

# THE PICKENS SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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

VOL XXXIV

PICKENS, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1905.

NO. 47

## LETTER FROM TEXAS.

"Rover," a Former Correspondent Writes Again.

HIS FRIENDS WELCOME HIM.

Pays a Compliment to The Paper and to "Uncle Zeke."

Crosby, Texas, April 12th, 1905.  
—Dear Sentinel-Journal: You know the old song about "The cat's come back again;" well it's the dog this time. The old dog "Rover" that used to visit the offices of the Sentinel and the Journal quite often. But that has been so many years ago that he will not mention their number, for he is still an old "batch," and if he was to take a notion to marry in his old age, all the girls might think he was too old.

In the olden days, the Sentinel and the Journal occupied different households; but now, since they have married and become one, a single visit only will be necessary. I suppose the marriage has been a happy one, for "oy" combination seems to be doing finely, especially since "Uncle Zeke" has become one of the family. Now I have never had the pleasure of knowing "Uncle Zeke," but he reminds me of what I have often said of "Josh Billings;" that he wrote more good hard sense, under the cover of nonsense, than almost any writer in the country.

I suppose some of your readers will wonder why old "Rover" came back again, after all these years, to have a chat with them again. Well I've often thought of doing so, but never made the thought a deed, until I saw the "dispensary" question so strongly agitated.

Now, if any of you older readers remember me, they remember that I was never a temperance man, but a red hot, straight out "teetotaler;" I hated whiskey worse than the devil. While it is true that I can say, and thank God that I can say it, that not a single drink of the accursed poison ever went down my throat; yet it is only too sadly true, as some of you may know, that the "trial of serpent" has gone over some of my people, and left its deadly sting behind. And could you people have seen all I've seen, known all I've known, they wouldn't wonder that I'm so bitter against it. No words can tell how much I abhor it, but the last stanza of that sad, bitter little poem called the "Drunkard's Daughter," comes as near it as anything I ever read. It is something like this:

"Tell me I hate the bowl?  
Hate is but a feeble word,  
I loathe, abhor, my very soul  
With strong disgust is stirred,  
Whenever I see, or hear, or tell  
Of this dark beverage of hell."

When I first came West, I was often asked where I came from. I said from South Carolina, and was proud of it, but of late years there have been times when I have been actually ashamed to own that South Carolina was my mother State. It is pretty hard, isn't it, when a boy is ashamed of his mother? For there is nothing sweeter, better than a good mother. There is certainly something radically wrong with the boy or the mother.

Boys, men, how many of you that have good mothers, would like to go around and brag about it, and say "my mother runs a big wholesale and retail whiskey shop, the biggest thing in the State." Yet that is what my old mother is doing, and I am ashamed of her.

When I left old South Carolina there couldn't be a drink of liquor sold as a beverage, legally, in Pickens county, and we not only lived, but thrived without it.

Visitors of Pickens county, how would you like for your legislature to pass an act worked something like this:

Whereas, it having come to the knowledge of this legislature, that there are parties in various parts of the State who will, for the pur-

pose of making money, rob, steal, and murder; we agree to give the State of South Carolina the right to do all of this robbing, stealing, and murdering, and make all this money, that the citizens may get all this "Judas' blood money" to educate their children."

Sounds horrible, doesn't it? Yet you all, every one of you, know that the whiskey traffic causes all these evils, and many more. Some say that the dispensary is a less evil and "between two evils choose the least."

I say never choose any evil, but fight all, both great and small.

Some say that prohibition is no good. I will give an item or two in opposition to that statement, from Texas statistics: 23 prohibition counties haven't a single convict in the "pen," 9 counties have only one convict each, and 39 counties have only 23 convicts in all, while Lamar county, a saloon county, has 96 convicts in the "pen."

Some say that "Uncle Ben T" is the father of dispensary; if so, I think, if the truth was known, he is ashamed of his child. I know of many things he has done that I admire him much more for doing.

Now, in conclusion—shall the good people of Pickens county be forced to have this foul traffic planted firmly in their midst? Let them rise up in their might and say with trumpet notes "no; God helping us, no."

## A GRAND SUCCESS WAS THE BIG STORE'S MILLINERY OPENING.

OUR Millinery Opening last week was by far the best we've ever had, from every stand point, especially from the pattern hats sold and the number of orders taken. Our store was thronged for two days with great crowds of women, eager to see the new spring styles in Millinery, and all were loud in their praises for the hats. Everything new and fashionable represented even the most extreme shapes in all the latest colorings and combinations of colors in every style linings.

### High Class Millinery.

Cut in price, not cheap hats at cheap prices, but the very finest and highest millinery at reasonable prices. We buy our Millinery from the leading Millinery houses in the fashion centres, and the crowds at the opening were free in their expressions as to price, saying that they had never seen fine and stylish hats gotten up at such low prices.

### Dress Goods.

We are offering some special values in white dress goods. One lot of 40 inch Book Fold India Linen for 8 1/2 cents that would make ready seller for 10 to 12 cents. One lot for 10 cents that would be cheap at 12 1/2 cents. A few hundred yards of Embroideries left, and to clean it up we have cut the price to 2-1-2 cents and 5 cents.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME TO THE "BIG STORE," YOU CAN GET WHAT YOU WANT HERE AT THE RIGHT PRICE!

## Heath-Bruce-Morrow Company.

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R. C. Folger.

We are glad to hear from Mr. Folger, and we know that his friends will be delighted to read this article from him. Hope he will write again soon and often, we will always find room for his articles.—[Editor]

"Ah!" sighed the man with the scanty hair, "Shakespeare spoke truly when he said, 'The evil that men do lives after them.'"

For, he it said, the scanty haired man had recently married a widow with a ten-year-old son who was a terror.—Chicago News.

—After 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday April 25th, no record will be kept of the vote. Come and deposit the coupons in the box yourself.

### No Dispensary is Wanted.

The little town of Chapin, in Lexington county, this State, seems to be Providentially hindered from having within its confines a branch of the great moral institution, the State dispensary.

Some time ago the State Board of Directors endeavored to rent a vacant store in which to open up the dispensary, but so averse were the people of the little town to the proposition a building could not be secured.

Recently the friends of the institution discovered that there was a vacant lot in the town that belonged to a Mr. Schott, who resides in New York. They bought it, hauled the lumber and were about to build when Charles P. Robinson went to Lexington Court House and examined the title to the lot. He found that the original deed from the late Martin Chapin, after whom the town was named, made it a condition that no liquor should ever be sold on the premises.

About the only thing left for the Dispensary Board to do with regard to Chapin is to build air castles. What will be done remains to be seen.

Easley, R. F. D. No. 6.

April 13th.—Dear Sentinel-Journal: Please allow me a little space in your valuable paper for a few lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Jameson and son, Tommy, of Clement, visited relatives in this section recently. Old Riddle wants to know what kind of a looking thing I am. I'll tell you. I am a great big little old rough thing, and ugly as home made sin, or a stone fence daubed with bull frogs. I thought I would tell you, so if you was to see me you wouldn't get scared.

Mr. Claud Rogers went to Easley one day last week on business. Mr. Thomas Duncan has treated himself to a nice graphophone.

The farmers are very busy trying to raise some five cent cotton.

I think the wedding bells will ring soon in this little nook. Guess who it will be.

Uncle Zeke hasn't come yet, but I guess he will. I am going to plant some flower seed and give him a bouquet when he does come. Adieu to all.

Ann Freezer.

## KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE VOTE.

### Only One More Week Before the Close--The Winner in Doubt.

#### CENTRAL BAPTIST TAKES THE LEAD BY SMALL MARGIN.

Remember the Vote Closes on April 29--Send in Your Coupons while you can.

### PAINTING CONTEST.

Central Baptist—Central	4348
Pickens Methodist—Pickens	4327
Oolenoy Baptist	1231
Pickens Baptist—Pickens	880
Fairview	769
Zion Methodist—Easley	737
Cross Roads Baptist	412
Six Mile Baptist	411
Ruhamah Methodist	393
Mile Creek Baptist	361
Secona Baptist	296
Gap Hill Methodist	266
Salem Methodist—North Pickens charge	243
Griffin Baptist	206
Liberty Baptist	201
Twelve Mile Methodist	79
Camp Creek Baptist	64
Concord Baptist	64
Antioch	63
Golden Creek	60
Keowee Baptist	32

### SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST.

Miss Lois Newton—Pickens	4026
Miss Leila Ballentine—Central	3980
Miss Kate Hester—Pickens	2819
Miss Eva Clayton—Liberty	2668
Miss Nannie Wyatt—Easley	629
Miss Lucy Mauldin—Central	507
Cleo Mann—Meat	280
Withdrawn—Pickens	276
Walter Cantrell—Liberty	241
Frank Farmer—Pickens	172
Mrs. Joe Brown—Liberty	64
D. D. Winchester	48
J. H. Grant—Catechee	32
H. F. Wright	15

### Does Prohibition Prohibit.

The Spartanburg Herald of a recent date contains this:

In reply to a letter of inquiry concerning prohibition in Charlotte, Mr. Heriot Clarkston, solicitor of the 12th judicial district, who has practiced law in Charlotte for twenty years, writes as follows: Charlotte, N. C., April 5, 1905.

I will give it as my opinion that there has never been a more beneficial act to the citizens of this community than the abolition of the saloons in this city. The places were practically all occupied that were rented by persons who have kept saloons. Two of the places are now occupied by persons who sell shoes, two meat markets, one the "Denny Cafe," is an up-to-date restaurant, with a beautiful apartment for women, etc.

I refer you to the following parties, and what they say about the results of prohibition in that city: Mr. F. M. Shannonhouse, the recorder of the city, says: "The crime has decreased about two-thirds; and the general result of prohibition has made it a great deal easier for the officials of the city to maintain law and order."

Mr. W. S. Alexander, general manager of the Real Estate, Loan and Trust Company, says that business since the first of the year has been very satisfactory, and that, in his opinion, there has been more real estate transfers this year since prohibition has gone into effect than for the same period of 1904.

Messrs. J. Arthur Henderson & Bro., real estate dealers and collectors of rents, says that prohibition has helped considerably, and the collection of rents has been better than ever before.

Mr. Thos. T. Allison real estate manager of the Southern States Trust Company, says that values have not decreased and that demands for homes and real estate investments have been greater since January 1 than at any time prior in the history of the city.

Permission was given me by the above named parties to use their names and what they say, and any person doubting can write them. I might add that not only the

moral influence of the city was against the saloon, but the business interests aided greatly in the contest, and I believe at least 75 per cent of the men in the mills, mechanics, carpenters and other workmen, voted against saloons. I think that so far prohibition has worked in this city far beyond the most sanguine expectation of its friends.

Heriot Clarkston.

#### HERALD'S EDITORIAL.

The Spartanburg Herald editorially says:

Prohibition has been damned over and over by its opponents, without ever allowing it the grace of a fair trial. What real chance has prohibition ever had in the State of South Carolina? If men were as zealous to uphold and encourage the law as they are in their vague preaching of morality, as they are in their fierce political tirades and campaign twaddle, we should not so often hear the weak cry of "Prohibition does not prohibit." Does not? No, of course not. Nothing does anything when it does not exist. Nothing was ever yet accomplished by those who sit still and fold their hands and cry "Impossible!"

We are glad to call attention to communication in this issue of the Herald from Mr. Heriot Clarkston, a leading attorney of Charlotte. It is an answer to the same old question that has been put so often of late to Charlotte citizens as to how prohibition works there. This letter of Mr. Clarkston's will repay reading. He gives not only his own opinion but quotes Mr. Shannonhouse, the recorder, who is in a position to watch the moral effects of the law, as saying that crime has decreased about two-thirds. He also quotes certain dealers in real estate as showing that business in their line has been quickened since the passage of the law. Here is something for the people who are scared about our business prosperity to put in their pipes and smoke.

Now, the most ardent Prohibitionist will not claim that the victory has been won in Charlotte. Not won yet, but only begun. "Eternal vigilance" is necessary for victory there and here. Indeed, the battle never ceases. But with so far a showing to begin with, who would not be encouraged—if indeed, he had at heart the true cause—to believe that every mustard seed of good will grow into a wide-spreading tree, so long as the true men hold to the faith?