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Ain't They Cute.

Two of the Contestants in our Baby Show.



THESE ARE BRIGHT FACED YOUNG AMERICANS.

Two Cures For the Blues.

"What do you do when you have the blues?" asked the first woman. "I walk up Fifth avenue and look in all the jewelers' windows and at the orchids and high priced hats. What do you do?" "I go way down to Rivington street and look at the wretched poor women with seventeen children struggling in the dirt. That makes me thankful my affairs are no worse."—New York Press.

Its Worth.

The actress, having been arrested for running her automobile seventy miles an hour, was describing the superb car to a reporter. The young man inquired: "How much did you say it was worth?" "At least two columns on the front page," she answered absently.—Kansas City Independent.

Shut Her Off.

First Deaf Mute (making signs)—Did your wife complain because you stayed out till after midnight? Second Deaf Mute (chuckling)—Did she? You should have seen her! But when it began to get monotonous I just turned out the light.

Two Questions.

"Why don't we see men like the novelists describe?" "I give it up. Why don't we see girls like the illustrators draw?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Followed the Lead.

Teacher—Where do we obtain coal, Freddie? Freddie—From the coal beds, miss. Teacher—Right! Now, Jimmy, where do we obtain feathers? Jimmy—From feather beds, miss.

A Reason.

"Pa," asked Mr. Henpeck's little boy, "why did Patrick Henry say, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'" "He may have been out five minutes after the curfew rang the night before."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Highest Applause.

You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause.—Emerson.

Experience is the extract of suffering.—A. Helps.

Hard Work For a Bald Head.

"I believe I have done about everything there is to do to make a living at one time or another," said the red checked man, who is also bald. "You can't imagine what I did once. Ran a parlor for restoring hair. Funny, wasn't it? I had to keep my hat on the whole time. Had to quit running it finally because keeping my hat on constantly night and day like that was making me balder than ever."

Bachelor Seal Skin.

"This skin," said the furrier, "came from a young seal bachelor, a youth ignorant of love and of life." "How do you know?" the lady asked. "By its fineness, its perfection," he replied. "The pile, you will note, is like close cut velvet. Only bachelor seal skins have such a pile." "The bachelor seal," he went on, "has a rather sad life. The big bull seals in the seal islands have each a household of fifteen or twenty wives, but the young bachelors must herd by themselves. Let one of them attempt to marry and straightway a bull slays him. Not till he is big enough to fight and conquer a bull—not till he is fourteen or fifteen years old—can he know the delight of settling down in a home of his own." "He leads a hard, ascetic, celibate life, only in the end as like as not to make a lady a very fine coat. All the very fine coats, I repeat, are made from the unhappy bachelor seals."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jack Tar and the Actor.

A famous Irish actor of the eighteenth century named John Moody early in life, before he went on the stage, had been to Jamaica and worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast. One night some time after he had been engaged at Drury Lane when he was acting Stephano in "The Tempest" a sailor in the front row of the pit got up and, standing upon the seat, hulloped out, "What cheer, Jack Moody—what cheer, messmate?" This unexpected address rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward and, recognizing the man, called out: "Tom Hullett, keep your jawing tacks aboard. Don't disturb the crew and passengers. When the show is over make sail for the stage door, and we'll finish the evening over a jug of punch. But till then, Tom, keep your locker shut." Moody, it is related, was as good as his word.—Cornhill Magazine.

Exchanging Amenities.

A blatant sample of the loud voiced, self conscious, look-at-me variety of man took his seat in a bus and called to the conductor: "Does this bus go all the way?" "Yes, sir," responded the conductor politely. "Does it go as far as Oxford street?" "I want to get out there." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, I want you to tell me when we get there. You'd better stick a stamp on your nose or put a straw in your mouth or tie a knot in one of your lips, so that you won't forget it." "It would not be convenient for one in my position to do so," said the conductor courteously, "but if you will kindly pin your ears round your neck I think I shall remember to tell you."—London Scraps.

The Sins of Hatters.

If any tradesman has a lot to answer for it is surely the hatter. He will most unblushingly tell you that a certain type of hat is suited to your particular style of beauty, knowing that the information is false, and all the while you have a dull suspicion that you don't look well in it. Yet you are obliged to believe him. His persuasive powers are so cultivated that I firmly believe he would make a dwarf think himself "a fine figure of a man."—Fry's Magazine.

May Do It Now.

"In the olden times it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible." "Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day." "You don't say so! How do they manage it?" "By marrying famous women!"

How It Was Becoming.

"That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a diplomat. She looked at him coldly for a moment and then replied: "Yes. It is becoming threadbare."

Brutally Frank.

Scribbles—When I take a dislike to a man I use him as the villainous character in one of my novels. Criticus—Ah, I see! You punish the poor fellow by burying him alive, as it were.

Why They Fly.

Bobby—Mamma, do the streets of heaven flow with milk and honey? Mamma—So the Bible says, dear. Bobby—And is that why the angels have wings, 'cause the walk'n's so bad?

Obedience is better than sacrifice.—Shakespeare.

One of Three Things.

Fred Jones, a man of no small dimensions, was a popular conductor on the Boston and Maine railroad, making daily trips between Boston and Plymouth. One day several years ago while collecting fares he encountered a man under the influence of liquor who would not show a ticket. After reasoning in vain with this passenger Mr. Jones said, "Now, see here, you'll have to do one of three things—give me a ticket, pay your fare or get off and walk." "You've (hic) got to do one of three things," was the reply—"eat less (hic), hoop yerself (hic) or bust."

His Nerve.

Speaking of a Wall street operator, a broker said: "The man's nerve is amazing. It shocks me. It reminds me of a money lender to whom a friend of mine, a great rider to hounds, once resorted." "Yes," said the money lender to my embarrassed friend, "I will renew your note, but only on one condition, sir—namely, that during the next paper chase at Lenox you scatter from your bag these 5,000 pink slips bearing my name and the words, 'Money advanced on easy terms.' Is it a go, sir?"

The Alternative.

A Frenchman applied to a local official for a passport to visit Klatterwingschen, in Switzerland. The functionary, who was not a fellow of any geographical society, studied in vain with the spelling of the place's name. Then, unwilling to confess his difficulty, he blandly asked, "Would you as lief visit some other town?"

Hopful Gloom.

Mrs. Becky—Dear, oh, dear, my cold's getting worse and worse! I'm getting so I can't talk. I wonder what I'd better do? Mr. Becky (absently)—For goodness' sake, don't do anything!—Cleveland Leader.

Some men dress quietly and others lose their collar buttons.—Dallas News.

Rotundity of Earth.

We are assured by competent authority that Thales of Miletus taught that the earth was of a globular form so early as 640 B. C. Pythagoras demonstrated from the varying altitudes of the stars that the earth must be round. Aristarchus of Samos maintained that the earth turned on its own axis and revolved about the sun, which doctrine was held by his contemporaries as so absurd and revolting that the philosopher nearly lost his life. B. C. 280. The wisdom of the ancients was, of course, lost sight of in the darkness of the "middle ages," and it took Galilei and Copernicus to restore the old knowledge to the world.—New York American.

Murder in Germany.

Germany distinguishes between two kinds of murder—one, premeditated and intentional, is punishable by death; the second, intentional homicide without deliberation, is punishable by penal servitude for from five to fifteen years. Dueling in Germany is a misdemeanor of a special kind. Who kills his opponent in a duel is not charged with murder or manslaughter, but with dueling, the punishment for which is detention in a fortress for fifteen years.—London Chronicle.

Ruffled His Feathers.

Artist (showing friend his masterpiece)—Now, my boy, that is a picture, if you like—real and natural. What do you think of it? Friend—Capital! Capital! So lifelike! Such light and shade! I don't think I ever saw a better picture of a battlefield. Artist—Great Paul Rubens! That's not a battlefield—that's a basket of fruit!—London Standard.

Reduction.

The old nag was jogging up the hill with the clopers. "Yes," said the old nag, "it is rather tough pulling them up to the parsonage, but it will be easier coming back." "How so?" queried the friendly goose at the roadside. "Why, can't you see that after leaving the parsonage two will be made one?"—Chicago News.

The Editor Regrets.

Office Boy—The editor says he's much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets he is unable to use them. Fair Artist (eagerly)—Did he say that? Office Boy (truthfully)—Well, not exactly. He just said: "Take 'em away, Pimple. They make me sick."—London Tatler.

"Once I wrote my name on an egg." "Did you get a letter, Maude?" "Yes; two years later from an actor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RESTAURANT TIPS.

The Much Vexed Question From the Waiter's Point of View.

"I know by the way you nod your head you think it's pretty hard on the public. Suppose every waiter here got a regular salary, with no chance for extras. Do you suppose he'd be jumping hurdles for a lot of fussy people, all kicking about better things than they get at home? Do you think he'd present the glad smile to those he'd like to choke, break his neck making everybody comfortable and then listen to their hard luck stories or more painful jokes? No, sir; he'd serve the stuff just as he got it from the kitchen. He wouldn't go back and fight for tidbits and extra hot food. He'd be in no hurry to serve any one and pile up work for himself. The customer would wait because the waiter wouldn't, and probably he'd never come back, and that's where the owner would lose."

"It must take great ingenuity to make the system pay," I mused.

"It does," said Joseph. "The stupid waiter starves. Do you know that in order to hold good waiters the cheap hash slinging joints have to pay higher wages than the swell restaurants? There's not the opportunity for tips in the cheap places, and the waiter must follow opportunity like a bird of prey. He simply has to be clever enough to get tips, and he has no social standing to make him bashful. There are two methods—one is to get them spontaneously, the other to force them out. Most people tip only because they're ashamed not to. I make out better with the first method, especially in a place like this, where most of our patrons are regulars. It isn't the regular who does the complaining. He knows and saves the exertion.

"With strangers it's a gamble. It may be a little party, and the things they order gladden your heart with anticipation. You try to be a gentleman with the service, and then at the finish you get nothing—or maybe a dime. You can't complain; you'd be discharged. But there are ways. You can't blame a waiter who is bunkoed if he administers a rebuke in a dignified way, such as, 'Ah, sir, you've forgotten a dime of your change,' or he can call his helper and without a word point to the coin for him to remove."—Robert Sloss in Harper's Weekly.

Persevere.

I have often heard people in mature life say, "If I had only kept on as I had begun, if I had only persisted in carrying out my ambition, I might have amounted to something and been infinitely happier."

Multitudes of people have led miserable lives of regret, with thwarted ambitions constantly torturing them, simply because in a moment of weakness and discouragement they turned back. If there is any time a person needs nerve, grit and stamina it is when tempted to turn back, when the coward voice within says: "Don't you see how foolish it is for you to try to do this thing? You have not the means or the strength. How foolish to sacrifice years of comfort and pleasure at home among the people who love you for the sake of doing what you have undertaken! It is better to turn back—and acknowledge your mistake than to go on and sacrifice so much." Whatever you do or how heavy the burden, do not lay it down at such a time. No matter how dark the way or how heavy the heart, wait until the "blue" depression or the discouragement has passed before taking any decided step.—Success Magazine.

Customs of the Street.

In crowded city streets, especially in London and Paris, when a driver is halted by another driver ahead of him he throws up his hand or his whip perpendicularly as a warning to the man back of him. Thus warned, the next driver checks his team and then holds his hand or his whip as a warning to the man back of him. Thus there might be seen going up one after another in a line stretching back hands or whips to the number of half a dozen or more as the drivers were successively halted or slowed down by the blockade in front. So of drivers of horse drawn vehicles whose drivers commonly sit high where their hands or whips can be seen above their heads. This signaling is done somewhat differently by the drivers of automobiles, who sit low. So in such circumstances what the automobile driver does to signal to the man back of him that he is held up is to stretch his arm out outside of his vehicle horizontally to the right.—Washington Post.

"So you think you could buy me and sell me?" "Well, I don't know about the latter part of the proposition."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Our Y. W. C. A. is a strong important points to consider in piano fund.