

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

Founded August 1, 1860. 126 North Main Street ANDERSON, S. C. WILLIAM BANKS, Editor W. W. SMOAK, Business Manager

Entered According to Act of Congress as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice at Anderson, S. C.

Member of Associated Press and Receiving Complete Daily Telegraphic Service.

Subscription Rates: Semi-Weekly edition—\$1.00 per Year. Daily edition—\$5.00 per annum; \$2.50 for Six Months; \$1.25 for Three Months.

IN ADVANCE. A larger circulation than any other newspaper in this Congressional District.

TELEPHONES: Editorial 327 Business Office 321 Job Printing 698-L Local News 327 Society News 321

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, Sept. 28.—Forecast: South Carolina—Increasing cloudiness followed by showers Tuesday; Wednesday showers.

Peace didn't rage very long in Mexico.

The open door policy of some governments is the way out into the back yard.

The water wagon was the band wagon in "ole Virginny".

Edison proposes to make gas pipes out of old newspapers.

Mexico is the frying pan of the American association.

Men who have only one piece of pie, eat it slowly.

John Barleycorn has been turned out of the F. F. V's.

Now is the time your grain to sow, right where the cotton used to grow.

Many a man who doesn't support that cause supports a suit who does.

Favorite Fiction—English general writes "The Germans are gallant soldiers."

Carranza puts the blame on Villa. What he should do is to put the laugh on him.

Bombs dropped on the streets of Paris. The phonetic spelling used to be "bums."

The horizon is clearing. Hard times is more of a cloud than a cloud burst anyway.

The pie counter in Washington has not been a quick lunch affair under President Wilson.

The customer who is yet to taste gets the sausage. The unseasoned onion is not very savory.

Some cars show so much speed that they keep several months ahead of the owner's income.

The man who has no time to give to helping his town is generally the kind of man the town does not need.

Lame ducks should go to Virginia. Plenty of political water there now.

Folks are writing many columns about why the war started. What we wish to know is when it will stop.

Our idea about Mexico is that it should declare war against Germany and get into a man's size scrap.

Pennsylvania will issue 300,000 game licenses this year. That is about as deadly as the German army standing.

The picture of the man who can settle this war in Europe would make a portrait of Ulysses S. Grant look the size of a postage stamp.

Perhaps the war in Europe was caused by the bad lives of the art lovers who looked at the Cubist paintings. Justification homicide.

Miss miles of trenches filled with unburied dead. Send for our foreign missionaries to the "heathen" and locate them permanently in Europe.

Settling the cotton surplus proposition is as easy as finding the fourth dimension, or perpetual motion, or filling a round hole with a square.

ONE CLEAN ELECTION

L. M. Glenn, city editor of the Charleston Evening Post, who has been visiting relatives in Anderson county, says that the people of Charleston are greatly pleased with the new election law there. It has been recommended for general use throughout South Carolina.

A year ago in the special election for congressman there was awful talk, in fact the scandal was taken to congress and the report thereon seemed to indicate that one side had just cheated less than the other. It has long notorious that the names of dead men were kept on the Charleston democratic club rolls, and the names of foreigners who are not naturalized citizens also cluttered up the rolls. This condition gave every opportunity for fraud in elections. But there has been no cry of fraud, no allegation of trickery as an outcome of the recent spirited election in Charleston.

The Australian ballot system as adopted to govern the voting in the primary elections in the city of Charleston was the product of the brain of Leland Moore. It was the result of years of study and investigation. It acted as the flying wedge to break up illegal voting in the metropolis of this State.

The rules require that the voting places must be reputable places. None are allowed in saloons. The voting booth were provided with guard rails so that none but the voter could approach the box and no one could get within five feet of the voter.

The booth into which the voter was taken to prepare the ballot was 6 feet, six inches high, 32 inches deep, with a curtain over the front and a shelf on which the voter could prepare his ticket.

All ballots were numbered and the managers of election were under solemn oath to protect the ballots. The voter was given not more than five minutes to prepare his ticket. The voter then presented himself before the managers tore off the number of his ballot, stamped the vote part of the ballot and let the voter deposit it. If a voter marred or defaced a ballot, he had to return it before he could get another.

The following is a very important section of the law:

V. No person shall be allowed within the guard rail except as is hereinbefore provided. If a voter cannot read nor write or is physically disabled and by reason thereof, did not sign his own application, he may appeal to the managers for assistance, and the chairman of the managers, may appoint two of the watchers representing different factions to assist him in preparing his ballot. After the voter's ballot has been prepared the watchers so appointed shall go immediately behind the guard rail.

Booths were supplied at each polling place for every 100 names or majority faction thereof on the club rolls. Every precaution was taken to preserve the secrecy of the ballot and at the same time to prevent the voter from being approached, annoyed, or intimidated. The law was very strict as to who were entitled to hang around while the votes were being counted. Certain delegates "watchers" for candidates were permitted, but the general public was excluded.

It is conceded to have been the cleanest and fairest election ever held in the city of Charleston. The people clamored for an honest election and got. The urging of the club rolls before the primary showed many startling things—among these being that names on the club rolls had been taken from the hotel registers and tombstones. However, the enrollment system in Charleston needs perfecting.

Leland Moore believes that the ballot is one of the greatest gifts of a State. He believes that the vote should be above suspicion. "The election laws in South Carolina," said Mr. Moore, "are lax and loose jointed. They are the worst of any state in the United States. The elections as a rule are conducted in the crudest possible manner and I don't see how anybody worth anything has ever been elected to an office in South Carolina."

Mr. Moore, in a recent interview, said that the Australian ballot system had effected a great saving in funds to the politicians and office seekers in Charleston. He said that there was no chance to spend money on the last election.

In this same interview, Mr. Moore summarized in the following manner the results of the election plan in Charleston:

The voter is not given a ballot until he appears before the managers. He goes into the booth alone to prepare his ticket.

Before coming out he folds his ticket and creases it all the way to the ballot in maintaining.

There is very little extra cost to the county.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

The Greenwood Journal in its news columns says that the "postoffice at Phoenix will be discontinued unless someone suitable for the position accepts the appointment by Congressman Alken."

The Greenwood paper then publishes correspondence between the post office department and Congressman Alken in which Mr. Alken sends out the "S. O. S." call of the wireless. If some patriot doesn't offer his services the office will go.

Phoenix is a place somewhat famous in state history as the scene of the last defiant stand of the Republicans in this state.

In 1898 there was a bloody riot at Phoenix, and as a result, a prominent white farmer was killed and scores of negroes were shot down. The bloody affair occurred on general election day and was caused by the negroes crowding up to the polls and giving trouble to the white men.

The leader of the Republicans was Col. Jno. R. Tolbert, who fought gamely, but was taken to Columbia for safe keeping. He was seriously wounded. For a day or two madmen citizens rode over Greenwood county terrifying negroes in the effort to avenge the death of Mr. Etheridge. As a result, the next year negro labor was scarce in that section of the county and all interests suffered.

It is now a marvel of desuetude that so quiet are political conditions at Phoenix that even the post office goes begging.

OBITUARY

Mrs. W. H. Davis. The death angel visited the home of W. H. Davis of near Honea Path on the 21st of September and called the beloved wife and mother of that home. This was a sad bereavement to the community.

She is survived by her husband and little daughter and by her parents and other relatives. Her parents and Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Martin of near Honea Path, and there are five sisters and four brothers to mourn her loss.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. F. Brantlett and Rev. W. Ducworth and the interment was at Broadmount cemetery. Mrs. Davis was a splendid woman in every sense, a good neighbor, a devoted daughter, an affectionate wife and a noble christian character.

IYA NOTES.

Iva, Sept. 28.—The regular monthly meeting of the sewing circle was entertained Friday afternoon by Mrs. S. C. Anderson and Mrs. W. R. Mullnix at the home of the former. This was an unusually good meeting both in spirit and attendance. After an hour spent embroidering and chatting the guests were served delicious cream and cake. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Lem Reid and the hour of meeting has been changed from 4 to 3:30 o'clock.

Dr. Arch Watson spent Thursday night at the home of his brother Dr. J. B. Watson.

Prof. Cliff D. Coleman and wife spent the week-end with the former's mother at Lebanon.

Mr. John H. Chiler, of Troy, was a business visitor here one day this week.

Mr. James T. McAllister left a few days ago for Jacksonville, Florida, where he will visit relatives for some time. He went down on the excursion from Anderson.

Mrs. Mac Brown and family, of Hartwell, Ga. have returned to their home after spending a few days at the home of Mr. W. A. Wiles.

Miss Nettie Kennedy, of Loundesville, was in town a few hours Friday with friends.

Mrs. J. E. Watson and sister, Miss Lila Sherard were shopping in Anderson Wednesday.

Mrs. S. O. Jackson and daughter, Miss M. E., were guests of relatives here one day this week.

Mrs. R. C. Ligon, of Fameria, spent a few days here this week with her son Mr. J. C. Ligon.

Mrs. Mac Beaty and children left Tuesday for Moreland, Ga. where she goes to spend several weeks with her parents and other relatives.

Miss May Cook has returned home from a few days stay with her aunt, Mrs. H. A. Burris.

Mr. S. M. Bucknans who has been in Columbia the past week on business has returned home.

At an election held at the first Baptist church on last Saturday, Ray, H. W. Stone, the present pastor, was re-elected to serve the church for another year.

Miss Lois Jackson was the guest this week of her cousin, Miss Marie Seyst, of Anderson.

O. HENRY'S STORIES

II.—Witches' Leaves

By O. HENRY

Copyright, 1911, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

MISS MARTHA MEACHAM kept the little bakery on the corner (the one where you go up three steps, and the bell tinkles when you open the door). Miss Martha was forty, her bank-book showed a credit of \$2,000, and she possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart. Many people have married whose chances to do so were much inferior to Miss Martha's.

Two or three times a week a customer came in in whom she began to take an interest. He was a middle-aged man, wearing spectacles and a brown beard trimmed to a careful point.

He spoke English with a strong German accent. His clothes were worn and darned in places and wrinkled and baggy in others. But he looked neat and had very good manners.

He always bought two loaves of stale bread. Fresh bread was 5 cents a loaf. Stale ones were two for 5. Never did he call for anything but stale bread.

Once Miss Martha saw a red and brown stain on his fingers. She was sure then that he was an artist and



"You haf here a fine picture, madam."

very poor. No doubt he lived in a garret, where he painted pictures and ate stale bread and thought of the good things to eat in Miss Martha's bakery.

Often when Miss Martha sat down to her chops and light rolls and jam and tea she would sigh and wish that the gentle mannered artist might share her tasty meal instead of eating his dry crust in that drafty attic. Miss Martha's heart, as you have been told, was a sympathetic one.

In order to test her theory as to his occupation, she brought from her room one day a painting that she had bought at a sale and set it against the shelves behind the bread counter.

It was a Venetian scene. A splendid marble palazzo (so it said on the picture) stood in the foreground—or, rather, forewater.

For the rest there were gondolas (with the lazy trailing her hand in the water), clouds, sky and chiaroscuro in plenty. No artist could fail to notice it.

Two days afterward the customer came in.

"Two loafs of stale bread, if you please. You haf here a fine picture, madam," he said while she was wrapping up the bread.

"Yes?" says Miss Martha, reveling in her own cunning. "I do so admire art and"—no, it would not do to say "artists" thus early—"and paintings," she substituted. "You think it is a good picture?"

"Der balace," said the customer, "is not in good drawing. Der balerspective of it is not true. Goot morning, vish-am."

He took his bread, bowed and hurried out.

Yes, he must be an artist. Miss Martha took the picture back to her room.

How gentle and kindly his eyes shone behind his spectacles! What a broad brow he had!

To be able to judge perspective as a glance—and to live on stale bread! That genius often has to struggle before it is recognized.

What a thing it would be to see and perspective if genius were backed by \$2,300 in bank, a bakery, and a sympathetic heart too. But those were dreams, Miss Martha.

Often now when he came he would chat for awhile across the show-case. He seemed to crave Miss Martha's cheerful words.



In the back room she cooked my terrible compound of quince and borax. Ever so many people use it for the complexion.

One day the customer came in as usual, laid his nickel on the show-case and called for his stale loaves.

While Miss Martha was reaching for them there was a great tooting and clanging, and a fire engine came lumbering past.

The customer hurried to the door to look, as any one will. Suddenly inspired, Miss Martha seized the opportunity.

On the bottom shelf behind the counter was a pound of fresh butter that the dairymaid had left ten minutes before. With a bread knife Miss Martha made a deep slash in each of the stale loaves, inserted a generous quantity of butter, and pressed the loaves tight again.

When the customer turned once more she was tying the paper around them.

When he had gone, after an unusually pleasant little chat, Miss Martha smiled to herself, but not without a slight fluttering of the heart.

Had she been too bold? Would he take offense? But surely not. There was no language of edibles. Butter was no emblem of unmaidenly forwardness.

For a long time that day her mind dwelt on the subject. She imagined the scene when he should discover her little deception.

He would lay down his brushes and palette. There would stand his easel, with the picture he was painting, in which the perspective was beyond criticism.

He would prepare for his luncheon of dry bread and water. He would slice into a loaf—ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that placed it there as he ate? Would he—

The front doorbell jangled viciously. Somebody was coming in, making a great deal of noise.

Miss Martha hurried to the front. Two men were there. One was a young man smoking a pipe—a man she had never seen before. The other was her artist.

His face was very red, his hat was on the back of his head, his hair was wildly rumpled.

He clinched his two fists and shook them ferociously at Miss Martha—at Miss Martha.

"Drummkopf!" he shouted with extreme loudness, and then "Tansendonfer" or something like it in German.

The young man tried to draw him away.

"I will not go," he said angrily, "else I shall told her."

He made a bass drum of Miss Martha's counter.

"You half shpoltit me," he cried, his blue eyes blazing behind his spectacles. "I will tell you. You vas von meddling some old cat!"

Miss Martha leaned weakly against the shelves and laid one hand on her blue dotted silk waist. The young man took the other by the collar.

"Come on," he said; "you've said enough." He dragged the angry one out at the door to the sidewalk and there came back.

"Guess you ought to be told, madam," he said, "what the row is about. That's

Advertisement for B.D. Cranst Co. featuring a man in a suit and text: 'DIGNITY in clothes is as essential as smartness. The beautiful fall suits and overcoats on display here are preeminently smart clothes, but they also possess the necessary dignity and poise. They are designed especially for men and young men who believe in being well dressed for men who demand the choicest garments of the leading makers. Examine these perfectly tailored, correctly styled clothes, they're exceptional values. \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22.50, \$25. Order by Parcel Post We prepay all charges. B.D. Cranst Co. The Store with a Conscience'

Advertisement for Foley Kidney Pills: 'Lame Back, Kidney Trouble Causes It. It don't take long for kidney and bladder trouble to give you a lame back, and even worse, if not checked. Mrs. H. T. Strayge, Gainesville, Ga., was fairly down on her back with kidney trouble and inflamed bladder. She says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills and now my back is stronger than in years, and kidney trouble and painful bladder sensation have entirely gone." Good druggists are glad to sell Foley Kidney Pills because they always help. They contain no habit forming drugs. Evans' Pharmacy, Agents.'

Advertisement for BACK TO NATURE: 'A Hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact. Yet every time she lays an egg, she cackles forth the fact. A rooster hasn't got a lot of intellect to show. But none the less most roosters have enough sense to crow. The mule, the most despised of beasts, has a persistent way of letting people know he's around by his insistent bray. The busy little bees, they buzz; bulls bellow and cows moo. And watch-dogs bark and gamblers quack and doves and pigeons coo. The peacock spreads his tail and squawks, pigs squeal and robins sing. And even serpents know enough to hiss before they sting. But MAN, the greatest masterpiece that nature could devise, Will often stop and hesitate before he'll advertise. —I. S. Meek, in T. P. A. Magazine.'