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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1917.

Cotton continues to go higher. It will yet reach the 30 cents mark, or we are greatly mistaken. Those who do not care to sell at present will find a commodious and well-conducted warehouse right here in Union.

Some doubt is arising in the mind of the average citizen as to the advisability of lending Russia any more money or of supplying her with any necessities of war until some sort of stable government is created out of the chaotic condition there so much in evidence.

We have several times called the attention of our advertisers to the fact that we are "sowing down" the daily paper in Union county. We are always ready to show the fellow "from Missouri." A trial will convince the skeptical, if he has anything worth advertising.

Mr. Hoover has two enemies in Union—our cats. They are ruffled up over the meatless days that have recently been multiplying. We do not blame them for their ill will. It is the privilege a cat has. With men it should be different. A man and a citizen who seeks the welfare of his country should show himself above the cat tribe, the dog tribe and all other mere animals.

Somehow, we could not get it clearly in mind that Kerensky was down and out; now comes the news that he is leading an army against Petrograd. There is but one thing that can be definitely stated as to the Russian situation—the whole country is in a bad state. There is no telling what a day may bring forth. Only one thing is seemingly certain: a great deluge of bloodshed is soon to sweep over that unhappy country.

It is reported that Kerensky escaped from the new revolutionists and out of Petrograd in an automobile ambulance. It is said he was stretched out, apparently dead, and covered with a sheet and the ambulance driven at breakneck speed out of and away from the impending death. Anyway he got out, and is now leading a large army against the new revolutionists. We would not be surprised if he should not yet prove to be the "man of destiny," he was hailed as being a few months ago.

There is a matter of public interest that sorely needs stressing, and that is greatly neglected by the people of Union. We have a splendid public library that offers without any charge whatsoever to the patrons, a splendid assortment of magazines and books. A sad part of the story is the fact that there are so few, comparatively, who avail themselves of the privileges of the library. People who get

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something for nothing usually show just this indifference. If there was some charge, if it was a matter of difficulty to get to be a user of the books and magazines—there would probably be many who are now indifferent that would begin to show an acute interest. The fact that it is free, no charges, no restrictions, causes the general public to be indifferent and careless in the matter of using this fine opportunity. We cannot understand such indifference. There should be a large patronage. It affords an opportunity for gathering knowledge that is wide open to the lowliest as well as the highest, and should not be passed up as a matter of small moment.

### Editorial Clippings

Germany has fought and continues to fight a wonderful fight because of the systematic organization of the whole country. As soon as the people of America realize that both the man and the woman at home is a necessary cog in the organization, and that each one must do his or her part, so much sooner will the war be over, and the lives of thousands of Americans, and South Carolinians, and Sumter county men be saved.—Sumter Herald.

The fact that the government is seriously considering taking drastic steps against enemy aliens in this country will meet with the approval of Americans. Within the past few weeks several million dollars worth of foodstuffs have been destroyed in the East and it is believed the loss was caused by Germans or German sympathizers.

It is conservatively estimated that there are nearly a million enemy aliens in the United States and President Wilson has been very lenient with them so far but the great damage which has been inflicted within the past few weeks is getting on his nerves and it is stated by the press that he has several plans under consideration which will doubtless bring about a change.—The Chester News.

This country has been sitting on a powder keg and good-naturedly resenting any suggestion that it could blow up. We have permitted our enemy aliens to go and come with little or no hindrance. It was certain that they would kill Americans and destroy American property at the precise point where killing and destruction would most hamper Americans on the firing line. The Baltimore fire appears to be another item in their long and ghastly course. They have destroyed shells and food. They have just so much risked the lives and safety of our men in France. There is a short and simple remedy for the whole situation. That is to intern all enemy aliens resident here. The rules of war authorize this measure. It is just and right as well as obvious necessary common sense. By sequestering their property the burden of internment would be borne by the interned.—New York Tribune.

There is a new public spirit coming after the war. People are going to be more neighborly and say the things that lie closest to their hearts more kindly. There are so many people carrying about in their hearts things that might make their neighbors mad and undoubtedly would if angrily expressed. There is not going to be so much of this after the war. We are going to be more candid, because we will feel more than ever a common purpose. There are

people in this town who have noble views and are thoroughly sincere about them, but they keep them confined, fearing that if they are let out they will irritate some one. That is a fairly good motive, but this irritation is not going to be as widespread as it was. Men are going to be neighborly and generous toward one another as a result of the grand sacrifices they are enduring. The great trouble is selfishness and sacrifice is a cure for that.

Referring to this situation an exchange suggests that the people should get together and talk affairs over, using perhaps the school houses and churches for the purpose. It is this getting together in the proper spirit where the good is to come to a community. That proper spirit is friendship, a friendship that is imbued by the sentiments of the golden rule, and which inclines to agree rather than argue.—Ohio State Journal.

We saw a letter from a young soldier in a training camp "Somewhere in South Carolina." It had a piteous note. He is quarantined in a base hospital for 21 days on account of the measles. He has entirely recovered as far as his own condition is concerned, but he must not be permitted to carry the germs to others.

The soldier is not one to complain. He is serving his third enlistment in the National Guard and without a murmur gave up his college education for the sand storms and pneumonia of El Paso last winter. He does not rail at the "sick folks' food" given him at the hospital, but he does make an appeal for his friends to write to him. He would rather be digging trenches or going through other severe physical strain. But he is confined to the hospital, during convalescence.

There is one insatiable, constant demand from soldiers in trench and training camp—the demand for letters and more letters from home. Comfort kits and candy and tobacco are fine—only letters soothe that lonely ache that sometimes sneaks under the khaki.

It is not soldierly to talk of loneliness—so there is never a word of that in the letters from camp—but the longing is expressed in the plea—over and over—"write often—letters are best of all."

Mothers and sisters and friends of soldiers can perform as great a service for them with the pen as with the knitting needle. Sweaters and socks at best mean but physical comfort—while letters strengthen the heart.

If our soldiers are to fight their best we must keep them secure in their faith in our appreciation of their sacrifice, and aware of the beauty and worth of the homes for whose freedom and happiness they go to battle.

Letters to soldiers should be pictures of home, and letter writers should spare no effort to make them cheerful and inspiring. The veriest commonplace of family life are dear to these exiled lads.—Columbia Record.

A new uniform of late has been seen in Greenville of a color that some, at a distance, have taken for Confederate gray, but as the years come closer, it is perceived that it is the sky blue of France, whose soldiers in their superb valor remind us of those "upon whose gray coats the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of His imperishable knighthood." Indeed, the heroism of French blood has nowhere been more splendidly displayed than by the Louisiana Tigers of the Confederacy. In the Confederate army a French nobleman, scion of one of its most ancient houses, Camille J. Polignav, wore the double star of a major-general. Three of the Palmetto State's galaxy of

brigadiers, Perrin, Villespigue and Huger, were of French descent. It was Gen. Huger's father who suffered imprisonment in Austria for assisting in the liberation of LaFayette from the Fortress of Olmutz. The Palmetto state owes much to the sons of France and their descendants who played a notable part in the history of this commonwealth. From the French colony at Abbeville came generations of fine citizens and patriots, among them James Louis Tigreru, the greatest lawyer and one of the ablest men this state has brought forth.

Greenville honors the eight soldiers of France who have come here to instruct our fighting men in modern warfare, honors them not only for their mission, but even more because they represent the glorious army of those whose incomparable valor will shine as the stars forever and ever, of those who have gallantly fought and gallantly died not alone for France but also for civilization. These officers are not, in the broadest sense, of a foreign army, for with their lives they have defended not only France, not only England, not only Italy, but America also. The assault of the Hun, like his hatred, was directed at us. The soldiers of France constituted our uttermost line of defense—they, with the remainder of our great and intrepid allies, received the brunt of the blow that was coming our way. Soldiers of France, the liberty-loving descendants of a liberty-loving people who fought beside your countrymen almost a century and a half ago for the freedom of America, salute you! God grant that the eagles of victory may soon again alight on the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes, proudly waving side by side over the fields consecrated by the blood of immortal heroes to the cause of human liberty.—Greenville News.

### Your Soldier Boy's Best Friend.

(Copied from the Independent, Elizabeth City, N. C., November 2, 1917.)

What would you give for some one to follow your boy in his camp life and in his trench life, keep a friendly arm about him, entertain him, amuse him, keep him in touch with you and keep always before him the pure, sweet and noble things of life? I say, what would you give to have such a friend follow your boy in his camp life and in the trenches? I believe you would give right much; therefore, I am using this space this week to tell you this week that our boys—your boys—have such a friend and that that friend needs help from you.

The National War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States is the friend of whom I speak. This wonderful organization is doing for your soldier boy everything that mortal man could do to make him comfortable, happy, contented, clean and in touch with You.

When I heard that the Y. M. C. A. wanted the American people to give it \$35,000,000 to maintain its work among our soldiers at home and abroad for the next nine months, and that North Carolina would be asked to give \$300,000 of this sum I thought the Y. M. C. A. was asking too much.

At a sacrifice of valuable time and sleep I attended the War Work conference of the Y. M. C. A. held at Charlotte last Friday. I heard eminent authorities on Y. M. C. A. work tell of the Association war needs. I went with other delegates to Camp Greene and inspected some of the work being done there. I was deeply impressed, but not altogether satisfied.

Instead of coming home from Charlotte, I went to Camp Lee, near Petersburg, Va. I spent a good part

of last Saturday at Camp Lee and investigated things for myself. I am here to tell you that if you do not give the Young Men's Christian Association every cent it asks you will be disloyal to your country, untrue to your religion and false to your own flesh and blood. Slacker is an odious name these days. The man or woman who heeds not the call of the Y. M. C. A. in these trying times is to be branded the worst kind of slacker.

Let me tell you something of Camp Lee. To begin with, it is one of the biggest cantonments in the United States. On a tract of land five miles square your government has thrown together more than 2,000 wooden buildings designed to house 50,000 to 70,000 men and 20,000 horses. It is typical of all cantonments. Here your government is frantically training great armies of men in the barbaric business of soldiery. From 5 o'clock each morning till 5 o'clock each afternoon the boys are put through their paces. From 5 o'clock in the afternoon to 5 o'clock in the morning the government isn't doing anything with the boys. Here the Y. M. C. A. comes in. If you will stand on the hill at the very center of Camp Lee and look about you at the miles of gray roofed and unpainted buildings you will observe one note of life and color about it all. Here and there in every direction you will see certain buildings painted green. There are fifteen such buildings at Camp Lee. They are Y. M. C. A. buildings. They call them "huts" a name given them in the trenches of Europe.

In the Y. M. C. A. Hut you will find all that keeps the boys true to their home ideals. Here are seats and tables and stationery for all who would write letters; here is a phonograph, a piano and a library for those who like reading and music; here are checkerboards and dominoes for those who would play games; here is a big comfortable lounging

room with a big, cheerful home-like fire place in one end; here are moving pictures, lectures, amateur theatricals, musical entertainments, Bible classes, classes in English and French an everything it is possible to devise to keep the boys entertained and away from the embrace of the Scarlet Woman. For the boys who like rugged sport, there are baseball, football, basket ball, boxing, quilts and other outdoor athletics.

And over all the trained Y. M. C. A. secretaries and their many assistants who endeavor to know each boy personally and to be his friend. I tell you it is the greatest thing in the world of war today, with the possible exception of the American Red Cross. The Y. M. C. A. in the cantonments in America and back of the trenches in Europe is the most powerful friend your soldier boy has today. If he comes out of this war true to his home ideals it will be because of the work of the Y. M. C. A. And it will cost only \$35,000,000 (less than 20.00 per soldier boy) to carry on this great work for the next nine months. It costs \$50,000,000 a day for your government to carry on this war.

There are hundreds and hundreds of reasons why you should give to the Y. M. C. A. war work and be prepared to give cheerfully, freely and abundantly when the call comes Nov. 11th to 19th. I have mentioned only a few here in an endeavor to put you in a frame of mind to consider the demands that will be made upon you. There is a deadly love of the Scarlet Woman for our soldier boys or the ennobling love of Christ expressed through a humanity that cares. Which love shall enfold and guide and shape the destiny of our Khaki Clad men? You will answer by the reception you give the Y. M. C. A. call for help which will ring from one end of this continent to the other within the next few days.

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