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The Weather. Washington, July 18.—Forecast: South Carolina—Partly cloudy Sunday and Monday.

I Am Content

Happy the man that, when his day is done, Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret— The battle he has fought may not be won— The fame he sought be just as fleet— Folding at last his hands upon his breast, Happy is he, if hoary and fore-spent, Ho sinks into the last, eternal rest, Breathing only these words: "I am content." —Eugene Field.

Enroll. Enroll at once. Enroll your full name.

Now, that Huerta has gone, did he saloot the flag?

Dental parlors next to the drawing room. Ouch.

Hiving the bee. The political bee. Some get stung.

Somebody ought to invent a way to can watermelons.

Grape juice, the drink that made the white house famous.

One thing about a hot wave—feels so good after it is over.

Did one of the dog days get by? This is a year of many surprises.

Thank goodness, there is but one more month of this campaign.

The home of the rice president should be called "The Shell."

Tangoing is good training for "cooning the log" at picnics.

The early bird doesn't get the hookworm, but the greedy fish does.

Money talks—but talks in a whisper when the collection plates is in sight.

Sherman anti-trust law does not prohibit a corner on pie—political pie.

The world is growing incredulous. No man believes a sign reading "fresh paint."

Gen. Blanquet is the subject of a good many paragraphs since Huerta took to cover.

The Townville vestibule is a truck line and all sorts of a line, and it is doing the business.

The principal thing for each voter is to enroll, then commence picking candidates.

It is rare that an honest man has complaint of mistreatment at the hands of newspapers.

One thing about it, when the suffrage is under shop windows, things are quiet at home for a while.

A hotel is a place where a fellow swaps dollars for quarters—and that's just the way he feels about it.

E. D. Smith found the cotton exchange almost as invincible and quite as repellent as the boll weevil.

In Washington the investigators found that they got better results with "supper tecum duces" than some people get with dictographs.

ENROLLMENT IS NECESSARY

Enrollment books close Tuesday, July 28. White democrats 21 years of age (or those who will reach that age before the succeeding general election), who have been residents of the State for two years and of the county for six months prior to the succeeding general election and of the club district 60 days prior to the first primary following their offer to enroll are entitled to enroll in the book of their club district to vote in the primary election, provided they are citizens of the United States and of South Carolina.

Democrats who wish to enroll in order to vote in the primary elections must present themselves in person before the secretary of the club or before the person having custody of the book of the club district in which they reside. They must sign the roll, giving their full name, age, occupation and place of residence.

In case the applicant for enrollment is unable to write, he must make his mark on the book of the club district in which he resides, and the person having custody of the book will put his name on the club roll.

COL. GIBSON'S DENIAL.

The editor of The Daily Intelligence has received from Col. J. P. Gibson of Bennettsville a personal letter in which he very bitterly assails Mr. Pollock for mentioning the "calico ticket" proposition. Col. Gibson says the charge against him is infamous.

The only charge was that he is a member of Gov. Blease's staff and that his name was on a ticket in 1880 along with some negroes who were candidates for office. Quite a number of Anderson people saw the ticket and saw the name J. P. Gibson. Mr. Pollock made no attack upon Mr. Gibson, merely made a statement.

This was done, not to humiliate Col. Gibson, as we judged the incident, but to make sport of Gov. Blease who had been decrying the negro and any one who would associate in politics directly or indirectly with negroes. Mr. Pollock in other words, merely "replied in kind" and used no offensive language about Mr. Gibson.

Mr. Gibson has sent this paper a two column article from a paper in which he gives the history of his political career and declares that in 1880 he was a candidate on the democratic ticket and that his name was put on the republican "calico" ticket without his knowledge or consent. Mr. Gibson says in part:

"Now I will explain the existence of the 'calico checked back ticket,' which was sent to Mr. Pollock from this county and which is being exhibited by him in the upper part of the state. That checked back ticket was not our ticket. If I had to go into judgment this moment I did not know anything about the existence of that republican ticket with our names on it, until I went to Brightsville on the day of election.

"Mr. D. D. McColl who was my personal friend as long as he lived, and who was the father of the present democratic chairman of this county, told me after the election in 1880, that he and other white republicans in this county had advised the republicans to place our names on their ticket. My name was placed there without my consent or knowledge, and any intimation or declaration, that I have ever catered to or affiliated with the negroes or republican party is an absolute falsehood as black as perdition."

We publish this much of Mr. Gibson's statement in justice to him, although as we said before, Mr. Pollock instead of trying to mortify poor Col. Gibson seemed to be trying to ridicule Gov. Blease's manner of political speech.

LET US HELP OUR NEIGHBORS.

J. W. Rothrock, farm demonstrator for Anderson county, has returned from a trip over a portion of the county visited by hail. This is the section between Pendleton and Anderson, out toward Portman.

The farms of Mrs. Fred C. Brown, Dr. W. K. Sharpe and others were found to have received severe damage, the young cotton being ruined beyond recovery and the old cotton being seriously retarded and perhaps killed. Of 1,200 acres it is probably that 800 will produce nothing.

News was received here yesterday that Congressman Wyatt Aiken had introduced in congress a resolution to provide \$25,000 if so much be necessary, for the benefit of the hail storm sufferers in this county.

The Anderson county farmers who have lost so heavily—and some have lost their all in the way of growing crops—are not beggars. They are true blue citizens and are game through and through.

But it does seem that when such an unusual and destructive storm comes upon them they should be assisted to get started again. Some of them live on mortgaged lands. What a splendid thing it would be if the holders of the mortgages would waive the interest or a portion thereof.

Some will need nothing but seed and fertilizer for sowing peas or some other such crop. We trust that the people of Anderson will deal generously with these people and will aid them to get started again. We suggest that there be an open discussion of this matter at the grain festival next Tuesday, trades day, when it is

expected that a large crowd of farmers will be in the city.

THE OLD GUARD IS PASSING.

With sorrow we read of the passing of Iredell Jones. He was more than a man, he was a type. And the splendid race of which he was one is passing, in a few short days will be gone. What an asset to the South it has been to have had men of this kind.

At the age of 65 he received his diploma from the University of South Carolina. This is because he left the institution in the spring, while he was a member of the senior class, and commanded a company of cadets in the first operations around Charleston.

Later he performed one of the most conspicuous acts of courage in the history of the war, riding in an open boat across Charleston harbor under fire of the enemy, with dispatches for the detached Confederate forts. For this gallant work he was given a commission in the regular army of the Confederacy, and, if we mistake not, he served in the regulars throughout the war. He never returned to college but his alma mater a few years ago complicated him with a diploma.

His father was colonel for a regiment and every brother who was old enough to bear arms became an officer in the Confederacy.

In 1876 he was true to his people and in later years he was loved, honored and respected.

He lived at a typical Southern home "Strawberry Hill," and we doubt if the door was ever shut, except perhaps in severe weather. Hospitality and charity radiated from its very presence. Capt. Jones possessed the social elements such as are not permitted to many men to enjoy, and was by nature endowed with a love of music. As a violinist he had few superiors in the state, and until his eyesight failed he was for years a member of the Iredell orchestra of Winthrop college.

He was the typical southern gentleman. His manners were lovely, mannerisms none. And above all he was a kindly, gentle and courageous man. Few like him are left. The younger generation of men may be as true, as honorable, as warmhearted, but somehow we miss in the most of them that indefinable charm of courtesy which marked the well bred; well reared ante bellum man.

TOUGH ON SUFF.

Will the aftermath man please rhyme the following:

Suff. Bluff. Cuff. Rough. Stuff. Luff. Tough. 'Nough.

We trust the mill managers and mill operatives in Greenville will continue to get along well together. When the pay roll stops everybody feels it.

It can be taken for granted that the man who "cusses" the newspapers has had some of his meanness told of by the newspapers at some time or other.

Editor, the Northern or foreign labor agitator in Greenville working up the I. W. W., made a speech defending the negro as a member of his union.

If merchants will take hold of the parcels post right, there will never be any dead letter office for them.

Casey at the Pay Window. New York American. When mighty Casey was enjoined the town was plunged in gloom. The grandstand and the bleachers soon were lonely as a tomb. The gate receipts are absent now, the magnate in despair. For no one cares to see a game if Casey isn't there.

But somewhere in this favored land the lights are shining bright, and Casey lingers there and gets a shine on every night. For, 'though they shoo him from the field and will not let him play, He doesn't care a whoop as long as Casey draws his pay.

The Sick Cotton Mills

Columbia State. Do the people of South Carolina realize that the values of farms and homes and stores had dropped as much in the last seven years as has the value of cotton mills, the state would be in the midst of a panic?

Do they realize that the owners of mill shares in this state are poorer by millions of millions of dollars than they were seven years ago?

One does not hear much of it because owners of mill shares usually own other properties—they are well-to-do people. We could name half a dozen mills in South Carolina in which the investors have lost from three to five millions of dollars in late years.

Share holders have lost money even in the prosperous mills. There are mills paying regularly 8 per cent and the share won't sell for their par value.

Whenever we hear a mill whistle sound before daylight, especially in the winter time, we think of what a hard life the mill worker's is. By the way, the man plowing under the July sun while we write has no easy job. Confidently, nine or ten hours in an office in July isn't pleasant.

Conditions in the mills ought to be improved. Of that there is no doubt. It is also not to be denied that they have been greatly improved in the last twenty years.

We wish that the mill hours were shorter and that no children worked in the mills. The State favors and urges the raising of the age limit for child labor in all industries in South Carolina.

But do we want the mills destroyed? Would that help the mill people? Do they want to be driven back to the farms or thrown on the world, without employment?

Yonder is a mill employing some Massachusetts, North Carolina and hundreds of people. It is making goods in competition with the mills of Pennsylvania—but that is not all. It must meet the competition of mills in Japan.

England, Germany, China, India and The rivalry between a South Carolina mill and one in England is just as sharp as that between Grocer Jones and Grocer Smith whose stores are on opposite corners.

We can't make mill laws for North Carolina when we make them for South Carolina.

We have pointed to mill legislation that ought to be enacted; there are reforms which we heartily favor and shall work for—but suppose we enact legislation that will close the doors of the mill, is the mill worker helped?

"Yes," some one says, "even though the mill is forced into bankruptcy somebody will buy it and run it." How does some one know? An industry will survive bankruptcies and reorganizations—but not too many of

EXTEND INTERURBAN

Two Electric Railway Systems Are Merged.

The following is from the Manufacturers Record:

"The interurban railways built in North and South Carolina by J. B. Duke and others have been merged under the name of the Piedmont & Northern Railway company, and have filed a mortgage to secure \$50,000,000 of 5 per cent 40-year bonds, the Farmers' Loan & Trust Company, of New York being trustees and the proceeds of the securities being designed for the construction of extensions and branches, betterments, etc., in addition to payment of the purchase money of the present lines by the railroad company, equipment, real estate, etc. It is expected at Charlotte, where the headquarters are situated, that a further extension and more improvements will be made soon.

Heretofore there have been two companies for these electric railways, the Piedmont Traction company, operating between Charlotte and Gastonia, N. C., 23 miles, and the Greenville, Spartanburg & Anderson Electric Railway company, operating between Spartanburg, Greenville, Anderson and Greenwood, S. C., 102 miles. It will require the construction of about 50 miles of line through difficult country to connect the two divisions of the system by an extension from Gastonia to Spartanburg. It is also proposed to extend northward from Charlotte to Concord, N. C., about 25 miles, and possibly farther to Salisbury, Greensboro and Durham, which would demand the building of 150 miles more of new railroad, although construction beyond Concord may be deferred for a considerable time.

J. B. Duke, of New York, is president of the line; W. S. Lee, of Charlotte, vice president and E. Thomas, treasurer and general manager. W. C. Murphy is superintendent. Fulfillment of the plans as here outlined will provide an extensive system of interurban electric railways through a rich cotton mill district of the Carolinas. Already the company has built and is now operating 125 miles of lines, with high-speed passenger cars, and it is also conducting freight service, interchanging business with the steam railroads. It seems to be understood at Charlotte that further construction will begin with the proposed lines northward from here, although work between Gastonia and Spartanburg may be started soon thereafter. Already it is reported that plans for a short extension from Gastonia to King's Mountain are under consideration."

A Great Field.

Science. If the economic botanists and plant breeders can give us a series of new cropping of trees which will furnish new foods for both man and beast, we shall have an economic factor which will combine a number of needs. It will greatly stimulate food production, also wood production. Through the development of the plowless agriculture and terrace water holding, we shall have conservation of the soil and of fertility. We shall also have in this combination the greatest of all forces yet brought to bear upon the problem of food control and also a great aid to navigation and irrigation, because of the better conservation of water in the soil for springs and streams. It is a problem with which the individual farmer of an intellectual turn of mind can experiment in a small way, but above all it is one which needs even demands the attention of the federal government and many of the agricultural experiment stations.

Feeding Alfalfa to Horses.

It is not well to feed alfalfa hay in too large quantities to brood mares; caution should be taken, according to and this is a matter in which pre-Clemson College. Horses tend to become bloated if allowed to overfeed on alfalfa hay, especially if the hay is in a more or less green stage. It is always advisable when alfalfa hay is to be fed to horses to allow the alfalfa to

them. Comes the day when thieves in the engine room go out not to be lit again.

THE PLAIN TRUTH IS THAT THE COTTON MILL INDUSTRY IN SOUTH CAROLINA IS IN A SERIOUS CONDITION. We hear politicians talk about the northern ownership of the mills. Will force them into bankruptcy put them into the hands of southern people? The question is one to make any owner of southern mill stocks laugh. Finding a southern man who will invest in mill properties at any price in these days is not easy. The truth is that the Yankees can get practically the whole southern mill industry at half its cost of establishment or less if they want it. But they don't want it.

The southern owner of mill shares in these times is, as a rule, a sick man so far as his mill shares are concerned.

Yet we hear politicians denouncing the mills and mill owners. Suppose that politicians should say that farming is an iniquitous business in South Carolina, would it help the value of the farm lands? In time, denunciation of farming would kill the business. Either the mills ought to be closed and the manufacturing of clothing and thread outlawed in South Carolina or—

Their affairs ought to be discussed considerably and understandingly and the people who own these properties, who are trying to keep them going, ought to be given a chance to save them.

Do the mill workers wish the mills closed?

If the denunciation of the mill business goes on, the mills in time will close. Not this year or the next or the next perhaps—but no industry can endure assault forever.

The cotton mill industry in South Carolina is a sick industry now.

If any politician doesn't believe it, we can refer him to a man who will sell him shares in a mill that is now running shares that cost \$100 that once were worth \$120, that have paid no dividend in six years, that \$40 has been lost in interest on the money invested in each share for \$10 a share. We think he can buy the whole mill at that price, subject of course to its indebtedness.

And we think that our friend can offer him any one of 25 or 30 mills in pretty much the same condition and on similar terms.

However, if it is advisable, in the interest of the mill operatives, to kill the industry, let the hammering proceed.

There is absolutely no danger in hammering the cotton mills. We wish the politicians would take them and run them in their way. They can certainly get them at a bargain price—the whole outfit, "lock, stock and barrel."

DO YOU KNOW—

A Swiss prison appears to be the very place in which to spend a cheap holiday, as you have practically all you want—a comfortable cell, central heating, electricity, good food, a fair quantity of wine or beer and tobacco and a library. You can learn a trade, have plenty of exercise and there a little work to do in return for all these advantages.

There are a million and a half more women than men in Great Britain. The proportion of women to men is slightly on the decrease however. At the census of 1901 the proportion was 1063 women to 1000 men. Now it is 1061 to 1000.

How Schools Can Help.

Farm and Fireside.

In a certain rural school in Cook county, Illinois, a "parcel post club" has been organized. The boys and girls bring their eggs, green corn, radishes, butter and other produce to school, put the goods in hamper, and ship by parcel post to a select list of customers in the city. They keep the records of this club as a part of the school exercises. They figure the profits and the losses. Ten years from now this new agency of transportation will have been pretty well developed.

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