

McNairy County Independent.

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\$25.00 SADDLE

GIVEN AWAY BY
W. H. THOMPSON, at Selmer

This saddle will be given to the person who spends the most cash with me until June, 1916. This is no trick, no game of chance, but simply a free gift for the most liberal purchaser.

Our New York Letter.

Dec. 31, 1915.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:

Your paper finds its way to me now every week in this great city, and is, as usual, like a letter from home. I did not use to read advertisements, but now the legal notices come in for their share of attention, and the little items of Selmer and the outside sections all have their value. The names of people and of villages once spoken by lips now dumb forever will always be sacred to me, and I love to know what is going on at dear old Purdy, Gravelhill, Ramer, Chewalla, and other places, where the people were known and loved by my parents and kindred.

Speaking of Chewalla reminds me of a remarkable man with whom I became acquainted in Washington a short time before coming here. He was born at Chewalla and has risen to be one of the great men in the nation's business. This is the Honorable James L. Wilmett, Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department, who supervises the appointment and services of more than five thousand clerks and officers of the government. When I saw him at his desk in his richly appointed office in the granite palace of the Department on Pennsylvania avenue, in spite of the elegant surroundings there was something plain and home-like about him. You might say that he looked like a hardshell Baptist preacher done up in fine clothes, and then, too, there was a shrewd twinkle in his eyes which comes to those used to great authority and wrestling with gigantic problems of management and business. When I mentioned McNairy County and Tennessee, the Chief Clerk dropped other business, told me to sit down near him, and get acquainted. He left Chewalla when he was a boy and went to Arkansas, but the old familiar names of the Tennessee people found a responsive chord in his heart, and he said he even loved the red gullies around Chewalla. I can say that if Chewalla has the average sense of pride, it must be proud of James L. Wilmett, who is still a man, early in the fifties, and may go much higher yet. While I sat and talked with him, he had to answer several invitations by telephone for lunch and other appointments with Congressmen and other important people, but he wanted to hear about McNairy and its people, and was by no means willing for me to leave so soon. He asked me where he could get information about the early settlers of McNairy, and I told him of General Marcus J. Wright's book on that subject. He took the General's name and address and said he would write to him at once.

Since my last letter was published the newspapers here have announced an interesting discovery. New York is the largest city in the world! We have been thinking that London, England, was ahead of us a million or two, but it appears now, from the latest returns, that we have 132,513 more people than London. Greater New York, including the Westchester and New Jersey suburbs, holds seven million three hundred and eighty-three thousand, eight hundred and seventyone souls, and a population

much greater than that of Memphis is added to it each year. And the newspapers here say that there were, during the year past, about sixty-seven murders per hundred thousand of population in Memphis, and less than one-tenth that number in this city. Memphis heads the list for violent deaths during the year in this country. Maybe when liquor is entirely banished from Memphis (when will that be done?) it will be as safe as New York to live in.

Human imagination staggers at the thought of what would happen to New York city if an earthquake like that at Messina, Italy, should strike us. Hundreds of thousands would be killed; the subways choked with dying people, and the giant office buildings add their horror by tumbling over everything. And then think that in the buildings downtown are housed, during the day, three times as many human beings as can find standing room on the streets, at one time! If they had to rush out of those buildings all at once, they would pile up, three deep, on the streets. This is a serious condition of affairs. All the same, it is inspiring to see what is going on here, and to know that one is part, however small, of the largest population among all the cities of this planet.

But the god of this monster New York is money. And big money, too. One thousand dollars is a small unit here. When I went over to the Irving National bank to get my first government check cashed, in the Woolworth building across the way from my office, I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to start a modest bank account there. Having United States government connections, I needed no further introduction to them, and they smiled good-naturedly at me and asked how much I wished to deposit. "I believe I will start with twenty-five dollars," was my reply. You ought to have seen the pained look on that man's face as he slowly said: "We never accept any deposit of less than \$300, and unless that balance is kept up, we charge you a dollar a month for keeping your money for you." "Do you pay any interest on deposits?" "None on checking accounts," was the banker's reply, which closed the interview, except that I had to smile too, as I told him, in parting, that this little incident would be sent to my home paper. At the Park Row bank they take no less than \$500, and at the City National Bank no less than \$1000 on account.

People come here to get rid of their money, and there is no end to this city's accommodation in that respect. Last night, at the famous restaurant of Rector's, on Broadway, a young chap came in with two young girls, and called for "the highest priced drink in the house." The waiter finally brought them a glass each of some sort of many-colored liquid, like mixed drinks. It was so good that they ordered another helping of it. The bill was twelve dollars for the six small glasses of liquor. Then the young fool pulled out a five dollar bill and tossed it to the waiter for a tip. And down on the East Side of the city in some houses there were twelve people in one room, and not a dollar among the whole bunch to keep them from freezing and starving.

The East Side of New York! Here are the "submerged millions" you read about. More Jews than in all Palestine, and more Italians than in any Italian city; Poles, Russians, Slavs, Croats, Bohemians, Hungarians, Turks, Finns, Estonians, Moldavians, Letts, Lithuanians, Hindus, Servians, Montenegrins, and a lot of other human races the very names of whom are strange, each with a different tongue and character. There seemed to be no fewer than one hundred thousand Jews on Grand street alone, one evening when I went down there to buy Russian books. They were peaceable enough; far different from the Italians who were swarming in other streets and among whom there were six people shot and knifed that very evening in one fight. But at the first sign of trouble the Jews rally together like wild animals. Let one of them run out and cry: "Da ist Gewalt!" (there is violence, or force) and a howling mob will form in an instant. A policeman there told me some interesting things about these Jews. He says they rarely go beyond giving one a good beating or tongue-lashing, but that their curses are fearful and wonderful. Among the worst imprecations are when they wish that your father and mother may die suddenly, or that you may fall deathly sick and be carried constantly from one bed to another. Down on Second Avenue are the Water-Polacks (one of that breed killed President McKinley.) They are great drunkards, and often there are terrible fights in the bar-rooms. The officer told me of one fight in which a man broke a beer bottle over the back of a chair and with the jagged half of the bottle in his hand the Polack gouged gobs of flesh out of the man's neck till he fell dead.

The Jews had a big mass-meeting here once and passed a resolution to the effect that "America is not a Christian country." And last Saturday one of the leading rabbis preached a sermon in which he declared that "Christmas is a celebration borrowed from the heathens, of which we should be ashamed." In spite of all this, the Jews and Christians get along here finely. They are found (that is, the Jews) among the richest and most intelligent of this city, many of them noble and charitable people. You do not find them in the poor-houses and not many of them in jails, in comparison with other races. There are a full million of them here, and one is never out of sight of them. I have had good experiences with them as to honesty and truthfulness.

Well, this letter has about reached its limit, but I must turn once more to my beloved music, and tell of the last concert on the big organ at the City College. There were three selections I can never forget. One was a Bach fugue. What was it like? Can you expect me to measure a mountain with a yardstick, or draw a picture of a thunderstorm? It sounded like six pieces going all at once, only that all the parts fitted in like a woven carpet, so that there was no discord. We will have to let it go at that. Beethoven's symphony was far more easily understood. There was a theme like a thread of gold, running through that Fifth Symphony. The melody

was very simple, something like: "Sol-sol do, do, re mi, mi, Do-re mi, mi, fa-sol." This little air, with many variations, made up that wonderful composition, which has charmed numberless people since it was written more than a hundred years ago, and it will be better known and loved a century hence than it is now. It was imitated by the great Austrian composer, Haydn, in a part of his "Creation," now sung everywhere as a church hymn: "Sol-sol do, do, re mi, mi, Do-do fa, fa, mi re." etc. But one of the most impressive pieces was "The March of the Magi," by the French composer, Dubois. Amid a perfect lacework of beautiful chords was one high note, soft and clear, unchanging, throughout the whole piece. That represented Star of Bethlehem shining over the wise men as they marched toward the manger where lay the infant Savior. This fine, long-drawn note certainly did match the star-beams, and thrilled the hearer with memories of that beautiful old story, which, no matter how it may be received by the cold and skeptical generation about us, is still one of the sweetest and most inspiring things ever told: the Redeemer of humanity coming here through the portals of a lowly stable, in the midnight watches of winter. My dear old mother used to think that, as her first-born came into the world on a Christmas night, he was destined to do something great and good, but no one knows more than he, how far he is from that realization of her hopes. But however that may be, Christmas always means more to me than my birthday. And it certainly means more to the world than "a heathen celebration."

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

Stantonville

Christmas is past and every one seems busy with the duties of the new year.

A great many cases of La Grippe in this community seem in a very bad form.

Alva Christopher has sold out and gone to Ruskin Tenn. where he will enter school and prepare himself for the ministry.

Rev. Banks and family, from Shiloh, are visiting the family of W. S. Burks.

Jessie Moore, who has been in school at Purdy, spent the holidays with homefolks, he is very much pleased there and was back to begin work with them Monday.

Walter Wyatt and Artie Boshart were married Dec. 26.

W. K. Abernathy and wife were visitors with Mrs. N. A. Kendrick during the holidays.

Mrs. L. M. and Elizabeth Erwin have returned home after a two weeks visit in Adamsville.

Art Dancer spent the holidays with homefolks. He has a position with American Snuff Co. in Georgia.

Artichokes and Soy Beans

I have for sale ten bushels artichokes and ten bushels soy beans at about one half of catalog prices.

Call or write C. C. MARSHAL, R. 4, Selmer, Tenn.

To The People of McNairy County, Greeting:

I take this opportunity to again announce myself a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor. I respectfully solicit the influence of every voter in my County. I have no rip-snooring, bam boozling, impossible-to-carry-out promises to make in order to gain vote and good will—I want that without any bamboozling to get it. But I refer you, with pleasure to my work when I was your assessor before.

You remember that I visited you in person each year, and assessed your taxes. I talked with you about the value of your property. There was no room for guess work, copying, or over rating your taxable property. If you had sold your farm; or if your personal effects were not what they were the previous year, I was on the ground so you might tell me, yourself, just how you stood.

A square deal all the way 'round is all I can promise, all any candidate should promise, all any tax-payer in any state in the union could ask, or expect of the man who fill their public offices.

I promise to assess your taxes fairly and squarely, without fear or favor, and to do the clean thing from one end of the term to the other. And upon this promise, I ask you to vote for me for Tax Assessor the coming term.

Respectfully submitted,

SAM SANDERS.

Selmer, Tenn.

Wrenn—Jernigan

A beautiful wedding was solemnized Sunday the 26th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alta Jernigan near Cypress Tenn, when Gracy their beautiful daughter was united to Mr. Benton Wrenn, one of our most prosperous young farmers.

The marriage ceremony was nicely pronounced by Esq. D. F. Steadman, while standing between the two columns of waiting friends. Mr. Tom Wrenn, our handsome soldier boy serving as best man, with Miss Genora Rogers of Chewalla as maid of honor. A large crowd witnessed the marriage, and we join their many friends in wishing them a happy and prosperous long life.

JAS. CROCKER.

Obituary

Early Sunday morning Dec. 5, 1915 the little town of Stantonville and its community were deeply shocked and saddened when the news was given out over the wires, Nona Howell is dying. We knew she was sick but did not realize her condition as being so serious, we hoped that it was a mistake and that something might be done to revive her, but no physician's hand, no matter how skilled can stay "The Hand of Death" So at 10:30 this icy hand severed the brittle cord of life and her spirit went out to meet the God who gave it.

Nona was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boshart and the wife of Dr. J. G. Howell of our town, she had been a member of the M. E. Church South, since early childhood, she was devoted to her church and Sunday school always being present when health and circumstances permitted; she had a beautiful voice for singing and seemed to delight in assisting her father in this part especially of the church worship. She will be greatly missed there as well as in the home.

While Nona's death has saddened the home and almost broke the hearts of husband, father, mother and sister, may they look up with faith to the heavenly father and be able to say "Thy will be done"

Let us pray for Dr. Howell, to continue on in the christian work and that he may be endowed with power from on high to have more courage and faith than ever before so as to train little Carl and Earl who have twice been left without a mother's care to be useful men and also laborers in the Master's vineyard.

After a beautiful prayer in the home by her beloved pastor, on Monday morning at 11 o'clock, we followed her remains to the Mt. Vinson cemetery, where Bro. Banks conducted a very impressive funeral service, then she was laid to rest with Sailor honors amid a large concourse of sorrowing friends and relatives.

MOLLIE COMBS.

Here It Is At Last

The Semi-Annual Roundup of
FAMOUS CHASHGISH CLOTHES

Reductions on the best made clothes that ever wore a price-ticket in Corinth

Men's \$15.00 Suits at	\$ 9.85
Men's \$18.00 Suits at	13.50
Men's \$20.00 Suits at	15.00
Men's \$25.00 Suits at	18.50

Boys' Suits all lose ONE-THIRD of their former price. About twenty women's Coat Suits and thirty-eight misses' and women's Coats at 1-2 price ALL SHOES REDUCED 20 PER CENT

Outfitters to Women & Children
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Long Distance Service to Memphis, Birmingham, Atlanta AND OTHER POINTS IN THE SOUTHERN STATES Call Long Distance for Rates Sun Telephone & Telegraph Co.

NEW KEROSENE (Coal Oil) LIGHT
Beats Electric or Gasoline
Five times as efficient as the best round wick, open flame lamps (such as Rayo, B. & H., etc.), costs only about one cent to operate six hours. Feeds fuel through wick, lights and is put out just like your old lamp. The
Aladdin Mantle Lamp
produces a strong, white light from common kerosene (coal oil) without introducing any new or complicated features. No noise, no odor, no smoke. So far ahead of all other oil lamps that the manufacturers offer \$1000 Reward to any person who can show them an oil lamp its equal. A trial will cost you nothing. Just let us know when you would like a demonstration.
B. M. WADDELL, General Distributor, Selmer, Tenn.

Something for Nothing

Youngs Island, S. C.

To get started with you we make you the following offer: Send us \$1.50 for 1,000 Frost Proof Cabbage Plants, grown in the open air and will stand freezing, grown from the Celebrated Seed of Bolgina & Son and Thorbon & Co., and I will send you 1,000 Cabbage Plants additional Free, and you can repeat the order as many times as you like. I will give you special prices on Potato Seed and Potato Plants later. We want the account of close buyers, large and small. We can supply all.

ATLANTIC COAST PLANT CO.

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None but reliable companies represented. All classes of insurable property written, at the lowest rates obtainable. Special low rates on residences, and also have very desirable contract on farm property. All inquiries will receive

PROMPT ATTENTION

ALBERT GLESPIE, Agent

Selmer, Tenn.