

THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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VOL. XXXVIII.

PICKENS, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY AUGUST 27 1908

NO. 22.

RESULT OF Democratic Primary Election PICKENS COUNTY.

August 25th, 1908.

For Congress—Third District.	
JULIUS E. BOGGS	1433
WYATT AIKEN	718
For Solicitor—Tenth Judicial Circuit.	
J. J. McSWAIN	945
M. C. LONG	875
P. A. BONHAM	107
A. H. DAGNALL	213
For House of Representatives.	
J. P. CAREY	1581
W. G. MAULDIN	1031
J. A. HINTON	101
FRED WILLIAMS	713
For Sheriff.	
J. M. JAMESON	561
R. I. ROARK	921
J. C. JENNINGS	725
For Clerk of Court.	
A. J. LOGGS	1113
F. E. COX	614
For County Supervisor.	
E. F. LOOPER	1131
ROBERT STEWART	601
JESSE J. LEWIS	385
For Coroner.	
P. H. BOGGS	1171
D. A. PARROTT	1029
K. T. HALLUM	
For Treasurer.	
B. D. GARVIN	
For Auditor.	
N. A. CHRISTOPHER	1225
SAM B. CRAIG	951
For County Commissioner.	
G. W. BOWEN	1123
N. B. MOORE	774
A. J. WELBORN	952
J. E. GASSAWAY	238
W. F. YOUNG	551
S. A. McALISTER	540

Over the Hills and Far Away.
Over the hills and far away
An endless throng is going;
Onward they press, and hand in hand
They march as to a king's command,
Their journey's end the shining strand
That lights the edge of sunset land,
Over the hills and far away,
Their golden homeland glowing.

Over the hills and far away,
Beyond the furthest hollow,
While twittering birds at twilight call,
And evening shadows longer fall,
Onward they march till one and all
Are hid within a star wrought pall,
Over the hills and far away,
Where every man must follow.
—William Adams Slade.

A Song of Poverty.
But little for my love have I;
The gifts I bring, alas! are few;
A kiss at morn and two at eve,
A loving heart that's warm and true.
Plain is the home wherein we dwell,
For dress there's seldom sought to spare,
Yet she is fair as any queen—
Old clothes become her beauty rare.
Her eyes are blue as rain washed skies,
Her face is like the earth at dawn;
Her voice recalls the thrush's note;
More graceful is she than the fawn.
So when she smiles, or speaks, or walks,
For dress none has a thought or care;
No lady of the court's so grand—
Old clothes become her beauty rare.
—William Wallace Whitelock.

His First Baby.
I saw a friend at three a. m.
A-rushing to and fro;
I thought it was a little strange,
And so I told him so.
"And is your house on fire?" I said,
"Or is your temper riled?"
"Not, it is a little strange
'hat you should be so wild."
"A little strange?" he said—and I
Perceived his wits in danger—
"A little strange?" By Jupiter,
It is a little stranger!"
—Cleveland Leader.

When the head officers spend more time settling the personal things that are constantly springing up between themselves than they do in actual Union work, it is a good time to put in a new set of officers.

Self Committed.
Mrs. Cutely—You never take me anywhere, while your friend Simpson is always taking his wife to the theater.
Mr. Cutely (absently)—I dare say; I wouldn't mind taking her myself.

Smell It?
"Where is your automobile department?" asked the man entering the department store.
"Follow your nose," replied the clerk near the door.—Yankers Statesman.

LIBERTY LOCALS

It is rumored that we are to have four new store buildings erected in the near future.

The young people of our town had a delightful straw ride to W. T. O'Dell's last Tuesday evening. Miss Otis O'Dell received the guests in her charming manner and were entertained with music and refreshments. Those present were Misses Nettie Parsons, Calla Chapman, Ina Callahan, Hattie Boggs, Fannie Blair, Pearl and Lois Smith, Jessie Glenn, Pearl and Olga Richardson, Ethel Boggs, Madelan Moore of Greenville, Winnifred Kinnard of Ninety-Six, Minnie and Julia Griffin of Greenville, and Messrs. H. L. Clayton, Alma Chapman, Wade Boggs, J. P. Glenn, Jr., Frank Smith, Jesse Boggs, Pinck Taylor, Parker and Eugene Brown and Dennis Craig.

Frank Christopher and wife, of Pickens, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Christopher this week.

Miss Winnifred Kinnard, of Ninety-Six, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. L. Johnson, Miss K. taught in the High School at this place last session. She is a very charming young lady, and we are glad to have her with us again.

Dick Jennings, of Pickens, spent a few days with his uncle, J. F. Jennings, last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Clayton, of Central, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith last week.

Bob Ligon, of Anderson, was in the city Wednesday on business.

Robert Crenshaw, of Atlanta, spent Saturday with his father-in-law, J. J. Wakelin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Crawford, of Fansville, Ala., are spending their vacation with their father, Rev. P. F. Crawford.

Mr. Boggs, of Westminster, visited Wade Boggs last week.

Miss Madelan Moore, of Greenville, was the guest of Mrs. C. E. Bush last week. Miss Moore is a very nice young lady, and has a host of friends in the city.

Mrs. Duff Grandy, of Greenville, is visiting Mrs. Dr. Robinson this week.

J. P. Glenn, Jr., is spending his vacation with friends and relatives in the city. Mr. Glenn is with the McFall Pharmacy in Anderson.

Messrs. Eugene Brown, W. B. Glenn, Will Boggs and Hurd are on an extended mountain trip. They will visit Caesars Head, Lake Toxaway and other places of interest.

Miss Pearl Robinson returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives in Greenville.

Wade Boggs returned Friday to Cameron, Texas. Mr. Boggs is professor of English in the High School at that place. We were very sorry to see him leave. Our loss is Cameron's gain.

Ivy Mauldin, of Pickens, was a visitor to our city Sunday.

J. S. Christopher spent Sunday in Easley with friends.

Misses Gladys and Thelma Smith, of Easley, are visiting Miss Pearl Smith this week.

Mr. Moore, of Westminster, was in the city last Thursday.

Miss Newton, of Westminster, is visiting Miss Hattie Boggs this week.

Mrs. Walter Boggs chaperoned the Children's Missionary Society on a picnic to Boggs Rock on last Monday afternoon.

Robert Crenshaw spent Saturday with his father-in-law, J. J. Wakelin.

Misses Pearl and Louis Smith entertained a few of their friends last Thursday evening. They report having a delightful time, as usual when the Misses Smith entertain. The favored ones were: Misses Jessie Glenn, Pearl and Olga Richardson, Calla Chapman, Fannie Blair, Hattie and Ethel Boggs, Newton of Westminster, Gladys and Thelma Smith of Easley, and Messrs. Wade Boggs, Alma Chapman, H. L. Clayton, W. P. Black, J. P. Glenn, Jr., Parker and Joe Brown, Dennis Craig, Y. P. Taylor and Boggs of Westminster.

ICHABOD.

Since my last letter to the S.-J. I have been on a most delightful visit to relatives in Anderson county. I dearly love to travel by private conveyance, starting out early in the morning. It is amusing to see the difference in the people of the several homes you pass; while some are whistling or singing over their work, others are growling about this, that or the other—some scolding the kids, others beating the cow to make her "So." I thought of Garland's book, "The Main Travelled Road," but I hope the home life of none of the people I passed are so devoid of comfort and beauty as the ones he pictured.

Every one who travels in Anderson county knows the roads are better than either Oconee or Pickens. My youngest boy was with me, and when I remarked on the difference in the roads, he said, "Yes, but it isn't our home county."

We took a wrong road, and passed houses—they were homes to the ones who occupied them, I guess—in the most out-of-way places, and they looked very drear and desolate to us. Son said, "Ma, if there wasn't one Omniscient"—he has lately acquired that big word—"these people wouldn't get an invitation to the judgment."

On inquiring the way, one said, "Go on until you cross Hurricane crick, and turn out at Mr. Smith's." Not having a sign up or name on the mail boxes, we had to guess when we came to Mr. Smith's. Another said, "Go up here to Mr. Brown's and turn." When we got to Mr. B.'s we found road's crossing, but we "turned," and fortunately we struck the right road.

We were close to the \$10,000 park that the Pelzer Mfg. Co. have built for the use of the mill workers. They also have a free library, kindergarten

school, etc. I remarked about the kindness of the company to do so much for the pleasure and profit of the operatives, when my friend (with whom I was stopping) said: "Yes, but in the main it comes out of the pockets of the mill-workers, for the wages have been cut some, and house rent has went up a dollar to the house."

Wasn't that a most pathetic poem in the S.-J. a week or two ago, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, on "The Children of the Mills?" Mrs. Wilcox has surely visited a mill town and noticed the absence of play and laughter, and the seeming indifference to blue skies, green fields and pretty flowers.

"Oh, the silence of the children of the mills is like the cry of fettered slaves" keeps ringing in my ears. While the white children are sweating in the mills the negro children are going to school and getting a smattering of an education.

Perhaps I will write more on this subject later on; I feel too bad this morning. It always gets me wrought up when I think of the little children slaving in the cotton mills while the black child is free to roam over field and wood, and enjoy the "good old summer time."

Thank you, "Maybelle," for your offer of peaches. If I had known your address would have thanked you by mail. I hate to waste printer's ink that way, if it is nasty, sticky stuff.

Didn't I tell you that Liberty was teeming with news? And "Ichabod" has proven it, sending up a very interesting local letter. Hurrah for Liberty and "Ichabod," too. DREAMER.

IN MEMORIAM.

The death of Lucius Gamewell Gaines cast a gloom over the entire community of Central, where he was so well known and loved.

Mr. Gaines was, for years, mayor and alderman of the town of Central, and was ever willing and ready to give his aid and counsel to the betterment of the town and community at large.

The following resolutions of respect are hereby submitted:

Whereas, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom and justice, has seen fit to remove from us, in the beginning of a life of promise and usefulness, our most loyal and esteemed councilman and beloved brother, Lucius Gamewell Gaines; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the friends of the deceased, with whom he labored faithfully, do hereby manifest our grief at the loss of our departed member, whose life among us was a constant example of perseverance, unselfishness and upright manhood; and be it further

Resolved, That while we deeply mourn his loss, we wish to express our appreciation of his sympathetic and helpful influence, the memory of which will long remain with us; and be it further

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased member our deepest sympathy; that

a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family; that a copy be recorded in the records of the town of Central; that a copy be sent to the SENTINEL-JOURNAL and Greenville News for publication. By order City Council: B. J. JOHNSTON, Mayor. E. B. STEPHENS, Clerk.

MAKING FARMING PAY.

There is no way of making farming pay except by making each day contribute something to the profit of the farm. Line upon line, precept upon precept, day by day—these are the rules of successful farming. Neglect, indifference, lack of continuous labor—these are fatal. Nature never stands still. Work in her laboratory goes on every day in the year and every hour of the twenty-four in each day. The farmer must imitate nature in this. He ought to regulate his work so as to secure the greatest results with the greatest comfort. There are periods of the year when the weather does not permit him to work out of doors, but these days can be well occupied about the house and the barn.

Moreover, a man is a thinking machine, and the farming man should be thinking about farming methods. We do not mean that he should think of nothing else, but if he is going to have satisfaction in, and good results from, his work he must put himself into it. He must put his thoughts upon his crops, upon his soil, upon his markets. He ought to keep a record; if not a daily record, a diary. He ought to keep a running story of the year's work so that he may know next January what he did wrong last January, or what he failed to do at all, what he ought to have done, or what he did that turned out well. It will not do to trust to one's memory for these things. Time plays us many tricks, and as we get older we remember many things that did not happen; and we forget the things that everybody about us well remembers.

Do not suppose that you can make money on the farm in any happy-go-lucky manner. What you want is methodical work, continuous work, intelligent work. The future belongs to the American farmer. He has done in this year work that has saved the whole country from disaster, but unless it has saved the individual farmer from disaster he will take little comfort in it. When we say that the future belongs to the American farmer we do not mean that it belongs to the indolent farmer, nor to the negligent farmer, nor to the farmer who does not care what happens so it does not happen to him. It belongs to the industrious farmer, the intelligent farmer, the man who learns by his own mistakes and the mistakes of his neighbors.—Home and Farm.

Pin Cushion for the Machine.
When sewing on the machine one often wastes a lot of time having to look for the pin cushion, which usually is under the sewing machine and out of sight. A great time saver is to cut an oblong piece of flannel two inches by four and at one end cut a hole the size of a pea. Hem all four sides of the flannel neatly, and buttonhole stitch the hole. Slip this over the spindle where the spool belongs before the spool is placed on it. You will be able to take pins out of your work and stick them in this piece of flannel without stopping the machine.

Stuffed Noodle.
One cup cold chicken or veal chopped fine, one-half cup of cold cooked spinach finely mashed, one onion minced, one slice of bread softened in milk, and a beaten egg, mixed well together, pepper and salt to taste. Make a noodle dough of an egg yolk, pinch of salt, and flour to make a stiff paste, roll thin and cut out with biscuit cutter; place a teaspoonful of chicken mixture on one side and pinch edges tightly, using a little water to make them stick. Drop them in boiling water and boil ten minutes, and you have a dish fit for a king. If any of these "stuffed noodles" are left, fry in butter for the next meal.

A Seasonable Salad.
The ripe eating plums in market now make a delicious salad when combined with bananas. Cover with powdered sugar and a little sherry, if it is wanted, and let the fruit stand on ice for an hour before dressing. It is delicious served with whipped cream. Finely shredded pineapple, enough to give the whipped cream a flavor, makes an excellent blend in place of wine.