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PICKENS, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY MAY, 14 1908

NO. 7.

Twelve Mile River Association.

The Ministers' Conference and Union Meeting of the Twelve Mile River Baptist Association will meet with the Cheochee Baptist church, Oconee county, S. C., on the fifth Saturday and Sunday, the same being the 30th and 31st of May.

Programme as follows:

Introductory sermon, by Rev. B. F. Murphree, Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock.

11 o'clock a. m.—Queries.

1st. "How shall we overcome the world?" Opened by Rev. D. Littleton and Jesse Lay, Jr.

2. "What is the first thing to do in becoming a Christian?" Opened by Revs. J. B. Colley and J. L. Hudson.

3. "What does love and selflessness do in church work?" Opened by Taylor H. Stewart and Revs. B. F. Murphree and L. M. Lyda.

Sunday morning, 10 o'clock—Song service, conducted by Prof. J. L. Murphree.

11 o'clock—Sermon by Rev. W. M. Walker. The remainder of the day will be spent in song.

Service conducted by Prof. J. L. Murphree and others.

Dinner will be served on the grounds both days.

All the churches are earnestly requested to send full delegations, and let us make it the best Union we ever had.

T. H. STEWART,
FRANK HEATON,
BURT ALEXANDER,
Committee.

Union Meeting.

The Union meeting of the Pickens Association will be held with Cedar Rock church the fifth Sunday in May and the Saturday before.

Following is the programme:

SATURDAY.

Meet at 9.30 a. m. Devotional exercises by J. H. Miller.

1st subject—"Do we exercise discipline in our churches according to God's word?" Opened by Matthew Hendricks.

2d subject—"Duty of church members to attend their church services." Opened by J. T. Taylor.

3d subject—"How can we maintain interest in Sunday schools?" Opened by J. B. Fendley.

SUNDAY.

9.30-10.30—Devotional song and prayer. Service to be conducted by Revs. B. E. Grandy and J. E. Foster, 30 minutes each. From 11 o'clock the remainder of the service will be given to the Layman's Missionary movement.

We urge every church to send delegates. We also urge every Sunday school worker, superintendent and others interested to attend.

COMMITTEE.

Advice to a Wife.

Advice is often too good to be taken, but a very agreeable variety was once given by James Russell Lowell to a woman about to be married, the words give your husband—your own

A Thirst For Knowledge.

I wish you would tell me the real difference is between a snail and any other violin. In London Editor—Well, sometimes it is worth as \$5,000.—Chicago Tribune.

DESIRE OF DISTINCTION.

Quaint Illustration of a Peculiar Phase of Human Nature.

In "Doc Gordon," by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, is a quaint illustration of a peculiar phase of human nature. It develops with the visits of the two doctors to their poorer patients:

James drove all the morning with Dr. Gordon about the New Jersey country. The country people were either saturnine with an odd shyness, which had something almost hostile in it, or they were effusively hospitable, forcing apple jack upon the two doctors. James was much struck by the curious unconcern shown by the relatives of the patients and even by the patients themselves. In only one case, that of a child suffering from a bad case of measles, was much interest evinced. The majority of the patients were the very old and middle aged, and they discussed and heard discussed their symptoms with much the same attitude as they might have discussed the mechanism of a wooden doll. If any emotion was shown, it was that of a singular inverted pride. "I had a terrible night, doctor," said one old woman, and a smirk of self conceit was over her ancient face. "Yes, mother did have an awful night," said her married daughter, with a triumphant expression. Even the children clustering about the doctor looked unconsciously proud because their old grandmother had had an awful night. The call of the two doctors at the house was positively hilarious. Quantities of old apple jack were forced upon them. The old woman in the adjoining bedroom, although she was evidently suffering, kept calling out a feeble joke in her cackling old voice.

"Those people seem positively elated because that old soul is sick," said James when he and the doctor were again in the buggy.

"They are," said Dr. Gordon; "even the old woman herself, who knows well enough that she has not long to live. Did you ever think that the desire of distinction was one of the most, perhaps the most, intense purely spiritual emotion of the human soul? Look at the way these people live here, grubbing away at the soil like ants. The most of them have in their lives just three ways of attracting notice, the momentary consideration of their kind—birth, marriage, sickness and death. With the first they are hardly actively concerned; even with the second many have nothing to do. There are more women than men, as usual, and although the women want to marry, all the men do not. There remains only sickness and death for a standby, so to speak. If one of them is really sick and dies, the people are aroused to take notice. The sick person and the corpse have a certain state and dignity which they have never attained before. Why, bless you, man, I have one patient, a middle aged woman, who has been laid up for years with rheumatism, and she is fairly vainglorious, and so is her mother. She brags of her invalid daughter. If she had been merely an old maid on her hands, she would have been ashamed of her, and the woman herself would have been sour and discontented. But she has fairly married rheumatism. It has been to her as a husband and children. I tell you, young man, one has to have his little footstool of elevation among his fellows, even if it is a mighty queer one, or he loses his self respect, and self respect is the best jewel we have."

Condor Individuality.

We had the best chance of studying the colors of the condor head. The bill was horn color, and the red skin of the head extended down, covering it about halfway. The legs were tan, but on each knee was a patch of red. On the breast of each bird the skin was blood red and could be seen occasionally when the breast feathers were spread and the birds were preening. Both had light colored wing bars, and the primaries were well worn. The skin on the throat hung loose, and the lower mandible fitted close under the upper. The chin was orange red, and below this on the neck was a strip of greenish yellow merging into the orange about the sides and back of the neck. The top and front of the head were red, but between the eyes was a small patch of black feathers, and these extended down in front of the eye into the orange red of the cheek. The pupil of the eye was black, but the iris was deep and red and conspicuous. The bald and wrinkled pate, the flabby jowls, with the cave-in expression of a toothless old woman—these helped to make up the condor individuality.—William L. Finley in Century.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.—Elliot.

Much Wanted.

The following advertisement, quoted from a Boston paper of a date early in the nineteenth century by Mr. Janson in "The Stranger in America," shows that the domestic problem is not one of modern manufacture. But what mistress of today would dare to impose such conditions on the hindrance in the kitchen?

Much Wanted: A neat, well behaved female to do kitchen work in a small family in Charlestown, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the dishkettle. She may go to meeting, but not belong to the congregation of midnight worshippers. Inquire at Repertory office, near Boston.

A Natural Fortress.

In the northern part of Madagascar is the most remarkable natural fortress in the world. It is occupied by a wild tribe who call themselves the People of the Rocks. The fortress is a lofty and precipitous rock of enormous size, 1,000 feet high and eight square miles in area. Its sides are so steep that it cannot be climbed without artificial means. Within it is hollow, and the only entrance is by a subterranean passage.—St. James' Gazette.

Thrift.

There is an old fashioned word that ought to come into use again—thrift. There are a distressing number of shiftless people in the world, and while we shall call no names, we hope every reader will pause at this paragraph and think seriously of thrift and shiftlessness.—Atchison Globe.

The Changed View.

Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.—Emerson.

A Little Ball.

Cassidy—Ah, well, no wau kin prevent w'at's past an' gone. Casey—Ye could if ye only acted quick enough. Cassidy—Go 'long, man! How could yer? Casey—Stop it before it happens.—Kansas City Independent.

A common danger produces unanimity.—Latin Proverb.

Another Way to Put It.

"A shining example of private virtue and an exalted teacher of good and honest government" is the description of Robert Toombs of Georgia given in "The Brother's War." Toombs was a prominent character for many years before the war and served in the two houses of congress about fifteen years. He was afterward secretary of state in the Confederate government.

He had a wit and a fineness of expression, says the author, which made his phrases and repartee widely quoted and made him the delight of appreciative audiences.

A rival candidate, really conspicuous and celebrated for his little ability, in a stump debate pledged the people that if they would send him to congress he would never leave his post during a session to attend the courts, as he unjustly charged Toombs with habitually doing. Toombs disposed of this fling by merely saying:

"You should consider which will hurt the district the more, his constant presence in or my occasional absence from the house."

Where She Comes In.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Jawback, "that you think it's fun for me to sit up and wait for you every night like this."

"Nope," answered Jawback. "I'm having my fun while you're waiting. You have yours when I get home."—Cleveland Leader.

Her Reason For Departing.

The housekeeper is missing from a certain New York millionaire establishment, and her former employer is bewailing the departure of such a treasured aid without in the least understanding why one so well paid and so well treated should have chosen to leave. The former housekeeper is explaining to a few her singular reason for departing.

"I didn't mind looking after thirty servants," she has told those who are in the secret, "nor running a house in which every detail, from selecting the menus to ordering the sash curtains, fell on me. I did think I was called on to do too much, however, when the mistress of this great house used to get so lonesome in her grand dining room that she invited me every day to come and lunch with her. That was not a part of my duties as housekeeper, and I had to go."—New York Sun.

SUBJECT OF FUTURE PLAYS.

"Homeless Millionaire," Says Actor Who Tells of Drama's Curse.

"I do not believe that it is possible under present conditions to have a great American drama," said Frank Keenan, the actor, at the meeting of the American Playgoers' society at the Hotel Astor, in New York, the other night, says the New York Tribune. "We are too busy. We are laboring under the curse of too much prosperity. The great drama of the future will portray how the people tried to be happy in this generation—not about the people of the east side, but about the poor millionaire, because he puts his millions into a palace and has no home."

The subject under discussion was "While There Are Numerous American Plays, There Is No American Drama," and Mr. Keenan said that the drama of any nation reflected the spirit of the nation and the period that the drama was written.

"The drama of any nation is just as good or as bad as the people are," he said. "The drama adjusts itself to the times, and we have dramatists who are capable of writing greater plays than they do today. We have a purer, sweeter, more honest drama today than has preceded it at any time."

Ibsen, Keenan said, would never live as a dramatist, nor would any other man who showed the ugly side of humanity. "One thing we can point to with pride," he said, "and that is that no drama is acceptable to the American people that is not a clean drama." Samuel Wandell said, "I believe that we are building a drama in this country today which will compare favorably with any of the dramas of the old world."

AUTHENTIC BIBLE CODEX.

Professor Saunders Holds Freer Manuscript Equal to Canonical Ones.

Professor H. A. Saunders of Michigan university told the Detroit Archaeological society the other day that the Freer Bible manuscript recently brought from Egypt is nothing less than a complete new codex covering two-thirds of the Bible and as authentic as any of the three codices heretofore known—namely, the Vatican, the Alexandrian and the Sinaitic. He is convinced of this because of the character of the manuscripts, says a Detroit correspondent of the New York Sun. They are a Greek transcript of some older manuscript, in which respect they are on a par with the three other recognized codices. The age of the collection Professor Saunders places at from 400 to 600 A. D.

The book does not contain the revelations of John. "Dwelling on this feature, Professor Saunders made an interesting observation. The revelations of St. Peter were found not many years ago at the same place where this Freer codex was unearthed. The present codex, the professor advanced as a theory, was part of a Bible of six books which included the revelations of St. Peter instead of those of St. John and was used by a Greek church in upper Egypt and buried or lost at the time of the Moslem invasion of Egypt in 640.

NEW MINERAL FOR AIRSHIPS.

Rutile, Discovered in Australia, May Solve Many Problems.

The discovery in Australia of a mineral, rutile, heretofore of no commercial value, promises to solve one of the problems developed in airship building, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Herald. It has been found that axles and bearings in flying machines when submitted to 3,000 revolutions to the minute wear and heat so rapidly as to make the substitution of some metal capable of withstanding this strain necessary.

This rutile, according to Consul F. W. Goding of Newcastle, Australia, in a report to the department of commerce and labor, will fill this want. It was discovered in the Tinaroo district of Queensland. It is a titanium dioxide, containing from 70 to 98 per cent of titanic acid, chiefly depending on the quantity of iron present. Pure rutile contains 98 per cent of titanic acid and 2 per cent of iron. The mineral occurs with wolfram and tin and is worth four times the price of wolfram at the present time.

Bobby—Sister has got a beau all right!

Tommy—What makes you think she has?

Bobby—She used to say, "Bobby, see who's calling," when the phone rang. Now she runs to it herself instead of telling me.—Cleveland Leader.

HAD TWO MORE PLATES.

And Felt They Saved the Honor of the American Navy.

Every graduating class at Annapolis leaves behind it the fame of certain heroes in the line of physical prowess or mental endeavor. One of these heroes was George Dewey, a fine, manly, athletic youth, the pride of the boxing and fencing masters and the terror of all bullies.

In Dewey's class was a youth of an excellent bent for applied mathematics, but so tender of physique that he often suffered from the rough horseplay of his elders. Dewey took the boy under his protection, and the two became fast friends. They swung their hammocks in the same watch on their graduating cruise and when the ship touched at Liverpool obtained permission to run up to London on a day's leave. By rigid economy the two had scraped together a little more than £2 apiece, and they landed in the English capital arrayed in spick and span new uniforms. A round of sightseeing had reduced their combined capital to 2 sovereigns and their return tickets when their boyish appetites announced the hour of noon.

With the cautious economy of his ancestors the Scotsman suggested a chop-house, but nothing but the best would suit Dewey, and he accordingly steered his chum into the finest hotel he could find.

The two seated themselves at one of the tables and scanned the menu with a magnificent air. The first item that caught their eyes was strawberries and cream, and this, with its reminiscence of home, they proceeded to order.

Now, the time was winter, and strawberries from the hothouse are expensive in London, so it was small wonder that the other guests who had learned the order looked inquiringly at these specimens of the Jeunesse doree of the American navy. An Oxford lad who sat next them seemed particularly impressed and turned his large eyes upon them with awe. The strawberries were good, and all went well until the obsequious waiter returned with a bill for £1. The Scotsman nearly collapsed, but Dewey noticed the eyes of the Oxonian upon him and, turning superbly to the waiter, ordered two more plates.

The middles left with empty pockets, but haughtily conscious that they had saved the honor of the American navy.

AN ANCIENT HIGHWAY.

England's Great North Road Is Two Thousand Years Old.

Before we reached Hatfield, a few miles out of London, we had already been impressed with the magnificence of this Great North road, which is said to have been built by a Mr. Cneasar, whose headquarters were in Rome at the time. It is the direct route from London to Edinburgh and has been traveled for so many centuries that the earliest histories of England contain accounts of the movement of troops upon it. It is a great thoroughfare for vehicles of all sorts, motor-fists and cyclists, and in these modern days there are well worn footpaths along either side for pedestrians. We passed scores of motors, and I was told while in England that the popularity of motoring had noticeably diminished the number of first class travelers by rail. We found the road for its entire length of 400 miles in perfect condition. In many portions the macadam is said to be nine feet thick. Long sections of the road are oiled, and on no part of it was there any appreciable amount of dust. There are few sharp curves, and the grades are so slight that it has become a great thoroughfare for speeders, with the result that there are many police traps for which one has to watch. We found that we could stop in almost any little village and get information as to just where the traps were located—no, for instance, they told us at Biggleswade, which is a better looking place than its name, to look out for traps just the other side of Buckden and again in approaching Weston.—Frank Presbrey in Outing Magazine.

A Few "Wanted's."

Wanted—A young man to take care of a pair of mules of a Christian disposition.

Wanted—Two apprentices who will be treated as one of the family.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Wanted—An industrious man to take charge of 3,000 sheep who can speak German.—Humor of Bulls and Blonders.

The happiness of life consists in something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Dr. Chalmers.

Probate Office