

WRITES OF MEETING AT PICKENS

The following article by Rev. Lucius B. Compton, editor of the New Testament Christian, appeared in the October number of that paper and will doubtless be of interest to our readers:

At the close of Eliada Orphanage Camp-meeting the editor, Rev. S. M. Stikeleather, and Prof. Durham, the singing evangelist, went to Pickens for a two weeks' meeting. We rented a large tent which seated fourteen hundred people, and came to this place, by the invitation of a number of the laymen and citizens of this country, to proclaim the Full Gospel.

I was permitted to spend only ten days with these people last year and promised them, God willing, I would return again.

Pickens, the county seat of Pickens county, is located among the beautiful foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and is inhabited by as noble-hearted people as ever lived. Many of them have not had the advantages that others have had; but the marks of nobility can be seen upon them in almost every home.

From the very first service, the attendance averaged from 800 to 2,000 people at night, and at a number of day services, especially when special subjects were announced, the tent was fairly well filled. From the beginning, the Presence of the Lord was manifested in bringing deep conviction. The people would sit and listen for an hour or an hour and a half to the songs and messages, and then seem to be disappointed when the speaker would stop.

Most of the denominations of that part of the country were represented in the meetings; although very few of the preachers attended. In fact, there are not very many living in that section. I do not remember having ministered to a more appreciative, hungry-hearted audience. The behavior was the best I have ever known for a tabernacle meeting. The people came to hear the Word. Many professed faith in Christ, and a large number of Christians bowed at the altar of prayer for consecration and to receive the Holy Spirit. We did not count the number of professions, but each evening, the front of the tent around the altar was crowded, and we believe the meeting meant as much to the Lord's children in seeing their privileges in Christ, and the possibilities of the Gospel as any other one thing.

I have had quite a test for three months with my throat and an unnatural hoarseness. Part of the time it seemed I would be compelled to give up speaking; but this hungry-hearted people got hold of God for me, and at the close of the meeting, my voice was much better than when I began.

The man largely responsible for this meeting is Bro. E. P. Parsons, a merchant, and a layman of the Baptist church; but some of his ardent supporters are Methodists, Wesleyan Methodists, Presbyterians as well as Baptists. Their testimony was "We have starved to death for the want of God's Word," and I keenly felt my responsibility in giving to this humble-hearted people God's messages. We made for our theme "Jesus," for we have learned in our own experience that Jesus is our all-sufficiency for every need.

A nobler man never lived than Bro. Parsons. His whole heart and soul is in the Gospel work. He has a queenly wife who entertained all the ministers and helpers, and no woman could have done it more cheerfully and more willingly than Mrs. Parsons. Their daughter Ruth, was at the piano ready to perform her part of the service in music. The people who lived far back in the mountains and hills showed their interest in the meeting just as deeply by bringing in provisions. Every day they brought in chickens, beef, potatoes, corn, tomatoes, turnips, cabbage, sweet potatoes, apples and watermelons. Such a bountiful supply was donated that Mrs. Parsons had to send out daily gifts to the poor to keep the food from spoiling before it was consumed. It would be hard to find a more generous-hearted people than the country people of the southern mountains.

A number of business men and town officials took active part, in every way possible, to make the meeting a success. The jailer's wife did my stenographic work. Usually, I have to pay quite a sum to keep up with my correspondence when I am in meetings; but this Christian lady wrote my letters and donated her services freely, as unto the Lord.

Her husband, the high sheriff of the county, a noble Christian gentleman, did an almost unheard of thing. He not only attend the services regularly with his wife and children, but a number of times he brought the prisoners from the jail! In my twenty years of evangelistic work and preaching all over this country, well as other countries, I have never

known a place before where they brought the prisoners from the jail into a religious service; but this man has the respect of all his prisoners, and he told me he could trust them to go to church and come back even if he was not with them. I said to some of the authorities of the city that if I am ever so unfortunate as to get in jail, I want them to send me to Pickens, South Carolina, where my jailer will let me go to church and have the privilege of divine worship.

I must say God did bless Pickens in a special way through our humble ministry and several hundreds manifested their interest and acknowledgement of the truth, by accepting Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and equally as many Christians yielded themselves to God for consecration.

Prof. Durham played a great part in this meeting through his proficiency in song and by his spiritual life.

My old time friend S. M. Stikeleather who went with me as my assistant was used of the Lord in a special way both in prayer, song, preaching and caring for the tent. Our dear Bro. D. J. Fant, the railroad engineer that God has so marvelously used throughout the country when he is not on his engine, came from Atlanta for three days, and preached for us several times. Bro. Fant was the man who first started these special meetings in Pickens, and we were delighted to have him and his good wife with us for the latter part of the meeting.

The people of this town are planning for another meeting next year; but it will require a larger tabernacle, one that will at least seat two thousand people, and even this will not be large enough. It is a delight and a privilege to preach to a people so hungry for the truth that they are willing to listen to the Word both day and night. Some came from fifteen and twenty miles away, and I am sure there will be verified in their lives the promise of God. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

Let the New Testament Christian family pray for the people at Pickens, because God has begun a noble work in that country, and when we all meet in the air at the Marriage Supper, I am confident we will meet some people from Pickens that our Lord brought to Himself through this meeting. This is the hope of our ministry that among all, we might save some.

Central Local Items

The coal dealers here are forced to notify the people that they will sell no more coal. P. P. Morgan, our fuel administrator, has a large sign in the post office giving the people fair warning to get in a good supply of wood.

C. D. Hodges, of Easley, was in Central on business one day last week.

The LeJoy boys of Anderson, visited their nephew, W. E. Hyde, here last week.

Mr. Lawrence and Dr. J. B. Falls, sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Falls, were here last week visiting their parents. They have returned to their camps, Lee and Gordon.

Mr. S. J. Barker, a long time clerk for J. H. Morgan, went to Seneca, Jan. 1st to work for Mr. R. L. Marrett. Mr. Barker's many friends wish him much success in his new position.

Mr. Louis Nicholson, of Calhoun, began work with the Central Mercantile Co. here January 1st.

Mr. Fred Garrett, formerly's clerk with Central Mercantile Co., goes to the farm the first of the year.

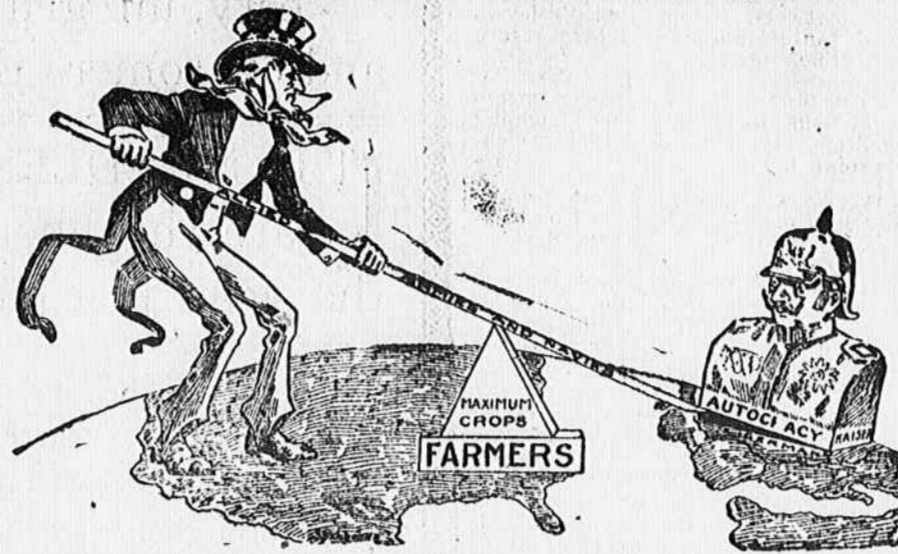
J. S. Hyde sold his place to Mr. Smith recently. Mr. Smith comes from South Georgia here to make this his home.

Mrs. Mary Carson Hatton and her husband, Dr. Hatton, spent Christmas with Mrs. Hatton's parents here, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carson. They left last Friday morning for their home in Atlanta.

Hurrah for Central Red Cross chapter! In the big Christmas drive for new members our number was swelled to 866. This increase is largely due to the planning and untiring work of Ralph Ramsey, our most efficient chairman, Prof. J. W. Wallace, Misses Ruth Besse Gassaway, Helen and Edna Clayton, Amanda Patterson, Watts Clayton. Join now and help your "bit."

Theodore Martin, the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bower Martin, formerly of this county, but now of Greenville, has joined the aviation corps and is now at Pensacola, Fla., for training. Young Martin is a grandson of Hon. M. Hendrix, or this county, and has many friends who wish him success in his undertaking.

Better Farming in the South



THE FARMER—ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S DEFENDANTS

By D. B. Osborne, Chairman Soil Improvement Committee, Atlanta, Ga.



Mr. Farmer:

The above picture exemplifies the vital importance of your position in the World War. The fight of freedom and democracy against German autocracy.

Upon you is placed the grave responsibility of producing abundant crops with which to feed and clothe our army and navy; the armies and navies of our Allies—our own people at home and the peoples of our Allies in Europe.

Failure would bring disaster to our army and an untimely and unnecessary death to many of our boys who have gone forth to battle in defense of our liberty.

But, Mr. Farmer, we know that under the great responsibility placed on you by our Government, that there is no such word as "fail" in your vocabulary and that nothing short of insurmountable providential causes could prevent your answering fully to this responsibility.

However, maximum crops can only be had by the judicious and intensive use of fertilizers, good seed, thorough cultivation, and labor-saving machinery.

One of your most pressing problems and one to be acted upon without delay, is the matter of obtaining your fertilizer.

In spite of the best efforts of the manufacturers and the Government, materials for making fertilizers are scarce and high in price. Therefore, it is all the more necessary that what fertilizers are to be distributed, should be used upon soil that has received the very best preparations the farmer is capable of giving.

The mobilization of our army, requiring a maximum movement of troop trains and supply trains, has over-taxed the capacity of our railroads as never before, and in order for fertilizers to be distributed this season, the movement must of necessity, begin early and the unloading of cars at destination be done with utmost despatch. Every car must be loaded to capacity.

Today fertilizers are cheaper than farm crops or farm labor. A bale of cotton, a bushel of corn, oats or wheat, will buy more pounds of fertilizers now than ever before, hence to assure the performance of a patriotic duty, with great profit to yourself, order your fertilizers promptly so that you may be sure to get them. And when you get them, use them with the greatest degree of intelligence.

Satisfactory results are bound to follow—both to you and to the Government.

The Present Fertilizer Situation

By J. N. Harper, Director Farm Service Bureau, Atlanta, Georgia.



No class of people is more red-blooded and patriotic than the farmer, and everybody is looking to him to do his best. In view of the fact that the whole world is demanding agricultural products, now is his golden opportunity not only to show his patriotism, but an opportunity to acquire wealth at the same time.

Offsetting Labor Shortage
In view of the fact that farm labor is scarce and high, every effort should be bent towards securing maximum yields per acre, with fertilizer, which is one of the best ways to conserve man power.

Unfortunately, no industry has been more directly affected by the war than the fertilizer industry. The government is commandeering materials important to this industry for the purpose of manufacturing munitions of war and hence has greatly reduced the possible tonnage to be used in fertilizers. In other words, while the nation is calling for the largest possible crop yields, there is, at the same time, a great demand for gun powder. Some one has aptly said, "Plants and cannons eat the same food." Of course, under present conditions, the cannons must be fed first.

There is a considerable shortage of fertilizer ingredients, and the prices of these ingredients are correspondingly high.

Fertilizers Relatively Cheaper
In consequence of high prices of materials, due to their scarcity, and because of higher labor and transportation costs, fertilizers will be higher this spring than ever before.

While the prices of fertilizers have advanced, fortunately for the farmer, the prices of crops have advanced still higher, so that fertilizers are relatively cheaper than before the war. A bale of cotton with its seed will buy more fertilizer today than ever before. The same is true of a bushel of corn; a bushel of wheat; a bushel of peanuts; a bushel of potatoes, etc.

Why Fertilizers Are Scarce
The causes of the shortage of fertilizer materials may be summarized as follows:

Previous to the war, most of our potash came from Germany. The potash now on the market is produced largely in this country, but it is far short of the demands. This American-

made potash, however, is just as valuable as the potash salts that were formerly obtained from Germany.

Acid phosphate is scarce, due to the fact that there is a shortage of sulphuric acid—a necessary compound in the manufacture of acid phosphate. Sulphuric acid is scarce, because pyrites, from which most of it is made, has been coming from Spain and ships are not now available with which to transport it.

The fertilizer manufacturers have been compelled to turn to the domestic pyrites, and readjust their manufacturing plants to the production of sulphuric acid from brimstone obtained from Louisiana and Texas. The government is requiring of the fertilizer manufacturers sulphuric acid in large amounts to be used in the manufacture of explosives.

Then, too, there is considerable difficulty in obtaining supplies of rock phosphate, because of the transportation shortage.

The supply of nitrates has also been curtailed because large amounts of sulphate of ammonia are being taken for refrigeration purposes, and the manufacture of munitions. Cotton seed meal, a valuable source of nitrogen, is being used more and more for feeding live stock. Tankage, another splendid source of nitrogen, is also being used for the same purpose; consequently cotton seed meal and tankage are high in price.

Nitrate of soda is more expensive at the Chile mines, and shipping rates have increased enormously, and munition requirements are heavy.

The fertilizer manufacturers find it hard to secure bags for shipping, since there is a tremendous shortage of burlap.

Thus it can be easily seen that it will be very difficult to obtain necessary fertilizer materials, and the farmer must take due notice and act accordingly if he would make sure of getting his plant food.

Order At Once
The farmer must not overlook the fact that transportation difficulties are increasing daily. The railroads are literally overwhelmed. They have, therefore, been compelled to rule that fertilizers and freight in general must move in full car load lots, which means cars must be loaded to their maximum capacity.

Therefore, Mr. Farmer, order your fertilizers NOW! order plenty of them; use them liberally and judiciously, and thus secure maximum yields of crops, and so do your part to supply the crying needs of the world, while at the same time you increase your bank account.

UNCLE OSCAR'S CHRISTMAS LETTER

It has been a year since my last letter to The Sentinel. I have been trying to write something for weeks past, but somehow there are so many elements that go into a rural carrier's daily experience that he cannot keep in one mood long enough to write on any given subject.

Only a few days ago, the sun had come out, the snow was melting, Christmas was near at hand and I had twenty-five cents left from last month's check, and was feeling fairly good, so I decided to write some love-lyrics and just as I got myself fixed and got my thinker tuned up and had written something about the flower-laden dells of Loveland, that old "gray" slipped in the melting snow and down he went. The wagon stopped abruptly and I stuck my head about three feet further through the front window than I had intended in trying to see what happened. There lay the old "hoss," his head in the mud and his southern extremities cocked up over the shafts at an angle of forty-five degrees and staring up at me with his blind eye (the other one was full of mud). After I had waded around in the mud and helped him to pick himself up, then with the first muddy No. 8 that I could get into the wagon, I stomped the bloomin' love-lyric into smithereens, for by this time I had decided that the world would have to make out with James Whitcombe Riley's works a little longer.

But 't's an ill wind that blows no one good." When the old gray got up out of the mud he was gray no longer, he was "camouflaged." Then the kiddies could not see him coming so far, and I got by without hearing, "Christmas gill, Mr. Mailman." God bless the little ones! We would like to have remembered them all, but 30-cent cotton has put the salaried man right where five-cent cotton put the farmer. However we had the privilege of making one little gift for which we shall ever be thankful.

"This is my birthday; what are you going to give me?" asked a little girl as she stood in the door and watched us drop the mail in the box. It was just a few days before Christmas. The child looked pale and ill. We had nothing then. The next day the birthday had passed and we thought to wait and make it a Christmas present, but something

said, don't wait, so we packed a little box of candies, fruits and nuts; a little girl friend put in a doll and another friend a book of fairy stories and when we sent the package somehow we couldn't refrain from sending this message: "These little gifts can be but the tokens of our friendship; we commend you to Jesus, the great giver of all gifts that are good and lasting."

Three days later was Christmas. We were making our trip when we met a hearse bearing in a little white casket the body of our little friend. We trust that the simple gifts helped to cheer the last earthly birthday and that the written message gave at least some comfort on the dawning of the great new birthday, where fairy stories materialize and friendship shall be consummated in perfect love.

There are other and varied experiences for us in these great history-making times, but what gets "Your Uncle's" goat is these girls that ought to be at home with their mothers and wearing "pin-a-fores," are trotting around with their "soldier boys." Now I am not knocking the real grown-up sweethearts of our soldier lads, for love, real love is born of God himself, and I have as much sympathy for the sweetheart or betrothed who must give up her lover to her country's call, as for the wife or mother who must sacrifice husband or son for her nation's honor.

But now a soldier boy is but a man, and of like passions as other men, and girls of tender ages should not go out with them alone, for boys in khaki seem to think they can take much more liberties with the girls than can a civilian, and girls will let a soldier hug and kiss them who wouldn't allow other boys to hold their hands; and some mothers permit and even encourage it, and some other wise perfectly modest wives will not hesitate to flirt with a man in uniform. Our brave boys that must soon go "over there" need all the cheer and comfort that we can give them, but they do not need to be tempted with womanly virtue. Better lose the "cause" than gain "the whole world and lose the nation's soul." Then while we are "winning the world for democracy" for God's sake let us keep American womanhood pure and undefiled.

UNCLE OSCAR,
Central, S. C.

Pickens Red Cross Notes

The Pickens County Chapter of the American Red Cross is much gratified with the success of the recent campaign for new members, 250 having been added, thus surpassing its quota by a large number. Owing to the excessive cold, little has been done in the rural districts and it has been impossible to obtain any definite information from several of the auxiliaries. The auxiliary of colored people in Pickens did splendid work and now has a membership of fifty.

The sale of Red Cross Christmas seals was most successful, \$20 being realized from the sale in this immediate community. This money goes to the relief of tuberculosis sufferers and is one of the most beautiful and helpful of the Red Cross charities.

The services of Miss Edith Kyle of Atlanta have been secured as instructor of a class in surgical dressing. The class will begin January 8th, and for three hours each day during one week the members will give their time in learning how to make bandages, pneumonia jackets and a score of other needed dressings to relieve the sufferings of our boys at the front. The chairman is anxious to have as many members of the chapter as possible take advantage of this course which is absolutely free and only demands a sacrifice of time. Sacrifices must be made to win this war. Will you not help? Mrs. T. J. Mauldin is chairman of the committee on surgical dressings and will gladly supply all necessary information.

Of Interest to W. O. W.

The officers of the Woodmen of the World of Olive Camp No. 585 and officers of the Woodmen Circle of Olive Grove No. 145 will have a joint installation at the W. O. W. hall near Cross Roads Saturday, January 5th, beginning at 2 o'clock. Following that the W. O. W. will have a free oyster supper. The public is cordially invited to attend—especially all members of the W. O. W. and W. C.

Born unto Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Stephens, of Liberty route 3, December 15th, a fine son.

Oolenoy News Letter

Oolenoy December 31.—Among the students from various schools and colleges, who are spending the holidays with homefolks are: Prue Hendrix, of Furman; Miss Pearl Sutherland, of G. W. C., of Greenville; Misses Hallie and Pearl Jones, of Saluda, N. C.; Miss Mary Roper, of Mars Hill, N. C.; Miss Jessie B. Edens, of Easley graded schools and Miss Cleo Hendrix, of Central High School of Greenville.

L. Vernon Jones, of Greenville, spent a part of the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Jones.

Miss Clarice Keith, of Pickens, was here for a few days the past week. Quite a popular visitor for the holidays was Ryan Keith, of U. S. R. army, of Camp Chickamauga. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Keith.

Rodolph Hendrix is at home recuperating from an attack of measles. For the past few months he has been working in a studio at Greenville.

Mrs. R. N. McCollum, of near Easley, spent a few days of last week with her parents here.

Walter Edens, of Camp Sevier, spent last week-end with homefolks.

The graded school resumes work on next Wednesday.

Pumpkintown News

The school at Pleasant Grove resumed its work this morning after a short vacation during the holidays, with Misses Lillie Smith, of Salem, principal, and Emma Herd, of Pickens, assistant. We hope the patrons will take interest and see that their children will attend regular during the term, and that much good will be instilled into their minds.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Elrod, of Greenville, spent one night of last week with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. White.

C. L. Wellborn and Chester Kuyler, of Pickens, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wellborn, one night recently. W. D. Hendricks, Jr., and Sona Julius and Ben T. made a trip to Pickens one day last week in their Overland car.

I. F. Hendricks, who has a position at Greenville, spent the holidays with homefolks.

Mrs. C. W. Smith, of Oolenoy, spent one day recently with her sister, Mrs. H. F. Hendricks.

Ben Ellenburg, who had the misfortune of getting his leg hurt while working at a saw mill, is able to be out again.

Misses Bernice, Bessie Lee and Wilma Hendricks had for their guests last Sunday Misses Mattie and Lattie White.

Little Kate Elrod, who has been spending some time with her grandparents, has returned home.