

TYPICAL CAMP OF WESTERN FRONT

Seen at Suck Creek on Walden's Ridge.

Progress of Work on Section of Dixie Highway.

Story of Tramp of Six Miles Over Country Inhabited by Snakes and Things.

Situated in the Suck Creek gulch, near the main fork of that rough and winding stream, can be found Suck Creek camp, containing ninety-nine convicts, and a dozen or more guards and foremen. If one has the ability to climb over rocks, over hills, and cross creeks without the assistance of even a footlog, and keeps going long enough, he will reach the Suck Creek camp. But for the information of those who might take it upon themselves to go out to the camp some fine day, a little bit of information as to the geography and "snakeology" of the country might be of interest. It would be a good thing to start to Suck Creek camp about 5 o'clock in the morning. That will give a good long day in which to climb around the shoulder of the mountain, and to take the needed rest and recreation along the way. Another thing, it would be a good idea to take along plenty of good snake medicine. Reptiles of various breeds are plentiful in that region, and a reporter who journeyed down that way on Friday afternoon killed two on his walk up the mountain. The men in the camp say they average two snakes a day, and no one ventures outside the camp after nightfall. The camp is one typical of the frontier settlement that once predominated the west. Sometimes that kind of camp is shown in the motion pictures. Cabins built of logs roughly thrown together; a long stockade in which the prisoners eat and sleep; the officers' quarters, with a little bit of home like decency; the warehouse and stables and, in fact, all the essential things that one would expect in a construction camp. One of the chief attractions of the camp and one which everyone is proud of, prisoners and officers alike, is the big spring just below the camp. The water, they say, is the best in the state, and when the News man, arrived at the camp, tired and thirsty, and partook of a long draught of the water, he did not deny the assertion.

Work on the road through the Suck creek gulch is progressing nicely and the men have made splendid progress during the time they have been in camp. Rain has interfered somewhat with their work, the officers say, but despite the rain, they have managed to make a good showing for the ten days spent there. Through the roughest ground imaginable, and right among rocks almost as large as the cabins in which they sleep, the men have graded a road that will be one of the most picturesque along the Dixie highway route. Immense cliffs, high and covered with spruce pine, are on either side of the road. At one juncture the road makes a turn around a bluff on one side, while some distance below the waters of the Suck Creek rush down toward the Tennessee. When finished, the road will afford picnickers and tourists an excellent camping place, for camping facilities are excellent.

According to the superintendent of the camp, L. B. Parish, the sun shines only about three and one-half hours in the gulch. This, he says, makes the work easier for the men. The heat for the past few days has been intense, and the superintendent said the men at first suffered some difficulty in getting used to the heat and the work. They had been used to indoor work at the penitentiary, and the sudden change from indoor to outdoor work was hard to get accustomed to. They are becoming toughened, he said, and now are able to do much more work than they did at the beginning.

Each guard has fifteen men and thirty men are given each foreman. Each convict, on the average, moves about five yards of dirt each day. The superintendent says that more can be moved by them when the men become better accustomed to the work. On the Marion county side, about 1,500 feet of the road has been built. Seventy convicts are used on that county's side, and are making the dirt fly in their construction of the road to-

ward the top of the mountain. Marion county has about three miles of its road to finish. It was stated by the superintendent that this would be finished about the first of October. The time calculated in which it would take to finish the work was Dec. 1, but Supt. Parrish said that with the addition of fifty more convicts from the main prison, which he expects the early part of next week, the work could easily be completed by Oct. 1. The dirt and rock are easily handled, he said, and no trouble is being experienced in that direction.

On the Hamilton county side, only about 400 feet of the road is completed. This is due, say the officers, to the small bunch of men this county has, which numbers twenty-nine. Another setback to the Hamilton county was that the right of way was not ready when the convicts arrived, and three days were lost in waiting for the trees, etc., to be cleared away preparatory to grading. Ten men, all of which are free labor employed by the county, are now engaged in clearing the right of way, and are almost to the bridge across the Suck Creek, the end of Hamilton county's portion of the road. The roughest section of the Hamilton county side is now being worked over, and by the middle of next week, they will be in position to do faster grading. About two miles remain to be finished on the Hamilton county side.

The men expressed themselves as being well pleased with the camp. The negro convicts especially are elated over being out in the open, and said they preferred it to the main prison at Nashville. The white men, however, of which there are ten, said they did not like the camp absolutely, but said they had "seen worse places." All the convicts in the camp are long term prisoners and are going about their daily tasks in good humor and disposition. The camp is ideally situated, well drained and sanitary. Except for the great number of snakes, no other insects and reptiles are much in evidence.—Chattanooga News.

Smithsonia, Ala.

Special to the News.
The U. S. Launch, "Cinch" is here for repairs.
W. A. Isam had the misfortune to look in a ditch with his Ford while attempting to go around a fallen tree and had to be hauled out.
Dr. R. Buck Williams D. V. M. was called on last week to administer to Hunch.
Henry Nichols is on the sick list this week.
Colbert Douglas spent Sunday evening over in Shakerag.
Henry Mitchell made his regular trip to Sheffield Saturday.
Lost—From Saturday to Monday Mr. E. E. Coles, Sizable reward is offered.
Wonder what Misses Pearl Jordan and Pauline Suggs were laughing about Sunday night.
I heard a certain young man say it was a long long way to Gravelly Springs.
J. H. Darby, the engineer on the Col. W. R. King, is off on his yearly vacation. D. B. Gardenus taking his place.
It is an even bet that a certain watchman has made a hit with a young lady at Piedale.
Frank Quigley's launch, "Tipperary," is now in operation, the not entirely finished.
John Danini made his weekly trip to Sheffield.
Mrs. E. R. Wicker and niece, Miss Lucas, who is visiting her, went to Seaside Saturday, returning with Mr. Isam in his Ford. They were somewhat delayed on the return journey until mules could be procured to pull the Ford out of the ditch.
Mr. Brazalee sent his E. M. F. to Sheffield on a barge and traded it for a Ford which is the universal car for this country, owing to the price of gasoline and repair parts for larger cars.
One—among—them.

Victoria.

Special to the News.
Prof. E. L. Ferguson, singing master of the Marion County Singing and Sunday School Convention, has taught a ten nights singing school at Sardis, which has proved a great help to the church and Sunday school at that place. Prof. Ferguson has organized a choir of singers known as the Sardis Emergency Band. The following officers were elected: Will Long, president, Chas. Mitchell, director of vocal music; Miss Cora Kilgore, organist, Miss Ruth Long, secretary; Miss Abbie Jones, treasurer; Chas. Mitchell, reporter.
Rev. E. C. Ihurston preached an interesting sermon at Sardis Sunday. Music was furnished by the Emergency Band. The following songs were sung in "Golden Gospel Belts": No. 4, "Just Beyond the Border Line," No. 16, "My Song of Praise," No. 14, "The Victory to Win," and No. 13, "There's Room Enough For Me." The Emergency Band will meet with Whitwell choir Friday night, July 7, at Whitwell. We would like to hear from the choir of Oak Grove, Caroline Chapel, Mineral Springs, Whitwell and Sulphur Springs through the columns of the News.
Little Drummer.

Walter Cox.

Walter Cox died at Whitwell last week of stomach trouble, after a long illness. He was about 28 years of age, and leaves a wife.

"Business is Business."

By Bertion Brasley

"Business is business," but men are men,
Loving and working, dreaming,
Toiling with pencil or spade or pen,
Roistering, planning, scheming.

"Business is business"—but he's a fool
Whose business has grown to another
His faith in men and the golden rule,
His love for a friend and brother.

"Business is business"—but life is life;
Though we're all in the game to win it,
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife,
And try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades now and then,
And slip from our golden tether;
"Business is business," but men are men,
And we're all good pals together!

BLOOD FLOWS IN SEQUACHEE VALLEY

Three Men Shot Down, Two at Pikeville, One At Whitwell—Fourth Proves Bloody Day.

Three persons are expected to die from wounds received in pistol and knife duels at Fourth of July celebrations in Sequachee valley Tuesday.

They are:
JAMES DENNY, aged 33 years, of Pikeville.
JAMES KNIGHT, aged about 75 years, of Pikeville.
ASA CONDRA, aged 23 years, of Whitwell.

Denny and Knight were shot in a three cornered pistol fight which occurred in the presence of several thousand people on one of the Main streets of Pikeville. The shooting took place in front of the residence of Lewis S. Pope, assistant United States district attorney, and Mr. Pope, his wife and three children and Judge R. B. Cooke and son, Tom, of this city, all had narrow escapes from flying bullets.

James Denny is a member of a prominent family near Pikeville, and is the owner of a farm valued at more than \$25,000. He came to the Pikeville Fourth of July celebration with his cousin, Walter Walling, who is his employer on his farm. The two were reported to have been drinking, and shortly before noon James Knight, former sheriff of Bledsoe county, and now a deputy sheriff, attempted to arrest Denny on the charge of disorderly conduct. Denny knocked down the old man and choked him until he pleaded for mercy.

After this incident Knight retired to the jail and secured a revolver. He returned to the courthouse square and was informed that Denny and Walling had started for the baseball grounds. He started in that direction and got as far as the Pope residence when he found Lem Hale, the city marshal, with Denny and Walling under the cover of two revolvers and was surrounded by a large crowd. Neither of the men was resisting arrest. Knight flanked the crowd and came around to the side of the men, and without any warning drew his revolver and shot Denny twice. He was not more than ten or twelve feet away from him. One bullet entered the back of the shoulder and the other the middle of his back. Denny fell to the ground with an outcry, and as he did so Walter Walling, his cousin, drew a revolver and shot Knight, the bullet entering the old man's stomach. It was pronounced a fatal wound.

Lem Hale, the city marshal, stood in the center of the firing line and watched one of his prisoners shot down and the other shot down the assailant. It happened so quickly and was so unexpected that he had hardly time to make a move. Walling emptied his revolver at Knight, and then calmly broke down the chamber and reloaded it.

By this time the crowd had entirely vanished from the immediate vicinity and he stood alone, surrounded only by the smoke from the belching revolvers.

As soon as the firing had ceased some of the more venturesome citizens came forward to give aid to the wounded. Both men were taken to their homes in automobiles and attention given them. Physicians stated that Knight's wound would probably prove fatal before the night was over.

An examination of Denny's wounds showed that one of the bullets had lodged in or near his backbone. He was paralyzed from the wound down, and physicians who examined him declared that if he withstood the ordeal of an operation that he would no doubt lose the use of his lower limbs for life. His wound was said to be almost identical with that of Eugene Grace, the young Atlanta architect, who was mysteriously shot a few years ago, and for which shooting his wife was tried and acquitted.

Denny was brought to Chattanooga on the afternoon train and arrived here last night at 9 o'clock. He with-

stood the trip as well as could be expected, it was declared. During the greater part of the journey he was under the influence of an opiate. He was brought to Chattanooga by Dr. W. H. Harris, of Pikeville. His wife was in Dunlap yesterday and boarded the train at that point. Her husband was in a cot in the baggage car and the meeting between them was extremely pathetic.

Hardly had the duellists been taken from the scene of the shooting when a long distance telephone message told of the affair at Whitwell. Asa Condra, one of the most feared men in the valley came on the picnic grounds under the influence of liquor, and after a good deal of talking, it is alleged, accosted Sam Thompson, a special deputy sheriff for the day, and stationed near the dancing pavilion, where there were a large number of young people. The two had a short argument, at the close of which Thompson backed away and started to another part of the grounds. Condra followed him with an opened knife. Thompson warned him three times to stay away, reports say, but Condra insisted on following him up. Thompson finally drew his revolver and shot him two times, one of the bullets inflicting what was declared to be a fatal wound in the abdomen.

The shooting occurred on the same grounds where five years ago on the Fourth of July Condra stabbed to death a young man named Price in a manner of the one yesterday.

Thompson immediately surrendered to the officers and was taken by auto to Bridgeport, Ala. In a few minutes after the shooting relatives of Condra came to the grounds and announced that they would "go and get" Thompson. The latter's friends telephoned to the county seat, but Thompson had gone to Bridgeport, and later rendered at the jail here. It was feared at Whitwell last night that the Condras might attempt to avenge the shooting of their relative by an attack on other members of the Thompson family, and there was much apprehension up and down the valley.

"Most of them were drunk," Thompson stated. "Jim Perkins, one of their number, stepped up on the dancing pavilion and seized the master of ceremonies by the belt and informed him that he was 'too damned smart' and said that his time was short. He pulled the man to the ground and was leading him away when I interfered. I asked Perkins to let the man go as he had done no harm. Perkins refused and I grabbed him by the arm and attempted to take the man from him, whereupon young Asa Condra, who had been standing near, raised a knife he had been holding in his hand, and after saying that this was none of my affair, declared that he intended to 'cut my damned throat.' He raised the knife and started toward me and I shot him."

"A deputy took me in charge and had started to take me from the grounds when George Condra ran up behind a tree with a pistol and said he was going to kill me. I threw the deputy from my arm so that I could defend myself. As I moved about watching George, he kept the pistol pointing at me continually, but another deputy seized him from the back before he could shoot."

"They tried to take me through the town but I refused to be taken that way as I thought that they were going to mob me there. We started through the open fields toward the railroad station. As we neared our destination I saw a man, I do not know who he was, running across the field with a gun, trying to intercept us. The deputy left me his pistol and said he would meet me at a certain place with an automobile. I met him and we went to Bridgeport, whence Sheriff Kelly and I came to Chattanooga tonight."—Chattanooga Times, Wednesday.

Condra is reported as resting easy, last night, and may recover.

OFFICERS: T. G. GARRETT, Vice-Pres.
S. H. ALEXANDER, Pres. F. A. KELLY, Cashier.

MARION TRUST & BANKING CO.

JASPER, TENN.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,..... \$ 25,000.00
Deposits, 123,000.00

We pay interest on time deposits.
Combine absolute safety with satisfactory service.
Give particular attention to business of farmers.
Invite new accounts upon our merits for strength and superior facilities.
A strong bank can accord liberal treatment to its patrons. Our past policy and ample resources are our guarantee for the future.

We Want Your Business

"DEAR BILL" LETTER FROM TRAINING CAMP

Dear Old Bill:

There has been plenty doing at this little old diggings to satisfy the most ardent lover of labor; in fact, it has been nothing to do but work one continuous round after another, yet, the officers in charge change the pace so often and give us such a variety of things to do and learn that we never feel exhausted physically. Mentally, there is a question in my mind as to whether a weariness could overtake some of us. As for those who would class in with this latter bunch, they have mostly been weeded out, this camp having been on wheels for more than two weeks and with the officers of this little old army of our great little U. S., there is but little pastime when it comes to the matter of picking up your elected occupations here. Believe me Bo, they can gently pick up one of these possibilities, plant him on the nicest pair of slippery skids, give him one gentle little push, and the way he travels would make Ty Cobb imagine he had always been kidding himself, were he here to see.

Generally speaking these officers are a mighty fine set of fellows. There has been one or two who tried to make it hard for the rookies and who seemed to take great pleasure in airing all the sarcasm they had managed to pick up in their very eventful lives but they have recently failed to put in an appearance when the bugle blows for assembly at squad and company drill. During the first week after a new camp opens of course all the recruits are as emerald green as our home county and who seem to have an ungodly right regularly. In our company we have an Episcopalian rector. About the third day he was here and just after we had come in from a two hour's hike the order came to assemble our packs in a different way, make them up, we call it. It was fast work for me with some experience behind me to go by to get away with the order in time and this rector didn't get his strapped up quite right. On the next march his salt and pepper box fell out and he stooped down to pick it up. The lieutenant right there had a fit. The doctor said nothing. Just a little further on the officer hopped him again just after we had stopped for rest, wading up with "The next time that pepper box drops, let it go, let it go. We all roared when the chap reached back in his pack, picked it out, and said it across the road with, "All right, here she goes." You will appreciate this a little more when you get right into the training and understand that an officer is always right and that such a breach of discipline like his getting fresh with a chap who carries around a government commission is next to unpardonable.

Nine out of ten of the officers the rector. As soon as they give the order to rest when we are drilling or after we have come in from a march they mix with us just the same as they were in the first month's training themselves. Of course they have to maintain discipline while the training or lecturing is going on but they are very patient with it all and go over time and again the details so that every rookie has a chance to get it straight.

Tattoo is blowing 9 p. m. That means lights out or accept an invitation to come to headquarters and tell them why you couldn't make one red and four black ones stand up on the second raise.

Your friend, JACK FORREST.

Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.
Sunday, June 18, 1916.

Skelton-Schultz.

Cleveland, Tenn., July 3.—Miss Gertrude M. Skelton became the bride of Dr. Chester Arthur Skelton at a pretty home wedding here yesterday afternoon. Rev. W. S. Neighbors, pastor of Lea Street Southern Methodist church, officiating, in the presence of only a few invited relatives and friends. The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Schultz, of this city, and the bridegroom is a young physician of Chattanooga. They left immediately for Chattanooga with a motoring party, and will make their home in St. Elmo.—Chattanooga Times.

NOTICE.

The next County Union of the F. E. and C. U. of A. will be held at Ebenezer the second Saturday, July 8. Let all the members come. This will be a big day.

O. H. FRANCIS, Secretary.

THE FUTURE OF THE PEANUT

Acres Increasing in Oklahoma, With Bright Outlook for Peanut Growers

What part is the peanut destined to play in Southern agriculture within the next decade? This is a question that hundreds of farmers in southern Oklahoma are asking, and some of them are of the opinion that it will rival cotton as a money crop and soon as a feed crop. Stretching out for miles on each side of the South Canadian River there are hundreds upon hundreds of acres of sandy soil that are fast becoming the home of the peanut. Farmers in this vast territory have been experimenting with the crop for one, two, or three years, and have almost invariably increased their acreage from year to year. This year will see the greatest acreage yet.

This crop is raised here for two purposes: as a direct money crop and as a feed crop. One community in this county has already purchased a peanut-threshing machine, and each fall this is used to get the nuts ready for market. Last season this community shipped three carloads of the nuts to the city markets. Taking a cue from this, a local cottonseed oil mill made preparations for installing machinery to crush the peanuts and thus take care of the crop at home.

Aside from its value as a nut to munch and its value in candy, it is fast becoming a big factor in supplying the table with much that is wholesome and good. Peanut butter has already become a well known food product, and it is advised by physicians. Then, too, the peanut supplies an oil that is far superior to the oil we get from cotton seed. As most of the readers of The Progressive Farmer know there are certain foods that have to be put up in oils. Cottonseed oils will not always answer the purpose, and as a result the canneries are forced to use olive oil, which is very expensive. Peanut oil can be used very satisfactorily. Thus, the peanut oil is a factor in making the crop more remunerative. The most of the peanut factories that are planning to begin business soon have for their object the placing of oil on the market. With the peanuts recognized as a source of preserving oils, the crop will at once be recognized as a money crop.

But there are hundreds of farmers in this state who are planting peanuts for hogs and do not gather them. One farmer near Ada puts from 20 to 30 acres of ground in peanuts, turns from 50 to 100 head of hogs on these each fall, and then turns the hogs into money. He raises no cotton, but makes more money than than the cotton raisers make.

Farmers here often make 90 bushels of nuts to the acre. Mill men say at the present price of oil they can pay 70 cents a bushel for the nuts and still make profit. This means that they can get \$63 an acre for the nuts and still have the hay left. The hay crop is worth from \$10 to \$20 an acre.

All facts seem to indicate that the peanut is not a slowly plant destined to dwell in obscurity, but is to take its place by the side of King Cotton.

Ada, Okla. W. D. LITTLE, In Progressive Farmer.

Wm. Wimberly.

Wm. Wimberly, of Laynesville, died at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. J. R. VonRohr, Monday morning, the 26th inst., of paralysis. He was about eighty nine years of age. The burial was at the Deakins cemetery Wednesday, after funeral services at the home by Rev. C. A. Pangle, at 10 a. m. A number of grandchildren and other relatives were present from Chattanooga. The deceased leaves four living daughters, Susan Pope, Flora Heard, Mary Smith and Temple Phillips. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of all in their loss. May the world be left better by the deceased having lived in it.—Dunlap Tribune.

HIS BACKACHE GONE

Just how dangerous a backache, sore muscles, aching joints, or rheumatic pains may be is sometimes realized only when life insurance is refused on account of kidney trouble. Joseph G. Wolf, of Green Bay, Wis., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills relieved me of a severe backache that had bothered me for several months." Take Foley Kidney Pills for weak lame back and weary sleepless nights. Sold by J. W. Simpson & Son, Jasper, Tenn.

Rumania has imposed a tax of 20 per cent on the receipts of the famous gambling casinos at Constantza and Sibiala.