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UNION, S. C., APRIL 5, 1907.

Dear friend on the farm, if you have any butter to sell, bring it on to Union. The townsmen are having a butter famine these days.

The baseballists are getting ready to do things in this 1907 season, and the sportsman editor is coming up-to-date slang whereby to describe the game.

Andrew Carnegie has made a speech and denounced the Wall Street gamblers. We are glad of it, even though Mr. Carnegie's career may have been akin to this.

The railway commission has ordered the Southern Railway to put down heavier steel rails between Shelton and Spartanburg, Columbia, and Augusta and Alston and Greenville.

There is a freak chicken come out of its egg shell at Chester. There are legs beneath and one on its back. And we all write about it in the newspapers just as we would a killing, a hurricane, or an earthquake. Such things are called "news."

The Times force is jubilant over the prospect of getting day current. The town authorities assure us that by May 1st this happy result will be attained. And the noise a gasoline engine makes!

The Duma is in session in Russia for the second time. We hope this infant democratic organization of the autocratic country may attain more real results than it did last year, but it is doubtful. The people threaten war if the bureaucrats crush the Duma as they did last year.

The millinery stores sold hats last week to beat the band. And then to think it rained and blew on Sunday till not a winsome lass or comely dame could don the new "creation" and demurely sit with other brightly bedecked fair ones demurely in the church pews while on the Easter Sunday the minister preached! To think!

Anderson's court house tower has got six inches out of plumb. It is a fine, new building. It is an excellent thing for Andersonians to look at and talk of when business is dull. And it gives us something to write about. The tower has a clock in it, by the way, and it has struck the hours for a generation or so. Wonder what can be the matter with the tower, now. Its a case for every man to diagnose.

E. H. Harriman, railway magnate and president, claims that at the request of President Roosevelt, he helped raise a \$250,000 Republican campaign fund in the last presidential election. President Roosevelt says the Harriman claim is false. Some more dirty linen is therefore to be washed in the front yard of newspaper columns. The general belief is that President Roosevelt's characterization of Harriman is justified.

In this issue of The Times we publish a notice of the opening of the books of enrollment of democratic voters of the city of Union. For fear those who enrolled just before the last municipal primary election may think that they will be required to enroll at this time, for their information we say that they do not, as their names are already on the roll and that the books are only opened for the purpose of enrolling those who have come of age since, and those who have become citizens and are entitled to be enrolled under the rules and regulations governing the democratic primary election. It is the duty of every citizen to be interested in this matter, as we regard it of vital importance to secure a fair and pure election.

FARMING BASIC AND WHOLESOME

President Roosevelt has said: "There is nothing more needed in this country than the various operations under way to render farm work additionally scientific and profitable, as well as more attractive; for no nation can afford to forget that in the last resort its well-being rests upon the well-being and character of the man who tills the soil."

These words are eminently worthy of the national chief executive. The greatness and prosperity of nations may be traced back always to the soil. No man is so necessary to the national weal as the farmer. This is even more so in America than in the other nations.

Yet the agricultural department is, save one, the infant governmental department at Washington; agriculture has been almost the last thing to which intelligent, scientific study has been applied, and the last industry about which has developed an efficient service of printed periodicals. All branches of mining and manufacturing, for instance, have practical publications for distributing information in their interest and to their devotees. But cotton culture, one of the greatest national industries, has only within a year, in the Cotton Journal, of Atlanta, secured a competent newspaper organ. The Cotton Journal has sprung into immediate popularity and it richly deserves it. Every intelligent cotton planter in the South should have it.

Too long the farmers have taken it for granted that nothing was to be learned about tilling the soil more than each one picked up by his own experience, and by a skeptical squint at any new quirks adopted by his neighbor, the latter to be adopted only after some years of laughing at his neighbor, when the latter has abundantly convinced the skeptic by five years of object lessons.

That study may be intelligently and profitably spent at everything else but be of no avail in regard to tilling the soil is a most damaging fallacy. Moreover, it is a tacit confession on the part of the farmer that his vocation is inferior to that of others. This is a confession he should never make, for it is contrary to fact and an unwitting reflection on himself. We do not hesitate to say that the most normal, congenial, wholesome, and important single vocation of mankind is by all odds that of tilling the soil. God put man to make his living by the sweat of his brow, and the complex changes of civilization, which have led many to subsist in other ways have not added to their personal happiness. He rendered that farm life should be no more than good churches, better farming, these things will make it more attractive, and these things may be had with less of grind, sacrifice and expense than in the large towns and cities. It makes us sad to see a family move from their country home to a town, to put their children in a good school. To begin with, the monetary cost will be greater than that required to pay a competent teacher in the home. To end with, everything!

The loneliness of country life drives many from it, but if they could but have eyes to see, the things on which they will probably depend to drive away the loneliness when they come to urban life are superficial, unworthy of attention, and often positively injurious. While there is little need of being lonely in the country, if one's heart is open to nature and to God, to the teeming life of the fields and the forests. To our thinking, the unfolding of the petals of yon rose, the steady development of the luxuriant life of yon field of glorious grain, the frisking of the work animals on Sunday morning in the pastures, the cluck, cluck, of the hen leading her young in the door-yard, have in them more of wholesome, satisfying comradeship than jostled city streets, more of artistic beauty than yon stately building, more of music than the din and shriek of factory and railway or the clang of many bells.

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HAVE YOU A GARDEN?

We mean a vegetable garden. As we write the hour of dinner draws nigh, and waited in through the door of our sanctum, comes the savory odor of cooking vegetables, being prepared by some sensible housewife for the family dinner. This odor drives away the bad smell originating back in our printshop from the pesky gasoline engine, and suggests pleasanter things.

We are fond of flowers and flower gardens, but to our everyday nature there is more of real satisfaction and comfort to be had in the contemplation of growing lettuce and cabbage and potatoes and beans and peas and squash and okra and tomatoes and the rest, than in contemplating the delicious

odors floating in through the door speak poetry to our soul, let him who pleases smile, and they suggest something unlimitedly attractive and wholesome to this temple of clay wherein the soul that lives not by bread alone has its habitat.

Let our friends, urban, suburban, and backwoodsmen, (if there are any backwoodsmen anywhere,) plant a garden, a "kitchen garden." How many doctor's bills it will save! How much better your health will be! How much more attractive the dinner hour will become!

Friends of ours on the farm, do not, we pray, have it all in cotton and grain and corn. For the time and labor expended you will make or save four times the money by intelligent pottering in the garden. We know whereof we speak.

And if you will add a good poultry yard to this garden,—but the subject becomes too tantalizing to our gustatory nerves. We must put down the pen and go to dinner.

We once knew a preacher who lived in the country and had a nice plot of ground about the home, and had no garden nor poultry. Now, preachers are abused too much and we do wish to encourage it. But we thought that preacher was lazy, and we did not wonder he was gloomy and pessimistic. With such an opportunity neglected to have things grow and live about him, and to dig up the mellow, productive soil, how could he be otherwise than gloomy?

Let us all go dig in the garden. But not until after dinner, please.

TO SOLVE RACE PROBLEM.

Two great movements looking to the solution of the race problem in the South, especially in Georgia, have been launched, and have gained the support of some of the most prominent men of the country, according to a statement made at a conference of the Atlanta Evangelical Ministers' Association today. One of the movements is being urged by Dr. John E. White, pastor of the First Baptist Church, who reported to the Conference that he is making great headway.

"Five of the wealthiest men in the South," said Dr. White, "have put all they have back of this movement. We contemplate the organization of all the moral forces in the South in one great body, and the appointment of a commission, composed of the best and most learned men of the South to handle the problem, and deal with the situation affecting the relationship of the races."

The other movement is being fostered by former Governor H. W. Turner. The plan contemplates the selection of the best lawyers of the State, whose duty it shall be to have the laws of the State so revised as to do away legal manner of trying and punishing the leaders and members of mobs.

THE RAILROADS DISTURBED.

The American people have at last come to realize that they can control the large railway corporations, and the consequent situation would be amusing if it was not quite serious.

President Roosevelt made some moves, which had as their object the bringing of the railroads to an account before the laws as the interests of private citizens are brought to an account. The railroads had hardly gotten formulated their front against this troublesome chief executive, when the state legislatures began to get in their rate legislation, one after the other, with remarkable swiftness. The nascent Oklahoma even went so far as to put a 2-cents passenger rate in its constitution.

Whereupon the railroads about faced and fled to the president for relief from the contemned state legislatures, and there the matter stands now, with some big cases to be fought to the end in the courts. In Alabama the railroads have secured an injunction against the railroad commission to keep it from enforcing the new 2 1/2 cent passenger

rate until the courts pass upon it, upon the ground that it would be ruinous to the business to carry passengers in Alabama at 2 1/2 cents a mile. The case will be fought up through the courts, with the greatest determination on both sides. On the side of the railroads its winning would mean much more than the Alabama rate. It would be a deterrent to other states. On the other hand, a legal victory for the state would prognosticate success in efforts to regulate the rates by legislative enactment elsewhere.

State legislatures are likely to act hastily in rate legislation, and we are not prepared to say some of them have not done so. But we are glad to feel that the American people are awakening to the knowledge that public carriers and other public service interests are by right their servants, and that these fortified interests are to be regulated by the people.

We hope the people will not forget this. If it causes some unrest to the public service concerns, it will be for their good, however they may squeal about the alarming prospect of depressed "business interests."

The ladies' hats this season are very pretty indeed, but the male admirers are puzzled to know how the fair wearers manage to tell the front from the rear of the headgear, which have the appearance of being built for both "gwine and comin'."—Lancaster News.

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Lungs Congesting:

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