

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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IN ADVANCE

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The Intelligencer is delivered by carriers in the city. If you fail to get your paper regularly please notify us. Opposite your name on label of your paper is printed date to which your paper is paid. All checks and drafts should be drawn to The Anderson Intelligencer.

THE WEATHER

Washington, Feb. 9. Forecast: South Carolina, Generally fair Tuesday and Wednesday.

Daily Thought

Let me have men about me that are fat; Slook headed men and such as sleep o' nights; Yond' Cassin has a lean and hungry look— He thinks too much; such men are dangerous. —Shakespeare.

Anderson is My Town—the S. S. executive committee.

Our yacht is getting rusty—waiting for the canal to open.

Will some correspondent kindly tell us truly what is an unfair?

Did Secretary Daniels decide to "green the market" in Greenville?

Work on the bridge is being rushed as a great rate. Another hand was hired yesterday.

"Prison is a peach," exclaimed Governor B., looking at his valentine from B. R. T.

The Sensible Dress Club is one that we do not find listed in any of the Blue Books.

It makes me smile—the wild sallies of some of those persons hired by the child labor societies.

With gentle Carranza as president, those Mexican militants would die with ennui!

Old Mexico is bankrupt—but what would be expected of a counterfeit government of a republic?

A correspondent writes us that there are 100 barrooms in Anderson. Go tell it to the aleutics.

The rural credits bill is fine and good, but the press gang is anxious about the town credit as well.

Let's have a little consistency in life. Don't always curse your neighbor when you might be cussable.

The United States will this week celebrate the birthday of that monumental mediocrity, Abraham Lincoln.

Goethals made the canal zone fit to live in, but he was afraid to tackle the police commissioner's job in New York.

A Chicago specialist writes that there is a good deal of iron in steak. What bull! It's steel, the toughest kind.

Editor Fiddell, who was appointed a diplomat and declined, had trained for the job by handling trout and snappers.

Josephus Daniels may not have known much of the sea, but from his prohibition talk he is somewhat aquatic.

They are wearing pistols openly in Mexico, since President Wilson lifted the embargo on concealed weapons.

Wear a smile. That'll help some toward keeping your friends from shipping your rheumatic back to China for you.

The big fish bait can at least catch mackerel, but the hard-shell potato bag has no utilitarian purpose.

Why was not this asylum investigation conducted behind closed doors? The poor lone woman talked up in it was not even the right of citizenship.

AGAIN WE PROTEST

Again we call attention to the weird mail service between Belton and Anderson. A letter mailed by the Belton correspondent of this paper Saturday afternoon reached this office Sunday at 12 o'clock, and the news it contained—intended for Sunday's paper, is printed today. Our correspondent, Mr. Claude A. Graves, writes, "I mailed you a letter Saturday afternoon for Sunday's paper, but it did not appear. I mailed it as usual on the train. There was no mail clerk on the train, caused I believe by a wreck above Anderson. I wish you would mention the reason it did not appear, as the people were looking for it."

It is almost disheartening to try to work up a mail service to come into Anderson on that afternoon train. Last week we had an important news letter from Columbia that did not reach this office for a couple of days. A letter from Charleston requires about four days sometimes to reach a correspondent in this city when the Blue Ridge does not wait for that mail at Belton?

We wish to ask Congressman Alken one question—there nothing he can do to get a better mail service for Anderson? It does seem with all the interurban trains coming in from Belton that a through pouch for this city could be carried. And it does seem that there could be through pouches on the early morning trains between Greenville and Anderson.

Of all the cities in the United States we believe that Anderson really has the greatest lack of mail facilities. The afternoon Blue Ridge train should be made wait for that mail from Columbia or forged to bring it on another train.

BLUE LAWS

We are informed that one of the preachers of the city seemed to find much amusement in the position taken by this paper last week with reference to the Sunday closing of drug stores. We may be in error, but we stand right where we did before. We believe that the supreme court decisions of the state permit drug stores to keep open their doors for the sale of medicines and those things necessary for the alleviation of suffering. We do not believe that a drug store has any right to sell tobacco, soft drinks or other commodities. Any such construction placed on our remarks is gratuitous. Our editorial of last week is as follows: "We agree with the ministerial union in its efforts to break up looting on the streets on Sunday. There should be some way to make the churches attractive enough to keep the boys' attention there. But the parental discipline or lack of it, is so noticeable these days that some boys seem to feel most at home in company of a rusty telegraph pole, with a lot of companions around, ogling all who pass by."

"We believe that a curfew law would be better than a Sunday closing law. As a matter of fact, and of law, we believe the drug stores cannot be closed on Sunday's and as a matter of justice we doubt exceedingly if the drug stores are responsible for the crowds of loafers."

"A few years ago it was considered a sign of poor breeding for a young man to be seen loafing around the streets or in front of a church door, but as Rev. Mr. Garrison said at the Baptist church Sunday night, the times have changed."

"The law as to the sale of things other than drugs is plain. The preachers can have it enforced. We believe the druggists would be glad of the help."

RECLAIMED LAND

We see it stated that the National Government has spent \$75,000,000 for the reclamation of 3,900,000 acres of desert lands in the west, whereas there are 75,000,000 of swamp land in the south which needs reclaiming. Secretary Lane of the department of the interior has recommended an appropriation of \$100,000,000 for additional work in the western arid sections.

But Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, and Champ Clark, speaker of the house, have introduced a bill to make available \$30,000,000 to be used for flood protection and drainage work.

The reclamation of the swamp and overflowed lands and their protection from floods means much more to the whole United States than the reclaiming of a few million acres from dreary desert. It means many hundred million dollars in annual crops the saving of more than a hundred million dollars a year in flood losses the prevention of many deaths in floods and of many more needless deaths and incalculable suffering due to malaria and other diseases caused by the existence of swamps.

Why was not this asylum investigation conducted behind closed doors? The poor lone woman talked up in it was not even the right of citizenship.

FROM AN OLD COUNTRY LADY

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

I'm sorry for mothers-in-law. Some of them may be mighty mean, but a great many have enough to make their own lives, and so—of them have is trying on all sides, hard on the sons-in-law and daughters-in-law if they feel it their duty to try to please everybody, but they don't all feel that it is necessary. I heard a daughter-in-law say just the other day that she didn't mean to make an effort to please her mother-in-law, she only married Jim—his mother was not included with the marriage contract, and should not have a thing to do with the management of their household. Yes, I am sorry for mothers-in-law and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, but none of them need the sympathy a man and woman needs, who is trying to keep peace between them. The saddest woman I know is a good little creature who is wearing her life away trying to keep peace with her mother and husband. She is living between two fires; her mother must make her home with them, and should be very pleasant to the very dependent; nor so, she acts as if they were dependent upon her for a living. Well I believe in being good to old people for I haven't the least idea where I will land, but I certainly would have no thought of ruling in the home of any of my children. There is no justice in it. I have ruled my own home and I will allow them the same privilege. I never could have any sympathy with a mother-in-law who tries to rule. If they get their feelings hurt it is all right; let them stay in their place although that place sometimes is the saddest place on earth. Hundreds of mothers have found it so. I have in mind now two mothers-in-law who are passing through the very pangs of torment. One is a good old indulgent mother who reared a daughter who has never been strong, and the mother realized the condition and has done all she could to shield the girl from all exposure and hard work. Made her child's life just as happy as could be, trying in a way to make up for her ill health, and give her a chance to gain strength, by not being overworked; and at the age of 20 the girl seemed to be as strong as the average and about that time married a young man of the neighborhood, one who had known her all her life, knew how the mother had protected her and had reason to believe the girl would without this grown to womanhood without this tender care; but with those draw backs he courted and married her, was proud of his pretty little wife, and everybody predicted a happy voyage. They were well mated except in strength of body, he was large and robust, while she was small and delicate, but all went well for a few months. The son-in-law was agreeable, and the mother-in-law stayed in her place; but the third year brought a second babe to the frail mother, and then it was very evident the pretty little wife was on a decline and it was more evident the man who loved a delicate girl hated a sickly wife; and for two years he has made home very disagreeable. But as the poor heart-broken mother-in-law says in her last letter: "He is more considerate now. The doctors say Mary is in the last stage of consumption." Don't you think that mother deserves credit for not murdering her son-in-law? Just think what she has endured seeing her sick daughter uncared for and trying to work and please an unfeeling husband, a man who had no thought of her duties in the home with the double work of two babies, which calls for more strength than most women have. The old mother knew it meant death to her own lamb, who had been nourished and reared in her arms, loved and protected as a flower, and after all this devotion she must spend the last years of her life in a home where she is uncared for and forsaken. Yes, this thing is dreadful. This other mother, enough to make her want to do something having trouble with her daughter-in-law, says this son's wife is something fierce, won't let her visit in the home, and will not allow the son visit her, and forbids the children coming near her, and makes both homes very disagreeable. Well, I can't say what I do, it's like Aunt Polly Smith says, "These family disturbers are worse than the white plague, and when a son-in-law or daughter-in-law enter a home with shot gun and hatchet, and break peace on both sides they are worse than a traitor in war times." Old folks feel their dependence enough without battles, had rather give up life than live in it, and somehow I don't ever mean to undertake a life of this kind. I feel like writing on the walls of my humble home this one big word "Independence." The older I grow the more independent I feel. Of course I couldn't talk this way if Anderson county had no county home, but so long as it has one I feel like a Rockefeller and I don't see a bit of me or of old folks standing around with their fingers in their mouths, afraid to move or speak, like hundreds of poor old souls all over the world. Of course if John should die and I should break up housekeeping in less than a week I would be in the home of a son or daughter, right where I should want to go, and I would try to be pleasant and help with the grandchildren, for I love them dearly. I could dress them in the mornings and wash their faces and comb their hair and mend their clothes and watch over them while their mother was out shopping or visiting. I would try to do my duty and do it pleasantly, and as a mother and grandmother should, and then I would feel satisfied that I was doing my part; and then I would expect to be treated like a mother and a grandmother should be. I would expect to share with the family in the love. I would expect to have my own clothes and I would want them to come freely. I don't mean that I don't mean that I would want to dress like one of the granddaughters who was just making her debut, but I would expect a calico dress or two,

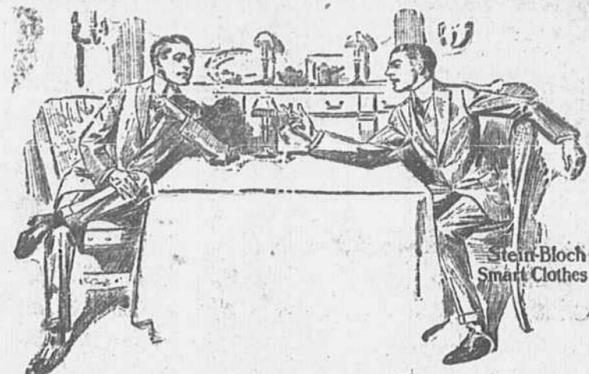
and a pair of shoes every year, and I wouldn't want the whole family thrown into a state of eruption on the strength of it; for the second outbreak would find me in the county home, free and independent. Yes, I said years ago when I first felt age creeping over me that no doubt my children saw it, and dreaded it, dreaded the time when the "old lady" would be sitting around in the way. But I want them to know right now and forever more they needn't lose a minute's sleep on my account. I will never be in their way. I am either to be a welcome guest or I am off on charity that is far ahead of kith and kin. If I couldn't do any better I would do like old Mrs. Logan. When old man Logan died she went to live with her son Tom who already had a house full with Jane and the eight children, but there was no other place for the old lady. She went and certainly had to work after she had gotten there. Tom was lazy and shiftless and Jane had a hard time but the old lady helped all she could, washed dishes and children and mended from morning till night, and was unwelcome. So the old lady got tired of it and about that time old man Hanly moved into the neighborhood. He was a widower with two children and needed a housekeeper, and in less than two months he and old Mrs. Logan were married. Tom and Jane cut up about it, said they wouldn't have cared so much but the old man was getting up in years. Well I believe it was all right, maybe better than the poor house, and no doubt better than working under disadvantages, working for children who are anxious for the day when they can hide you away in the grave. But many times mothers make life miserable for their children—make it so unpleasant for the son-in-law or daughter-in-law. This reminds me of a letter I received last summer from a poor heartbroken woman in this town. She said her husband and his mother were running her crazy. Between the two she lived in torment, and wanted to know what would I do if it was my case. I told her to run off the mother-in-law and leave the husband, break up the nest entirely. A mother who would break peace between her son and his wife should be driven out of the country, and a man who takes sides with his mother against his wife is the shabbiest man on the face of the earth. I will never expect my son or my daughter side with me against the wife or the husband. No, if my son-in-law were to come home drunk every night I will make the best of it, and if my daughter-in-law goes to a ball every night in the week and leaves the baby for me to care for, I will do the best I can; but after I do all I can and the best I can, I want to be appreciated, I don't want my children to think I can't live without them. I had rather accept kindness from them than any one on earth, but they would be the last on earth I would ask of. If I must ever beg it will not be from the ones who owe me their life. I have seen parents beg of their children, but I hope the Lord will take me before I come to this. It is a true old saying that one mother can care for a dozen children easier than a dozen children can care for one mother. I wonder if the "in-laws" cause this trouble, I doubt it. Anyway I have no desire to rule and neither do I want to be ruled, I just want to be a companion for my children and for those who come in by law, and if I can not have this privilege with my children I want to get off as far as I can. I love them and love usually begets love, and if our love is sincere as it should be, we will be willing to bear and forbear. This is the only safe plan for the mother-in-law; and the son-in-law and daughter-in-law should do the same.

***** HOPEWELL NEWS ***** Special to The Intelligencer. Anderson, Feb. 9.—Hauling fertilizer is the order of the day now. The health of this community is not so very good. There are several cases of pneumonia. Hopewell has succeeded in getting a pastor for this year. Rev. O. L. Martin was elected last Sunday for the remainder of the year. Miss Selma Webb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Webb has been sick with pneumonia, but is reported as being some better. Mr. W. W. Thompson has been on the sick list for several days. It is hoped that he will soon be out again. Mr. Claude D. Wilson of this place has recently purchased a plantation near Six and Twenty. Miss Minnie Tucker, teacher of Cross Rocus High School, delightfully entertained at dinner Sunday afternoon in honor of Misses Mae King, Alice King, Mary Teague and Prof. Clint Watkins, at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Webborn. Let everybody come out to church Sunday afternoon and hear Rev. O. L. Martin preach. May much and lasting good be done by this noble speaker.

FEIGNED INSANITY TO AVOID COURT

Atlanta, Feb. 9.—In order to prevent himself from appearing before the recorder this morning, Carl Matthews, an insane white man, who believes himself to be a reincarnation of Jesus, took off all his clothes and placed them in the corner of his cell and touched a lighted match to them. Then he sat calmly in the same innocent state as Adam in the Garden of Eden and said: "Take me before the judge if you wish." The puzzled policeman decided to postpone the hearing until something could be found to clothe the prisoner in, and when he is arraigned now it will probably be before an ordinary on a insanity writ instead of before the recorder for disorderly conduct.

Anxiety to Sell is Poor Tactics in Merchandising



Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

Being too anxious to sell often cases the loss of a profit to the customer. It is needless if the dealer has the right sort of stuff at attractive prices.

We merely suggest that you may find this clearance sale interesting.

Table with columns for Men's Suits & Overcoats and Boys' Suits & Overcoats, listing various values and prices.

We're giving the same reductions on men's odd trousers as on boys' suits.

Men's Quality Shoes

It's almost disrespectful to price them so low. But when we clear stocks we can't "play favorites"—Hence these prices:

Table listing shoe models and prices, such as Hanan Shoes, Howard & Foster Shoes, and Snow Shoes.

We prepay all charges when cash, check or money order accompanies order. Your money back if you want it.



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