

REV. SAM P. JONES

Talks About the South Carolina Dispensary.

The biggest thing in South Carolina is the dispensary. Ben Tillman and the devil saddled the thing on South Carolina and the politicians and the devil are running it with the aid of fools and rascals who buy the liquor. Whiskey is sold from the dispensary from sun up till sun down and the prices range from 10 cents for half pint bottles to \$1.00 for pint bottles. From popskill to "good likir," Druggers and "gentlemen" buy the "good likir" and negroes and poor whites buy the 10 cents a pint stuff. All the dispensaries of the State are furnished their liquor from the Columbia wholesale shop. The State takes its profits at headquarters before the town and county dispensaries get hold of it. Then the town and county divide the profits equally. And the work of drunkard making goes steadily on. I find in mingling with the people (I mean the good people) for I go with no other sort, are all opposed to the dispensary. They say it's better than the saloon. Just as they prefer measles to smallpox. They say it's death to morals and manhood, whether it's furnished by saloon, blind tiger or dispensary.

The dispensary is as much in politics in South Carolina as the saloons of Chicago or Atlanta are in politics. Therefore both gangs know that when they go out of politics they must go out of business. And so it goes, and it looks like as long as the infernal greed of whiskey dealers and the infernal appetite for drink shall possess men that the traffic will go on, but I am still at my old game fighting the gangs on both sides. They tell me I can't stop it, but I tell them that I am like the boy who grabbed the calf by the tail and the calf took off down the road at break neck speed, and the boy keeping up with the procession, and by and by a gentleman said to the boy, "Tom, what are you doing with that calf?" "I am trying to stop him." "You can't stop him that way," said the gentleman. "I know I can't," said the boy, "but I'm slowing him up some."

So I say, gentlemen, while I may never be able to stop the gang, I have them up somewhat. I asked the hotel man in one of the South Carolina towns if the drummers bought much dispensary liquor, he replied not much. A few of them still drink, but as a rule when a drummer gets drunk at my hotel, he don't come back any more. I inquire of him, and I learn his house had fired him. He said I find that drinking or gambling drummers are growing scarcer and scarcer every year. Their houses fire them soon as they get on to them. Liquor was never under bond like it is today, the fellows who drink it is the low down white folks, and negroes, who have nothing to loose, or the well-to do fellows, who can afford to be vagabonds for they have money and money not only makes the filly go, but it makes a dog respectable. I keep saying that the last man of us was born half dog and half man, and many men have fed the dog in them and starved the man, until the man in them is dead and the dog full grown, and there are thousands of fellows, who if they had a little more hair and a tail they could go to running rabbits for a negro. All dogs, fit for nothing but bologna sausage.

Whiskey is splendid dog food, and man poison. And the Georgia legislature is in session again. I have not had time to look up the pedigree of its members, or into their habits. I will look into those things later along—maybe. It's worth while. I wonder what they will do with the depot matter. Joe Hill Hall is on top at these writings. Joe is the only fellow who can say, "I told you so." But the roads will all soon be under one general management, and then the thing will be too big to tackle. This is your last chance gentlemen—now or never. If you don't build they will, and I don't know but both of you had better build. The State and the railroads. We will want a depot for the poor little W. & A. bye and bye. But don't let anything be done through spite. "Tote fair," gentlemen, and keep in mind that we owe the railroads about as much as they owe us. We have done much for the railroads, but they have done much for us. If you don't think so you traverse this country as much as I have and see what you see along the lines of railroads and then get in a buggy and travel through countries and districts where no tracks are laid and no whistles blow. Let all measures be considered and all bills passed without spite and spleen, I am for the bottom dog, and here is a bottom dog in everyday fight. I am glad to see cotton holding up its price. Some of our best farmers

are holding their cotton and they think by March cotton will sell at 10 cents, and I think so, too. I am sure I have looked on more sorry fields of cotton this year than any year of my life, and the yield must be short, but we will make enough to do us if we could be economical and honest. Some men want only an excuse to act the dog that is in them. If a bank breaks in a town a fellow who never had a dollar on deposit will tell his creditors: "I can't pay you now, the bank has failed and almost ruined me," and some farmers will make the cry of short crops a reason they don't settle accounts, when they ought to pay half or three-fourths of all their indebtedness.—Rev. Sam P. Jones, in Atlanta Journal.

Fine Flour and Appendicitis.

Changes in milling processes are responsible for appendicitis, according to a physician who has been in the practice of medicine for fifty years and who has observed the spread of the disease. This physician, Dr. H. C. Howard of Champaign, Ill., asserts that until the trade demand for exceedingly white flour changed the method of grinding wheat there was no appendicitis.

To prove this assertion the physician points to the fact that where coarse breads are used the disease is unknown, but that as soon as the fine breadstuffs are introduced appendicitis comes along as a sequence. By this reasoning it is shown that the people of agricultural communities who secured their flour from small mills did not have the disease until the small mills were crowded out by the large ones and fine flour supplanted the coarse. Then the negroes of the south so long as they ate corn bread were free from the disease, but when the new process flour began to be used the disease came among them. The same result attended the departure of the German folks from their coarse bread to the refined flour.

"I can remember that prior to about 1875," said Dr. Howard, "there was little or none of the ailment among the people. In twenty-five years of practice among the people before that time I do not think I saw more than forty cases of appendicitis. Now they are common."

Large and extended change in the diet of people has contributed to this. For example, about the date mentioned there began to be a general change from the old method of grinding grain to the present method of roller mills and excessively fine bolting cloths. This plan of milling began first in the large cities, and appendicitis began to increase first there. Later the new process crowded out the small mills in the country, and the people could not get flour made by the old process. They bought products of the large milling establishments, and then the farmers began to have appendicitis.

"Still the negroes of the south did not have it, but in time they began to get away from their plain corn bread, and they, too, began to have appendicitis. So it goes. They did not have appendicitis in Germany until they began to eat our fine white flour and put in the new process of milling after our fashion. Now they have appendicitis in Germany, just as we do."

"Experienced millers will tell you that the fine flour is a less desirable flour than that made by the old process but the trade demands it chiefly on account of its whiteness. On account of its indigestibility the disarrangement of the digestive organs of the people eating it has greatly increased. The prime cause of appendicitis is found in this disarrangement. "Quite small children have it. I know one boy who has had thirteen well defined attacks of the disease and came out of all of them without surgical operations. He changed his flour to corn bread and mush, with coarse breads in general, vegetables, little meat and some fruit and he has taken on flesh and has not had a symptom of the disease for three years."—Chicago Tribune.

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Poetic Justice.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley, at the table. "Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said his mother. "Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson today, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said we should see how many of us could find out for ourselves, and give her an illustration of it tomorrow, but I don't know how to find out, unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled as if struck by some amusing recollection. "Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice that reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, that I think will furnish the illustration you are after."

"I recall a summer afternoon a good many years ago, when I was not so large as I am now. Two other boys and myself went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us; and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch-basket, he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and boy-like, tried to find out how much he knew and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or the stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it, and draw it back to us. Fences, ditches, and brambles he seemed to regard as only so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all."

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wandering I discovered a hornet's nest, the largest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and hung low, touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill; and, as I scampered up the latter, I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't see why the dog and hornets' nest should have connected themselves in my mind; but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union."

"Rob! Will! I called to the boys; 'come here. We'll have some fun.'"

"They came promptly, and I explained my villainous project. I pointed out the hornets' nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it, and send Rover after the stone. 'And, oh! won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?' I cried, in conclusion. They agreed that it would be funny. We selected a good-sized round stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start, we turned the dog loose; and the poor fellow, never suspecting our treachery, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim, and, as the ground was smooth, the stone went true to its mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. In less than a minute the furious insects had swarmed out, and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay filled our anticipation, and we had just begun to double ourselves in paroxysms of laughter when, with frenzied yelps of agony, he came up the hill toward us, followed closely by all the hornets."

"Run! I shouted; and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst, with pitiful appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black, avenging cloud over us, and the scene that followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scattered, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony. "I have never known just how long the torture lasted; but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and, with superior instinct, showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we, too, were in distress and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream that flowed through the meadow not far away, and plunged in, dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream and looked at each other dolefully through our swollen, purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover."

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and, creeping up to me, licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me."

"Boys, I said, 'we've had an awful time; but I tell you what, it serves us right.' "Neither of them contradicted me; and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward, with Rover at our heels. 'That, my boy,' said Mr. Stanley, in conclusion, 'is a good instance of poetic justice.'—Our Dumb Animals.

County Mutual Benefit Association of America.

The County Mutual Benefit Association of America is now organizing the Anderson Division of 1,000 members. The membership fee is \$5.00, which covers the first advance death assessment. One Dollar for every member is deposited with Mr. James M. Payne, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Anderson Division, and is held in The Bank of Anderson, subject to the order of Nelson R. Green, the President of the Anderson Division, to pay the first death loss by the Association. The Policy is clear and simple, agreeing to pay the sum of one dollar for every member in the Division upon the surrender of the Policy and approval of the proofs of death of a member in good standing. It is a home organization, managed by honorable, high-minded business men, for the benefit and protection of home people. It reduces life insurance protection to the minimum of cost that the average of human life will allow. There are no big salaried officers to pay, and there are no big annual premiums to be sent out of the County into some rich Northern insurance company's pocket. All the money stays right at home, and when it is paid out every member knows exactly to whose benefit it goes in time of trouble. Until the first thousand members are secured applicants will be received up to 55 years of age, thereafter no member will be admitted over 30 years of age. We want good, reliable agents in every township in Anderson County at once. Persons desiring to become agents for their township will write or call on THOS. W. NORRIS, manager of agents for Anderson County. 19-4



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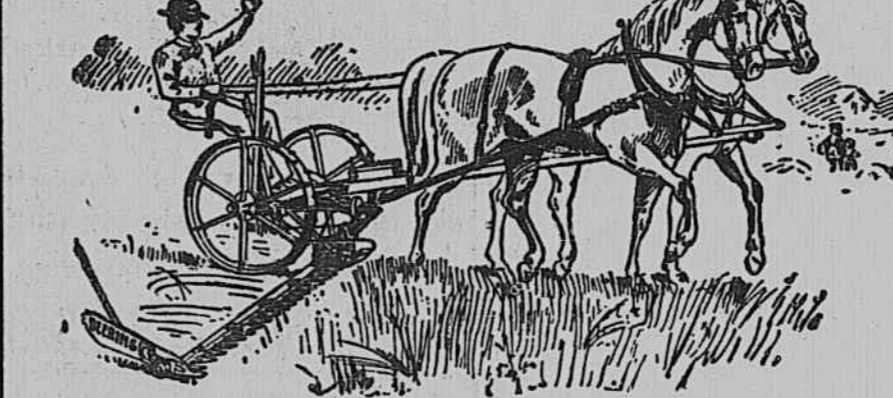
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