

PICKENS SENTINEL-JOURNAL

Probate Office X

Entered April 23, 1903 at Pickens, S. C. as second class mail matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879

41st Year

PICKENS, S. C., JUNE 15, 1911.

Number 3

Liberty.

Miss Mary Sheldon, of Fair-play, spent the fore part of last week with her sister, Mrs. W. B. Glenn.

Miss Ruth Parsons, of Pickens, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. T. Keenan, and other relatives here last week.

Miss Meda Hunt spent last week with friends and relatives in Greenville. She attended the commencement exercises at Furman University, of which her brother, Mr. Willie, is a student.

Mrs. A. P. Lawrence, of Central, visited her aunt, Mrs. W. S. Parsons, and other relatives here last week.

Mrs. J. P. Glenn and her two nieces, Misses Nellie and Helen Watkins, of Anderson, spent last week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, and other relatives here.

Mr. Cloyd Robinson, of Charlotte, N. C., spent last week with his many friends in the city.

Mrs. R. L. Crenshaw, of Atlanta, came last Friday to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. J. Wakelin, who is seriously ill.

Mrs. J. R. Shelor, of Anderson, spent part of last week with her sister, Mrs. B. G. Smith.

Miss May Willis spent a few days with her uncle, Mr. B. F. Parsons, at Pickens, last week.

Miss Floride Calhoun, of Clemson, was the guest of Miss Pearl with last week.

Mrs. J. F. Banister spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, at Pickens.

Little Miss Marie Smith is visiting relatives in Anderson this week.

Miss Nettie Parsons returned in Batesville last week, where she has been for the past few months engaged in the millinery business.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Byrd and daughter, Miss Meda, attended the wedding of the former's niece in Blacksburg, last week. Miss Meda's parents have returned, but she will visit friends and relatives in Gaffney before returning home.

Dr. Ed. Allgood, of R. 1, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. O. F. Wilson, of Catechee, was in the city Saturday on business.

We regret to inform the public that the Salubrity News has departed this life, and gone to parts unknown.

T. A. Hughes was shot Tuesday morning by Mr. E. O. Gilstrap, at the latter's residence. Do not hear particulars.

An auto accident one day caused Mr. J. W. Smith had ribs dislocated.

E. Robinson, con-builder, who is now working at Fort Hill, Saturday night and some folks.

Smith, of Easley, Saturday afternoon.

Robinson, who is working at Central, is in the city today.

of this section is flourishing, but

The 11 year old son of our fellow townsman, Mr. J. F. Crane, has been sick for several days, being threatened with fever, but we are glad to know he is better.

The Tragedy of a \$3-Life.

The tragedy of a death such as scores of girls met recently in a New York factory fire-trap is great, but for many of the victims the tragedy of living was just as great. Here is a paragraph taken from the pitiful story of the identification of the dead:

"A cutter identified his sweetheart by their engagement ring and her purse. It contained a week's pay, \$3."

Imagine, if you can, a young woman fighting for an existence in New York city on the pittance of \$3 week! Imagine her daily starving, her daily crushing of desire, her daily killing of hope!

What an awakening in the morning from a night of troubled sleep on a miserable pallet that gave no rest to weary flesh and bones; not an awakening to fresh air and sunshine and comfortable surroundings, but to squalor and dirt, narrow walls that barely give space to a bed, box and a broken chair. What a breakfast must be hers! A cup of tea warmed over a smoky lamp and dry bread—no more probably. What a toilet! A pitiful effort to make a few worn and faded garments look presentable, and then a glance into a broken bit of mirror at a figure so unattractive and a face so unsatisfied. There follows the long tramp to work, sometimes through cold, sometimes through heat, sometimes wet; then a hard day's toil, ten hours of bending over fine garments for the prosperous, and then a painful tramp back "home" to another scant meal and another night's weary sleep.

And so day after day the struggle goes on to keep body and soul together, and the soul clean, on a pitiful \$3 a week. It dare not stop—not even for sickness. It must go on. And with it all there is an everlasting hunger that is never satisfied and an everlasting yearning for something better that is never appeased.

The Tragedy of such living is as great as the tragedy of any dying. Sometimes in the years to come men will look back upon these present days of ours, and marvel that we ever believed that we dealt justly and uprightly with one another.—Haverhill Gazette.

A Delightful Evening.

Thursday evening, the 7th instant, had been set apart by Mr. Ben F. Parsons, when he would "keep open house" to his friends, at his beautiful home, "Maplecroft" in Pickens.

The lawn party was original with him, and given by him, and invitations sent out for everybody to come and enjoy themselves, which all did to the fullest extent.

From 7 to 11 some 350 people of the town and vicinity enjoyed themselves. The lawn was

decorated with flowers, arches and electric lights, the lights being concealed in the trees and shrubbery and made a most pleasing effect. Seats and swings and cozy corners were all about and were occupied at all times, while the ground and spacious piazzas contained many people who claimed their courting days were over.

Music was furnished by Ward's Orchestra, composed of a dozen pieces, the players being made up from members of the famous Piedmont Band, and was a most excellent attraction. They occupied one corner of the piazza and made excellent music, which was interspersed at times by the piano and violin, and solos by ladies present.

Mayor Sam B. Craig, in a few well chosen remarks welcomed the guests and opened the festivities of the evening and the last seen of him he had a very beautiful young lady far from the madding throng and was using all of his eloquence trying to persuade her that "Craig" was as good a name as she could get and she could "wear it" if she wanted to. We learn the young lady has been given a line of hot air before, so took the matter under advisement.

Punch was served in corner of the lawn, the settings being ferns and potted plants. Bobby Burn's favorite was delicious and not too strong.

The Methodist and Baptist ministers were present, and, no doubt, thought the climax of the occasion would be reached and solemnized, but the man got "cold footed" or the lady stood upon her inalienable right and prerogative to change her mind—anyway, that which all most expected, for a wonder, did not happen.

We won't call any names but will let our readers into a good joke anent this occasion. While serving the punch a loving couple walked up to the table, and he, observing a thread on the shoulder of his fair enamorita, undertook to brush it off, making two or three passes at it, but it still stuck. Becoming determined to remove the offending article he gingerly jerks it from her shoulder and undertakes to dispose of it surreptitiously. Imagine his embarrassment and consternation to find it still coming into his hands, and finally with a double-handful of cotton-silk thread in his hand which he rolls into a little ball and slyly tosses under the table, a satisfied smile of a duty well done spreads over his face, little dreaming of the havoc he had played with "my lady's" toilet.

The next morning when the young lady in question came to breakfast, her mother asked her how she enjoyed herself the night before. She replied, "Splendidly; it was a nice occasion," but further remarked that she had slept but little. On being pressed for a reason for her wakefulness, replied that she had laid awake half the night trying to think what had become of her union suit! Boys, hereafter be careful how you try to remove threads from around the neck of lady's dresses.

Taking it all in all, the lawn fete at "Maplecroft" Thursday night was one of the pleasantest social events in Pickens in many days.

Several out-of-town guests were present, and they, with the home folks, all showered compliments upon Mr. Parsons for

the enjoyable evening he had given them and expressed a wish that the pleasure would be repeated soon.

It is needless to say, that Dame Rumor, as usual, found a mate to share the nest that Mr. Parsons has so nicely fitted up. We do not like to question the good dame's veracity, but time alone will prove the truthfulness or falsity of her babbling tongue.

Here's to the health and happiness of all who attended and the hope that they may all again meet soon under such auspicious circumstances.

Glenn-Taylor Wedding.

The Presbyterian church at Liberty was the scene of an unusually pretty, simple wedding Wednesday afternoon, 7th inst., when Miss Louis Smith and Mr. W. C. Taylor, of Westminster, were married, the bride's pastor, Rev. J. C. Bailey, officiating.

As the first triumphant notes of Mendelssohn's Wedding March were sounded by Miss Nellie Watkins, of Anderson, the bridal party entered the church. First came the ushers, Messrs. W. C. Ariall, J. P. Glenn, Colt M. Robinson and Y. P. Taylor. They were followed by the bridesmaids, Misses Amyllas Sitgreaves and Floride Calhoun, of Clemson College, attractively gowned in white lingerie embroidery frocks with large white picture hats and carrying armfuls of pink carnations.

Then came the little ring-bearer, Master Marion Glenn Smith, the bride's nephew, bearing the ring in a white satin cushion, and the little flower girl, Miss Marie Smith, in a dainty white dress, and carrying a basket of pink sweet peas.

The bride came in 'on the arm of the maid of honor, her sister, Miss Pearl Smith and was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Mr. Andrew M. Norris, of Westminster. Here they were pronounced man and wife with the beautiful ring ceremony.

The bride and groom left on the 6 o'clock train for the mountains of Western North Carolina, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Mrs. Taylor is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, and is universally popular because of her charming manner and lovely disposition. Mr. Taylor is superintendent of the schools at Westminster, and is one of the most successful and popular teachers who has ever been employed there.

Folger-Taylor.

One of the most brilliant affairs that Pickens has been treated to in a long while took place last Thursday evening, when Miss Eilene Taylor became the wife of Mr. Ernest Folger.

Both of these young people are numbered among Pickens' most popular set, and the wedding has for some time been exciting considerable interest among the young people of this city and vicinity.

The wedding was solemnized at the Baptist church and the nuptial knot was tied by the bride's pastor, Rev. C. A. Waters.

The church was beautifully decorated with rare pot flowers, ivy and bamboo vine; and before the wedding party came to the chancel Mrs. G. F. Kirby feelingly rendered "Perfect Love."

Promptly at 7 o'clock, to the

stately rhythm of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," beautifully rendered by Miss Frances Bruce, Mr. Folger, accompanied by his best man, Mr. Fred Symmes, of Greenville, advanced up one aisle, while the bride, on the arm of her grandfather, Mr. Alfred Taylor, of Taylors, S. C., advanced up the other, and was given by him in keeping to the man whom she vowed to love, honor and obey.

The bride's sister, Miss Lorena Taylor, was maid of honor; the ushers were Messrs. Julius E. Boggs, Jr., Hagood Bruce, A. B. Taylor and Sidney Bruce.

The maid of honor was strikingly pretty, dressed in white batiste, trimmed in lace; her becomingly pretty hat was of black chip and wreathed in pink roses; her flowers were an arm bouquet of pink roses and maiden-hair ferns.

The bride, as usual, was most charmingly beautiful, which was enhanced by her becoming dress of tan cloth, tailor-made, with hat to match, relieved by a tiny bunch of pink, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and maiden-hair ferns.

They were the recipients of many handsome, useful and valuable presents, which made quite an imposing array and equaled if not surpassed any such tokens of esteem that have ever been seen here before. Hand-painted china, cut-glass, costly bric-a-brac, silver, linen, and useful articles of every description in the greatest profusion and of the handsomest.

Both of the young people are quite well known, not only in this immediate vicinity, but throughout the state as well. Mr. Folger is a prominent and progressive young business man of our city, being the head of the Folger-Thornley Co., while the bride is one of our most talented and popular young ladies, the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. T. Taylor.

The happy couple left immediately for Easley, boarding train No. 30 for prominent eastern points, where they will spend their honeymoon, after which they will be at home to their friends in the groom's splendid residence on Main street, when congratulations will be in order.

The guests were many in number, many from abroad being present.

[Mr. and Mrs. Folger returned to Pickens this (Thursday) morning, the groom looking refreshed, bright-eyed, rejuvenated, and at peace with all the world, the bride, of course, in the same cheerful and happy condition.]

Prof. W. E. Dendy Honored.

The numerous friends of Prof. Dendy in Monroe and throughout the state appreciate very highly the compliment paid him by the trustees of the Fifth District Agricultural School in choosing him as president of that institution, and even though he did not accept the place because he felt that his duty lay elsewhere, his selection was none the less a tribute to his popularity as a man and his superb ability as a teacher.

Prof. Dendy realized the fact that the district school offered big opportunities and that it was a field of great promise, and but for his connection with the Monroe public schools he would have readily accepted, but the unanimity of the local board in asking him to remain, together with their appreciation of his

good work since he has been at the head of the schools, coupled with his own conception of duty in the premises, caused him to decide to remain.

Prof. Dendy has been in Monroe only a few months, but during that time he has made hundreds of friends and distinguished himself as an educator of splendid ability.—Walton (Ga.) Tribune.

Standing of Contestants.

CONTESTANTS FOR PIANO.

NORRIS:	
Miss Vida Sheriff	301,850
LIBERTY:	
Miss Annie Boggs	233,725
CENTRAL:	
Miss Lillie Moore	78,125
Miss Gula Powers	81,975
SIX MILE, Pickens, Route 2.	
Miss Hattie Boroughs	81,225
Miss Lizzie Garrett	94,325
PICKENS, Route 4.	
Miss Eva Holder	129,175
PICKENS:	
Miss Minnie Herd	125,125
Miss Pearl Hester	87,275
Miss Josie Chaastan	355,325
Miss T. Bates	352,050
DACUSVILLE:	
Miss Lillie Sutherland	293,025
TABLE MT., Marietta, Route 2.	
Miss Leila Jones	81,175
PICKENS, R. 5.	
Mrs. Zannie Brazzale	95,225
CLEMSON COLLEGE.	
Miss Tecoa Madden	119,625
JOUASSE, S. C.	
Miss Annie Whitmore	90,975
PICKENS, R. 3.	
Gracia Porter	115,675
LIBERTY R. 3.	
Miss Nina Griffin	101,725
EASLEY, R. 1.	
Inez Smith	352,075

CONTESTANTS FOR STALK CUT.

TER	
PICKENS, R. 1.	
J. B. Findley	395,325
Elisha Gilstrap	129,825
PICKENS, R. 2.	
W. B. Allgood	398,425
B. F. Freeman	101,275
W. B. Mann	95,225
F. R. Moon	125,875
PICKENS, R. 3.	
W. R. Price	145,925
Ed Griffin	117,275
PICKENS R. 4.	
A. L. Edens	120,825
M. M. Holder	125,575
J. W. Hendricks	88,125
PICKENS, R. 5.	
J. B. Brazzale	98,050
PICKENS, R. 6.	
A. P. Alexander	83,225
Robt. Curtis	69,225
LIBERTY, R. 3.	
S. W. O'Dell	105,725
W. M. Gantt	203,850
EASLEY R. 6.	
J. L. Bagwell	383,125
MURPHREE.	
J. L. Thomas	103,025
EASLEY R. 1.	
J. Bird Looper	139,375
DACUSVILLE	
J. H. Hughes	76,125

Though no incumbent of the speakership has ever been nominated for president since the national convention system was introduced, several former speakers have received nominations for the office of chief executive of the nation. Among them were Henry Clay in 1844, James K. Polk in the same year, John Bell in 1860 and James G. Blaine in 1884. But no aspirant for the presidency has made such headway while filling the speaker's office. Speakers Samuel J. Randall, John G. Carlisle and Thomas B. Reed all failed to develop substantial strength as presidential candidates, although their distinction as party leaders was unquestioned.

Goodbye. What's Your Hurry?

Come into the garden, Maud,
Mind not the cow's glad lowing;
Gee! You've sat on an ant hill,
Maud!
Well, goodbye, if you're going,
—Houston Post.