

he People's Journal.

PICKENS COUNTY, S. C.,

Subscription \$1.00 Per Annum.

Advertising Rates Reasonable.

Entered at the Post Office at Pickens as

second-class matter.

PICKENS, S. C.,

Thursday, January, 8, 1903.

A WORD TO SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

A contribution from "Magister"

appearing in this issue brings

many reflections on the conditions

of school buildings in this country,

as well as the ordeal of work and

trouble to which the patient school

teachers are subjected. As the re-

mains, if the successful teacher

could give his time and the energy

he displays in the school house to

his ordinary business his success

could, in most cases, be assured.

School teaching is one of the most

exacting of occupations. It is a

profession—a worthy calling in-

volving sacrifice—but school teach-

ers have their reward in the knowl-

edge that is continually brought

to them that they are helping to

shape character and build a worthy

citizenship. All honor to the faith-

ful teachers! They live and labor

for future good!

1903 FOR SUCCESS.

Nineteen hundred and two, with

all its business and pleasures and

profits and losses, is now only a

unit in the measurement of the past.

The new year has broken with

just as much promise as any—with

just as many opportunities. In fact

each year ought to prove better

since it brings an equal measure of

good with all the others and the

added equipment of experience.

Let everybody strive to make

1903 the best year of all!

It takes hard struggling to force

success out of the multitude of our

disappointments and reverses and

failures when we allow the remem-

brance of them to weaken our faith

or hamper our strength. But it

is a part of man to succeed! It

is his duty! Cut off the unneces-

sary loads, do something and do it

well, leave extravagance and doubt-

ful ventures and practices to rest

with the memories of times when

you didn't care so much as now and

get to work!

Work—honest, judicious work—

holds the solution of the problem

of success.

SOCIAL LIFE IN PICKENS.

As Wholesome as the Mountain Air and

as Bright as the Sunshine—The Coun-

try Dance with Little Touches of Sen-

timent and Pathos—Two Country

Churches where High Character is

Formed.

Drummond, I think it was, who

wrote such a readable article about

the city without a church. It may

not be amiss to write about the

social life in the county without a

city. It has three cities which it

uses for city purposes, but these

are suburban—Greenville, Ander-

son and Seneca. It has a town,

Easton, which has sufficient popu-

lation, aldermen and ordinances to

be a city, but the other useless

paraphernalia have been delayed

in shipping. So it nor any other

town in the county is not yet sepa-

rated from the country by a chasm

which can only be crossed under

particular signs of the zodiac.

When you know the villages and

towns of the county you know the

life of the country.

The country life is strenuous.

It was not always so. There are

many people, not very old who

knew the country before there were

Pickens county a compact mass

that will stand against any ism as

Table Rock withstands the storms.

But social life in Pickens, like

the social life in other communities

ebbs and flows like the tide, but is

not so much influenced by the

moon. There are circumstances,

though, to account for the varied

scenes as they pass from grave to

gay and back again.

"So forth the startled swan would swing

Just so return to prune her wing."

For those who like them the so-

ciable parties that are furnished in

mid-winter furnish as much gen-

uine pleasure as anything else that

comes, if not a little more. There

is no such thing as "their set" and

"our set". All who dance, and

many who do not, go to the dance

to have a good sociable time. They

have it. The violins strike up

about 9 o'clock. The exercises

usually begin with a turn at "steal

partners"—"you have stolen my

partner and I'll steal another."

This is done to quickstep music.

Some who do not dance at all are

in this and become so exhilarated

with the music and the poetry of

motion they forget to drop out

when the game is softly and

shrewdly turned into "twistifica-

tion". The leading young man

has given the violinist the wink

which he has been looking for, and

the measure of the music is changed.

Without knowing that the ear has

heard, every foot and face spends

just as the blooming field of wheat

bows and bends in graceful waves

to the gentle touch of the gopher,

which cannot be felt by the pain or

the pine.

It would be tedious of a stern

quality to search for sin in this.

The music has not only touched

a responsive chord in every fiber

of the young folks, but a few old

men who just came to come along

with the chaperons can stand still

no longer. Under the thrilling

impulse of the moment and the so-

lorous tenor, "turn your partners!"

they seize the hands of the digni-

fied matrons standing next and

waltz around them with perfect

step and shuffle. One says "Ah, John!"

but looks "delegant," another says,

"Ah! Thought you had runatiz."

"No," says he, "all a mistake."

Young and strong as anybody to-

night. Dance the next set with

me!" You have seen the lordly

Plymouth Rock of the barnyard

salute with his left wing, crow and

assume a gallant pose to catch the

echo of his voice from the vine-

clad hills around. Without any

stretch of evolution the pose of the

cock is the picture of the man.

The fiddler, who has been wish-

ing some one else would play and

let him dance, no longer wants a

change. The enthusiasm has re-

turned upon him. He is magne-

tized from the crown of his head

to the soles of his feet. His heart

leaps to the sinking and swelling

of the music. Every muscle has

caught the tune. His music has

subdued and put to service on his

instrument all he knows, and all

he thinks, all he hopes, and called

his love to listen. He feels now

that he is the whole thing. The

merry step goes on. The harmony

swells higher, and stronger. The

music comes faster than he can

play it. He has caught Miss Mary's

eyes, which told him how pleased

she was and how glad she would be

to tell him so where no one else

could hear. He is almost overcome.

they know it is their own. It an-

swers every question of the tired

heart. It is ideal. It is a thing of

beauty and a joy forever.

There are many social stars

whose mellow light does not gleam

from the milky way and many

stately stepping not regulated by

the music of the other spheres.

Their influence on our social life

is plain, palpable, powerful. Should

it ever be eliminated there would

be a social shock—a moral catas-

trophe—a religious disaster. It is

the counter-balance to the great

wheels on which the social life is

poised; and holds it firm to the

track.

The centre of this social life is

the country church. Whether it

is Baptist, Methodist or Presbyte-

rian, its influence is the same in

effect. It brings together in one

place all the best influences in the

community. It is like rolling to-

gether live coals. Every one in

the heap soon comes to the climax

of its fervor. All in the radius of

its influence feel the glow. The

ground-work of character is laid

deep and strong.

The churchyard—the outer

court of the visit on a weekday.

Nothing but the wary temple—is

virgin forest. A quiet spot to

tread of the squirrel, the hasty

whisk of the startled dove, to

hide the silence. The stately

oaks and the towering pines have

treasured up the memories of the

past and begin to sing their story.

In a low sweet song that tells how

once a month "all the people gath-

er there to get the good that

comes of meeting thus." There is

not a minute of this meeting from

10 o'clock till 2, that has not its

peculiar good. Groups of men are

seen in different parts of the grove,

engaged in earnest talk. Here

and there are bevy of young

women, whose radiant brows glow

with the health of the mountain

air, and their voices soft and sweet,

like music on the water. Couples

of young men and maidens pass

to the spring where every one who

has a sweetheart, or wants one, is

sure to go before the time for

preaching. The air, the water and

the people are all good. Breathing

the air, drinking the water, ming-

ling together, make them all better.

The mind is stimulated, the heart

opened and softened. It is the

time place and circumstance for

the die of destiny to be stamped

upon the character. I pity the

rich and the poor of this city who

can never be under the spell of

this grand orchestra of nature.

No speech nor language; its voice

is not heard, but its line goes to

every fibre of the best and the

worst, the noblest and the meanest.

The ride from the farms in the

crisp morning air over the hills by

the mountains, the fragrance of

the budding and blooming valleys,

are well calculated to put the

whole being in harmony with na-

ture and prepare the mind for

good impressions. Such a prelude

cannot be played on a pipe organ

in a grand cathedral, no more than

a streak of lightning can be played

upon a chestnut whistle. I pity

the preacher who has to bombard

the pews filled with listless clams

whose minds are barricaded by the

tinsel and splendor of convention-

ality, and their sensibilities ben-

umbed by a strained effort not to

speak to those they meet.