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Our friend L. S. Perkins writes us interestingly from New York city about the arrest of the eight Germans who are accused of making fire bombs and putting them on ships sailing from New York bound for Europe with ammunition for the allies. Thirty of these ships were set on fire, the flames suddenly bursting out in the hold when the vessels were far out at sea, and many people were drowned and millions of treasures lost that way. Mr. Perkins says these bomb plotters brought in, and had to act as interpreter when they were examined by the United States attorney, as they could speak no English. They confessed having made the bombs at the orders of men higher up, whose names they gave; and told how the pieces of lead pipe were sawed into lengths from three to seven inches, a tin partition soldered in the center, and acid put in one end and inflammable powder in the other, so that in three or four days (time enough to allow the ships to get out in mid-ocean) the acid would eat through the tin, come in contact with the powder, cause an explosion, and set the ship on fire. These little bombs were placed in sacks of sugar, bales of clothing and other merchandise, and the government found that about 300 of them had been used on ships. All the guilty men have been caught except the head man who had the bombs made, and the men who put them on the ships. The bombsters were all nice looking fellows, and declared they did not know they were doing wrong. There has been complete lull in the burning of ships at sea, sailing from this port, and Uncle Sam seems to have rounded up that brand of criminals. Our friend saw some of the bombs, which were very simple in construction and devilish in their execution.

We want the people to know that our suggestions heretofore made, that people along the roads should and can make good roads, will work. Recently the road from the old Fairgrounds to Gilchrist's was nicely graded and fully drained, making a most elegant auto or wagon drive. It was done by people along the way. The credit is due all who assisted in the work. Last week they did the finishing touch by reaching to the Fairgrounds, and something like forty teams and men put in one or more days and all are entitled to credit for the liberality and good common sense shown. If every neighborhood would do likewise, the good road problem would be solved.

Death of an Old Federal Soldier.

E. D. Hurst, aged 78 years and 9 months, died April 12 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. E. Cooksey near Michie. He left in addition to Mrs. Cooksey, two grown sons. Mr. Hurst has been in failing health for several years, and was stricken on Sunday with paralysis and remained unconscious until Wednesday. Deceased was a brother of D. R. Hurst of Falcon. He was a member of Co. B, 6th Tennessee Cavalry, and a pensioner. He was well known to all the old citizens and a man of upright character, and belonged to the Primitive Baptist church and had preached while living in Middle Tennessee. He was buried in Springhill cemetery, Rev. Brashear conducting the funeral services.

Another Old Citizen Gone.

Finis E. Miller, aged 71 years, died at his home in Finger last week. He had been for several months in declining health. Mr. Miller was a highly respected citizen and business man. He was a brother of J. A. Miller, former Trustee of McNairy county. He was a brave Federal soldier, and spent 18 months as a prisoner of war in the horrible Andersonville, Ga., prison. We have heard him relate his experience and observations while in that damnable hole which was a disgrace to any civilized people. The deceased was a member of the Primitive Baptist church and was laid to rest in the Claude Marchin performing the sad rites.

NEW YORK LETTER

Sunday, April 23, 1916, is the 300th anniversary of the death of one of the greatest names in all human history. The theaters of this and other great cities all over the world are preparing to honor the occasion, and for weeks the big papers have been overflowing with his pictures and praise of his writings. The king of all kings of literature, William Shakespeare, died on April 23, 1616. His fame to-day is greater than ever, and is like the peak of Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, which towers above all other peaks on this planet: alone and unapproachable among the poets of all lands and all times. For two hundred and fifty years he was not so highly regarded, and, strange to say, he came into his own first through Germany. His plays, translated into German by Schlegel and Tieck, as no other plays were ever translated, perhaps, took the Teutonic stage by storm, and gradually the British and then the Americans woke up to the fact that the English language contained classics besides which the best offerings of other languages were but second-best. Even Homer and Dante had to stand aside when the full glory of Shakespeare dawned upon the world, so many years after the incomparable brain had mingled with the mother-dust.

His name came into somewhat unenviable notoriety some thirty years ago through books written by Ignatius Donnelly and others, who were obsessed with the idea that these immortal works were not written by Shakespeare at all, but by Lord Bacon, himself the known author of wonderful philosophical works, and whose "Essays" are school classics now.

The two men happened to live at about the same time and Donnelly got a curious bug into his brain to the effect that a close study of the Shakespearean plays would reveal a cryptogram or cipher, telling the truth about the authorship, and he even went so far as to give what this cipher said. It is only a curiosity of misguided energy and ingenious workmanship, and you hear very little about the Baconian theory now. There is a certain verse in the Bible, in which, counting a certain number of words from the beginning, you find the word "shake," and, counting exactly the same number of words from the bottom up, you find the word "spere." Some one aptly said that the Baconians might in that way prove that Shakespeare wrote the Bible.

I am sorry that I am having to write this article without anything to refresh my memory; otherwise I might quote more from this wonderful man. When I was a child, we had a very old, time-worn book called "The Beauties of Shakespeare." There was much in it that I failed to see beauty in. For example, that passage about "Blow, wind and crack your cheeks." I was looking out for melody of expression, and that did not sound half as pretty as some of the things said by Longfellow, Poe, and Bryant. But on growing older, I learned, as many another has done, that here was a master who said things in a more telling and happy manner than any one else ever did; while others might make a sublime hit once in a while, he was continually making them.

One of the traits of this man was his ability to create an atmosphere. His scenes in the Merchant of Venice and elsewhere are "drenched in moonlight and steeped in dreams." To know what this means, turn to the scene between Jessica and her lover, with the words:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."

And then, in Romeo Juliet, hear her say:

"It was the nightingale, and not the lark that pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear."

And what a glorious picture of dawn, from which there is almost an exhalation of dew and fresh morning wind:

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

There is perhaps no work of human hands more quoted than Hamlet's soliloquy, beginning with these all-familiar words:

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Further on in this soliloquy come true Shakespearean passages such as "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and the reference to death as "that undiscovered bourne from which no traveller returns." I have marvelled at the manner in which these exquisite turns of speech have been rendered into German and Russian. Schlegel begins:

"Sein oder Nichtsein, dass ist hier die Frage." Weinberg, in Russian has it:

"Byt' ee' ne byt, eto vopros; chto loochey," and in so doing, brings in part of the second line, up to: "whether 'tis better," and giving a good example of the very concentrated character of Slavic speech. Schlegel says: "Nun weicht der Winter unsres Misvergneugens Glorreichem Sommer."

"Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer."

Any one who knows the German language thoroughly will see what skill was used in making that translation. It is no wonder that the Germans were fired with enthusiasm for such a poet, and were pioneers in making him known everywhere.

The songs of Ariel, in "Tempest," and of Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," have a halo of their own:

"Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made," etc.

The very names of his plays: Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Taming of the Shrew (the latter play, under the title of "Der Widerspenstigen Bezahmung," was given here in German to the other night, to an immense audience), Macbeth, and all the others, are like household words. His characters, such as the fat and cowardly Falstaff, the lecherous Lotherio, the loathsome Iago, the usurer Shylock, and the melancholy Hamlet, with the wise and beautiful Portia and the brave Rosalind, are none the less parts of our language, each conveying a separate meaning. Who wants to be called a Caliban, a Sycorax, or an Othello? "The myriad-minded," some one termed this author, for each character had its own perfect portraiture at his hands, and he covered all ideas; "touched every shore of human thought."

"Sweetest Shakespeare, nature's child, Warbled his native wood-notes wild,"

is one of the best things said about him, for it recalls what he was: a rare songbird, like the hermit thrush or nightingale, whose art of writing died with him.

I am not going to try to describe him as a dramatist, not knowing enough about the art. But in that he stands alone, according to the world's verdict. Now comes the strangest part about him. Not a single line of his manuscript is in existence; not a scrap of his writing except his will, with what pretends to be his handwriting, an ugly scrawl utterly unlike what such an artist might use. We know nothing for sure about his early life, except as to his marriage very early to Ann Hathaway, and being arrested for trespassing on a nobleman's grounds. He did all his marvelous works in the space of nineteen years, dying in his fifty second year.

On his tomb at Stratford, in England is what pretends to be a verse by him which pronounces a curse upon any one who digs up his bones, and a blessing upon those who spare them.

Leo Tolstoi, the great Russian writer, could not endure the works of Shakespeare, which he was able to read in English, although he has been beautifully translated into Russian. He said that first he experienced great aesthetic pleasure in reading them, but at last he was bored and perplexed. During a space of fifty years, he read the works over many times, but finally came to the conclusion that this Shakespeare cult was a sort of fad, not to say madness, with no foundation in real worth. And yet, it has been pointed out, his death in its solitary grandeur, was as truly Shakespearean as that of King Lear. Some day I will try to describe this man Tolstoi, whose works I have read to some extent in Russian, and who was the foremost writer on earth when he died in 1910.

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Uses and Abuses of Fertilizers

By Prof. R. J. H. De Loach, Director of Georgia Experiment Station.

4. FERTILIZERS AND FIELD CROPS.
The Fourth of a Series of Six Articles.

David Dickson, after a life of useful service to his fellow-man and a life of success as a farmer, had the following to say about the use of guano: "I say that farmers can make every acre of their land rich if they will. Providence intended the earth should increase in fertility as rapidly as it does in population. Every man that assists in removing this dormant guano, lying idle and useless on the Chincha Islands, and puts it in circulation, creating therewith food and clothing, is a benefactor to his kind. The country suffers for want of a share of the surplus fertilizing material. Remove the deposit and apply to crops, and it will enrich the land."

"I commenced to use guano in 1846, and gradually increased the use of it until the present time, never having omitted to use it on my crops excepting the last year of the war, when I could not obtain it. With the proper system of rotation of crops, and returning all the crops to the land, except the lint of the cotton, land may be improved with Peruvian guano alone, but not so fast as when you combine with the soil all the elements of the plants to be grown. Ammonia being necessary for all plants, I know of no crop that it would not benefit. It will pay the best upon those crops that bring the most money—cotton being that crop in this section and tobacco in other sections."

It will be seen from the above that Mr. Dickson profited greatly by the use of guano. He knew well the value of ammonia to growing crops, but you will observe that he knew quite as well the value of other plant foods to the crop. He got better yields when he applied all the elements of plant food than when he applied ammonia alone. Also observe that he considered it good business to apply fertilizer. He was a business man as well as a farmer, and knew all the keen points in the business world.

Views of Another Millionaire Farmer.

The Hon. James M. Smith, another millionaire farmer of Georgia, who died only a few weeks ago, had the following to say with reference to the use of fertilizers on farm crops:

"The use of fertilizers has become one of the most important factors in Southern agriculture. It is a powerful agency in producing an increased yield—a thing we should desire and work for. We certainly believe in the use of commercial fertilizers, but we also believe in the turning under of vegetable matter, the sowing of legumes and the saving of all barnyard manure. The up-to-date farmer will not consider one of these, but all four of them, in trying to increase his farm crops."

Back of these two farmers, who have done much to stimulate farm improvement, learned the value of fertilizers, but learned equally well the value of diversified farming. They would not decrease the use of fertilizer, but diversify more. They would have us use more fertilizers, so that we could grow more plants and vegetable matter, in turn plow this under, and in this way increase the fertility of our lands. The most effective farming of today involves these two great principles. Use fertilizers and diversify the crops. Rotate and feed the plants, and you will increase your yields, be more secure from plant diseases, and bring your farm into a high state of cultivation.

Put Back Plant Food in the Soil.

If growing crops take plant food out of the soil and we do not plow under an amount equal to this, or get it from some other source and apply it, our land is sure to decrease in fertility and in value. This is a fact beyond dispute. With most of our crops we take from the fields a large amount of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, which never goes back to the place on the farm from whence it came. We should see to it, then, that some kind of plant food takes its place. In the case of cotton, we sell the seed, and with them large amounts of nitrogen and other elements of plant food. Very often we burn the stalks, and in this way take from the field much more valuable plant food. It is suicidal policy for us to remove from the soil more plant food than we restore to the soil.

On a sandy farm in one of the Southern States, which had abandoned by its original owner and sold for fifty cents per acre, a little barnyard manure and heavy applications of fertilizer made another farm rich. The land farmer used \$15 worth of fertilizer per acre and raised 1,400 pounds of seed cotton per acre. This was about a bale per acre on the entire farm. The \$15 investment in fertilizers and good breaking and cultivation netted the thrifty farmer more than \$50 per acre when cotton was bringing a high price.

All the experiment stations and other institutions have found that fertilizers applied to farm crops under good conditions pay a handsome dividend on the investment. It generally means the converting of a nonpaying farm into a profitable farm. This, after all, is what we farm for, for profit as well as some pleasure. The average farmer gets large returns for fertilizers wisely used. If fertilizers do not always pay, it is because farmers waste instead of use them.

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Well. Now let us take up Shakespeare and begin a fourth century of his enchantment.

I wish I had time to say something about another very great man, the Spaniard Cervantes, who died on the same day as Shakespeare: the author of the altogether remarkable book, Don Quixote. I saw this immortal work portrayed in a moving picture the other night, and it certainly was entertaining. The "Quixotic" knight and his faithful squire Sancho Panza, have as firm hold upon the affections of the world as they did three hundred years ago, and no doubt the coming centuries for ages will hold these two supremely gifted writers in loving remembrance.

Announcement.

A special low rate of \$1.15 to Jackson, Tenn., and return will be made by the Mobile & Ohio Railroad on May 5, 1916. Take advantage of this special occasion and visit your friends. See local agent for particulars.

For Sale.

I have for sale a lot of choice, selected Japanese cane seed for sale at 10c a pound, special price per bushel. Double the yield of ordinary sorghum. Finely flavored syrup.

S. K. WALLACE, Middleton, Tenn.

Smith said he would not do that, but he would repeat the words of Lady Macbeth, who thought she saw the murder stains on her hand: "Out, damned spot!" Smith probably lost a friend by quoting Shakespeare that time.

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

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