

PRESIDENT WILSON STATES HIS REASONS FOR APPOINTING BRANDEIS

In response to an inquiry from Senator Culbertson, asking the president for the reasons actuating him in making the nomination of Mr. Brandeis for associate justice of the Supreme court, the president sent the following letter:

The White House, Washington, May 5, 1916.

My Dear Senator: I am very much obliged to you for giving me an opportunity to make clear to the judiciary committee my reasons for nominating Mr. Louis D. Brandeis to fill the vacancy in the Supreme court of the United States created by the death of Mr. Justice Lamar, for I am profoundly interested in the confirmation of the appointment by the senate.

There is probably no more important duty imposed upon the president in connection with the general administration of the government than that of naming members of the Supreme court, and I need hardly tell you that I named Mr. Brandeis as a member of that great tribunal only because I knew him to be singularly qualified by learning, by gifts, and by character for the position.

Many charges have been made against Mr. Brandeis. The report of your subcommittee has already made it plain to you and to the country at large how unfounded those charges were. They threw a great deal more light upon the character and motives of those with whom they originated than upon the qualifications of Mr. Brandeis.

I myself looked into them three years ago, when I desired to make Mr. Brandeis a member of my cabinet, and found that they proceeded for the most part from those who hated Mr. Brandeis because he had refused to be servile to them in the promotion of their own selfish interests, and from those whom they had prejudiced and misled. The propaganda in this matter has been very extraordinary and very distressing to those who love fairness and value the dignity of the great professions.

I perceived from the first that the charges were intrinsically incredible by anyone who had really known Mr. Brandeis. I have known him. I have tested him by seeking his advice upon some of the most difficult and perplexing public questions about which it was necessary for me to form a judgment. I have dealt with him in matters where nice questions of honor and fair play, as well as large questions of justice and the public benefit were involved.

In every matter in which I have made test of his judgment and point of view I have received from him counsel singularly enlightening, singularly clear-sighted and judicial, and above all, full of moral stimulation. He is a friend of all just men and a lover of the right; and he knows more than how to talk about the right—he knows how to set it forward in the face of its enemies. I knew, from direct personal knowledge of the man, what I was doing when I named him for the highest and most responsible tribunal of the nation.

Lauds His Ability.
Of his extraordinary ability as a lawyer no man who is competent to judge can speak with anything but the highest admiration. You will remember that in the opinion of the late Chief Justice Fuller he was the ablest man who ever appeared before the Supreme court of the United States. "He is also," the chief justice added, "absolutely fearless in the discharge of his duties."

Those who have resorted to him for assistance in settling great industrial disputes can testify to his fairness and love of justice. In the troublesome controversies between the garment workers and manufacturers of New York city, for example, he gave a truly remarkable proof of his judicial temperament, and had what must have been the great satisfaction of rendering decisions which both sides were willing to accept as disinterested and even-handed.

Mr. Brandeis has rendered many notable services to the city and state with which his professional life has been identified. He successfully directed the difficult campaign which resulted in obtaining cheaper gas for the city of Boston. It was chiefly under his guidance and through his efforts that legislation was secured in Massachusetts which authorized savings banks to issue insurance policies for small sums at much reduced rates. And some gentlemen who tried very hard to obtain control of the Boston Elevated Railway company of the subway of the city for a period of 99 years can probably testify as to his ability as the people's advocate when public interests call for an effective champion. He rendered these services without compensation, and earned, whether he got it or not, the gratitude of every citizen of the state and city he served. These are but a few of the services of this kind he has freely rendered. It will bear friends of community and public rights throughout the country to see his quality signally recognized by his elevation to the Supreme bench. For the whole country is aware of his quality and is interested in this appointment.

consideration independently of any suggestion from me.
Let me say, by way of summarizing my dear senator, that I nominated Mr. Brandeis for the Supreme court because it was and is my deliberate judgment that, of all the men now at the bar whom it has been my privilege to observe, test, and know, he is exceptionally qualified. I cannot speak too highly of his impartial, impersonal, orderly, and constructive mind; his rare analytical powers; his deep human sympathy; his profound acquaintance with the historical roots of our institutions and insight into their spirit; or of the many evidences he has given of being imbued, to the very heart, with our American ideals of justice and equality of opportunity; of his knowledge of modern economic conditions, and of the way they bear upon the masses of the people, or of his genius in getting persons to unite in common and harmonious action and look with frank and kindly eyes into each other's minds, who had before been heated antagonists.

This friend of justice and of men will ornament the high court of which we are all so justly proud. I am glad to have the opportunity to pay him this tribute of admiration and of confidence; and I beg that your committee will accept this nomination as coming from me, quick with a sense of public obligation and responsibility. With warmest regard, cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON,
The Hon. Charles A. Culbertson, United States Senate.

RAY STANNARD BAKER CONSIDERS BRANDEIS INQUIRY AS AN OLD-FASHIONED HERESY TRIAL

In the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in the course of a detailed analysis of the hearing regarding Mr. Brandeis' fitness for appointment to the Supreme court, Ray Stannard Baker writes:

"I confess that a layman finds himself somewhat puzzled as to what is the real view among lawyers themselves concerning the conduct proper to a lawyer and prospective judge like Mr. Brandeis. Two widely different, and, as it seems to the layman, contradictory views appear to prevail among them. Indeed, the inquiry at Washington has sometimes seemed to the observer like an old-fashioned heresy trial with good and honorable men disputing doctrinal points and with Mr. Brandeis himself as the charged heretic."

"A few of the high priests of the legal profession have appeared to oppose Mr. Brandeis; others, like the faculty of the Harvard law school, who know him well, have appeared to support and commend him. Are these professors heretical too?"

"The five-per-cent rate case is more or less typical of the charges brought against Mr. Brandeis and raises the question squarely as to whether it is really a heresy for a lawyer to be honest with judges, commissions and the public. Must a lawyer be oblivious to the public aspects of the problems which are presented to him? Shall a lawyer seek justice and truth, or shall he be honest only with clients who pay him for it?"

"A careful investigation of all the cases presented at the Brandeis inquiry can be shown, I think, to turn upon this vital difference in view as to the lawyer's real job; and that Mr. Brandeis' method was to take the higher course—as he saw it—the higher course which is often so difficult, complex and dangerous to follow."

"I have called the senate inquiry a heresy trial; but Mr. Brandeis is a heretic only as regards what seems to be certain twisted and contorted conceptions of the duty of the lawyer. The nobler vision of the legal profession makes its members always seekers for the truth of the matter, always as eager to secure justice as to win a case."

"It seems to the layman that the desire to arrive at the truth in every cause presented, which has been so clearly the characteristic of Mr. Brandeis' method, is the very essence of the judicial temperament and furnishes the soundest possible reason why he should be confirmed. A man with his peculiar kind of heresy is the best kind of man in the high court of the nation."

Hair Cut Slow in London.
It takes twice as long to get your hair cut in London as it did before the war. In itself this loss of time can scarcely be called momentous, but as a symptom it is significant of a great deal. The fact that London barbers are reducing their staffs and have to fall back upon inexperienced assistance is a single illustration of industrial changes that are going on everywhere.
Let me give a few examples from my personal knowledge. The other day the spring of the paper carriage of my typewriter broke and I took the machine to a leading firm of typewriter repairers to get it mended. It was more than a month before I got it back. They explained that they had only ten men left out of a normal staff of about fifty.

TEMPERE MURANTUR

(By Helen Topping Miller)
Our good forefathers reared their broods.
On plain and all unbalanced foods,
They knew no grievous fear of germs,
And every ill was traced to worms.
Infants quite gentle and refined,
Of cut their teeth on bacon rind.
And all day in a cradle low,
Children rocked, giddily, too and fro
Grandmother jogged them with her heel.

And crooned and spun her spinning wheel.
So many babies there were to rear
Sometimes a new one every year!
That really to raise a baby was something quite unimportant!
But now—
The task has waxed so great,
So serious and intricate,
Needing a scientific mind
And bulletins of every kind,
Stern record books and calendars
Bottles and bath thermometers,
Nipples and scales and rubber bins,
Properly anti-septic cribs,
Sterilized gauze and teething rings,
Balanced diet and other things,
It's quite appalling to me, indeed,
To raise our modern parents need,
To raise a very ordinary, common or garden variety of baby!

SIGHTSEER VISITS ERZERUM

How Armenian Capital in Caucasus Now Appears.

A vast sea of snow, the horizon of which was only obscured by the mist which accompanies a blizzard, lay all around us as we left the Russian town of Samarkandish, on the old Russian-Turkish frontier, and with the military transport wagons, crawled slowly southward. The road followed the windings of the little streams that lay all frozen and snow-covered between the rolling hills of Kara plateau. The heavy rumbling of the transport wagons was broken only by the blowing of the wind, and as some particularly violent gust swept into us and swept the snow dust on our numbed faces. We reached the old frontier station of Karakargan, but there was no customs post here now; the Russian frontier has shifted far away to the south, and nothing stops the endless flow of wagons and columns of troops on their way to the front. It was soon clear that we had reached what had recently been Turkey. The road ended, and in place of it a dark line of ruts and wheel tracks could be seen going straight over hill and dale, rock and frozen stream. There was nowhere to rest at night except the welcome shelter of the Russian Red Cross, where, in what was once the stables of a Turkish peasant, we slept, keeping warm by the combined heat of our bodies.

We reached the Passan plain on the second day, and soon saw signs of the Turkish retreat. From the snow by the roadside protruded a number of rough objects—camels' humps, horses legs, buffalo horns and men's faces with frozen and little black beards smiled at us the smile of death, their countenances frozen as hard as the snow around them.

The next day the famous old bridge of Kapru Kent appeared, across which the armies of the Mongols, Tamarlane and Shah Abbas had passed many hundreds of years ago. Today the invaders of Asia Minor came not from the east, but from the north, and once again this great highway of nations resounds with the tramp of armies and the cry of the refugees and the dying. We passed the old castle of Hassan Kaleh, on a rocky eminence protruding into the upper Passan plain and then through the mists of that wintry day loomed the famous chain of rounded hills that divides that divides the waters of the Araxes from the Euphrates. This was the Deve Boyun—the Camel's Back, as the Turks called it—and beyond it, still hidden, lay the city of Erzerum. In a village through which the road passed stood a row of heavy guns and whizzers, standing forbiddingly like a row of gigantic frogs looking skyward. They were being overhauled by busy engineers after the bombardment.

We were in the rear of the advancing Russian army which, after the occupation of Erzerum, was pursuing the army to the west. Our pace was therefore limited to the columns of infantry in front of us. As we crossed the last neck of rising ground before sinking down into the Euphrates chain, we heard the rumble of artillery, and far in the distance to the west we could see the Turks retreating, fighting a rear guard action as they went. The dark lines moved like worms across the sea of snow before us, and were the Cossack columns of the pursuit.

Now we reached the Kara gate of Erzerum and passed through the mounds of the inner city forts through tunnels and gate ways; past rifles, Turkish sentry boxes with the stars and crescent on them, new inhibited by gray-coated Russian soldiers. On the left was a Turkish barracks, blown up by an explosion of ammunition, and by its side a perfect phalanx of field artillery and old fortress guns, some two hundred in number, which had been captured by the Russians. Beyond lay the city of Erzerum. As we entered we saw persons clad in baggy trousers and fuses in the street. The Turks with their characteristic passive fatalism were going about their business as if nothing had happened. "Allah had given Erzerum to the Uras; Allah gives and takes away and Allah is great." Nowhere could the philosophy of the east be more plainly exhibited than in the calm and dignified faces of the 25,000 civilian Turks who stayed behind in Erzerum.

After spending the night at the staff headquarters, which was the former British consulate, we left next day with some Cossacks for the Firs and the battle fields. A narrow path led us across the rolling downs of the central Dev-Boyun. We had to pick our way carefully to avoid falling with the horses into six foot snow-drifts. A terrible wind was blowing—as the Russians call it, a "myetel,"—and in spite of "bashliks" noses and ears soon felt n' freezing.
Beyond the snow field stood a great mass of jagged rocks and cliffs. We were toiled by narrow winding paths. Fieldgun batteries were dug into the snow, and on a rocky em-

placement, a magnificent view of the plateau and snow-field was the Turkish artillery observation post. Here lay the bodies of several young men in the prime of life. There was an Arab, a Kurd, and two or three Anatolian peasant youth tangled by shell fire, but preserved in the actual death pose by the all preserving frost. Not far from them lay a young Kurd who had climbed up the rock on scolding work and had died the same death as those at the Caucasus and Arabia. They had lived as neighbors, peacefully together and he snow and frost were covering all relics of the struggle.

We reached the top of the rocks, and in front of us was a great plain, far, protected by mists in snow trenches all round. Here was Chahan Dete, the famous fort which was the key to the Deve Boyun chain. It was now empty, the wind had dropped, and the seeds of snow were carried away. The sky had a pale blue arctic tint and the sun was sinking down behind the dark hills or the horizon that surrounded the corners of the Euphrates. As it sank it struck the landscape of car faces. It's striking rays, turning the rocks into glowing gold and the snowfields into dazzling silver.

That night we retired to sleep in a little Turkish place about which the Russian officer who had accompanied us and the Cossacks. Just a short time before the Turkish soldiers had seen them, and signs of their retreat from this mountain fortress were evident on every side. An unfinished wall of masonry, some steps of stairs and other things were left to our needs. And so we enjoyed Turkish coffee at 9,000 feet, the highest yet in the world. Next day we could go no further with our pack animals, but a Georgian officer who had been the first to enter the fort, the seat of the Russian scouting column. Right up to the highest snow line the Ouzel the tracks led us, and there they debouched into a chain of hills towards the heights of S... Here were the Turkish snow trenches, and hind them we found their artillery half covered in the snow and abandoned in their flight. In some of them the proximal plunger had already been put, but there had been no time to blow them up. As we went to the north we saw the heights and snowfields commanding Fort Tofin, where the Turkish army had struggled for days over similar country. All around us was a wilderness of rock and snow 10,000 feet above the sea, the snow fields were driving and the wind howled along the waste. We had reached the goal of our journey. It was here on this desolate plateau, where the Tey Valley breaks out of the Ergi Bazar that the fate of the present Caucasus in Asia Minor was decided—Matsen-Guardian.

UNCLE SAM FINDS WAY TO ELIMINATE CRAWFISH

While birds and animals often play the role of pests, it will surprise most people to learn that a species of crawfish does extensive damage to crops in certain sections, especially of the south. The mud-colored crawfish are to be seen in many places around wet or mucky and, but they have been generally regarded as curious little tenants of no importance except that in some localities, especially the kinds that inhabit streams, are sometimes extensively used as an article of food.

There are, however, large stretches of rich land in the south where crawfish infest the soil to such an extent that it is almost impossible to raise crops. The formation they inhabit is a heavy gumbo soil from 4 to 10 feet deep, well saturated with water and overlaid by a sandstone formation. This seems to be an ideal home for them since in the driest seasons several feet of water remain in the crawfish tunnels. Hundreds of thousands of acres are subject to the depredations of the marauders, whose actions savor of the maraudings of some evil night spirits or bad eyes of fairyland. Large fields of young cotton have been almost totally destroyed by the raids of the crawfish in a single night.

Smiling fields of corn may likewise be subject to a night attack and in the morning present a scene of desolation; the marauders have retreated to their dens. A dozen entire leaves have been found at the entrance of one burrow, while probably an even greater number had been carried below. It is believed that the principal feeding is done underground, after the robbers have safely carried their booty to their lairs. In the badly infested areas there are from 8,000 to 12,000 holes a acre.

Heretofore the only method of combatting the pests has been to fight them with brooked sticks—shiny sticks—going over the fields especially at twilight and even at night by lantern light. Recently however, Uncle Sam has taken a hand in the matter, making a number of experiments with chemicals, and has found that bisulphide of carbon at a very small cost will put Mr. Crawfish quite out of business. It was found that two or three drops placed in a burrow and the opening immediately closed by pressure of the foot will kill the crawfish in the course of a few hours. The fluid can readily be squirted into the hole by a long nosed oil can, such as the locomotive engineer uses, but with a very small aperture at the end, so as to allow just the right amount of the chemical to escape by simple pressure on the bottom of the can. The cost of the carbon bisulphide is at the rate of 1 cent for seventy-five holes.

The incidental labor would cost considerable more, except that since the soil of the crawfish region cannot be worked during wet weather, the farm laborers who are usually hired by the year can probably be employed in killing crawfish at such times. The government specialists recommend the combined use of the shiny stick and the deadly bisulphide.
The conquest of the crawfish is one of the many very striking instances where a comparatively simple investigation and experiments by our paternalistic department of agriculture at a very small cost has demonstrated a cheap and entirely practicable method of completely controlling a pest which for generations has caused a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right
Must stand for truth by day and night,
That is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies.
Must fix his gaze on Paradise—
That is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be,
In darkest night make melody,
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—
That is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be,
The cares and needs of others to see,
Must seek the slave of sin to free—
That is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God
And turns not from the cross, the rod.
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
That is the life that counts.

THE MONEY VALUE OF A BABY

Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale testified before the committee on social welfare in the state house at Boston last week that the value of a baby is \$90 and an adult \$4,000.

This statement is in violence with the decision of Justice Gummere. That distinguished Persey jurist declared a child was not an asset but a liability. In the softness of his heart, however, and in order that the costs in the case might not fall on the parents whose child had been killed, he struggled with his conscience until he could steel himself to placing a \$1 tag on childhood. Why he went so high, when 50c would have carried costs never has been explained.

Ninety dollars the value of a baby? Nonsense.
What does a statistician like Irving Fisher know of the worth of a gift of God?

How can we measure with the dross we call money that miracle of miracles—a human soul in the time of its dawn—of innocence, of helplessness and of tenderest appeal?

There never was a child that came upon earth whose smile and whose coo were not worth a thousand times ninety dollars to some one of God's creatures.

Money value to a baby? Well value the human heart. What crown so precious or so wondrous as the crown of motherhood?

Money value to a baby? Who but a warped jurist or a statistician would dare to value that without which all the light would go out of life, poetry would die, love would wither and the spirit of the universe would be lost.

NOTICE OF NOMINATION

In the democratic primary for the nomination of a sheriff of Haywood county, Tennessee, held on Wednesday May 10th, 1916, W. T. Davis having received the majority of all the votes cast as shown by the tabulated returns of the election on this day made, is hereby declared the democratic nominee for said office. This May 15, 1916.

H. L. CURRIE,
Chairman Democratic Executive Committee of Haywood County, Tennessee.

KINGSTON MAN MAY BE HEIR TO MILLIONS

Harrison, May 22.—I. J. Smith of Kingston, a poor man, awoke a few mornings ago to find himself, as he believes, a millionaire, by reason of the death of one James Smith of Oglethorpe, Ga., the information being the first he has had in regard to his supposed brother for many years. James Smith, a large land owner, is according to the allegations of the Kingston man, a brother of the latter, and once lived at Kingston, but left for Georgia some forty years ago, and and little or nothing was ever heard of him by his relatives here since then until I. J. Smith noticed that a James Smith worth \$2,000,000 had died leaving no heirs. He employed a local attorney to investigate, and reports are that the signatures of the two James Smiths are one and the same; that their physical appearances are the same; both from East Tennessee, both born in North Carolina, and much other similarity which convinces the Kingston man that the man was his brother. The estate is in the Federal court at this time.

WOMAN 81 YEARS OLD

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Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, guaranteed to overcome run down, weak, debilitated conditions and for chronic coughs and colds.
Coppedge Drug Company.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE

J. L. Edwards, Administrator of the Estate of Taylor, deceased, vs. Money Huddleston—in the Circuit Court of Haywood county, Tennessee.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Money Huddleston, is justly indebted to the plaintiff, J. L. Edwards, administrator of the estate of Taylor, deceased, in an action of damages, the true amount of which has not yet been ascertained, and that the said Money Huddleston is a non-resident of the state of Tennessee, and it further appearing that an attachment has been issued and levied on the property of the said Money Huddleston, it is therefore ordered that publication be made for four consecutive weeks in the Brownsville States-Graphic, a newspaper published in Brownsville, Tennessee, requiring the said defendant to appear before the Circuit Court at Brownsville, Tennessee on the Fourth Monday in September, 1916 and make defense to the said suit, or the same will be proceeded with ex parte. This the 4th day of May, 1916.

B. L. CAPELL, Circuit Ct. Clerk.

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You'll Always have MONEY when you need it most

If you save while you are young. There is only one sure way to have money when old age creeps upon you—save while you have the power to earn. Hundreds become independent by saving a little at a time where one gets rich by speculation.

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