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## MANY WILL ATTEND MUSICAL FESTIVAL

### CRITICISMS OF SOME OF THOSE

Participating in the Festival—The Chorus of Two Hundred Voices and the Two Renowned Orchestras Engaged for May Musical Fete.

May 15th to 17th are the dates set for the May Musical Festival to be held in Greenville, and it is likely that there will be quite a number of people who will go from here to attend this great event. It is said that the Festival at Greenville will be an event which will mark an epoch in the cultured life of that community, and the great singers engaged, together with the well known orchestras booked for the occasion, will make a showing for the progressive little city heretofore unsurpassed. Ten soloists of national fame, a superbly trained chorus of two hundred voices, and two well known and complete orchestras is something which offers opportunities seldom given to the people of this section. The seat sale in Greenville is said to be something more than merely encouraging—for it has far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. John H. Williams, who is in charge of the tickets, has been kept busy for the past few days filling orders for reservations. The prices for tickets for the entire five concerts will be only \$4, while the single concert ticket will cost \$1.50.

Appearing elsewhere in this issue are a few facts in regard to the great event in Greenville, but a few additional facts in regard to the great artists—or at least a few of them—will not be out of place, but on the other hand will prove interesting to readers of this paper.

Of Mr. James' ability, the New York Times' critic says: "Mr. James gave his two solos with beauty of voice and full of conception of the demands. No one who heard him will soon forget the glorious 'Then Shall the Righteous Shine,' nor will Mr. James cease to remember the applause his singing of the noble music called forth."

The Cincinnati Inquirer says of one of the artists:

"Mr. George Rogovoy, up to a few years ago, a member of the Imperial Orchestra of St. Petersburg. He has received among many tokens of distinction, a medal from the Czar, and his Cello from a Prince. Upon his arrival in this city he was immediately engaged as Cellist in the Symphony Orchestra, and will maintain the same position the coming season, in addition to his teaching and concert work under the auspices of the College of Music. No other artist made so favorable an impression in so short a space of time as Mr. Rogovoy."

Mr. Richard Schlewien is Director of Violin and Director of the Orchestral Department at the Metropolitan School of Music, Cincinnati, is a native of Germany, and studied violin under the world-renowned masters, Jacobsen, de Abna and Joachim at the Koenigliche Hochschule for Music in Berlin.

Prof. Schlewien has held leading positions in many of the great orchestras of Europe and America, appearing as soloist in the Concerthaus, Symphony and Philharmonic Concerts of Berlin, the Theodore Thomas, Metropolitan, Damrosch, Van der Strucken, the Hahn Festival Orchestra, etc., and in the capacity of soloist has traveled extensively in this country as well as in Europe.

A New York musical critic writes: "Mrs. Beatrice Fine, of New York, seemed to be at her best and sung her way into the hearts of her hearers in three languages. First she gave two songs in French 'Minuet'—Old French, by Weckedlin—and 'Aime Moi,' one of Chopin's pretty compositions. Then followed a German lullaby of dainty, sweet expressions, 'Sandmannchen'—'The Sand Man'—by Brahms. Another French song, 'La Folle,' by S. Marchesi, bright and tuneful, was rendered, and the first group of five selections closed with J. S. Bach's beautiful composition, 'My Heart Ever Faithful.' While the other songs were all pretty, the last one seemed to have depth, breadth and height, and lingered in

the ears of a satisfying musical gem. Among the most successful of the younger contraltos now before the public may be named Miss Mary Porter Mitchell, of New York.

Miss Mitchell first attracted the attention of the music world when she was chosen from a large number of applicants for the position of Contralto soloist in Trinity Church, Boston, under the direction of Dr. Horatio Parker, now of Yale University. Miss Mitchell retained this position for two years, before coming to New York to accept one of the best church positions in Brooklyn, with the Clinton Avenue Congregational church.

### Telegraph Operators Vote to Strike.

San Francisco, May 4.—The telephone operators of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph company Friday voted to strike to enforce their demands of increased wages and recognition of the union, which was recently organized.

### Base-Ball for Pickens.

The sporting blood of Young America in Pickens is on the rampage. They are going in for the strenuous, but healthful sport, base-ball, with vigor. They are full of vim and vinegar, and are putting up good ball. The picked team and the scrubs frequently meet on the diamond, and it is a toss-up as to who shall gain the mastery. From the aggregation a good, strong, healthy team is evolved that knows no vanquishment, or, at least, they have not been vanquished so far, and feel confident of winning every game they play. The Pickens team has challenged and accepted challenges from Greer, Clemson, Seneca, Westminster and other teams, and they are very sanguine of success.

Considering everything, Pickens is quite proud of her team, and confident of the standing it will take in the ball world. They are a hefty set—good hitters, sure runners and safe players, and can be depended on in an emergency.

The business people of Pickens realize the importance and need of a good ball team and are responding nobly with "material" support, and will do all they can to send out as good a team as there is in the state.

The magnanimity and hearty co-operation and encouragement of the Pickens people is worthy of commendation, and we doff our hat to both them and the ball team. Here's hoping all kinds of good luck for the team, and peace, plenty, happiness and prosperity to the noble supporters.

The Pickens team is composed of Frank McFall, Bruce Boggs, M. S. Nimmons, G. B. McLeskey, Thurman Cochran, Jack Lewis, Pat Jennings, Will Jones, J. P. Carey, Jr., Claude Hester, Hagood Bruce, J. P. Carey, Jr., manager; Bruce Boggs, assistant manager; M. S. Nimmons, secretary; Frank McFall, captain.

### An Old Medicine.

"Ground oyster shells," said a physician, "were used as a medicine by the mediaeval doctors—a medicine for the rickets and scrofula."

"How absurd!"

"Absurd? Not at all. Oyster shells contain lime, nitrogen, iron, sulphur, magnesia, bromide, phosphoric acid and iodine. These are excellent tonics. You know how that hen eat ground oyster shells and thus produce eggs with good, thick, strong shells? Well, as the oyster shell powder acts on an eggshell so I have no doubt it acted in the middle ages on the bending crumbling bones of the rickety, putting strength and firmness into them. Ground oyster shells, I am convinced, would be good things for frail children today. They would strengthen the frame, increase the appetite and have a splendid effect upon the teeth."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Greater Pickens.

Mr. W. A. Thomas, who has bought a lot and is building a house, in the new section of town, calls that domain "Greater Pickens." It is a worthy cognomen. Now everybody pull together and make a greater Pickens in reality.

The towns of the country are all exploiting their advantages and ear seeking to locate settlers and investors within their borders and are offering inducements to manufacturing enterprises and holding out bright prospects to business ventures; and they manage to deliver the goods. Pickens could make a "quick delivery," too, if she would only "bear down to the pain" of making a few sacrifices. Her citizens are a noble-hearted people, but they are awful slow in a business way. It takes them a long time to conceive, but when they do they bring forth good, strong, healthy results. But the people of Pickens look a long time at a dollar before they will turn it loose, and then when they do it sure has got to be a large, and direct, return. They are not willing to turn loose their money for a small per cent. and benefit others by the deal—no, the benefit must be direct, and exclusive, to them.

This is an age of push, thrift and advancement, and one person cannot rise unaided; he must have the help and co-operation of others. A well-regulated community, whereby each individual is pulling, pushing or scratching for his neighbor, and some other neighbor doing the same for him, is the community that is in the forefront. When our people grasp the idea that no man can live unto himself, then will they expand, the cockles of their heart will warm up, and, like the petals of spring that are nurtured by the gentle rains and the warm rays of the sun, until the time of their bursting when their fragrance is wafted on the balmy breeze, they will realize that they are living for the good they can do. When this spirit comes over them, you will see houses, stores, manufacturing enterprises and citizens here that will make you proud to call the old town your abiding place.

The idealic predominates here, and while other towns and communities are advancing, growing, developing and pushing out, we are still sitting down awaiting for some fairy's or magician's wand to make of Pickens what we are all the time hoping and dreaming it will be, but neither by word or action are we putting forth any material effort to make the dream come to pass, unless, perchance, we see a chance to put a few dollars into one individual's pocket, and to keep the other fellow from making any money.

Just so long as such conditions as these prevail just so long will the old town plod along as it is, developing always to the point that its natural advantages causes it to expand—only so far—and no farther. But let its citizens rise up en masse, and all put a shoulder to the wheel for an onward and upward push, and see how suddenly and perceptibly the old town would begin to expand and grow. Way it would do more in the next 12 months than has been done in the past 10 years. Don't you believe it? If you don't believe try it and see; and if our statement proves false we will eat the ginger cake.

Lay down that narrow-minded, prejudicial, selfish dogma, of not wanting to do anything because someone else might reap a benefit; what if they do? If they are also enterprising, you reap a return from their dealings. Throw your heart into the work of building up your town. If

by your deal the town is benefitted \$100 and you clear \$25, you have done better than if it was the other way, for you have a chance, again, and in some other channel, at \$100, whereas if the conditions were reversed you only have a chance at \$25. See the point? Well, if you don't, God pity you; we can't write the articles and also furnish you with brains to grasp the meaning.

The man that has ten lots in town makes nothing by holding to them, even if he improves them; but if he sells nine of them at \$200 each he has made \$1800, and has let nine more people have an outlet. These nine begin improvements and each one spends not less than \$1000 on his lot; that means \$9000 turned loose into the legitimate channels of trade in the town and "the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker" each gets a share of this money. How about this one lot you have reserved? The improvements put all around it has enhanced its value at least a hundred fold, hasn't it? Well, how much would it have advanced in 12 months if you had refused to have sold the other nine, and refusing to sell the other nine, how much money would you have kept out of the legitimate channels of trade? How much of this \$9000 will eventually find its way back into your pocket? It is hard to estimate, but the probability is that, finally, you may have it all.

No, partanship, petty jealousies, nor niggardly finance will not do in this day and time. Open your pocketbook, spend your money, and reap a \$5 interest to-morrow, rather than to wait 12 months and get 50 dollars. By the latter method you are a loser of a clear \$10, besides not helping the town any. These kind of financiers, those who trade to benefit themselves alone, are not worth a tinker's dam to any community, and the best thing they ever do for themselves, or the community, is when sorrowing friends have a marble shaft (pointing upward, when it should be pointed the other way), inscribed with "Sacred to the memory of —"

Pull for the good of the community in which you live. Live for the good that you can do. Don't be a clam and shut yourself up in your own shell; be like the bee—work for the good of others.

Now, let's all take up the slogan, a "Greater Pickens," and all pull for that end. Let us strain every nerve, bend every nerve, to make of Pickens a city of 5,000 inhabitants by 1910. We can do it: nothing under the sun from keeping our desires from being consummated, except lethargy, drones and croakers. These things can be overcome; the whip of enterprise and energy will remove lethargy, the drones can be made to work, while it can be made so hot for the croakers that they will fall in line or leave the community.

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail. "I can't—I won't" are unknown to the schoolboy of to-day. It is "I will" and "I can." So apply these terms to every good thing that is proposed and lend your aid and assistance, and see how easy it is by an optimistic pair of glasses, to do unseemly wonders with so little of exertion. Are you an optimist or a pessimist?

This is a personal question, gentle reader, and you must answer. Your friends have classed you the one or the other. Have they classed you right? Remember, there is no middle ground for you to stand on.

What we say here is applicable to every town in the county, and every part of the county, primarily, and to any part of the state and Union, in

a general way; and while we say Pickens, primarily, we mean every town in the county, and the county at large—therefore, everybody can pull for their own section and make for it what they can.

Hurrah for a "Greater Pickens," both town and county. The cry is Pickens town, a greater town, and 5,000 citizens by 1910. Are you with us in the fight?

## Graustark.

had sent to him that very night was pinned defiantly above his heart. Quinnox smiled when he observed this bit of sentiment, and grimly informed him that he was committing an act prohibited in Dangloss' disciplinary rules. Officers on duty were not to wear nose-gays.

"Dangloss will not see my violets. By the way, the moon shines brightly, doesn't it?"

"It is almost as light as day. Our trip is made extremely hazardous for that reason. I am sorely afraid, rash sir, that we cannot reach the castle unseen."

"We must go about it boldly; that's all."

"Has it occurred to you, sir, that you are placing me in a terrible position? What excuse can I have, a captain of the guard, for slinking about at night with a man whom I am supposed to be tracking to earth? Discovery will brand me as a traitor. I cannot deny the charge without exposing her royal highness."

Lorry turned cold. He had not thought of this alarming possibility. But his ready wit came again to his relief, and with bright, confident eyes he swept away the obstacle.

"If discovered, you are at once to proclaim me a prisoner, take the credit for having caught me and claim the reward."

"In that case you will not go to the castle, but to the tower."

"Not if you obey orders. The offer of reward says that I must be delivered to the undersigned. You will take me to her and not to the tower."

Quinnox smiled and threw up his hands as if unable to combat the quick logic of his companion. Together they made their way to the prior's cell, afterward to the abbot's apartment. It was barely 11 o'clock, and he had not retired. He questioned Quinnox closely, bade Lorry farewell and blessed him, sent his benediction to the princess and ordered them conducted to the gates.

Ten minutes later they stood outside the wall, the great gates having been closed sharply behind them. Above them hung the silvery moon, full and bright, throwing its refulgent splendor over the mountain top with all the brilliancy of day. Never before had Lorry seen the moon so acutely bright.

"Gad, it is like day," he exclaimed. "As I told you, sir," agreed the other, reproof in his voice.

"We must wait until the moon goes down. It won't do to risk it now. Can we not go somewhere to keep warm for an hour or so?"

"There is a cave farther down the mountain. Shall we take the chance of reaching it?"

"By all means. I can't endure the cold after being cooped up for so long."

They followed the winding road for some distance down the mountain, coming at last to a point where a small path branched off. It was the path leading down the side of the steep overlooking the city, and upon that side no wagon road could be built. Seven thousand feet below stretched the sleeping, moonlit city. Standing out on the brow of the mountain, they seemed to be the only living objects in the world. There was no sign of life above, below or beside them.

"How long should we be in making the descent?" asked Lorry, a sort of terror possessing him as he looked from the dizzy height into the ghostlike dimness below.

"Three hours if you are strong."

"And how are we to get into the castle? I hadn't thought of that."

"There is a secret entrance," said Quinnox, maliciously enjoying the insistent one's acknowledgment of weakness. "If we reach it safely, I can take you under ground to the old dungeons beneath the castle. It may be some time before you can enter the halls above, for the secret passage is guarded jealously. There are but five people who know of its existence."

"Great confidence is placed in you, I see, and worthily. I am sure. How is it that you are trusted so implicitly?"

"I inherit the confidence. The cap-

(To be continued.)