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Come to the Big Picnic September 2, 1915

A Word of Greeting

THE Prohibition forces have planned for an all-day rally at this place on the 2d day of September. Every man, woman and child in the county who are in any way interested in the subject of temperance; who want to see our fair state freed from the awful liquor curse; who want to hear the truth about the deadly poison, are expected to be present.

The day will be spent in picnic style. Everybody is expected to have a good time and enjoy themselves. All are asked to bring a basket and have a picnic dinner under the beautiful shade trees at the court house.

Prominent speakers have been invited and will be here. Every church and Sunday school in the county are expected to be represented. Let them all come. Every pastor and Sunday school superintendent are expected to urge their people to come.

Let the Prohibition forces show their colors. This is a cause everyone should be glad to enlist in. The fight is on and if we lose at the ballot box September 14 it will be a blow to the cause of temperance which will take years to recover from.

We expect five thousand people that day, and we welcome them gladly.

G. R. HENDRICKS, Mayor.

KEEP THE ISSUE CLEAR

Cannot Afford to Legalize the Sale of Liquor.

There are many otherwise good men who intend to vote against prohibition on the 14th of September because they think the dispensary is the best way to regulate the traffic. In other words they think this course is the expedient one. Let me say first of all that I am convinced this is not the case, but am sure that a return to the old dispensary system which has been tried and found wanting would be but multiplying our troubles. We have our blind tigers now, but if we went back to the old dispensary system our own experience tells us and the experience of those living in the dispensary counties confirm it, that we would be adding the dispensary to the blind tiger. I can see how a man who never had any experience with the dispensary system with all of its attendant rottenness, could vote for it; but I am at a loss to understand how we who endured its noisome stench for years could deliberately vote to fasten it upon ourselves again.

But the question we are to decide when we come to cast our ballots is not one of expediency, even if it could be proven that the re-establishment of the dispensary were the most expedient course. It is a moral question, one between right and wrong. We cannot afford to temporize with evil or make a truce with the devil. We retard our civilization and stultify our manhood every time we gain the consent of our conscience to do so. The whiskey traffic is wrong and it can be made right, but the law can make it respectable by thrusting its protecting arm about it. True, whiskey is now being sold by blind tigers, but this is the only way a self-respecting people should permit it to be sold—in the back alley and down in the cellars, in the dark and on the sly—by negroes and lawless whites. That is just the difference between the dispensary and the blind tiger. One drives its trade in the dark and under cover, a recognized law-breaker. But a dispensary occupies a building on the principal street of the town and is made respectable by the loving arm of the law thrown about it. No consideration can ever make it right to do wrong, and the whiskey traffic is an unmitigated wrong, though it tries to bribe us and thus soothe our consciences by the paltry revenue which it pays. I like the ring of the words of a certain state officer in prohibition Kansas. He said that Kansas would be for prohibition even if it could be proved that it entailed a financial loss on the state (and it doesn't), for Kansas sets a higher value on manhood than money. A Christian and a church member cannot afford to vote

for the re-establishment of the dispensary, for he would thus be giving his approval to one of the greatest curses of the race. He can't afford to temporize with such an evil. When it asks him to give it the respectability and protection of the law there is only one thing that he can do, even though he were convinced that the present number of blind tigers would increase a hundred fold; a follower of him who was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil is false to his Lord unless he casts the whole weight of his influence to annihilate this masterpiece of the devil.

Nor can any true citizen afford to cast his vote in favor of the dispensary, for it has been tried in South Carolina and it has polluted everything and everybody it touched and cast reproach on the fair name of our great state. We do not want to degrade her to the level of a common saloon keeper.

I would be glad indeed if every member of the church who has made up his mind to vote for the dispensary would read the following story which met my eye the other day:

A certain young man who had a weakness for strong drink lived in a certain town where a campaign was being conducted for the establishment of a saloon. The young man, knowing his weakness, worked hard to defeat the saloon, but the majority said that it must be established. The temptation was too much for him and he fell and became a confirmed drunkard. At last he was dying of delirium tremens and sent for his pastor. He said to him that he had one request to make of him, that he would get for him the names of the members of his church who voted for the establishment of the saloon that had caused his downfall and after he had died that these names should be pinned to his breast as he lay in his casket that he might plead them at the judgment seat of Christ as one reason why he was lost.

L. E. WIGGINS.

Put It in Your Program

Make your plans to come to Pickens September 2. Whatever else you may have planned ahead, be sure that you put September 2 in your program to attend the prohibition rally and picnic at Pickens. It will be a day well spent and you will never miss the time. This day will be the biggest day of all the days this year at Pickens. Plans have been made to entertain a large crowd. No expense is being spared to make all who come have a good time. So lay aside your home duties for one day and join in the festivities of the occasion.

King Alcohol demands our homes, our wives, our husbands, our children, our silver, our gold, our soul; and we yield them up.

THE BIG DAY THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

SPEAKERS:

Lieut.-Gov. A. J. Bethea
Colonel W. D. Upshaw
Mr. Colie Seaborn

Come, Hear Them!

PROGRAM

All the Sunday schools and citizens will assemble at the depot at 9.30 and march to the court house. Assembled in the court house at 10 o'clock.

Music by the Band

Call to order, Rev. D. W. Hiott, presiding

Song

Prayer, - - - Rev. J. C. Bailey

Song

Address, - - - Mr. Colie Seaborn

Song

Address, - Lieut. Gov. A. J. Bethea

Song

Address, - - - Col. W. D. Upshaw

Music by the Band

Benediction, - - Rev. L. E. Wiggins

Dinner

The afternoon will be spent in social intercourse.

The Great Destroyer

"Had I ten million tongues and a throat for each tongue, I would say to every man, woman and child here tonight: Throw strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell. It sears the conscience, it destroys everything it touches. It reaches into the family circle and takes the wife you had sworn to protect and drags her down from her purity into that house from which no decent woman ever goes alive. It induces the father to take the furniture from his house, exchange it for money at the pawnshop, and spend the proceeds in rum. I have seen it in every city east of the Mississippi river, and I know that the most damning curse to the laborer is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle. I had rather be at the head of an organization having 100,000 temperate, honest, earnest men than at the head of an organization of twelve million drinkers, whether moderate or any other kind.—Speech of T. V. Powderly.

Drunkenness

Mr. Gladstone, that eminent English statesman, thus defines drunkenness:

- Drunkenness expels reason.
- Drowns memory.
- Defaces beauty.
- Diminishes strength.
- Inflames the blood.
- Causes internal, external and incurable wounds.
- It's a witch to the senses.
- A devil to the soul.
- A thief to the purse.
- A beggar's companion.
- A wife's woe and children's sorrow.
- It makes man a beast and a murderer.
- He drinks to others' good health
- And robs himself of his own.

Facts About Kansas

"A FEW days ago, when the whole country was worrying about the unprecedented heat and drought in the West, the governor of Kansas issued a public statement saying he hoped no one would waste pity on the people of his State.

"With over \$200,000,000 on deposit in our State and national banks, we could weather a worse storm than this without hardship." This money, equally divided among the men, women, children, and babies of Kansas, would give each of them \$18 in cash, not to mention the tidy sum of \$1684 each is credited with as his or her share of the State's assessed wealth. Kansas last year produced \$325,000,000 worth of farm products.

"In eighty-seven of her one hundred and five counties there are no insane. In fifty-four of this number there are no feeble-minded. Ninety-six counties have no inebriates, and in the other nine they're as scarce as hens' teeth. Thirty-eight county poorhouses are as empty as a last year's locust-shell, and most of these have been so for the past decade.

"The pauper population of the State falls a little short of 600. That's one pauper for each 3000 of the kind making a living, and a good one—the kind that now own \$255,000,000 worth of live stock and in the last twelve months have added more than \$45,000,000 to their taxable personal property. Her own people this year hold more than \$67,000,000 in this form of wealth, an increase of over 500 per cent in five years.

At one time not long ago the jails in fifty-three counties were empty and sixty-five counties were on the roll as having no prisoners serving sentences in the penitentiary.

Instead of being hampered by a large mass of illiterates—thirty years ago 49 per cent of her population came under this head—her present ratio of 2 per cent is next to the lowest in the land and two-thirds lower than Massachusetts, including Boston.

"It is the combination of sense and solid muscle that has kept her growing stronger and richer through extremes of climate which soon would decimate a less fit lot.

"These people have made good in a zone once declared to be unquestionably unproductive. In the last twenty years they've made this 'unproductive' soil yield corn and wheat worth \$2,517,902,640.

"So something would seem to be the matter with Kansas.

"Something the matter with her. That something, we believe, can be boiled down into these fourteen words constituting an amendment made to her constitution in 1881:

"The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor shall be forever prohibited in this State."

"It is this fundamental provision, fought and evaded in some localities as it was for a quarter-century, and strictly enforced in all parts of the State only within the last five years, that has helped Kansas to flaunt a two-hundred million bank account in the face of a partial crop failure; that relieves her of spending much time, strength, and money on paupers, criminals, insane and feeble-minded; that gives her people the best of chances for living and the fewest excuses for dying.

"For even while the liquor interests succeeded in evading the law in many instances and boasted that prohibition was a failure in Kansas, government statistics showed that the annual consumption of intoxicating liquors in that State was \$1.48 per capita, while in the neighboring State of Missouri, where

the whiskey ring ruled, it was \$24 per capita.

"In other words, the average Kansan had just \$22.52 more to spend on food, clothing, education, and entertainment than his neighbor across the Kaw.

"It is this defiance of what other States have legalized as a necessary evil that has helped to make her citizens the richest per capita in the country and the richest of all agricultural folks in the world; that has given her a permanent school fund of \$10,000,000 and has reduced her illiteracy to almost nothing. Ninety-eight per cent of her 400,000 school children have never seen a saloon."—Editorial in the North American, a leading Philadelphia daily.

Can Evil Come of Good?

To the Editor of The Sentinel: Dr. Silas Swallow, in his prohibition presidential campaign, told this story:

"Two drunk men at midnight stopped near an arc light. One swore that it was sun-up, but the other declared that it was the moon. After a maudlin dispute they agreed to be governed by the judgement of the next man that came along. The next man that came along was drunker than either of them, and when they referred the question to him he leaned up against the fence and, after he had meditated between hiccoughs, looked at the arc light and said, 'Gentlemen I can't make up my mind; you'll have to excuse me; I'm (hic) a stranger in this community.'"

So it seems very strange to me, and should to any intelligent person, that so many people can't make up their minds that prohibition is better than liquor. The great evils of prohibition, growing out of blind tigers and loss of revenue, are seen only by those who are pleading for the liquor traffic. It seems to me that the prosperity of Maine, Kansas, and other prohibition states is conclusive proof that prohibition is better than the license law. Maine is called the "Park State." Every home shows where the drink dollar of license states go. The fences are kept up, and the gardens are filled with flowers, and thrift is apparent everywhere. But just go over the Hampshire line and the slums are the usual rum slums. We can see the same thing in our own beloved state. The man that spends his money for drink must go shabbily dressed and often live in a rented house while his wife and children do not have sufficient to eat, and very often do not have clothes to wear to school and church. But the man who is sober and industrious can wear good clothes and have plenty for his wife and children.

But some say that prohibition does not prohibit. It seems that it has worked well in the above mentioned states, and why not in South Carolina?

I hope that the people of Pickens county will go out to the prohibition rally that is to be held at Pickens Sept. 2. And I also urge every voter to go to the polls Sept. 14 and vote for prohibition.

(Rev.) L. W. JOHNSON.

Wine

At first it is the wine of pleasant fellowship; at the last it is the wrath of the Almighty God poured out without mixture.

At the first it is the agreeable excitement of an evening; at the last it is the long-drawn agony of an endless perdition.

At the first it is the grateful stimulus of an hour; at the last it is the fire that never dies and the fire that never shall be quenched.