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## Farmers' Union Bureau of Information.

Conducted by the  
South Carolina Farmers' Educational and  
Co-Operative Union.  
Communications intended for this depart-  
ment should be addressed to J. C. Stripling,  
editor, Pickens, South Carolina.

### A CALL.

The State Farmers' Union of South Carolina will meet in Greenwood, July 25-26-27.

A. T. GOODWIN, State Pres.

From every southern state comes the good news that a campaign, in the interest of the Farmers' Union, has been arranged for July and August from South Carolina west, and South Carolina is now arranging for a thorough campaign of the Palmetto state.

The time is ripe and the farmers are more ready to organize than ever before known. Just one good man in each county of the South for one month organizing the farmers now will prepare the way to save millions for the farmer in marketing the South's next cotton crop. It is not enough to organize farmers for their own protection and go back home thinking that the thing will work itself. It will not do it. Every county union in the south should see to it that at least one county newspaper in each county carry a column of direct news from organized farmers. Instead of this farmer's column working injury to the regular Farmer's Union papers, it increases the demand for such papers. The county or county newspapers are good mediums for educating the farmer along the business side of his farming, and in order to keep up with the progress of the organized movements of the farmers, every farmer should take at least one good paper that will give him the news direct as to how things are going. But in case satisfactory arrangements cannot be made with the established press to carry these farmers' columns in your home papers, a letter addressed to this bureau setting forth the facts in the case, every local union will be supplied with sample copies of the best and cheapest papers in the land of the South, which will enable each union to make its own selection at large club rates.

In order to keep in touch with the latest prices, plans and methods of combining your strength for the good of all, the farmer must read the news from reliable sources which will save money enough on one bale of cotton to pay for five or six good newspapers.

There are so many grades of humanity, called farmers, that no one institution or plan could be expected to please all. The best evidence in the world to prove that the Farmers' Union stands for something is that it is opposed by some individuals, that is, it is doing things. Of course this don't suit some folks because they are opposed to doing anything. Especially something that they happen to not originate or that does not give to them some advantage of their fellow-man. All the "grafters" don't happen to be cotton speculators, nor do they all live in New York. Possibly one of the most contemptible brand is the fellow that lives next neighbor to some other fellow and is always on the lookout for some opportunity to work a skin game on his other farmer, not always in a horse trade at that. You can always find them, for they are opposed to anything that goes to make us one

great body of brethren, that don't give them some special advantage over the rest of their brothers. They won't co-operate; get them out of the union quick, for they will destroy more of your opportunity to success than all the host of speculators and gamblers combined. The Farmers' Union has nothing to fear from men that have not the password, but death and failure lurk in your locals at all times from ignorance and traitors, in the purity of your locals and the faithful practice of your individual members of the principles of co-operation and submission to "Union," which means the local must follow and practice what the county approves and directs, and that the county faithfully administer what is directed by the state, and as the members are held in the local membership so will the union prosper, and its strength be. Members count against the union when their principles are against co-operation, and plans put forward to bring results. Outside of this you cannot have a union. It is not expected that every man that has to till the soil can or will be union, nor were the principles of our constitution made broad enough for every kind of ism or theorist to get aboard, but on the contrary confines its creed to specific principles and those that believe in the doctrine of profits and "make money" in whatever way open cannot be true members and should be denied. Nor should the union become the asylum of all the incompetent drones and deadbeats that can be found "staying" on a farm. Union success does not depend on numbers, but on specific principles and the living up to them.

A local can be as dead with fifty members as with five. And if they refuse to co-operate with the other locals they are no longer in the union. They have bolted, and are no longer entitled to be called union men.

There is more to fear from one rascal in the union than a hundred outside. Push them all outside or they destroy you.

### Clemson College Institutes.

Clemson College, June 24.

Ed. Sentinel-Journal:—I have just received a letter from Mr. M. V. Richards of the Southern Railway, in which he states that it will be impossible for them to let us have a coach before the 6th of July. This will necessitate our making some changes in the dates of the institutes that come in the early part of July. In my former letter I stated that institutes would be held at Liberty, July 2d, and at Easley, July 3d, but owing to the delay in getting the coach, these institutes will have to be held as follows: Easley, August 10th; Liberty, August 20th.

J. F. HARPER, Director.

### Programme

Of the Union Meeting of the Pickens Association to be held with Nine Forks Baptist Church, Saturday and Sunday next.

### SATURDAY,

10.00 a. m.—Devotional exercises, conducted by W. T. Bowen.

10.30.—How can we promote the spirit of evangelism and the best way to have a revival of religion in the churches. Opened by J. T. Taylor.

A question box will be provided and will be drawn upon for the afternoon session.

A programme will be arranged on Saturday for Sunday.

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND STAR**  
Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia

### SPONTANEOUS REMARKS.

Cases Where Suspense Has Called Forth Emphatic Requests.

Charley Stone was one of many unfortunates who took one night stands in the wild, wild west, with a repertory of Shake-peare and other grands of the classics. The first violin in the orchestra played altogether on the E string until a well armed cowboy arose and said: "Pardner, I'm a graduate of Yale. I've been in this part of the country for high or nine years. I love music." Then, drawing his seven shooter, he added, "Fiddle a little on some other string or I'll make you look like a coal sifter."

Intense excitement was caused in De Gize's Opera House in Atlanta a number of years ago when Jefferson was playing Rip Van Winkle. Every county in the state was represented in the audience. Emotions were deeply stirred and but ill suppressed when the profligate Rip was driven from home. A very distinguished looking old gentleman arose in the center of the auditorium and relieved the situation by crying in a loud voice: "Don't go, Rip! Don't go!" Then the lachrymal dams burst, and everybody wept. Of course we all know that men are hired at times to create these effects, but now and then such actions are spontaneous.

In Bartley Campbell's day there came pretty near being a riot over a lost baby in one of Harry Miner's theaters. It was a stage baby—a bit of real property, however—and its mother was almost crazed when some bandits kidnaped it. The Bowery audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of melodramatic interest. An attenuated westerner, over six feet high, unable longer to stand the strain, stood up and, pointing to the wings, yelled with fearful emphasis: "Thar's the brat over in the corner! Give it back to its mother an' let the play go on or I'll wreck the whole darn concern!" It took several policemen and ushers to restore him to reason and quiet the fury of the gallery gods.—Exchange.

### A Doubtful Compliment.

A clergyman was about to leave his church one evening when he encountered an old lady examining the carving on the font. Finding her desirous of seeing the beauties of the church, he volunteered to show her over, and the flustered old lady, much gratified at this unexpected offer of a personally conducted tour, shyly accepted it. By and by they came to a handsome tablet on the right of the pulpit. "This," explained the good man, "is a memorial tablet erected to the memory of the late vicar."

"There now! Ain't it beautiful!" exclaimed the admiring old lady, still flustered and anxious to please. "And I'm sure, sir, I 'ope it won't be long afore we see one erected to you on t'other side."

### Obedience.

The famous Field family, Cyrus and his brothers and sisters, were brought up to obey. The father was a clergyman with \$800 a year for nine children, and frugality and right living were absolutely necessary. Once a useful rat trap was missing. The father gave orders that when it was found it should be brought directly to him. A few days afterward during service, when the sermon was in full swing, there was a clattering up the aisle. It was two of the Field boys, carrying the lost rat trap. They gravely set it down before the pulpit. One of them said simply, "Father, here's your rat trap." Then they turned and went out.

### How He Looked.

An old woman was being questioned by a lawyer as to how a testator had looked when he made a remark to her about some relatives. "How can I remember? He's been dead two years," she answered testily. "Is your memory so poor that you can't remember two years back?" he persisted.

The old woman was silent, and the lawyer asked, "Did he look anything like me?"

"Seems to me he did have the same sort of vacant look," responded the witness.

The lawyer had no further questions to ask her.

### Why He Would Be Absent.

A suburban train was slowly working its way through one of the blizzards of a recent winter. Finally it came to a dead stop, and all efforts to start it again were futile.

In the wee small hours of the morning a weary commuter, numb from the cold and the cramped position in which he had tried to sleep, crawled out of the train and floundered through the heavy snowdrifts to the nearest telegraph station. This is the message he handed to the operator:

"Will not be at office today. Not home yesterday yet."—Everybody's Magazine.

### BILLINGSGATE.

Markets Seem the Natural Abode of Strong Language.

The unpolished phraseology, native though not peculiar to this quarter of London, has given rise to the proverbial use of the name Billingsgate. "One may term this the Esculine gate of London," says old Fuller. "Here one may hear linguas jurgatrices." The seventeenth century references to the "rhetoric" or obscene language of the market are frequent, and hence foul language itself is called "billingsgate." In "Vanity Fair," too, Thackeray tells us how Mr. Osborne cursed Billingsgate with an emphasis worthy of the place.

It is curious how markets are the natural abode of strong language. Thus the French equivalent for "You are no better than a Billingsgate fish fag" is "Your compliments are like those of the Place Maubert," the Place Maubert being noted for its market.

In the good old days the Billingsgate porters seem to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves, for one Bangford, writing in 1715, says: "This being to my mind another ancient custom that hath been omitted of late years. It seems that in former times the porters that plied at Billingsgate used civilly to entreat and desire every man that passed that way to salute a post that stood there in a vacant place. If he refused to do this, they forthwith laid hold of him and by main force bumped him against the post. But if he quietly submitted to kiss the same and paid down sixpence they gave him a name and chose some one of the gang for his godfather. I believe this was done in memory of some old image that formerly stood there, perhaps Belus or Belin."

The original porters of Billingsgate belonged to one of the oldest labor guilds in the country, the Fellowship of Porters, and at one time the carrying work both at Billingsgate and from the wharfs to the warehouses of the city within a certain radius was entirely performed by them.—London Globe.

### Splendid Isolation.

A number of military men in a Washington hotel were once giving an account of an incident of the civil war. A quiet man who stood by at last said:

"Gentlemen, I happened to be there and might be able to refresh your memory as to what took place in reference to the event just narrated."

The hotel keeper said to him: "Sir, what might have been your rank?"

"I was a private."

Next day the quiet man as he was about to depart asked for his bill.

"Not a cent, sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I ever met."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"You have no sense of humor," he complained. "You can't take a joke." "I took one when I got you," she bitterly replied.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Hazel.

At this writing heath in this locality is good.

Farmers are making good use of these beautiful sunshiny days, though crops are very sorry for this time of year, especially cotton.

Your scribe went to Easley one day last week, and he found cotton to be not a bit better there than it is here at the foot of the mountains.

Rev. J. Columbus Parrott, of Versailles, is on a visit to relatives and friends in this section. Colum. is always a welcome visitor.

We have a very flourishing Sunday school at the Antioch Baptist church. We have 50 scholars. R. P. Prince is superintendent.

Our good, kind and efficient P. M. at Hazel has renewed her bond and will continue to serve the public for the next four years.

### MOUNTAIN SPROUT.

Pickens, R. D. 4.

Harvest about over.

Health not very excellent—but nobody hurt.

Samuel Edens, of Easley, was in our section Friday.

R. E. Chastain is on the sick-list.

W. E. Edens, Jr., is enjoying the luxury of a new rubber-tire buggy.

The farmers are moving right along bossing Geen, considering the rainfall, together with hail in this section, but not much damage done to crops so far.

Plums are getting ripe, and the boys and girls are enjoying the time of their lives. But please don't tell the county commissioners that this fruit is ripe up here, for they might come to see us and break their necks getting over gullies.

John Edens killed a large pilot snake a few days ago.

M. N. Simmons now owns a fine top buggy.

D. W. Roper, Jas. Edens and Marion Roper killed three chicked-hawks last week. Shoo Fly.

### Busy Day at White House.

Just send word to Ohio, Loeb, to whoop it up for Taft,

Then get an artist and a horse, and have me photographed;

Announce that any army man who can't jump twelve feet nine,

Upon this horse may never more be officer of mine.

Write Burroughs that his article on cowslips is mistaken—

Cows never slip—then get my gun and have my picture taken.

Just cable old King Edward, Loeb, to take no steps until

I get a little time to draft a brand-new Irish bill.

Advise the Kaiser that the plans he's trying to get through

To keep his people satisfied and happy will not do.

Inform the Czar that he's in bad—his government is tainted;

Write Chapter Six of "I and Me," then get my portrait painted.

Just tip off the Mikado, Loeb, that he had better be

A little careful, or the Chinks will have him up a tree.

Apprise these senile scientists who seek to isolate

The cancer bug that they've not got their theories on straight.

Who's at the door? Taft? Garfield? No; I can't see them to-day.

You say it's a photographer? Admit him right away!

—[N. Y. American.

**Foley's Kidney Cure**  
makes kidneys and bladder right.