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RURAL SOCIAL CENTERS

We need social centers where our young people can be entertained, amused and instructed under the direction of cultured, clean and competent leadership, where aesthetic surroundings stir the love for the beautiful, where art charges the atmosphere with inspiration and power, and innocent amusements instruct and brighten their lives.

To hold our young people on the farm we must make farm life more attractive as well as the business of farming more remunerative. The school house should be the social unit, properly equipped for nourishing and building character, so that the lives of our people can properly function around it and become supplied with the necessary elements of human thought and activity.

Education is a developing of the mind, not a stuffing of the memory. Digest what you read.

Old men have visions, young men have dreams. Successful farmers plow deep while sluggards sleep.

The growing of legumes will retard soil depletion and greatly add to its power to produce.

Philology as an Oil Lure.
Here is a French linguist and geographer, who proposes to discover petroleum oil fields by means of native names of localities. He says that he has thus far located an oil field in Algeria, the nature of whose surroundings would never have suggested the existence of oil. He says there are several such places in Indo-China, and he suggests that France look over its possessions with such a scheme in mind.

BLOOMS IN MANY MONTHS

Goldenrod Has Been Wrongly Considered to Be Altogether an Autumn Flower.

Most of us associate the goldenrod with autumn. It seems to have been created to serve Indian summer—as an artist whose duty it is to color the roadside, to border the lake with a strip of flame, to provide a foreground of trustworthy and unerring pigment against the indefinable blues and purples of the distance.

But the goldenrod is probably more a summer flower than a flower of the fall, that is, if you consider all the species and sub-species as one. There are goldenrods that bloom in June. There are several that come in July and are dry and colorless stalks when September arrives. Though the flower rests under the accusation of causing hay fever by means of its air-borne pollen, the fact that it has blossomed and, in the case of many species, faded before the official opening day of hay fever, appears to make out an alibi for it. Moreover, those resorts in the North where hay fever victims fly as to so many sanctuaries, are not free of the goldenrod. We doubt if one of the refuges, if it is not a mere lump of rock in the lake, can truly say that no goldenrod parades its treasure within the vicinity.

UNNECESSARY TO RISK LIFE

French Police Use a Suffocating Gas That Makes Arrest of Dangerous Person Easy.

Bullet-proof armor and revolvers discharging cartridges containing a suffocating gas, were used by the French police in securing a demented woman who was firing at everybody within sight. These weapons were provided for the special police after the downfall of the motor bandits. The scene of their use was Neuilly. The woman had barricaded herself in her room, and from her window she fired upon anyone who passed by.

A force of police, protected by breastplates and carrying the gas-discharging revolvers, went to the house. They were received with a volley, but on reaching the door of her room they fired the gas charges through a hole in the woodwork. In a few minutes the woman fell unconscious to the floor, and the men were able to secure her and take her away without the least trouble. It is said that, though the gas thus fired causes almost immediate unconsciousness, it has no unpleasant after effects.

When the Work Piles Up.

We can get any amount of work done by taking it a moment at a time. It is when we try to take it several moments at a time that it gets beyond us. A business man had a pile of work in front of him on his desk, and was "stewing around" over it, and saying how tremendously busy he was, when another man said to him, "You're not busy; you're only confused." Seeing and thinking about more than one thing at a time brings the confusion that multiplies burdens and hinders the work. It is sometimes well to clear our desk of everything except the one thing upon which we must be working; then to take up the next thing; and so on until the day's work is done. Concentration routs confusion. Doing one thing at a time gets an amazingly large number of things done.—Sunday School Times.

Laws Against Noise.

Germany has probably the most complete laws in the world against superfluous noise. For noises annoying the "public in general," an individual can be fined up to £7, or else imprisoned. For instance, a barking dog or cackling fowl which disturbs a school makes its owner liable under the law. In Berlin it is forbidden to transport through the streets articles such as sheet iron, chains, and other metal objects liable to make a noise, unless packed so as to be noiseless. New ordinances, now coming into force, forbid not only music in the streets without police permission, but also forbid music to be played or sung in the buildings where it can be heard in the streets.

Kissing in the Street.

In seventeenth century New England kissing in the street was a serious offense. But go back to fifteenth and sixteenth century Old England, and the case is very different. One of the Bohemian travelers whose narrative is given by Mrs. Henry Cost's "Gentlemen Errant" records of London: "It is the custom in this town that at the first arrival of guests in any lodging the host, with all the household, comes to the street to receive; and each one of them it behooves each one to kiss, indeed, to them, to take a kiss, as, to others, to offer the kiss." And Mrs. Cost gives us a list of similar foreign customs of kissing in the street.

A POSTPONED ROMANCE

By BLANCHE CROW.

"What made you ask me to marry you?" inquired the bride, as one asks what the weather is likely to be.



"Why," the bride's husband paused. "I guess it was because you were looking around and picked me out."

"No," replied the bride meditatively, "it couldn't have been just that, because Miss Mary McGee's been picking out husbands for twenty years and she's just quit that unprofitable occupation and had begun to be happy, when she found him!"

"Who's this Miss Mary McGee?" "She's just Miss Mary McGee!" the bride laughed. "I don't know how I could explain more, if that doesn't tell you! She's the woman down the block who just lives with the children and they all call her Miss Mary McGee. So every one else does! She's been with the children until she's just like one—but she didn't begin until she'd given up the hope of getting married, you know."

"How interesting!" commented the man. "Yes, but she's had a genuine romance! You see it got out, naturally," said the bride, taking a deep breath to mark the beginning of the story, "through the children, that Miss McGee wasn't invited to Jane Benton's wedding, because she was needed by some one or other to take care of the children. And no one though she'd think anything of it! But the children talked it over before her, and her feelings were hurt."

"Miss McGee's tall and angular, and sort of eccentric looking, but she's got an awfully sweet nature, and every one was sorry that her feelings were hurt. However, she wouldn't let any one console her, or explain. "Then one day old Lawyer Manning passed the house and, hearing music, he went up. She was so surprised at his visit that she let him in, and what do you suppose she was doing? She had saved a lot of newspaper articles on how to dance the tango and she was learning it from them, playing until she had a tune in mind and then singing to the dancing!"

"And so Manning is the happy individual?" anticipated the husband. "Now, you just wait till I finish!" flashed the bride. "Mr. Manning was interested in the tango and Miss Mary McGee promised to teach him all about it! So he went almost every day."

"And then the minister, who every one says was fond of Miss Mary McGee years ago, called. Of course his visit occurred when Mr. Manning was there, and it sort of woke him up. I guess he'd been thinking Miss Mary McGee would always be there, and there was no hurry about asking her! Anyway, he began to call frequently, and Miss Mary McGee always let them come in and they remained hours and hours, each trying to outstay the other, and thus get the opportunity to propose, I guess! But they always had to go away together, for neither would give in!"

"And actually Miss Mary McGee got so pretty, with the activity and excitement—"

"But which one got her?" "Why, that's the romance of it!" triumphed the bride. "They'd been calling for about a month, steadily, almost every afternoon, and then one day the minister brought along his brother, who was visiting him, because he couldn't leave his visitor at home, and he wouldn't let Mr. Manning get the advantage of a call alone!"

"And the minister's brother had the wit to invite her out. And he proposed right away; and now they're married!"

"Right Honorable Lubbers."

During the war with France and Spain in 1799 King George III of England, with the idea of popularizing the service, entered his third son, Prince William Henry, as a midshipman in the navy.

So far as the quarterdeck was concerned this move was most successful and ships of war were promptly filled with sprigs of the nobility. It was long a popular story in naval circles that, soon after this prince became a "middy" a lieutenant on one of the line-of-battle ships who, although a sterling officer, was of plebeian birth, halted the mizzen topsail yard in foghorn tones as follows:

"My lords and gentlemen, and all you right honorable lubbers, bear a hand and roll up that sail and lay down." As their superior officer he could

and did call them "lubbers," but he had to prefix that word with "right honorable."

Easy to Find Out.

"Why give up your work because you marry?" asks Helen Starr, addressing girls. If Helen will visit the home of some woman who has succeeded in mobilizing about nine children she will ascertain why marriage frequently interferes with the girl who has a \$5-a-week job at a ribbon counter.

SENSITIVE AS TO AGE

HUMAN NATURE SEEMS TO RESIST PERSONAL QUESTION.

Walt Mason, in the Story of the Prehistoric Citizen, Sets Forth the Case With a Good Deal of Truth.

The other day an Emporia citizen whose whiskers have been whitened by the snows of many winters was urged to dress himself in a circus suit and play golf. A number of the town's patriarchs are indulging in the game this season and they naturally hold to the old theory "the more the merrier."

But the prehistoric citizen refused to fall into the snare of the fowler, writes Walt Mason in the Kansas City Star. "I realize," he said, "that I am merely a venerable ruin, and I am not going to pretend to be anything else. The vine and the fig tree are good enough for me. Of course you will say that a man's just as old as he feels, and you will argue that golf makes an old man feel young, but it doesn't. It merely brings his age to the surface and makes him look like something left over from the paleozoic age. An old man seated under his fig tree reading Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' and getting his house in order for the great change is an edifying and improving spectacle, but an old man gallivanting around in the sun trying to create the impression that he's a three-year-old is an offense to the eyes."

"How we like to pretend in the matter of age! The women have been joked a great deal about their reluctance to acknowledge their years, but the men are just as bad, if not worse. An innocent bystander or a solitary horseman might suppose that there is something disgraceful about advanced years, people hate to own up to them so greatly. I try to take a philosophical view of such things, but I always feel resentful when anybody asks me my age. People can spring all sorts of leading personal questions and I don't mind them. I answer them freely. I acknowledge that I have stolen chickens and watermelons without the least embarrassment, but if a man asks me how old I am I feel like hitting him on his red necktie. I have tried to analyze myself and discover some explanation, but in vain."

"When the government announced that it was going to establish a postal savings bank in Emporia I said to myself: 'Now, here's a good business. I have always been afraid of banks conducted by people I meet on the street every day. A man can't feel much confidence in citizens he knows so well. But the government bank will be conducted by strangers, and I always did have confidence in strangers. So I'll salt down my rose nobles and pieces of eight in the government bank.' "When that institution was opened for business I was the first one at the receiving teller's window. I had quite a package of counterfeit money with me, and supposed there wouldn't be any formality other than handing me a passbook. But the paying teller opened his official copy of the longer catechism and began asking questions and jotting down the answers. I had to tell where and why I was born, and my grandmother's maiden name and other statistics; I had to convince the questioner that I had never served a term in the penitentiary and that none of my blood relatives had died insane. There were all sorts of impertinent questions to be answered, but they merely amused me until the teller asked me how old I was.

"That filled me with virtuous indignation. "It's none of the government's business," I said, 'how old I am. I'm old enough to deposit my own money, and that ought to be enough.' "You can't deposit your wooden money in this bank," said the teller, 'unless you give your correct age and your wife's correct age, and the correct age of your man servant and your maid servant, and of the stranger within your gates.'"

MONEY IN ALFALFA.

J. Otis Humphrey, judge U. S. District court, Springfield, Illinois: "You can grow alfalfa anywhere in the corn belt and the crop is worth \$50 an acre."

Joseph Wing of Ohio: "Alfalfa will pay any farmer 6 per cent. on \$500 an acre land."

OZONE.

Miss Alice Erwin went to Cardiff recently to see her sister. Fred Lewis returned to Rockwood Monday after spending the last two weeks here with his grandparents.

Ferd Rice, who has spent the last two years in the schools of Ohio and Indiana, is home for a six weeks' visit with his parents.

The good people of Ozone surprised Lige Loden Tuesday night with a pound party.

Aunt Jote Miller, of Cardiff, has been here for the past two weeks with the Loden family and other relatives; Lem, the nine year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Grier was badly scalded from his hips down Friday evening.

Mrs. Eson Mingis, who has been sick for the past two months, is improving slowly.

Fred Bryson, of Monterey, was here Sunday.

W. S. Dyal spent part of last week in Grassy Cove visiting his parents and other relatives.

Mrs. John Ashburn is quite sick with bowel trouble.

Mrs. Holmes gave a party at Rose Cottage Friday night for the fathers and mothers. Quite a crowd was out and the evening was spent with contests and music. Esquire John Ashburn won first prize for pinning the mule's tail the nearest to the proper place blindfolded. Mrs. Sadie Hayes won the prize in the eating contest. Feb. 1. Dot.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

J. L. Southers, Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "Years ago I wrote you in regard to great results I obtained from Foley Kidney Pills. After all these years I have never had a return of those terrible backaches or sleepless nights; I am permanently cured." Men and women, old and young, find this reliable remedy relieves rheumatism, backache, stiff joints and ills caused by weak or diseased kidneys or bladder. For sale by Reed & Burnett.

MONTEREY.

Mrs. Mat Loooper is suffering from a stroke of apoplexy.

Quite a delegation of the craftsmen from here attended the Masonic grand lodge at Nashville last week.

Esquire Joe Jones is slowly recuperating from a prolonged siege of stomach trouble and other kindred ailments. Wayne Beatty, of Fentress county, was here Saturday. He has just completed a three years' service for Uncle Sam in the army.

Quarterly conference of the M. E. church, south, was held here Saturday and Sunday at the M. E. church, presiding Elder Blue being in charge.

Jeff Swallows slew an even dozen quails one day last week at one shot. If he had killed any more we would have said so.

Alex Welch, aged 70, died Saturday night. He was for a number of years a justice of the peace of this county.

Monterey is soon to have another paper, or rather the old one under a new name. Rev. W. Wood and Miss Cora Hicks have leased the printing plant of the Monterey Journal, and with the outfit, will shortly issue the Monterey News. Here's wishing that the new venture will prove a success from every standpoint, but the newspaper field these days, like the matrimonial field, is beset with interrogation points on every hand. Perhaps the match will "take," and perhaps it won't. Perhaps the venture will be a success and perhaps it won't. This is so, however, with all human contingencies from just plain gambling to manipulating the stocks and bonds on Wall Street. Feb. 1. Harry Hukes.

FIVE CENTS PROVES IT.

A generous offer. Cut out this ad, enclose with 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., and they will send you our trial packages of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and lagrippe coughs; Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. For sale in your town by Reed & Burnett.

MAYLAND.

Mr. Edwards died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. M. Byers, Sunday, Jan. 31st. He had been in failing health for some time. He had come on a visit only a week ago and had been going down since the day of his arrival. The remains were interred in the Mayland cemetery Sunday afternoon. Funeral services were held by Rev. D. E. Smith.

W. H. Peters and others, of Clarkrange, boarded the train here Sunday and Monday for Nashville to attend the annual meetings of the F. and A. M.

Mrs. W. Cooper and others returned from a business trip to Nashville and points west.

Rev. B. S. Oakes and wife, of Robbins, Tenn., returned home Sunday afternoon after a visit with Rev. and Mrs. D. E. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith.

Mrs. Lon Hudgens and children returned from a visit to Putnam county, Sunday.

J. H. Smith is in quite a critical condition from something like muscular rheumatism.

Miss Letha Rowland, one of the faculty of the Monterey city school, accompanied by her little nephew, Rowland Perrett, visited the week-end with Rev. and Mrs. Smith. Feb. 1. XXX.