one love word you can say. Soon comes long silence that may never be broken, Love her today.

Love her today. Let your young passion smother. The visioned grief of that grim lurking day. When your soft voice shall vainly call your mother, Love her today. —Lillian Lauferty.

Human. (From the Baltimore American.) There are none of us quite perfect. There is something wrong in the best; We're all so mortal and human. And none so more than the rest.

When it's all summed up at the finish, And the Lord strikes balance that day, If we only had one more human, It will be about all we should say. There is nothing so common as fault finding. And mistakes and errors all make, And who should we, all at a brother, Or lift a finger to shake. In the fact of some stumblor; it's human. To make a misstep and then; We scoff at the weakness of women, But the weakest of all are the men.

This thing of revenge, getting even, Of laying for some one. Ah me! What pity it is we can't see! Stain character, smear reputation? What you throw, vengeful brother, is mud; But look, where your own heart's corroded, And that stain on your hand is of blood!

SMUT Is Doing for the North-west what the Boll Weevil did for the South. The "one crop system" is gradually giving way to rotation and diversification as our Northwestern country becomes more thickly populated and progressive farmers take the place of the early ranchers.

Smut is one of the factors that is helping bring about this change. The winter wheat this year, through large areas, will average 15 to 25 per cent of stinking smut. And this in spite of the fact that the majority of the farmers treat their seed with copper sulphate or formaldehyde by the most approved methods. When this is not done, as much as 75 per cent of the crop may be taken.

Evidently the smut remains virile in the soil from year to year and infects the clean seed after planting. Besides the great reduction in yield caused by this stinking smut it lowers the market value of the rest of the crop; many carloads every year being discounted entirely and thrown out for feed on account of the smut. Nor is this all. The seed, when dry, contains 77 per cent of volatile, combustible material. This makes it a dangerous factor in threshing. The smut, dust, and smut laden chaff around a threshing machine, once ignited, burn with such violence that it is seldom possible to save the machinery or grain.

Explosions Do Occur. True spontaneous combustion or "smut explosions" are probably comparatively rare. The origin of the fire can usually be traced to sparks from the engine, a "hot box" on the separator, or matches in the unthreshed grain, carelessly or maliciously dropped by some one.

The dry season and great prevalence of smut this year have greatly increased the damage done by fire. There have been about one hundred threshing outfits burned in this White man, county of Washington this season during the month of August.

About 50 per cent of these burnouts are believed to be of incendiary origin. Bunches of matches have been found in the unthreshed grain, and three men have actually been caught in the act of placing matches in the bundles of wheat. Some of the more violent explosions are directly traceable to explosives other than smut, which have been maliciously placed to destroy the machine.

Many of the threshing outfits have connected the exhaust from the engine so that steam can be forced through the separator under pressure in case of fire. This has met with pretty uniform success. Several fires have been quenched in this manner before any material damage was done.

There are two possible solutions to the smut problem, as I see it: One is to breed a smut-resistant wheat; the other is to brew up the big wheat districts into diversified farming.

At present the Turkey Red wheat presents the highest degree of smut resistance of any of the commercial winter wheats. The Washington State experiment station is trying by plant-breeding methods to increase this quality of resistance and at the same time retain the stiff straw, non-shattering heads, and other qualities so important to the wheat raisers of the Pacific Northwest.

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF COUNTY TREASURER The books of the County Treasurer will be opened for the collection of State, County and School taxes for the Fiscal Year 1914, and Commutation Road tax for the year 1915 at the County Treasurer's office from October 15th to December 31st, 1914. After December 31st, one per cent penalty will be added; and after February 28th, seven per cent penalty will be added, till the 15th day of March, 1915, when the books will be closed.

FLOWERING BULBS.

Owing to the war in Europe the Holland bulbs have been rushed to this country in such quantities that they can be had more cheaply than ever before. The hyacinth, tulip and narcissus bulbs can be planted at any time in the fall up to Christmas, but the earlier now the better, before the stocks get run down and good bulbs scarce.

To plant a bed of hyacinths remove the surface soil about six inches, and place the bulbs on this excavated surface, and then return the soil and rake the bed smooth. In a circular bed I set the bulbs in circles of one color each, making the circles six inches apart, and placing the bulbs three inches apart.

Tulips and narcissi can be planted in the same way, or you can plant them in clumps of a dozen among the shrubbery. The hardy lilies like the Madonna or Candidum lily should have been planted in September, as they must make a rosette of green winter leaves in order to do well, and they can not do this from late planting.

Crocus bulbs can be had for about 50 cents a hundred and they can be stuck under the sod all over the lawn and bloom finely in the spring before there is any need for the lawn mower.

The earliest hyacinths to bloom are the White Roman, but these should not be planted till the soil is cold in December, for planted early they will start at once and try to bloom before Christmas and then the tops have the coldest weather of the winter on them. Planted after the soil gets really cold they will remain dormant. The same is true of the Polyanthus species of Narcissus, like the Paper White and the Chinese Sacred lily. These are reputed tender, because they start to grow too early, but planted late they will remain dormant.

MAKING CHEAP CORN

Ten Alabama boys won a trophy offered by the business men of Louisville, Kentucky, for the best record of a ten-boy team in any State in the South. The yields are wonderful, averaging 171.83 bushels per acre, and ranging from a low yield to 127 bushels to a high yield of 222.50 made on his acre by Walter Dunston of Tallapoosa county.

But the thing of most significance to all corn growers, north and south, is the average low cost of production made by these boys. W. Roy Holly of Elmore county made his corn at a cost of 12 cents a bushel and reaped a profit of \$142.58 on a yield of 125.53 bushels. The average production cost of the 1718 bushels grown on the ten acre patches was a fraction over 18 cents a bushel.

Corn belt farmers may well take some notice of this germ of competition in the South. For cheap corn means cheap meat—when the South once takes hold of meat.

A surgeon of Switzerland claims to have invented a preparation which will stop the flow of blood from a wound and will divulge the secret to the warring nations. With smokeless powder, the horseless cannon and bloodless wounds, war is gradually being robbed of its embellishments.

Advertisement for B.D. Crandall Co. featuring a list of clothing items and prices: Suits and overcoats, \$10 to \$25; Odd trousers \$2 to \$9; Shoes \$3.50 to \$5.50; Hats \$1 to \$5. Includes the slogan 'The Store with a Conscience'.

Table listing various locations and their corresponding tax rates for the County Treasurer's office. Locations include Anderson, Alby Springs, Barker Creek, Bevardam, Belton, Bethel, Bishop Branch, Broyles, Calhoun, Cedar Grove, Centerville, Central, Cleveland, Concrete, Corner, Double Springs, Ebenezer, Eureka, Fairview, Friendship, Gant, Genorise, Good Hope, Green Pond, Grove, Hammond, Honas Path, Hoppewell, Hunter, Iva, Lebanon, Long Branch, Martin, Melton, Mt. Creek, and Mt. View.

State Constitution requires all male persons between the ages of 21 and 60 years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maintained or other causes, and those who served in the War between the States, to pay a poll tax of one dollar. All male persons between the ages of 21 and 60 years who are able to work public roads or cause them to be worked except preachers who have charge of a congregation and persons who served in the War between the States, school teachers and trustees, who are exempted from road duty, may in lieu of work pay a tax of one dollar to be collected at the same time other taxes are collected.

W. A. TRIPP, County Treasurer. \$10.00 REWARD. I will give \$10.00 reward for the return of Willie Brawner, a small deformed negro about four feet two inches tall, and twenty four years old. Left my premises sometime in June. W. C. WILSON, 3tp. Belton, R. F. D. 1, Box 69.

"Stradville is Again 'o the Front,'" says a headline in the Greenville News. Our neighbor is still having a hard time keeping its swill bucket in the rear. Greenville folk were mighty glad to see snow Thursday night, for over there the first snowfall users in the open season for turning their bath tubs into coal bins. It snowed in both Greenville and Spartanburg Thursday night, but did not snow here. Another reason why we are glad we live in Anderson. R. A. Opt of Williamston was in Anderson yesterday for a short stay.

Advertisement for Sullivan Hardware Co. featuring 'Reach' Foot Balls and 'Reach' Punching Bags. Includes an image of a foot ball and text describing the products and their benefits for athletes.