

# THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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"The Council of Ten" and the Journal.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The boycotting of this paper by the Pickens merchants has overshadowed the school muddle, and that question has been packed away in moth balls. Nail down the lid, and, right or wrong, give the school a breathing spell.

We would much rather fight a boycott than the kids' training quarters.

In the troubles between this paper and the school, we decided to "hands off" and not to "trouble trouble, till trouble troubled us." But when the merchants carried the school into business and decided to play a game of "freeze out," at Mr. Thompson's request we called for a stack of chips and a seat in the game.

Hence we say: We are going after business without malice or ill-will toward any man, using no boycotts or unfair means, but simply appealing to the people of Pickens county for a share of their patronage on the strength of fairplay and justice. And, gentlemen, this little old home paper is a-going to win. Why? Because the southern people are fighters, and game ones at that, and they are just as game in their stand for "fair-play," and do not believe in the starvation plan to weaken their opponents.

They are standing by the editor in this fight. We know, because from every section of the county comes words of encouragement and expressions of sympathy, backed by offers of financial aid.

This paper has made mistakes and has often been lax. No one knows that better than ourselves; but that is no excuse for the stand you have taken. The editor is only a man; he is human.

Do you gentlemen ever make mistakes? A number of you are church workers, and I guess Christians. I know you are a pretty good lot of fellows as a rule. But you make slips occasionally. And this one is the biggest one of all.

Now, you all claim that the writer is not a Christian. That is because his religion is based on charity. Suppose for a change some of you inculcate a little of that in your religion. It might assist in preventing slips.

I did not set out to write a sermon, but if you people keep a debit and credit account with your conscience, I would like mighty well to know on which side you have placed this boycott item?

But let us get down to the "milk in the coconut," the boycott.

The school question has been thoroughly cussed and discussed, and we will let the public referee the case.

But admitting that all you have charged against the editor is true, that he was altogether in the wrong, and the teachers altogether in the right, does that justify you in the eyes of the people for conspiring and combining to ruin his business, close the pantry door against his family, simply because he dare say what he thinks, and will

not allow you to put a padlock on his mouth and walk away with the key in your pocket? I think not, and believe that a very, very large majority of the readers of this paper agree with me.

We do not wish to indulge in personalities, nor drag any individual's name into print. But we believe that Dr. Bolt has been used as a scapegoat about long enough. He has been charged with concocting the brew. To the writer he denies that he was the instigator; that the paper when brought to him contained several names; but he admits that he carried it to some of the merchants and got their signatures. We believe the Dr., and would suggest that in justice to himself and his business he give those names and clear himself of the charge of incubating as foul a bird as the boycott.

When Mr. Thompson took his stand on the school question, he done so fully realizing that it meant loss of friends and patronage. He consulted no one, willing to stand or fall by his own actions.

Why did not you gentlemen take the same stand and let "every tub stand on its own bottom"? If you did not approve of his utterances, or his methods of doing business, why did you not go to him, tell him so, and withdraw your trade, if you felt so disposed?

No, you circulate a paper with the distinct understanding that if it was not unanimous it was not binding on anyone. Gentlemen, what were you afraid of? Were you afraid that if you withdrew your ad. your competitor would secure your trade, or was your motto, "United we stand, divided we fall"?

One more question: Why was the paper containing these names not sent to this office? It looks to us that it is because there are names on that paper who do not wish to be known. Well, we don't know as we blame them; we would be ashamed of it ourselves. Now about it being unanimous? As far as we can learn ten firms signed this agreement. Now, five persons who are members of these firms told the writer that they had nothing against Mr. Thompson or against the SENTINEL; that they did not approve of this thing, but they signed the agreement because they did not want the ill-will of their neighbors. Readers, judge for yourselves.

Now, a few words about the new paper:

The merchants claim that this has been a subject of talk for a long time.

To be fair, we say that this has often been discussed as a business proposition. Under such circumstances the promoter would have a right to expect a reasonable degree of success.

Again, when something would appear that did not suit some of our people, the threat has been used as a "big stick."

The editor of this paper may be stubborn; he may be impetuous and hot-headed, but he cannot be accused of being under any man's lash.

The field is open and it belongs to no man. The SENTINEL has no patent on it; neither has the Pickens merchants a patent on the trade of this county.

Now, this new paper printed in Greenville will be eyed with suspicion. When you install a plant in Pickens it may be taken more seriously. The talk that it will be a Farmers' Union paper is pretty gauzy—that kind of bait will catch no fish. The Farmers' Union for years have had the free use of these columns and never been refused space for any question, and that without price. The farmers themselves have a good-sized fight on hand against trusts and combines, and are kept pretty busy protecting the bread and butter for their own families; and if we know anything about their tempers they are not going to help take the bread and butter off from another man's table because some people claim he made a mistake.

And now, gentlemen, how can you expect the people to rally at your beck and call to the support of a paper a large majority of the people will believe was started purposely to tear down another business man, and advertise the wares of a few business men who do not like him. We have no fears of the result.

From the merchants of this town we expect no favors; we ask for none; we are under the boycott.

To the business men of the country we will say that the field is open; it is a rich one, and if you are believers in publicity the space is yours on application.

Personally, I did not wish to engage again in newspaper work in this county, for I had other things in view. But Mr. Thompson is my friend; our relations have been mostly of a pleasant nature. He is in trouble, and I am not going to turn my back on him at this time. Therefore I am going on the road to do my best to protect a friend's business and his living against one of the most cruel, unkind, unjust and unchristian propositions ever used against a man—the boycott.

It has come to my ears that certain parties are reporting that this paper has men on the road trying to arroy the country against the town and trying to induce farmers and others to withdraw their trade from the business men of this town. Such talk is contemptible. I am fighting a boycott; but I am not trying to instigate one. I know that men have gone to Mr. Thompson for his sanction to the circulation of petitions among the people to that effect. To his credit he refused to sanction any such proceedings.

This paper is not trying to injure any person or anyone's business in this matter, simply trying to save its own.

The merchants have withdrawn their ads. The space is for sale. If enterprising merchants take advantage and are trade-winners, that is good business policy; if we can sell the space vacated by the merchants, that is our business. If the

advertiser gets any of your trade by the deal, that is your lookout and not ours.

Whether jumping on the school question was good business policy is none of my affairs. This paper did not start a fight against the business men of this town. They carried it into their business and if they burn their fingers, that is none of my affairs, either. So just rest on this talk of unfair tactics on my part. Treat us as fairly as we will treat you, and you will have no fault to find on that score.

I have only the kindest feelings for all, and shall not stoop to mud-slinging or personalities. But business is business and I (Zeke) shall fight for a dollar for every dollar lost; therefore, all business given me will be doubly appreciated.

"Kind words never die," and to all who have sent the editor words of encouragement, sympathy and financial aid he feels very grateful, for these are times when such expressions get very close to a man's finer nature. ZEKE.

## THE UNWELCOME GUEST

Alas,  
The belated blizzard  
That comes unannounced,  
Shedding consternation  
And freezing  
Your favorite ear  
Just when you were planning  
The most splendiferous  
Garden in the neighborhood!  
Winter is all right,  
Maybe,  
In its proper place,  
North of the arctic circle  
You expect it,  
And an occasional visit  
Farther south  
In the proper season  
Is all right  
But when  
You have folded away your  
bobsleds,  
Ordered your garden seeds  
And are looking earnestly,  
As a man  
Hunting a lost quarter,  
For the first  
Johnny-jump-up  
It is rather dis-ouraging  
To have to begin  
All over again  
Shoveling the snow  
From the sidewalks  
And purchasing  
Cough medicine  
Perhaps the most unpopular  
Institution in this land,  
Is the belated storm.  
Nobody loves it  
Except the coal man.  
Try as hard as it will,  
It can never make a hit,  
In a popular election  
With a free ballot  
And an honest count  
It couldn't be elected  
Vice president.  
—[Asheville Gazette-News.

**A Japanese Woman of Fashion.**  
A Kobe newspaper gives the cost of the wearing apparel of a Japanese woman of fashion. She wears \$13.80 worth of clothing under her kimono, which costs \$25. The obi costs another \$25. Numerous tying paraphernalia sum up to \$17.50, and a set of foot-gear amounts to \$9. Combs and hair-pins, ornamented with gems, cost \$245; a shawl, \$7.50; a diamond neck clasp, \$150; handkerchiefs, 25 cents each; a gold watch, \$150—about \$918 in all for a season. A middle class woman wears about \$150 worth of clothing each year, according to the same newspaper.

**What the Brakeman Said.**

The shades of night were falling fast  
As through the railroad car there passed  
A brakeman with a visage led,  
And this is what he loudly said:  
"B-r-r——gib."  
His hair was short, his jaw was long,  
His lungs were leatherly and strong,  
And as we sped the landscape o'er,  
Once more he gave this awful roar;  
"B-r-r——gib."  
"Oh, say" remarked an ancient miss,  
"And tell me, please what is this?"  
The brakeman rolled his honest eye,  
Likewise, his quid, and made reply:  
"B-r-r——gib."  
"I'm bound for Niles," the drummer said.  
"Is this the town that lies ahead?"  
The brakeman sighed with weary air,  
And once again we heard his blare:  
"B-r-r——gib."  
Then up we rose and madly hurried  
That brakeman forth into the world,  
And as he fell, with anger vain,  
We heard again the wild refrain:  
"B-r-r——gib!"  
Next morn they found him as he lay,  
And planted him without delay.  
And now they've got another cuss  
Who calls the town and calls it thus:  
"Biz-z-zjkghtx."  
—St. Louis Times.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Talent is one thing; tact is everything.  
Hope is the mother of disappointment.  
Lots of people look easy until you try to do them.  
How eloquent the silent lady on a silver dollar is!  
The girl who looks good isn't necessarily good looking.  
You never have to dun a man who owes you a grudge.  
Sooner or later the chronic kicker gets his foot in it.  
It is so much easier to forget a favor than it is to forgive an injury.  
A woman's tears and a man's grins are not always on the level.  
If men were less stupid women would have to be a lot more clever.  
Women have no respect for men who listen to everything they say.  
When misery is at hand there isn't much pleasure in recalling former joys.  
All the chivalry in a man's nature evaporates when he meets a shorthaired woman.  
As a rule there's nothing in a name—but sometimes everything a man has is in his wife's name.—Chicago News.

*Handwritten signature: J. B. Newberry*