

THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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PICKENS, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24 1907

NO. 22.

The Gatherer.

The Comings and Goings of People—
Some you know, some you don't.

BY MISS GUSSIE HUBBARD

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Richey and little daughter, Margaret, have returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Margaret Morrison in Columbia.

Mrs. Swittenburg and Misses Ola Richey and — Cogburn spent Saturday in Greenville.

Misses Bessie and Gladys Mauldin, of Easley, are the guests of Mrs. A. M. Morris.

Miss Ida Hendricks, of Oclenoy, visited friends here Friday.

Misses Nellie Grandy, Maka Boggs, Eillean and Lorena Taylor, of the G. F. C., spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Pickens.

Miss Florence Bowen has returned from an agreeable visit to relatives in Catechee.

J. H. Morgan, of Greenville, spent Saturday and Sunday here with relatives.

Mrs. H. C. Griffin visited her daughter, Mrs. Will Bruce, Saturday.

Mrs. J. J. Chastain and daughter, Miss Minnie, are visiting Mrs. Mason Louper.

The many friends of Mrs. John Boggs will be sorry to know that she has been seriously ill for several days.

The Auf Weiderschen club met at the home of Miss Helen Boggs, Wednesday, and reorganized for the winter with the following officers: Miss Helen Boggs, president; Miss Lucia Folger, 1st vice president; Bruce Boggs, 2d vice president; Ernest Folger, secretary and treasurer, and Jas. Carey, corresponding secretary. An elegant supper was served and 12 new members were voted on and received.

Miss Maggie Ferguson, of Easley, is the guest of Miss Eva Christey.

Miss Intz Keith is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Hamp Craig.

Mrs. Will E. White and her little daughter, Evelyn, of Anderson, are the guests of Mrs. Evie Thornley.

Geo. A. Alderman, of Columbia, is the guest of D. B. Cooper.

Mrs. J. A. Almond, of Elberton, Ga., is visiting Mrs. C. B. Hagood.

Miss Bess Ashmore went to Greenville, Saturday, to attend the fair.

Mrs. E. B. Webb is visiting her parents in Atlanta.

W. A. Thomas and family have returned from a visit to Louis Vaughn in Catechee.

Mrs. Tolbert, nee Miss Cora Looper, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Looper.

Mrs. M. A. Looper is reported quite sick. Her friends hope she may soon be up again.

Echoes from Winthrop College.

Having partially recovered from the shock of again going under rule—and there has been added a formidable number of new phases which fairly struck us dumb, at first—the "Little Girl in Blue" will try to speak again. We find we can keep these rules, and it may be we'll learn to love them almost as well as we love the old bell which calls us to sections, in time.

In addition to the new rules we have several other new features this

year. There are 12 new officers and teachers. We have a new overseer of the grounds, and some improvements have been made. We are pleased to note that the sidewalks have been paved between the college and city. The mile-walk is now of little consequence to us,

For amusement we have as yet had nothing in which the public has shared, except the first number of our Star course, which was given last Friday evening. It consisted of a lecture on Russia. The subject was very disagreeable to some who have no relish for history, but Dr. McArthur soon had us so interested that we listened with eager interest to the close, and we even drew him out to say more on the subject when we met him after the lecture.

We were permitted to visit the carnival in Rock Hill one evening recently. This was a very unusual privilege which we greatly enjoyed.

Some of us have been called upon to do extra work for the Winthrop College exhibit at the state fair, and we have been hoping that some consideration of the fact might secure our permission to visit the fair, but no official notice has yet been given to that effect.

We are enjoying the base-ball season now. The last game of the season is usually played on Thanksgiving Day—one of our greatest days. It might be interesting to most of you to see the great loads of express brought to Winthrop the day before Thanksgiving. It is as truly a feast day for us as any who enjoy the great privilege of being at home, or at "grandfather's house" on that day.

Our literary societies are very active organizations this year. New members are being initiated at every meeting, and we are having, in addition to the fun, some remarkably good literary work. We expect to give a public joint celebration of the "Curry" and "Winthrop" societies early in November.

The Pickens Association.

In going from the Pickens side to Cross Roads the delegates and visitors had to pass through Wolf Creek valley. All that nature and the day could do was done to please—to make happy. October takes the palm for such days.

This charming landscape of Pickens county is one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most productive. Through it from the Pickens Railroad to Cross Roads runs a smooth, well-graded public highway that has a few wrinkles made by the waters from the hillsides trying to get to the creek below. Both sides of the valley are decked with elegant new homes surrounded with well-kept farms, white with cotton and with an abundant corn crop—all in a gorgeous setting of autumn forests on both sides—making the dream of the landscape painter come true.

Out of the valley, at the east end, you are at Cross Roads, the country church, an ideal place for the people to meet—and crowds of them certainly did meet. There was a full representation of delegates, and it was refreshing to feel the earnestness with which they went at their work, and to see the glow of enthusiasm on the countenances of men who knew they were doing good. No sacrifice is too great to get the joy that comes from doing good. When they got together and began to talk they soon found that the mission spirit had control, and it certainly set its seal upon the beginning of a great work in the Association. This was the subject emphasized on Saturday,

and it was a good place to get away from one's self, and be made to feel that he was a part and parcel of a great work that must be done well, and done now.

I trust some of the members will make full report for your paper. It will do good wherever it goes. Kindly say this much for a

VISITOR.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Newton & Jamison will open a sales stable in the Richey stable on West Main street.

Now is a splendid time to dig and bank sweet potatoes. The crop is said to be unusually good.

Capt. O. P. Field is a "sooner" man. He would sooner have a tax receipt than carry the money, so he drew tax receipt No. 1. T. L. Watkins was running him a close second. The treasurer collected \$— on the first day.

W. J. Holden, formerly of this county, who located at Sealy, N. C., in the flats of Macon county, has sold his stock of goods to his brother-in-law, E. P. Brown, and has bought five lots at Dillard, Ga. He has also purchased an 8-room dwelling and two storerooms, and is as well fixed as any one in town. Will is a hustler and deserves success.

We thank the merchants for the liberal patronage they are giving us. They realize that advertising pays, and are buying liberally of space, but we cannot handle any advertising copy in this paper unless it is filed with us, not later than Saturday morning preceding the date of the paper in which it is to appear. This rule is imperative and will be strictly adhered to henceforward.

Our correspondents deserve, and have, our thanks, for their communications, but we want them to write oftener—be more regular, and get their copy in here on Monday's mail. Also, we want to impress upon them the importance of signing their name to the article—not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith—that the stuff is all right. If your article doesn't appear in the paper, don't cuss the editor, stop and think whether you signed your name to the piece or not.

Pickens is gradually, but slowly and surely coming to the front. The business of the town is on the increase, the people are building more, and better, houses, and everybody is pulling for the betterment of the town and county, both morally and financially. There is talk of new business being started here; another cotton mill is being whispered, new equipment for the railroad is an assured fact, a dummy line to Table Rock is a possibility, and the raising of the Pickens postoffice into the presidential class on the first of the year is a certainty. Pickens is growing but not blowing.

D. C. Mills, who was attending the Twelve Mile Association at Keowee church, had his horse to run away with him. From what we can learn Mr. Mills lost control of the horse and to save himself and child from danger jumped from the buggy, but the lines wrapped around the child's legs and dragged it from its father's arms. The child was dragged a considerable distance but became untangled from the lines, and, fortunately, was not seriously hurt. The horse pretty well demolished the buggy and ran through the crowd with the shafts attached to him. When he was stopped it was found that he was not seriously injured.

Saturday was an unusually busy day with the Pickens merchants.

Miss Gussie Hubbard is conducting "The Gatherer" column of the Pickens SENTINEL-JOURNAL. She is a splendid gatherer of items and her column is quite readable.—[Abbeville Medium.

New buildings are constantly going up; the air is pregnant with talk of new enterprises, new businesses are contemplated and everybody is pulling for Pickens. Each town and each section of the county has got the same kind of a move on, and the old county is known far and near as the banner county of the state.

E. H. Lawrence, one of Central's oldest and most highly-respected citizens, died suddenly at his home on the morning of the 17th inst., just after a hearty breakfast. He was 84 years of age and leaves one brother, B. F. Lawrence, who is 92 years of age, and two other brothers, J. H. and W. B. Lawrence. Mrs. Vandiver, of Walhalla, is a sister of the deceased.

Married, at New Hope church, Sunday, Oct. 13, David H. Kennemur, of Pickens county, and Miss Ollie G. Kelley, of New Hope; and at the same time, Ola Kelley and Miss Lizzie Anderson, both of Newry. The ceremonies were performed by Rev. Ed. Huff. Mr. and Mrs. Kennemur will reside near Central and Mr. and Mrs. Kelley at Newry.—The Easley band furnished music at the Seneca Mercantile store last Saturday.

Miss Fano's Harbin, milliner for Mrs. R. Callaway & Co., Liberty, visited her parents here Sunday. Master Whitset Hiott, of Easley, was in town Saturday. He is only 12 years old and can set as much type as the average printer. He is working on the Easley Progress.—[Seneca Farm & Factory.

A telegram was received here yesterday announcing the death of Mrs. Harriet G. Ferguson, widow of the late John Ferguson, which occurred at 10:30 a. m. yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. C. Valentine, in Trenton, N. J. Mrs. Ferguson had been ill for several weeks. Mrs. Ferguson before marriage was Miss Harriet Grady. She was for many years a resident of this city, until the family moved to the old Ferguson homestead in Pickens county. Mrs. Ferguson was a member of the First Baptist church of this city, and during her residence in Greenville took an active interest in church work. She is survived by the following sons and daughters: John Ferguson, Jas. M. Ferguson, Dr. Frank Ferguson and Mrs. A. B. Wardlaw, of this city; Mrs. H. C. Valentine, of Trenton, N. J., and Mrs. Kemble White, of West Virginia.—[Greenville News, 18th.

We do not know of many towns in the state that has improved more within the last few years than Pickens. One by one the old unsightly wooden buildings on our main business street have disappeared until now only a very few remain, and it is to be hoped that in a short while the last one will have disappeared. Several of our citizens have purchased desirable residence lots, and will in the near future erect handsome and costly residences thereon. The growth of our town has been sure and steady. We have never had a boom, and it is hoped that we never will have. It is the town that grows slowly but surely and finally amounts to something and not the town that springs up like a mushroom in a single night as it were, and with equal swiftness goes out of existence.

The contractor is rushing the work on the addition to the court house and will soon have it ready to turn over to the commissioners for their acceptance.

The Easley Comedy Troupe will present their successful comedy drama, "A Black Heifer," at the Pickens auditorium, Friday night, Nov. 1st. Don't miss it.

It will be long time before you will see a better play than "Black Heifer." The kind you can't help but cheer, scream and whistle at. Come if you can get even standing room. Prices for tickets, 20c and 35c.

We are not much on making excuses, but we are almost compelled to apologize for the appearance of our paper for several weeks. Several advertisers are purchasers of large space and change often, and this extra work together with the shortness of hands in the office (sufficient to handle the paper, but not enough to handle the job work and change ads, the way and times we receive the copy) and the execrable mail service that is now enjoyed in this part of the world—makes it necessary that we issue our paper from 24 to 36 hours earlier than it is dated—i. e., Tuesday night, or early Wednesday morning, so as to put in postoffice by 10:30 a. m., in order to get mails scattered over the county on Thursday. Heretofore we have been keeping our forms open to the very last minute, putting in news and changing ads, but hereafter we will change our ad. that is not in the office by Saturday morning preceding date of issue. Our correspondents will please get their articles off on Monday's mails so that we can handle them in the same week. We want to give a good, readable paper, but we are terribly handicapped, especially as to the mail facilities, and we ask our friends and subscribers to bear with, and help us, to do the very best we can under adverse circumstances. We will give all the news we hear of that is worth printing.

Philosophers, or Sheep.

In a letter to the Sun the other day a curious considerer of "our institutions" asks this question:

"Are we a nation of philosophers, or of sheep?"

The natural answer is, "Sheep." The American people are docile, obedient—except to law—submissive to their political pastors and masters.

What is "public opinion" to-day? It is the collection of opinions put forth by one athletic, commanding and absorbing personality—a Theodorian code. The baying of the flock is a little plaintive as the brambles tear the wool, but it will follow so long as it hears the bell.

The "selective" officers—how are they filled? The flock hears the bell of the boss, and follows humbly and thankfully. There are many bosses, and there is only one bellwether of opinion; but as to opinions and nominations, the people take what is given them.

Yet sheep may be philosophers. Their philosophy must be a resigned fatalism.—[N. Y. Sun.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Politics saves the reputation of men by their not going into it.

In actual experience sweet sixteen is either a chunk of fat or a dressful of bones.

A woman can't get over wanting a romantic life when it's starving her to death.

The average woman is more afraid of hurting her complexion than her reputation.

J. B. Markham