

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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The Weather

Washington, June 16.—Forecast: South Carolina—Generally fair north, local showers south portion Wednesday; Thursday fair except showers near the coast.

DAILY THOUGHT

Since human affairs are frail and fleeting some persons must ever be sought whom we may love and by whom we may be loved; for when affection and kind feeling are done away with all cheerfulness is likewise banished from existence.—Cle-ro.

Hello, Bill.

The old burg is yours.

Rather unsettled—the dust.

Anderson is my Town—B. P. O. E.

For the good of the order, be in order.

The time of day never bothers an Elk.

Go as far as you like if you have plenty of shoes.

The Bills are never conventional at a State convention.

Next primary for mayor next Tuesday.

There was quite a good vote in the election yesterday.

The anti-franchise sentiment seems to have been more noise than anything else.

On to Denver. We do not know what Denver has done, but they are on to Denver.

The big brother movement of the Elks is a good thing for this convention to take up.

Be true to your obligation, B. P. O. E., and as Kipling says, "then you will be a man, my son."

The watermelon season having come in, Jim Cansler should find campaigning inexpensive.

Bad luck was averted for some one when the number of entries for governor was reduced from 13 to 11.

If there were baseball, many a fellow would succumb to the heat in his office along about 3:30 P. M., every day.

And it is about time that some more mediators were appointed to mediate between the mediators at Niagara Falls.

Mayor Holleman is urged to keep the water wagon off of the street as Tom Graham is dangerous when he is violent.

There is no key to the city. It was thrown away in the old town pump some years ago. It didn't spoil the water, Bills.

Weather report says it was very cool in Columbia yesterday. McLaurin must have passed John Richards on the street, face to face.

John L. McLaurin has marched around considerable, and yet he is at the foot of the hill—and a better man than some who have opposed him.

If the visitors to the city hear a big racket, don't get excited. It is merely Lee Holleman laughing because he feels so good over getting rid of the responsibilities of the mayor's office.

THE NOBLE ONION

In all the green groceries in Anderson there are exposed for sale great bunches of onions. The onion is coming into favor as a vegetable favor and flavor. It can be served in so many ways and is said to be nourishing. The onion's opportunity has come at last. For decades it has been scorned and ignored, although it cannot be denied that it has made its presence felt. The high cost of living has raised the onion at least to knightly rank in the vegetable kingdom and given it higher honor than the order of the garlic. The United States government officially offers a remedy for high prices of foodstuffs in recommending to housewives that they buy onions in more conspicuous quantities for the table. The tender, white bulb with its tender stalk, is abundant nearly everywhere, and it cannot be as cheap in any locality. Uncle Sam volunteers to inform all quakers just where onions may be secured at low prices.

Onions are declared to possess great value as food, having an uncommon amount of calories, and being especially beneficial to most persons in preserving their health. Remember the saying of our old grandmothers: "An onion a day keeps the doctor away." Uncle Sam apparently endorses that health rule; Hetty Green, our richest woman, publicly does, asserting that the onion makes one healthy, wealthy and wise.

Much of the common prejudice against the onion is because of its aggressive fragrance, yet that objection can be removed if the proper culinary process is adopted. Onions may be cooked in such a way that they will not offend the olfactory nerves. The method involves care and intelligence, but the economy effected in the use of this magnificent vegetable makes such trouble well worth while. Although, in the opinion of the epicure, the allium cepa is best served in puris naturalibus, there are a hundred other ways of preparing it. The finest soup in the world is onion potage.

It is significant, and altogether appropriate that, after long years of patient waiting, the onion and the Democratic party came into power at the same time. The onion is the most democratic of vegetables; it is the food upon which many an Imperial American hath grown great.

Anderson may not be on the map, but as Col. Roosevelt and his river, we can make a map of our own.

WHEN ELKDOM WILL DIE.

(The Author of this is "Fore Ole Bill.") When the lion eats grass like an ox And the fishworm swallows the whale, When the terrapin knits woolen socks And the hare is outrun by the snail, When serpents walk upright like men And bugs travel like frogs, When grasshoppers feed on the hen And feathers are found on the frog,

When tomcats swim in the air And elephants roost in trees, When insects in the summer are there And snuff never makes people sneeze, When fish creep over dry land And mules on bicycles ride, When foxes lay eggs in the sand, And women in dress take no pride,

When dutchmen no longer drink beer And girls go to church on time, When billy goats butt from the rear And treason is no longer a crime,

When humming birds bray like asses And limburger smells like cologne, When ploughshares are made of glass And hearts of workmen are stone,

When ideas grow in jackasses' heads And wool on the hydraulic ram, Then Elkdom will be dead And the country won't be worth a damn.

TERM "TILER" MYSTERY.

Used by Every Lodge but Hardly Any One Knows Definition.

The term "tiler" is one used in almost every secret society, and yet, ask any secret society man its meaning and he usually will have to plead ignorance. The dictionary gives the word an origin in the word "tile," the covering of a house, and the derived meaning is apt to cover, or keep secret. Thus it applies to the outer guard, who stands at the outpost of secrecy of a lodge.

ELKS' GREETING.

"Hello, Bill!" Say Don't it sound mighty friendly, When you are far from home, To have those kind words greet you,

In a real nice, friendly tone? Although you are a stranger, Your name may be unknown, "Bill" greets you as a brother, And makes you feel at home, You meet him at the hotel,

You meet him on the train, And when you part 'tis with the hope,

You'll meet him soon again, So here's to all the "Hello Bills," Climbing life's rugged hill, And when they reach the pearly gates,

They'll meet with "Hello, Bill!"

(Written by Fitzhugh Lee Brown, poet of Columbia Lodge, B. P. O. E.)

JUST A TALK TO THE BILLS

Hello, Bill.

Best place on earth.

Some city this, Anderson is. Believe me.

Some-what of a city, it hasn't a railroad. Really remarkable how such a big, substantial, progressive town has been built without a through line of railway. If it had the railway facilities of Greenwood, Greenville or Spartanburg, it would be as large as all of those places combined.

The moral of which story is that the people of Anderson will get a through line of railway some day—watch out.

Say, Bill, did you know that there were twenty-two store buildings in the course of construction in Anderson today? Surest thing in the world.

Avo, Bill, there are 197 pieces of construction work on foot in the city now. More than in Greenville, Spartanburg and Greenwood combined. Tell it to the world for us, Bill, that Anderson is on no boom, but is just coming into her own.

The Interurban in the last three years has spent several hundred thousands of dollars here for terminals. Look 'em over.

The Blue Ridge and the Southern are putting in a bridge and a passenger station just ferntist The Intelligencer office, at a cost of \$100,000.

Will be the noblest station in the whole state. Passengers may embark and come right out of the station to the sidewalk on Main street.

The Charleston and Western Carolina has bought some \$175,000 worth of real estate, has cleared off a lot of old "backs, is doing a lot of grading and filling and will land freight and passengers right in front of the city hall.

Anderson county produces 80,000 bales of cotton annually, and the value of the finished product of the American mills is \$3,000,000 in excess of the raw cotton. Did you know that Bills? And yet Anderson probably produces more small grain than any other county in the state.

CANNON—EIGHT

Anderson has a live chamber of commerce, which is working hand in hand with the farmers and is encouraging them, in improving their homes and their farms. It is believed that this interest shown in the farmers has tended to double the amount of grain and leguminous crops planted in the county this year.

Yes, Bill, this of course, if for you you will find that the churches have the largest congregations in the state; here you will find the best public schools in the state with \$100,000 spent in new buildings in the last year; here you will find Anderson college, reared by the game people of the game little city, representing an investment of a quarter of a million dollars; here you will find the most substantial merchants in the state, one firm here doing a business of nearly a million dollars a year, and another doing a careful, conservative and successful business; here you will find the most hospitable homes, the warmest men and the most lovely women in the country.

Yes, Bills, this of course is fr you and not for home consumption, and we mean every word of it and if you stay here long enough, you will find it out. Anderson is My Town, and we want some good Elk during this convention to set that to music. It sounds sweet enough to the ears of the homefolks without any score, but we would like to sing it for the whole world to hear.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot And the days of Auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, For Auld Lang Syne, We'll take a cup of kindness yet, For Auld Lang Syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend, And gie's a hand o' thine, And we'll take a right gude Willie weight For Auld Lang Syne.

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup, And surely I'll be mine, And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet For Auld Lang Syne.

"Dixie" Author Founded Lodge.

Dan Emmett, author of the ever popular "Dixie," was one of the minstrels whose close association together led to the informal organization that later became the Jolly Corks and then the Elks.

Crazy-torials.

BY TOM GRAHAM AND STAFF.

From the Cranky House

THE OH-oh

THE olleH

Hi-lo, Bill—Be Good.

No news is Mexico war news.

Good water everywhere, and plenty of things to drink.

Anyway, we don't have to dodge lightning when it doesn't rain.

The lights don't go out.

Sweat, and the world fans with you.

But where are the horns?

Would Carry Nation be shocked at the way those London suits carry on?

Have another—Mexican crisis.

But we doubt the report that the grand jury will investigate the weather man.

Good weather for fireworks.

Wanted—Rainy rain.

Electric signs don't fail in dry weather.

Courage may be dying out; but we know people who eat boiled cabbage on a day like yesterday.

Who's who in a bunch of Elks at midnight?

The first watermelons are here and the doctors are sitting on the 'phone.

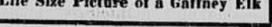
Bellow, Bill!

We see by the papers that Anderson water is pure. Hello, Bill!

It isn't fair to name the new cocktail "Mexican crisis." They come too often.

Stop the clock—Jim Erwin's talking—Sylvan Bros.

That is positively the last for this time.



Life Size Picture of a Gaffney Elk

HISTORY OF THE B. P. O. E.

By Louis H. Cary, Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler For South Carolina

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is an organization formed in 1867, by a band of members of the theatrical profession for the promotion of a closer friendship, social intercourse and mutual protection, with the Golden Rule as their motto: "Do unto others as you would them do unto you."

The small acorn planted by the founders, has spread to a gigantic oak, with those noble characteristics, Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, shedding radiance of relief from the 1400 strong and sturdy branches that have spread forth from the parent root forming a golden chain that encircle the United States from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

The milk of human kindness is the nourishing element that gives life to the body, and light to those basking under its benign influence, writing the faults of the unfortunates who fall by the way in the sands, while their virtues are inscribed on the tablets of love and grateful memory; monuments that rear high their heads toward heaven, inscribed with indelible characters that neither time nor tide can efface and will live until time shall be no more.

The order was christened by Charles Vivian, the actor, and the name of the animal (Elk) used because it is fleet of foot, strong of limb, timorous of doing wrong and never known to engage in combat, except to defend its young and to protect the weak and defenceless. A clearer conception of the objects of the order, the pen falls to record. The impression exists with many—some through ignorance, others through narrowness of mind—that the body is composed principally of a frivolous fun-loving set of men.

For the uninformed we desire to say that a more mistaken idea never prevailed. The principles of the order are such that men of every faith, no matter how radically opposed to each other, can approach our altar and clasp hands over our book of faith. True, a decided social feature exists, but it is secondary in the minds of the members and is indulged in to make our mystic band one of true brotherhood, where only good feeling exists, and not for the worldly or outside idea merely to enjoy the benefit of association among those that feel it incumbent upon themselves to extend relief as unfortunately exists with many institutions that arrogate to themselves all virtues and no faults, that do all that must be done consistent with straight-faced ideas, and who are sought but seldom seek.

In the strict sense of the term, our order is a secret one, secret, however, as to the internal workings of the body in the lodge room and the chatty dispensed, but in no other respect; our doors are wide open at all times with Brotherly Love, the animating influence, glancingly greeting the stranger.

ELKDOM MEANS FIDELITY

By Ralph J. Ramer, Exalted Ruler, Anderson Lodge 1206, B. P. O. E.

The first lodge of Elks was organized May 17th, 1868. The order is distinctly American, and applicants for membership are limited to white male citizens of the United States, of sound mind and body of good character, who must believe in the existence of a Supreme Being.

Some of the purposes of the order are to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members, to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship, and inculcate the principles of charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity. Lodges of the order are not permitted to be instituted in cities of less than five thousand inhabitants, yet, in spite of this restriction and the careful discrimination that is used in passing upon the eligibility of candidates, Elkdom during the past few years has been blessed with a most remarkable growth, both in the number of lodges and the membership of the individual lodges, and there are now some 1400 lodges affiliated with the grand lodge, South Carolina having eleven. From the beginning the order has sought to link its destiny with that of our country, and has made the flag of our nation the symbol of its crowning virtue—Fidelity

Moore has declared a legal holiday for Wednesday and Thursday—The State Newspaper Co. (That's Moore truth than poetry—Anderson Lodge.)

Will Bill Banks bank the Bills?—Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Play a little soft music, please.)

If Tom Graham ever tells the truth, will Charley Lynch him?—Shakespeare.

This is to advise all Elks that Jimmie the Weaver, has gone to work—House committee, Columbus lodge.

We add that Cal has been re-instated—Southern Railway.

After the barbecue, O. Doc Calomel.—By order of Mayor Griffith, M. D.

Let's all have a smile—Simond actually sold a piano—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

All Elks in good standing call on Mose Finkelstein after the convention.

All Elks not having sleeping quarters, phone Bill Sondley, care of Sidney Allen, State penitentiary.

If the Columbia lodge would buy an Elk, would Dr. Park-er?—Byron.

If a pretty girl would flirt with the drum corps would B. Bell her?—Balzac.

The Intelligencer refuses to print what Patrick Drew.

If Jim Erwin plants corn, will Malcolm Hay?

If the auto broke down, who would put the Gearin?—Victor Hugo.

If the trolley jumps the track, would E. a. Wald?

If an Elk got too much to eat at the Jeffersonian, would John Cain him?

If Comstock would break his fiddle, how would he guttar?

If achicken would make eyes at him, who would Burkhalter?

Solo, by the "Goat"—"When the Rose Comes to Twilight the Night Good Night."—At 2 a. m.

Father calls him William, Mother calls him Will, Girls call him Willie, But an Elk says "Hello Bill!" —Dr. Otis.

Advertisement for B.D. Evans & Co. featuring a man holding a hat and straw, with text: 'The last day for the faithful old derby. The new straws are ready to crown you—quite different in many points from last year. The becoming easy shapes of the felts are now carried into the straws. Panamas, \$5 to \$7.50. Sennits, \$1.50 to \$3. Bangkoks, \$5. Mackinaws, \$2 to \$3. Split straws, \$2 to \$4. Order by Parcels Post. We prepay all charges. B.D. Evans & Co. The Store with a Conscience.'

Advertisement for J. S. Fowler Buggies with text: 'We Have Buggies coming in almost every day the latest shipment being a car of COLUMBUS. Come in and let us show them. They are 1914 Models. We have a nice line of Pony buggies. J. S. FOWLER'

Advertisement for Bleckley & Heard with text: 'BUT FORGET THE DEEDS OF LOVE AND BENEVOLENCE OF THOSE WHO WERE WITH US YESTERDAY, IT WOULD NOT BE WORTHY OF PERTINACITY; BUT THIS GREAT FRATERNITY, BREATHING THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE, OF PROGRESS, OF BROTHERHOOD, GOES ON IN THE ATTAINMENT OF ITS HIGH PURPOSE, THE CARE OF THE SICK, THE SUCOR OF THE ORPHAN, THE PRESERVATION OF THE COUNTRY AND THE ACHIEVEMENT OF AN UPWARD DESTINY, TO BE CROWNED AT LAST WITH THE JEWEL OF VICTORY.' NOTED JUDGE DEAD William Hornblower of New York Succumbs to Disease. Litchfield, Conn., June 16.—William Butler Hornblower, associate judge of the New York court of appeals, died here early today of myocarditis. He had been ill many weeks. Judge Hornblower was regarded as one of the most eminent lawyers in New York State. At one time he was president of the State Bar Association. Governor Cleveland, when president, nominated Judge Hornblower for the supreme court of the United States, but because of a factional fight in the United States Senate, the nominee failed of confirmation. Judge Hornblower was born in 1831. FARGE HAS RESIGNED. New York, June 16.—James C. Farge, president of the American Express Company since 1881, today resigned that office.