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UNION, S. C., FEB. 1, 1907.

From all reports it seems that the negro conference recently held in Columbia was a pleasant and most profitable one; and one feature at least was characteristic, —moderation in speech.

The improvement of the old cemetery is a most worthy cause. Some one has said that the spirit of a people may be gauged by the reverence paid their dead; this is indeed true. Let us then beautify and continue to care for this spot in our midst, around which cluster our most sacred memories.

Last Tuesday, January 29th, was the birthday of William McKinley, twenty-fifth president of the United States. His record in the army, in congress and in the president's chair is in itself a glowing tribute to his memory. It may be safely said that no other president of the Republican party has ever been so popular in the South as President McKinley.

We again assert our belief in the principles of prohibition in dealing with the liquor traffic. We believe it is a wicked thing, so to call it. We see nothing but evil resulting from the evil thing, and therefore we shall not cease to write and talk and strive for the overthrow of this wicked thing.

The investigation of the charges against Senator Joseph W. Bailey continues in the Texas legislature. We cannot but express the hope that he may be cleared of all these charges, and that he may yet be a power among the Democratic forces of the senate. But, and it is a natural consequence, his strength will be lessened and his influence diminished by the events now transpiring, even though he comes out clear.

With this issue of The Union Times, Mr. S. E. Boney will sever his connection with the paper. Mr. Boney has worked untiringly to make the paper what it is,—a first-class weekly, and while we regret to see him go, we wish him success in his new field. He will become traveling representative for the News and Courier, assuming his new duties today.

Mr. Boney has made many friends during his stay in Union, and is a young man who deserves the highest success. The News and Courier is to be congratulated upon securing him as a representative. He will do valuable service in the work entrusted to his hands. We have already engaged a successor to Mr. Boney, and will announce his name next week.

The most disgusting spectacle before the American public today is the Thaw trial. All the common filth of the gutter; the doings of the lowest class of people on earth is given most nauseating prominence and publicity. It is no more than the usual story of immorality and crime; and yet, because the woman in the case was a noted actress and the man a millionaire, the columns of the newspapers are filled with the story of the trial and all the main details incident thereupon. But why do the newspapers print this stuff? Because it sells. The public love such reading, and the more sensational the "stuff" (not news) the bigger the sale. What think we of ourselves in patronizing such as this?

How long will the dispensary advocates cling to their idol? There seems to be no limit to the persistent clinging and supporting of this corrupt and corrupting institution on the part of its friends. The latest situation to come to light is the proof that the enormous stock of liquors on hand at the State dispensary is the result of illegal buying. It appears that Director Black made a purchase of \$125,000 worth of liquors in a manner not laid down in the rules and regulations under which supplies are to be purchased. This information comes to the committee appointed by the present legislature to investigate the State dispensary from officers of the dispensary itself. The report of the committee appointed by the legislature appears on another page in this week's issue of The Times.

South Carolina Live Stock Association.

Program of the fifth annual meeting, Feb. 7th and 8th, 1907, council chamber of city hall, Columbia, S. C.:

First Session,
10 a. m., Thursday, Feb. 7,
Live Stock.
President's annual address—Mr. B. Harris, Pendleton, S. C.
"Castration on the farm,"—Dr. Louis A. Klein, Clemson College, S. C.
General Discussion.

Second Session,
3 p. m., Thursday, Feb. 7.
Business session—to include reports of all committees and vice-presidents.
Election of officers.

Third Session,
8 p. m., Thursday, Feb. 7,
Dairy.

"The place for dairying in agriculture,"—Prof. Ed. H. Webster, Chief of dairy division U. S. department of agriculture.
"Feeding a dairy herd,"—A. H. Oliver, Eastover, S. C.
"Developing a dairy herd in South Carolina,"—J. E. Dorman, dairy expert (detailed to S. C. and Ga.) U. S. department of agriculture.
General discussion.

Fourth Session,
10 a. m., Friday, Feb. 8,
Ticks—Ticks—Ticks.
Dr. Tait Butler, State veterinarian, Raleigh, N. C., State veterinarian, Clemson College, S. C.
General discussion.

Fifth Session,
3 p. m., Friday, Feb. 8,
Live Stock.
"Horse raising,"—Prof. Geo. M. Rommel, animal husbandman U. S. department of agriculture.
Short talks by members.
General discussion.

Sixth Session,
8 p. m., Friday, Feb. 8,
Swine.
"Pork production in South Carolina,"—Dr. Tait Butler, Raleigh, N. C.
General discussion.
Miscellaneous business.

Josiah Flynt, Tramp.

Josiah Flynt, tramp, died in Chicago one week ago last night. Thousands who read his books and magazine articles are probably unaware that Flynt's real name was Willard, that he was a nephew of the late Francis Willard and a member of a prominent Illinois family. Flynt could easily have earned an annual income of \$20,000 and was known to have made as much as \$1,000 a week by his pen. But the call of the road was potent in his ears, and the moment he had earned sufficient money to discharge temporary indebtedness and provide a little for the immediate future, he laid down the goose-quill and donned a pair of overalls and a leather cap.

A road runs east and a road runs west
From the table where we sing;
And the lure of one is a roving quest,
And the lure of the other a lotus dream.
And the eastward road leads into the West
Of the life-long chase of the vanishing gleam—

sang Richard Hovey, the poet of Vagabondia. And Flynt answered this call into Arcady where April whistles and the cloud-wisps float and the skies are blue and the young leaves seem to sing with joy.

Flynt was a living exemplification of the irresistible power of the "wander-lust." Only thirty-eight years old at the time of his

death, he had tramped in every civilized country of the globe, wearing the costume of the working class of each particular nation he wandered through. He was a friend of Isben and had been entertained at various times by Leo Tolstoi. He knew the vagrant class of practically every nation and in America was dubbed "king of tramps."

Josiah Flynt was no amateur tramp, such, for instance, as was Walter Weckoff, the Princeton professor who ambled from one city to another and from one calling to another in summer, and wrote books and taught students in winter. Flynt was always a genuine tramp eleven months out of the year, as actually a tramp as though starvation faced him each day. By the time he was 24 years old, he had tramped over America east of the Rockies and had been abroad. It was then that his first book, "Tramping with Tramps," appeared. He was a persistent and thorough student of the wonderful underworld, and on this are his books such as "Powers that Prey," "Notes of an Itinerant Policeman," "The World of Graft," and "The Little Brother" founded. His last work, "My Life,—So Far" is now appearing serially in Success. The title has a pathetic significance in view of his death.

Flynt was no mere theorist, for he had studied America from the back door and the kitchen window. His books are valuable, as was his life. Besides him, Jack London and Upton Sinclair are but tyros in sociology.—The State.

The Paradox of Poorly Paid Teachers.

Perhaps the most unjust and contradictory things in our advancing civilization is the steady position which our teachers hold at the foot of the list of those who are paid for valuable services in our country.

We have recently registered a slight advance in the city of Atlanta which is commendable and promising of better things in the years to come.

Not even here in this capital of Georgia are the teachers paid as they should be, but the fact that there has been some recognition of the necessity of a larger reward for valuable service is a step in the right direction and gives the hope of continued progress.

The best and most important of all our public services should receive the smallest modicum of pay. In commenting several days ago upon the advance in the salary of the Atlanta teachers, we called attention to the fact that there were men who drove the night soil carts along the streets after dark,—the most menial of employments,—who received better rates than the patient and faithful teachers who toiled over the mind and character of the child who is to make the foundation and the hope of the future.

Teachers here and elsewhere are paid less than hod carriers. Some of our college professors are scarcely better off, and the state and the civilization which banks its future upon the schools and blazons the glory of its education in public prints, absolutely pays to the responsible agents of this immortal progress scarcely enough to support the individual, much less a small family.

Our civilization will never be righted until the pay of those who teach and train our children shall be nearer to a parity with those who perform our most menial occupations, or who riot in our less useful vocations. We no longer allude to the mountain peak which separates the baseballist and the pugilist from the teacher and the college professor. The compari-

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