

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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The Weather.

South Carolina: Rain Sunday; Monday fair, somewhat colder.

If the price of flour goes up will cakes continue to rise?

Wonder if Governor Rye of Tennessee is a teetotaler?

Columbia news is going to make mighty dull reading after this.

How's this headline for a paradox: Woman is Head of Secret Service.

What a vast silence pervades Columbia.

Come on over, Tom Felder, the coast is clear.

The parjon mill is now enjoying a well earned rest.

Long live the Smittus—Governor and Judge.

Who wants the job of writing about Cole in future histories of the State?

"Atlanta to Have Great Revival," reads a headline. Revival of what?

The droop is beginning to come out of the branches of the Palmetto tree.

Come on in, Bleasettes, the water's fine.

Though we are awfully late with it, we rise to say "Happy New Year, Greks."

Prayers of thankfulness for South Carolina's deliverance are in order today.

South Carolina may never elect a prohibition governor, but she's got one now alright.

If Greenwood has many more killings old Gen. Villa will be getting envious.

Here's hoping an elevator will elevate grain in more respects than one in Anderson—in price, for instance.

How is Cole going to get along after this without his daily dish of notoriety?

Having extended clemency to every one he could find, Cole took a dose of his own medicine and then quit.

The pardon mill was run at such high speed it will take several days for the machinery to cool off.

We would like to see Governor Manning make them Col. Pollock and Col. Jennings.

"Hard Times Blamed for Check Forgery," reads a headline. What else is going to be charged against the old scout?

How many colonels of Governor Blease's staff expect to be appointed on Governor Manning's? Hold up your hands one at a time, please.

A few photographs of this mud made now and stuck up at polling places when the bond election is voted on would prove a powerful lever to put the matter across.

Mayor Godfrey thinks council erred in not allowing the paving commission to do its own organizing. He is to be commended for his quick perception and the readiness with which he speaks his mind.

We congratulate The Anderson Intelligencer on reaching its first year's anniversary. It is a daily paper, launched as a weekly paper, by that prince of editors, Mr. William Blease, his successor, Mr. W. W. SMOAK, has kept the paper fully up to the standard. We read The Intelligencer daily with pleasure, as well as profit.—Lancaster News.

ON GROWING OUR SALVATION

Away back in the forties and fifties, Anderson county ranked as one of the great grain growing counties of the United States and harvested annually from two to four million bushels of wheat, corn and other small grain.

The grain was raised on the large plantations then owned, and was handled by the plantation owners and the supervisors under them almost entirely by negro labor, who were especially efficient in the handling of same.

Up until the Civil War broke in all its devastating flurry over the Carolinas, the great money crop of the Piedmont was wheat and corn. Cotton was seldom planted and was considered a poor crop beside grain.

The coming of the Civil War, the opening up of the cheap lands of the middle west, the inability of the large plantation owners to secure money to finance the crops, and the deplorable condition of negro labor, caused by carpet-bag methods, forced the death of the industry, and as a result tenant cotton farming, requiring little at that time to finance, came in; later to be followed by modern and approved cotton methods, such as we have today.

The war in Europe this year has caused a gigantic increase in wheat, oats and other small grain plantings, and the estimate of Clemson College is that about 70,000 acres of land in Anderson county is planted to small grains, indicating a gross crop of 1,400,000 bushels of grain, which at prevailing prices, practically sure to be maintained, mean a new revenue to the county this summer, when not less than \$650,000.00 will be turned loose by buyers of this great grain crop, approached in size the crops raised before the war, when Anderson county had hardly 15,000 people within her borders as against her 85,000 today.

Mr. Borah might learn a few lessons from Woodrow Wilson, and the one he needs most to learn is this: That the best way, nowadays, to be elected President is to be a very great man and to devote attention and abilities to those things which are for the benefit of the country as a whole.

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Among the grain planters of the fifties in Anderson county was Mr. Jos. Y. Fretwell, father of Mr. J. J. Fretwell of this city. He planted approxi-

mately 900 acres in grain on this land. It was his exclusive crop. His hogs, sheep and butter were minor money crops. His negro labor was entirely satisfactory and he produced his grain at much less cost than competitive western and middle western farmers then did, or do now.

THE GROUCH

The Great Creator in His wisdom created many men of many minds and temperaments knowing that if the sons of men were alike in wishes and desires it would lead to unending strife.

He created well, for many is the noblest work of God. But in some way there crept into the world a creature God did not create—a thing self-made, he it male or female, that is hated, despised and abhorred; a thing self-created, self-pitted and abnormally self-loved.

This self-created creature is the chronic grouch that walks here and there in every town and community searching for happiness—that he may destroy it. Flowers and children, because they represent beauty and love, he detests. He reads as he runs that all men are liars and all women but creatures of evil.

In summer he reviles the bright sunshine and hates the green hills. In winter he reviles the cleansing snow and the purifying frost. The bitterness of gall and wormwood is within his heart.

Children flee from him and his wife can be classed among the martyrs. Men shun him and the world hates him. From an early age he walks this earth spreading unhappiness and unbelief—a maker of evil and discord.

Let us throw the x-ray of self-examination into our own hearts and search out the little microbe that has a tendency to multiply and produce, in time, the hated grouch. There is too much love and sunshine in this old world of ours to spoil it with the canker of selfishness.

DESTRUCTIVE MR. BORAH.

There was a time when Senator Borah, of Idaho, commanded to a degree the respect and the esteem of a large portion of the Democrats and of the independent voters of the country, some of whom were at one time called "Progressives."

But since the waning of Mr. Taft, which begun some time before he was beaten for re-election, Mr. Borah seems to have conceived that it is up to him to be President, and he has been running for the Presidency for several years, to the exclusion of everything else. It is a rare day when Mr. Borah does not litter up the Congressional Record, to say nothing of the Senate chamber itself, with political harangues that are intended, not for the benefit or the enlightenment of the Senate or of the country, but for the furtherance of the ambitions of the Idaho Senator in his race for the Presidency.

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Special Sale of \$25.00 Suits. We put on sale 44 Suits, which is our complete stock of \$25.00 suits at \$17.95. In this lot you'll find blues, grays, browns, tans, olive greens, the new stripes and the popular tartan plaids. Serjes and worsteds in abundance. Sizes and models for all figures; regulars, longs and stouts. These suits made by the country's foremost tailors, will quickly find new homes in this final clearance sale at \$17.95. Other Reductions Offered: Men's Overcoats, Men's Underwear, Manhattan Shirts, Wool Shirts, Boys' Overcoats, Boys' Underwear, Automobile Gloves, Sweaters. Special Lot Hanan Shoes. Order by parcels post; we prepay. B. O. Evans & Co. SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS. "The Store with a Conscience". Order by parcels post; we prepay.

What Is the Matter With America?

As I have been residing in London since the beginning of the war, I have been hearing the question asked on all sides. I have never heard any satisfactory answer. No one seems to know. Why are the American factories not running night and day? Why are the railroads not opening up new territories and getting ready for the millions of immigrants who have already made up their minds to leave Europe as soon as the war is over?

Why are there not fifty American drummers in London right now trying to sell \$200,000,000 worth of American goods in place of the goods that were bought last year from Germany and Austria? Why have advertisers become quitters, just at the time when their advertisements were most needed and most effective in cheering on the business forces of the United States?

Here and There

Ople Reid's Wisdom. Ople Reid thinks this would be a dreary old world if everybody in it had a million dollars.

"Think of it, just 'think of it,'" he said in an address the other night. "If everybody was worth \$1,000,000 and a man asked another to do something, he would just put on a high-top air and tell him to change climates."

"There was never a false belief that that money and ignorance can make a man happy. I would like to impress this on the young man who hasn't got a dollar."

"Poverty doesn't mean virtue, any more than ignorance means righteousness."

"The world isn't nearly so bad as most of the 'God help us we're going to pieces' chautauque lecturers would have us believe."

"When we're beginning to hear about evils they are more likely to be going than coming. In pessimism there can be nothing but stagnation and death."

Why the Failure. The other day the writer dropped into a specialty store that was in charge of a trustee. This gentleman was asked what was the reason for the embarrassment. His reply was substantially as follows:

and dirt, so that it had to be sacrificed in order to move it at all. The aliphod/stockkeeping is best illustrated by an example. This article is a free-seller and a pretty good stock has to be carried at all times. "Instead of putting the new arrivals at the back of the old, they were placed in front, so that in the rear of the stock shelves I found quite a number that were so shop-worn that they could hardly be disposed of at any price."

If one store failed on account of things of this sort, may there not be others headed the same way? Examine your own store and see what you find.

Bits of Philosophy. It is often difficult for the fellows who have been born great to keep up the expansion.

"When a fellow attempts to mix business and pleasure he always gets an overdose of pleasure in the mixture. The school of experience is not a 'pay-as-you-enter' institution, but collections are always made somewhere along the line."

When all others fail booze can always give the pugilist the knockout blow.

People who fight for a principle sometimes display poor judgement in the selecting of the principle. The devil's bargain counter often shows that some supposedly good men have been sold for a song.

Be a Booster. Be a booster if you can. Booster of your fellowman. Boost your country, boost your State, Boost your town at any rate. Boost it as a place to live. Boost it—every boost you give Makes the town a better town—Boost it up, don't knock it down.

Boost them till they have a boost; Boost them up, or off the roost.

Distances in Europe. The Canadian steamship lines have compiled a list of distances comparing the European cities with those of our own countries.

If the continent of Europe could be transplanted and placed upon this country so that Berlin would occupy the location of Chicago, the following approximate comparison of distances would be found.

- London to Berlin, 613; Rochester to Chicago, 606. Paris to Berlin, 654; Chattanooga to Chicago, 611. Vienna to Berlin, 364; Des Moines to Chicago, 357. Antwerp to Berlin, 433; Minneapolis to Chicago, 420. Warsaw to Berlin, 404; St. Paul to Chicago, 410. Petrograd to Berlin, 1,014; Quebec to Chicago, 1,022; Rome to Berlin, 1,043; Denver to Chicago, 1,083; Belgrade to Berlin, 733; Utica to Chicago, 743. Balkan States to Berlin; Florida to Chicago. Turkey to Berlin, Palm Beach to Chicago. Western war zone; line through Omaha, Topeka, Joplin. Eastern war zone; line through Toronto, Pittsburgh, Lynchburg.

A War Alphabet. A is for Antwerp, leaguered and shell-shed. B is for Belgium, valiantly held, C is for Cracow, cruelly crushed, D is for Dinant, trembling and hushed, E is for Essen, home of the Krupp, F is for France, how bitter her cup, G is for Germans, strong in their might.

H is for heroes, battling for right, I is for Italy, biding her time, J is for Joffre, cool as a lime, K is for Kaiser, warrior bred, L is for Liege, conquered, not dead, M is for Money, cause of all strife, N is for Nothing, the cost of a life, O is for Ostend, no longer gay, P is for Paris, that feels the same way.

Q is for Quitters, which none of them are. R is for Reason, she's no kin to War. S is for Strasburg, once it was French, T is for Tommy, who lives in a trench, U is for Union, to Europe unknown, V is for Victory, and that comes alone, W is for Widows, many there be, X is for Xerxes, an amateur, he, Y is for Youth, the first to defend, Z is for Zero—what's gained at the end.

OUR DAILY POEM

The Lie You Live. It isn't so much the lie you tell as the lie you live that stings. The world is flooded each day with lies, but still it dances and sings. A lie that is told may pass away and do no harm, to men—But the lie you live is a lie that turns to torture your soul again.

There are little lies and great big lies and lies the world calls white, There isn't a lie of any kind that is just exactly right; But if you must lie just tell a lie and try to live it down, But to live a lie is an endless hell on which the angels frown.

It smuts and stains and corrodes you so, and cankers and clogs and smears; The lie you live is an endless hell to your soul through all the years; And better a thousand lies men tell—that the world can well forgive—Than the heinigest lie of all, my friend—and that is the lie you live.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

RODERICK LEAN ALL STEEL SPIKE HARROWS. Designed to combine great durability with light draft and complete pulverizing powers. Simple in construction, built entirely of special steel, well braced, practically indestructible. No castings or malleables are used. These Harrows have the fewest possible number of parts, no cuffs or clamps to lose or give trouble. Sullivan Hardware Company. Anderson, S. C., Repton, S. C., Greenville, S. C.