

THE UNION TIMES

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY THE

UNION TIMES COMPANY

BACHELOR STREET, OPPOSITE
POSTOFFICE.

BELL PHONE NO. 1.

L. M. RICE, Editor.

Registered at the Postoffice in Union, S. C., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year \$1.00
Six months 50
Three months 25

ADVERTISEMENTS:

One square, first insertion \$1.00
Every subsequent insertion 50
Contracts for three months or longer will be made at reduced rates.

Locals inserted at 5-13 cents a line. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned. Obituaries and tributes of respect will be charged for at half rates.

UNION S. C., APRIL 12, 1907.

The Times party for Jamestown will be under the personal supervision of the editor and his wife. It is intended to be a trip full of educational value to each member of the party. We expect to have a "good time", but we mean to make the trip helpful as well.

We are told that a large basketful of letters was received by the sheriff of Cherokee county from all parts of the State asking permission to witness the hanging of Tom Harris, the murderer, at Gaffney last Friday. "There is no accounting for taste," and that's a fact. The morbid curiosity of some people is to be explained on the basis that there is very much of the brute in some people.

It does seem that the advocate of whiskey selling and whiskey drinking would grow to be ashamed of his position in the light of events daily before his eyes. The drunkard is daily working its death and destruction. It is a disgrace to be mixed up in about all the ugly crimes that come to light. No wonder that there should be a wave of opposition to the drinking and selling of the damnable stuff. That there is such a revulsion of public sentiment is patent to any thoughtful student of the times.

Do not fail to read our offer on page one. We are meeting with great encouragement in our plan to conduct a party of twenty-five to Jamestown Exposition. From every section of Union county we are receiving letters; and the interest in our contest is growing every day. The beauty of the scheme we are working lies in the fact that so large a number of contestants will in the end be successful. Twenty-five people—ten school boys, ten school girls, and five lady teachers. Get your votes in as rapidly as possible. We will publish the list of the names and votes in each issue.

One of the favorable signs of the times is in the fact that many of the men at the head of great industrial and commercial institutions are showing an interest in the moral welfare of the employees. President Finley, of the Southern Railway, has delivered several speeches to business men and to the employees of the road. Recently he spoke at Spencer, N. C., upon the occasion of the opening of the Railway Young Men's Christian Association building. This building was made possible by the liberality of the management of the road. The address of Mr. Finley is sensible and helpful. Co-operation between employer and employee is the keynote to this address. It expresses precisely the thought that Jesus Christ gave to the world nearly two thousand years ago. It is just this attitude in the part of employer that will get the most good out of the enterprise and that will be mutually helpful. "How much is a man better than a sheep?" Manhood above money, righteousness and not riotousness,

mind above matter—there are some of the principles of Christianity that even the business world must learn if it reaps the richest results of its enterprise. We have never met Mr. Finley, but our respect for him is greatly increased by his Spencer speech.

WORKING WITH A HEAVY HEART.

There is no use denying it, a man who tries to do his best in the stern battles of life has his hands full, even when the conditions are favorable. But it does not require so very much manhood to keep steadily pressing on under such conditions. The sunshine and flowers and singing birds and green fields make it easy for a man to sing as he carries the load. But when the dreary days come, when the birds cease their singing and the clouds hang low overhead it takes courage of a high order to pass on with the burden that each moment grows heavier. And there are a great many dark, dreary days! What a history is being written in human lives each day! That man you met today seemed hardly willing to speak to you kindly, "Good Morning!" He had a cloud upon his face and his lips were drawn down closely together. Do not judge him harshly. You know nothing of his heavy burden. There may be a sick wife or child at home; there may be business losses of which you never dreamed; some good, true friend may have passed away. The shadows are falling across his pathway, although you do not see them. He is going forth in the stern strength of a high resolve, perhaps, and but for just this high-souled courage would long since have sat down by the wayside to perish. Let us remember that it does not take much of a man to be brave when no danger is nigh. After all, the bravest man is that one who bends his back to the load and patiently, silently, steadily plods on through the shadows and into the approach night.

Letter from a Missionary in China.

The Chinese New Year is always a time for calling and returning calls, looking sweet and happy, merry and gay, bowing and congratulating, forgetting the past and thinking as little as possible about the future. No such times it is but natural that any places of interest in or about town should be popular.

For several months friends have been saying "You will have many callers during the holidays." So on Wednesday, February the thirteenth, being the first day of the thirty-third year of the reign of Kuang Hsin were prepared for those who came. Tea and watermelon seed were passed around to the one hundred odd callers, who supped and cracked and talked and went on to make other calls. Thursday the number went up to about three hundred. Friday it snowed in the morning, but the sun coming out later, the visitors again began to come and some two hundred were received. Saturday was a good day and five hundred came. Sunday we were glad for a rest from callers. None were allowed to come in—not even a cart of women from the yamen who seemed provoked that they were not invited in to see the foreign house at any time. All were invited to the chapel. From Saturday's experience we decided to close doors for a week, and the week following set aside three days, having special services each day, before inviting them in and through the house. This might have been done for the two weeks but for the fact that it seemed impossible to put aside other pressing work. February twenty-sixth, seventh and eighth were selected as the three days on which most country people would be in town. The side veranda was selected as suitable for speaker, singers and helpers. Chairs and tables, the baby organ, mottoes and flowers, and even a looking glass and a pair of vases were adjusted. Benches were put in the yard. We almost felt like we were going to have a camp meeting. Mrs. W. Eugene Sallee, with her school girls, much delighted the crowd which had gathered in the yard, with several gospel hymns. Instead however of sitting on the benches the eager listeners stood on them to see as well as hear. Then we preached. After preaching we closed the gate on the east of the yard, conducted the guests through the house and out the west gate. This we did four successive times during the day.

Gates were opened at 10 a. m. and closed at 4 p. m. On Tuesday the number had run up to one thousand, one hundred and ten. To keep sweet, to manage a new committee, and to have so many pass through your house in one day is not easy and yet they say "Today is not the big day. Tomorrow and the next day you will have more than these."

But on Wednesday we had a hard dust storm and only five hundred and ten came. These however had a much better opportunity of hearing the gospel. With Dr. A. D. Louthan of our mission, and Mr. N. S. Hann, of the Methodist Mission to preach; and with Misses Peterson and Mulligan of the Methodist Mission and Mrs. Sallee's school girls to do the singing. We had a good day of it. We could wish that the next day might have a rain, or a snow, or a dust, storm for Thursday was the day they all said, and so it proved to be.

Thursday at ten o'clock Mrs. Hann was at the organ. One or two helpers had arrived but a dozen or more were asked to come and were needed. The crowds were coming. Already several hundreds were in the yard. From the city, from the railroad, across the fields, they were walking fast towards our house. "Where is the hymn book?"

"I don't know Mrs. Hann. Just play anything, just make a noise, it will be all the same to me." But in the meantime Mrs. Lawton comes with the hymn book. The singing commences. Then the speaker advances. The crowd listens—many of them possibly for the first time to the gospel message. Another speaker comes forward. The helpers come in one by one. Among them Mr. and Mrs. Sallee. How glad we are to see them. The crowd is too large for a few to manage one of the helpers whispers "Stop Mr. Hsiong from preaching so long."

The people want to see the house. They might get restless. Let's begin to take them through. We well know how easy it is to irritate a crowd, well we knew that rough take advantage of such occasions to create disturbances, and in such a crowd (for there were now over a thousand) there must be many rascals. Why had we not gotten soldiers to police the place! If a disturbance occurred we may all be dead before we could get word to the official. And when he did hear it, he would say "you should have told me sooner."

Our five little children were up in

to receive thousands of men, women and children. "Open the veranda gate and let the women come first," In they rushed. Along the veranda, into the parlor, through the dining room, up the back stairs to the bath room, bed room and upper veranda, down through the hall way and front stairs, out the front door and west yard—but not all in a rush. And why? Because the back stairs, which we had arranged were the only ones by which they could go upstairs, were so narrow and steep, that the ascent was difficult. Here a foreigner was stationed to count as they came up. How interesting to watch them. Mothers with infants in their arms; little girls with pretty trinkets in their hair; young ladies with painted cheeks and flowered dresses; substantial womanhood with wondering looks upon their faces; and the old dames with a cane in one hand and a young woman on the other side supporting her. Up they come, step by step, up! up! up! Around and through and down again but satisfied! "And I have been in a 'Yang leo'" (a foreign house with an upstairs)!!

"Let the men and boys come." "Go slowly, go slowly" says the man at the gate. Rush, push, tumble they come. "Go slowly, go slowly" says the man at the parlor door. Over a chair and a table they scuffle leaving four pieces instead of two. "Go slowly, go slowly" says the man at the stairs. Over the railings or through them or under them, they scamper, and scratch

and I see that Andrew Carnegie offers two million dollars if he could live ten years longer. Now I think I'll write him and tell him if he has pneumonia he can live longer and it will only cost him fifty cents for a bottle of Gowan's Pneumonia Cure, which is external and good for croup and colds and coughs as well as Pneumonia. Lot's of difference between two millions and fifty cents. Maybe if I'd give him the pointer he'd send me a library. I've tried Gowan's and I think I'll try writing Andy.

Yours,

HENRY.

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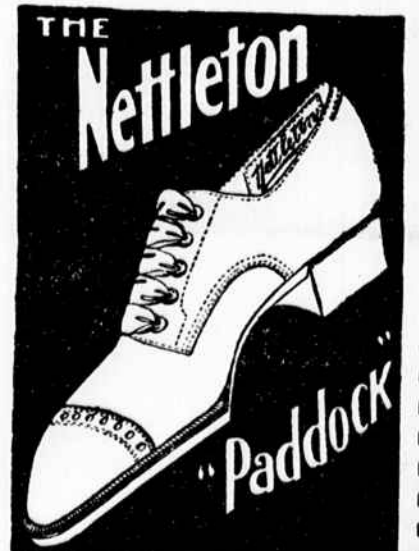
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