

McNairy County Independent.

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The M. & O. Dairy Cars were here Monday and Tuesday. There were lectures and demonstrations each day in both forenoon and afternoon. The attendance was good, and many seemed much interested in the advice and suggestions given. Tuesday from one to two o'clock the teachers Institute was invited and filled the car. A local buyer of cream will be established here in the near future.

It now looks like the allies are pressing the Germans and Austrians from every quarter. The French have held the enemy in check until the English and Russians got ready and fully prepared with men and munitions to make the onslaught on both sides and from every angle. The allies are growing in strength. The central powers were full-grown at first and are now wearing away in men and munitions. It seems from every standpoint that the Germans are on the western turn of the hill.

The arrival Sunday at Baltimore of a German submarine with a cargo of dyestuffs, and to return with the things they most need in their war supplies, is an epoch in the world's war. That a line of submarines is to be put on seems the German plan to have access to the outside world. They will not be able to carry any heavy supplies such as food stuffs probably, but valuable cargoes, money and private and public documents will be transported, they will be able to pass the enemy by submerging, seems reasonable. They are not armed vessels, and the trade is legitimate and this country will encourage it.

Because articles appear in newspapers and are marked "adv" is no sign they do not state facts. It is not expected that anything but party papers endorse and use their columns free in advocacy of candidates of the opposite party. The Independent is an independent and strictly a non partizan paper. The claims of any candidate may be made in its columns, but not endorsed by the paper. Last week and also in this issue are reprints from partisan papers strongly favoring Mr. Sims' election in the democratic primary. Mr. Sims cannot meet the people and present his claims, and his managers try to do so through the newspapers of the district. We have no hesitancy in saying that Mr. Sims is a credit to any district represented in congress, and we doubt if anything short of death or a republican will vacate his seat in the halls of congress. He certainly is entitled to credit for his untiring efforts to discharge every duty imposed on a congressional representative.

District Conference

The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Peoples of Lexington Wednesday night. The sacrament was administered at the close of the service. There is a large attendance of ministers and laymen.

"The Hand of the Law"

Tuesday night witnessed the presentation by home talent of this rather heavy play under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist church. The night was threatening and the attendance was not as large as it would have been, yet it was a remarkably large house under the conditions.

The play was well staged and the scenery appropriate. Interest in the play increases as the plot thickens, and the climax finds an audience wrought up to a high pitch of interest.

NEW YORK LETTER

Once in Nashville I was introduced to a young lady from Columbia, Maury county, one of the finest and most prosperous sections in Tennessee. When this sweet thing heard I was from McNairy county, she blurted out: "Why, I always heard that McNairy was the poorest county in the State!" There was no use in trying to teach her that McNairy was full of self-respecting, self-supporting citizenship, and was by no means the poorest portion of Tennessee. If it had been my father instead of me, he would, with his native wit, have said to the young lady: "Perhaps so, but no McNairy lady would be so impolite as to say that about another county." I didn't think of that till the next day, and it was perhaps just as well, for the maiden had red hair, and I had none to lose myself. What I did tell her was that almost any county was poor when compared with Maury, but that we McNairians prided ourselves on the output of men and women, second to none in the State; and that I had seen land in Coffee and Pickett counties that took ten acres to raise a bushel of wheat—and it wasn't much wheat at that.

I wrote once of the wonderful rise in the world of a Chewalla boy, Hon. James L. Wilmett, now Chief Clerk of the United States Treasury Department at Washington, and am going to say something about another one of our boys that has the makings of a mighty big man in him—Al Lea, son of Clem Lea, the noted farmer. But just now my remarks will be directed to the "noblest Roman of them all," General Marcus J. Wright, of the War Department at Washington. The General has now entered his eighty-fifth year, but if you were to go to his office in the granite palace where the land defenses of the United States are administered, adjoining the White House, and tell him that you were from McNairy county, he would drop his most important work and tell you to sit down and tell him your name. Then, if you were a McNairian "from way back" he would tell you all about your relatives, and treat you like a son.

There will not be room to tell the military and literary history of General Wright here. It has been told many times, in public documents. When he completed the stupendous task of gathering the Confederate records, begun in 1878, Hon. Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, gave him high commendation in a preface to the printed work. This remains, more durable than a monument of stone, to be read by future generations, and to add one more star to Tennessee as Mother of Great Men.

General Wright comes of military stock. His grandfather, John Wright, was a captain in the Revolutionary War, born in Georgia. His father was lieutenant-captain and major of the Thirty-ninth U. S. Infantry, and was promoted by Andrew Jackson for bravery at the Battle of the Horse-shoe. Marcus J. was lieutenant-colonel of the 154th Tennessee Militia when the war broke out in 1861; was military governor of Columbus, Ky., when he was 31 years old, and was soon made brigadier-general, and the list of his engagements and services would fill a volume itself. His son John is captain of the regular army.

Marcus J. Wright was born at Purdy, June 5, 1831. His mother, whose maiden name was Martha Ann Hicks, was a noted beauty, and was a lifelong friend of the old Mexican War hero, Gen. Winfield Scott, they having been born on adjoining plantations. Gen. Scott gave young Marcus a dinner in honor of his mother at Washington, when Marcus was eighteen years old. I first saw Gen. Wright on coming to Washington in the summer of 1891: a man of somewhat portly build, smooth-shave except for a small beard on his lower lip; a man of impressively intelligent expression, both in looks and language, and yet, especially when talking of his beloved native county, kindred and friends of his youth, he was just like a good old neighbor, with enough of the polish of Washington

life and literary finish to make him especially interesting. He never seemed to be in a hurry, although there were always many papers on his desk awaiting his attention, and was never too busy to talk about dear old McNairy and its sweet memories for him.

General Wright feels the weight of years somewhat, and told the War Department some months ago that he wanted a rest; but they insisted that he stay with them awhile longer. A man of his ability and character is a valuable asset in times like this, when the adequate defense of our country is such a live question, and they evidently set great store by his wisdom in experience in the great game of national defense. Long may he remain, to reflect glory upon the land of his birth, and to plan for its protection.

A man of less than half the age of General Wright; a slender, dark-skinned boy of about forty, knocked at my office door here the other day. I never had seen him before, but when he said he was from McNairy, and was a son of Clem Lea, you may be sure I "sat up and took notice." This was Al Lea, who was born over about Gravelhill, where my dear mother used to go to church when she was a girl. Al used to ride horses at the county fair races at old Purdy, but he had higher horses in view, and went to Shreveport, Louisiana. He was United States marshal and postmaster there, and went to Chicago first in 1912 and then again this year, as Louisiana delegate to the Republican National Convention. That's going some, as they say here, for a Gravelhill boy. But that is only the first chapter, so to speak, of a career which will probably put Al Lea away up in the Vanderbilt and Rockefeller class before he gets through.

He came to see me in company with a dapper looking financier from Wall street, with whom he had been conferring about getting capital to work the new oil fields in Louisiana. He represented nine independent oil producers in that rich field. In fact, there were three fields, Caddo, Red River, and some other that I have forgotten, that he had on his string. The Red River field, the richest of them all, has brought in eighty-five gushers, or spouting oil wells, and millions are in sight, for the use of all oil products, from the crude petroleum to the gasoline, kerosene and other refined articles, is increasing every day. He told about how some old chap from McNairy tried to get him to buy a piece of oil land near Shreveport. If he had taken the man's advice he would have made \$75,000. All the producers want is capital to work their territory and start a refinery; and Wall street has enough money to finance an empire; all it wants is sufficient security for its loans. The outlook seemed to be favorable to Mr. Lea's cause while here. But in the midst of worldly cares he did not forget his religion, and attended Sunday school in Brooklyn. He hurried back home to take up the business at that end, but said he was coming again. He will have indigestion for a couple of weeks from the broiled lobster and pate de foie gras that those money-jugglers treated him to while here, and it will take a piece of good old corn pone and a bowl of creamy clabber to get him all straightened out again.

Mr. Lea did not have much to say about the Convention at Chicago, but remarked that the delegates seemed to be in a more serious and business-like mood than they were four years ago. They felt the responsibility resting upon them to get down to "brass tacks," do their work well, and get home, and that is what they did.

The chaos in Mexico has greatly interfered with the oil business in that troubled country, and that makes it all the more probable that the Louisiana fields will be developed to the fullest extent. If our McNairy friend has no bad luck, he will certainly be heard from in both the financial and political fields, and it goes without saying that he will reflect added honor upon his family name and upon his native soil.

LINDSEY S. PERKINS.

BUCK SNORT

Tells of the Curiosities of Forgiveness

Forgiveness is a c'orious thing;
Sometimes it is the little sting,
The mocking word, though said in fun
That makes an enemy of one;
While him that done you deadly wrong
You'll make up with fore very long.

Just listen:

I riled a widow woman once
By sayin her boy was a dunce;
That was back there in ninety-three.
Since then she hasnt spoke to me.
And that there man that shot her Jim—
Why, tother day she married him—
That's what she done!

I said Bill Waffles was a gump,
And that old weasel took the stump
And worked agin me when I run
Fer sheriff and was beat by one.
I seed him ridin tother day
With the man that tricked his farm away—
That's old Bill Waffles.

I tell ye now: be on yer guard;
When you hit people, hit em hard;
Dont knock em easy—if you do,
They shorely will git back at you.
Ruther than prod em with a pin,
My boy, you'd better not begin.
You hear me!

Hickory Holler, Tenn., any time at all.

After Twenty Years of Service

It is now but four weeks until the Congressional primary. It goes without saying that THE PROGRESS never fails to find genuine pleasure in the announcement that Mr. Sims offers for re-election. We have not only been an observer of local conditions but we have keenly watched the expressed sentiment throughout the Congressional District, and noted with satisfaction that the voter year after year becomes less excited over the personal ambitions of the candidates and more concerned over the service to be rendered and, with a growing tendency to "let well enough alone."

When Mr. Porter made his announcement to make this second try-out as a congressional candidate, one tried to make a survey of conditions as to his availability, and, since we must judge things by comparison, we tried to figure, even giving him the benefit of every doubt, in what way he could be considered a more formidable candidate than Gen. Howard two years ago. Gen. Howard was quite the equal if not the superior intellectually; a much older man with a broader experience; he was a public official whose people had re-elected and kept in office for more than twenty years as Attorney General, and no man, especially one of General Howard's temperament, could so long mix with a people without making friends, and such friends as would have and exercise a personal interest in his political fortunes. Outside of Henry county there are not 10 men of political strength who would have a personal interest in Mr. Porter on Mr. Porter's account, for those who are supporting him are not specially for Porter but just opposed to Congressman Sims. Gen. Howard is a much more "likeable" man personally, a better "mixer" as it is called. He had a large personal acquaintance in eight of the ten counties of the District, knowing practically every voter in seven of the counties where he held court—he knew intimately fifty times the number of voters than does Porter; he had influential relatives in five of the ten counties of the district which gave him a strength Porter cannot command. He had an office to surrender in event of his advancement to Congress and from a political viewpoint this was a valuable asset; yet with all this advantage as we see it in his favor as against Mr. Porter's availability, Gen. Howard could not succeed against Mr. Sims, and there was a reason—the reason being that the people felt that they had in Congressman Sims a man wholly equipped for the place, who stands as high as any man in the Congress of the United States, and whose every effort and attention has been to serve the people of this district. The one thing that Porter can say that Gen. Howard was estopped from using is that

he has never held office and believes in rotation of public officials. This is an argument, however, that appeals only to the few—the very few that aspire to office, simply as a place for themselves in the government service. The voter now appreciates that it takes tenure in a legislative body to get rank and results, and the tendency everywhere is to keep the faithful representative just as long as he will honestly serve them. During Mr. Sims' long career he has never cast a vote of which he is or was ashamed, or for which it was necessary for him to apologize, nor has Mr. Porter challenged a single vote or act of Mr. Sims' twenty years of activity, sufficient of itself to re-elect the Congressman.

Every vote he has cast has been in keeping with principle; he does nothing for expediency or show; he has none of the qualities of the professional politician and shuns notoriety and evades the press agent. He is conferred with by President Wilson in presenting the administration measures and enjoys the esteem and confidence of the President and Congressional leaders. Our interest in Mr. Sims dates back many years before he entered public life. He cannot boast that one grandfather was a Governor and the other a member of Congress as does his opponent, but his grandfathers were of the sturdy farmer class who earned their living by the sweat of the brow. Mr. Sims had to make his own way in everything he has undertaken in life. As a struggling young man he was known to be so honorable and dependable that he had no difficulty in getting loans to loan him money to go to school on and later as a struggling young lawyer repaid every obligation. He is conservative in act and temperate in speech, and especially now when the honor of the country is being tried, do we need that conservatism and balance of which he is possessed. The District should be congratulated that Mr. Sims offers for re-election and our good fortune to have such a man to be our Representative.—Lexington Progress.

adv

Good Health Doubles the Value of Your Services

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The Wise Saying of a Great Business Man

When you get a good customer strive to keep him, but when you get a bad one strive to keep yourself. The McCaskey System will help you to this end. The desirable customer will appreciate and is really entitled to an itemized statement of his account with each purchase. The Merchant can furnish it to him with no extra cost or labor with the McCaskey System. The undesirable customer don't want to know, neither does he want his merchant to know what he owes. The McCaskey System keeps both posted.

Take the wise saying of the great business man; keep your good customer by furnishing him with an itemized statement of his account. Keep yourself from the clutches of your bad customer by keeping yourself posted.

The McCaskey Register
will do this; why not buy one?