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—BY—

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PICKENS, S. C.:

THURSDAY, MAY 9 1907.

Would Foraker take second place on a ticket with Booker Washington? And, if not, why not?

The noisiest political farmer has the tallest weeds in his cornfield and the fewest potatoes in his hills.

Talk about failing fruit crops—Kentucky says she's got the brandy, and California has contracted to ship her the peaches.

Georgia has a convict named Fortune Buster. However, he is in for swiping a pig, so cannot be classed as a high financier.

A New York magistrate declares that crime has become a business and justice a mockery in that city, and as usual Chicago may declare that it goes Gotham one better.

It is one of the curiosities of human nature that the man who regards the lawless workingman as the typical trades unionist refuses to regard the defaulting banker as the typical financier.

Mr. Jacob Rils says one of Mr. Roosevelt's maxims is, "Have all the fun that is coming to you," Zeb Vance used to say, "Be virtuous and you will be happy, but you won't have much fun."

The bureau of labor, after careful investigation, learns that prices are on a higher level than for seventeen years. But it does not go so far as to say that the men who forced up prices are doing business on the level.

The citizens living in the suburbs of Macon, Ga., have petitioned the board of commissioners of Bibb county to provide for a force of rural police for the protection of the lives, liberty and property of the citizens.

In Ohio you must take your hat off when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner." Same here when it strikes up "Dixie," says the Atlanta Constitution—except that your hat flies off on its own hook, and you don't care whether you get it back or not.

"Don't knock," says the Telegrapher's Journal, which adds: "You will find honor among thieves, truth among liars and sometimes wisdom among fools, but you'll never find manhood, womanhood or principle in the 'knocker.' Don't get into the habit of knocking. Be a 'booster,' Everybody likes a 'booster.'"

The fact that over $100,000,000 are spent in this country yearly for luxuries imported from foreign countries is enough to set one thinking about what the consequences would be if this vast amount could be diverted into paths which would benefit the American wage-earner, or into any other channel to benefit the country.

"No," said the wife, "I will not need
A bonnet, not this Spring,
Nor a new dress, nor any gloves,
In fact, not anything;
And I won't care to go away
And leave the city smoke
And dust and grime"—then some one knocked,
And the man awoke.
—[Houston Post.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

The Paper and the People.

It is little use for the local editor to waste his lungs and sprain his spine in trying to boom a town when the citizens all stand around with their hands in their pockets and wait for something to turn up. If the capitalists or busines men do not put their shoulders to the wheel and do a little boosting, it is useless for the editor to try to boom things. He can write "boom" articles until he gets bald-headed, but if the citizens themselves do not take hold and push the town will forever stick in the mud. Of what use is it for the local paper to suggest improvements and new enterprises if the suggestions are never acted upon? One man cannot boom a town. It requires the concerted action of the citizens. When one man attempts to shoulder a town and carry it there are always a lot of cranky kickers who are always ready to jump on top of the load. Unity of action is what counts.—[Fort Mill Times.

The Fort Mill Times has hit the nail on the head in the above article, but he could have went further in his peroration.

He should have went further and given shillaly to that oracle that every town is burdened with, "the brainless wonder," the "know-it-all" who knows everything and all things (?) and who is always ready with a plausable reason for this or that article appearing in the local paper. He, it is, who says the editor is hired by the hotel keeper to boost the town as a good resort town; is hired by a scheming unscrupulous, physician to call attention to the health-giving properties of the town and the advantages of establishing a sanitarium; is paid by the real estate dealer to cry aloud the cheapness and advantage of living in this town; is paid by the people to say this is good town and more stores are needed; is paid by capitalists to pull for manufacturing enterprises; is after "free passes," if he advocates a railroad enterprise. If he says a good word for his town, this "brainless wonder" can always see a sinister motive in his article. But my, my, what a chameleon this wonderful "what is it?" is. Let the editor say what he thinks, honestly, and what the citizens truly know of the town and her people,and what a howl goes forth. He can see nothing in anything, his sight is dimmed and his judgment is warped. How he prates, vamps and champs the bits, and, worst of all, the poor fool has followers who believe every word that falls from the lips of this assinine paragon. If the editor boosts his town, or if he roasts his town the true motive can never be found for it.

The editor of a local paper cannot be expected to pick up the town and tote it and make of it what it should be; he cannot put up dwellings for the people that are really clamoring to fill them; he cannot inaugurate banks for the pleasure of those who cannot get accomodation at those already in existence; he cannot run stores for the benefit of those who cannot get at the time, what they want out of the ones already established; he cannot build railroads to please the few who are unfavorable to existing lines; he cannot be a tool for designing politicians or candidate to help along the personal spleen of a few "know-alls," who, if they are not listened to, their advice taken and their votes sought after, make the claim and boast that the county is going to the damnition bowwows. But while he cannot do these thongs for the rnasons above stated, he can, and will do, any or all of them where necessity demands that it be done—but not from any personal aggrandizement, or sinister motive, but for the sake of the advancement and growth and good of the town and community in which he lives.

If necessity demands, and the good of the town requires it, he will go behind the chancel rail, or take the stump in behalf of the uplifting and betterment of the community in which he lives. But after all, what does he gain for his pains and by his self-sacrifice? His motives are impugned, his character maligned and he is called a "crank" but, should, by his optimism and indomitable willpower and the courag of his convictions his,thoughts, aims and objects attains a successful fruition, this nameless "what-is-it?" is the first to come, take him by the hand slap him on the back, wish him God speed and tell him, "Go it, old boy, you are feeding them the stuff they need; keep it up and WE WILL pull the old town out of the kinks yet!" and what has this "brainless wonder" done? Absolutely nothing! Nine times out of ten, he is a person who is not identified with the interest of the town at all, is simply a renter, and all the money he makes off the town he is hoarding or investing elsewhere, andis usually the mouthpiece for some one who is personally sore on the town or the editor. The Good Lord deliver us from any such! Hell is so full of just such cattle until they are hanging out of the windows. Yes, indeed, are there always those who are going to ride on the load, although it balks the team. Unity of action is what we want! Those who are willing to get in front and pull, and if they can't find room there will get behind and push, or failing there, will grab a wheel and lift—these are the kind of people that help the editor to make a good town—one that he delights to praise and talk about and tell of its beauties abroad whenever he gets a chance.

Hazel.

Farming is at a standstill at present on account of the recent heavy rains.

Colds and grip hold to this settlement well. Seems mighty hard for them to take their flight.

Mr. Abner Chastain, of the Oolenoy section. visited at Rev. B. F. Murphree's one day last week.

The woods are putting on a fine summer dress in a hurry since the cold weather has passed away.

The big May meetings are now beginning to open up. Some new deacons will be ordained at Autioch Baptist church on the 11th inst. Ordination services will begin at 2 p. m Several brethren have been invited All will receive a cordial welcome, The day following communion services will be held.

MOUNTAIN SPROUT.

Last year Mr. John Temple Graves had a pronounced leaning towards Hearst for president, and this year he is for Roosevelt. The transition was an easy one; neither of the gentlemen, whatever their other merits, having the slightest claims to or upon Democracy. And so it is. Whenever a politician leaves the precincts and atmosphere of the old homestead, he is apt to go to the other extreme.

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Granulated Suguar 18 lbs for $1
Light Brown sugar, 18 lbs for 1
Best green coffee 8 lbs for $1
Good parched coffee bulk, 14c lb
Better parched coffee, bulk, 16c, lb
Best parched coffee, bulk, 20c
Meat, (rib side) 11c
3 one pound pkgs evap apples 25c
Galvanized wash-tubs, No. 0, 45c
" " No. 1, 60c
" " " 2, 70c
Heavy galvanized well-buckets 35c
White cedar water buckets, 15c
Wrights fine and course shoes for men $1.25, $1.50 and upward.
Wrights fine and coarse shoes [illegible] men, $1.00, $1.25 and upward.
Children's shoes.
Ladies don't fail to ispect our millinery before buying.

W. E. Freeman & Co.,

"At the Old Stand." *Pickens, S. C.*

Bring us your chickens, eggs, and in fact, any thing that you have to sell and rest assured that you are getting the top of the market.

J. McD. Bruce, President. **I. M. Mauldin,** Cashier.

THE PICKENS BANK

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CAPITAL	$20,500.00
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