



Lord, we who set the furrow deep,
And sow the seeds of industry,
For the rich guerdon that we reap
Give thanks to Thee!
—Clinton Scollard, in Outlook

TO-DAY IS THANKSGIVING
TO US IT MEANS A GREAT DEAL
PEACE AND RETURN TO NORMALCY
THE MADNESS OF WAR IS OVER
MONEY DELIRIUM IS ABATING
THINGS ARE SEEKING REAL LEVELS
OUR SONS WILL NOT CROSS THE SEA
"GOD REIGNS" AND AMERICA LIVES
LET US BE THANKFUL

Lord, we who delve in under earth
Far from thy sunlight and dew,
For whatsoever we win of worth
Give thanks to Thee!
—Clinton Scollard, in Outlook



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THURSDAY, Nov. 25, 1920

NEW TIMES AHEAD.

"The United States is now entering a new era—an era of \$1.25 wheat, 70 cent corn, 50-cent oats, 9-cent hogs, 15-cent cotton and 6-cent sugar. These prices will prepare the country for five years of quiet times ahead. For the years that we can loaf and dawdle while Europe 'merges'. Nervous diseases will dwindle. Business will be sound but slow. The autos will suspend their daily murders and coffee and rolls will drop to ten cents. Men will refuse to stifle in three small rooms at \$125 per month. The ass who gibbered that world trade lay at the mercy of the United States will be deported. A monument will mark the southern dream of 40 cent cotton. Farmers will not murmur three-dollar wheat in their sleep. They will say 'thank you' at the elevator in velvet tones for a little old \$1. The \$25 suit and overcoat, sound wool and well-tailored, will roam the country. Cat, goat, rat, calf, squirrel and every 'phony skin' that can be glossed up will not masquerade at \$200 to \$500 per coat. Less cigarettes will be sold, thank the gods. The 'pill' will dangle from fewer kid lips in elevators and corridors. There will be surplus labor to build up a big army and navy. A 'master' ice cream soda will sell at a dime. And yet there are a few who believe the United States should continue its mad prosperity."

The above is from the Chicago correspondent of the New York News Record, and expresses the condition and the end to be obtained succinctly. We have had a money-mad prosperity, with inflated values and inflated everything. In fact, we have been hanging from an immense balloon and the bubble has been pricked, and we are now slowly descending to Mother Earth and to common sense.

We do not fully endorse, however, the prices on farm products. For instance, corn should never sell less than \$1 a bushel and 70c is entirely too low for it. We do not believe a farmer can build up land and produce 70-cent corn, and if he tries to produce it without building up his

land, it is only a question of time until he will have neither farm nor money.

Fifty-cent oats is entirely too low. Sixty or sixty-five cents sounds fairer, alike to producer and buyer, and 75c is not too much, a little over 2c per lb.

Wheat should never go below \$1.50 per bushel, and \$2 is not exorbitant, especially for wheat produced in this county. Perhaps a standard price of \$1.75 would be better. Farms in this country that produce fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre are rare. At \$2 per bushel this would be only \$30 gross to the acre, and that is not much for farm lands, valued at \$100 per acre or more.

Southern farmers should get not less than \$25c cotton, but they cannot pay \$8 a day to pick that cotton. To try to produce cotton at 15c is suicidal, and land had better be put in some other crop than attempt it.

And we think 6-cent sugar is too low for a producer to pay living wages to his hands and realize anything himself.

Labor also will have to give a little. The 7-dollar, 8-dollar and 10-days are over, and we doubt if they have been much of a blessing after all. No laboring man, in view of the reduced prices should receive less than \$2 per day. And the scale should rise from this according to his efficiency, occupation and zeal for the interests of his employer. Let us hear no more of 50c or \$1.00 labor. It is too degrading.

This country is going to rock along on a sound basis. Inflation is stopped. In the days of \$2 corn there were plenty of men who endeavored to force it to \$3 to pocket the difference. It was the same way with meat and lard and sugar and clothes and hundreds of other things, and the result is the country has now the finest lot of millionaires ever got together.

However, they did not win the election, so as to plunder the people some more, and we are recovering financial sanity. It's going to be a slow job and some are going to be injured, but it is a process that is going to be accomplished.

You will note an appeal from Will H. Hays for funds to make up deficit in Republican campaign fund. And we were told they had such an enormous fund raised that they were going to buy the presidency.

The amount of revenue from advertising and subscriptions on this paper this week is very much less than the cost of getting it out. Why cannot our friends be more liberal with their support and give the paper more than half a chance? It would be greatly appreciated.

An Appeal

To the Republicans of the Country and all Who Aided Them:

The Republican success in the 1920 election has been commensurate with the quality of our candidates and the righteousness of our cause.

This success is the partnership accomplishment of all Republicans everywhere and of hundreds of thousands of well-wishers of good government regardless of past party affiliations.

To these we now appeal because it the mutual responsibility of us all who will share alike in the consequent mutual benefit of good government.

The plan of limiting campaign contributions to \$1,000, adopted by your national organization, has left your party unmortgaged.

It has been a most advanced step in placing the business of politics on the highest plane, and has brought an interest on the part of thousands who never before have been concerned with politics.

Some weeks before election it was apparent that the expenses provided

for in our budget, with the strictest economy, would exceed the contributions, but we were unwilling either to leave undone any legitimate effort essential to complete success or to change the method of raising money. We were then sure and we are now sure that every Republican desires that the expenses of the campaign be distributed in this manner.

Your presidential campaign this year cost no more than that of 1916, when a dollar went nearly twice as far as it does today.

Four years ago the bulk of the campaign fund came from 750 contributors, while this year the approximately \$2,000,000 contributed to date for the presidential election has come from 50,000 givers.

The victory won, the raising of the deficit would be easy, indeed, if your committee were willing to abandon the policy of keeping down the average of contribution. This we are determined not to do. It was a fight of all the people. The result speaks for itself. It lifted a burden from the minds of millions and points the way to better and happier days. We ask now for that additional help from all which is merited both by the successful conclusion of the effort and by the consequent contribution to the welfare of all our people and the glory of the nation.

INFLUENCE OF SMALL THINGS



Drop a pebble in the water—jes a splash an' it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on an' on an' on,
Spreadin', spreadin' from the centre, flowin' on out to the sea,

An' th' ain't no way o' tellin' where th' end is goin' to be.
Drop a pebble in the water—in a minute ye forget,
But th's little waves a-flowin' an' th's ripples circling yet,
All th' ripples flowin', flowin' to a mighty wave has grown,
An' ye've disturbed a mighty river—jes' by droppin' in a stone.

Drop an unkind word or careless—in a minute it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circling on an' on an' on,
Th' keep spreadin', spreadin', spreadin' from the centre as th' go,
An' th' ain't no way to stop 'em, once ye've started 'em to flow.

Drop an unkind word or careless—in a minute ye forget,
But th's little waves a-flowin' an' th's ripples circlin' yet,
An' perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears ye've stirred,
An' disturbed a life et's happy when ye dropped an unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer an' kindness—jes' a flash and it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on an' on an' on,
Bearin' hope and joy an' comfort on each splashin', dashin' wave,
Till ye wouldn't believe the volume of the one unkind word ye gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness—in a minute ye forget,
But th's gladness still a-swellin' and th's joy a-circling yet,
An' ye've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard

Over miles an' miles 'o water—jest by dropping a kind word.

—WORD AND WORKS.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN PEACE TIME Health Promotion



Health is at the foundation of human happiness. Through its Rural Service, Public Health Nursing Service and Health Center Service, the American Red Cross aims greatly to strengthen this foundation and to draw more closely than ever the neighborly ties that bind the American people together. Here is shown a Red Cross Public Health nurse attending a young mother with a brand new baby, seeing that both receive scientific care.

Let us now have help from every American who is grateful for the victory and all that it means to the country. It might well be in the nature of a thanksgiving offering for the return to a certainly safe, sane, constitutional progressive government.

Let us by general and generous giving put the seal of approval upon the policy of putting a national administration in power free from any possible embarrassment of special obligation to any man, men or group of men. Let us make the contribution, whether large or small, and whether or not we have heretofore given, commensurate with our means and our appreciation, always within the maximum limit heretofore fixed. Let us get our names on the cornerstone of a sturdier political structure, upon the roll of those who have helped make possible a campaign of which, in methods and result, we may as republicans and patriots be justly proud.

Most earnestly we urge that this aid be given quickly, that your committee may be enabled to discharge the party's obligations and turn to further constructive work in behalf of country and party.

REP. NATIONAL COMMITTEE,
Will H. Hays, Chm.
Checks should be made payable to Fred W. Upham, Treasurer, and sent to the Committee's Office, 19 West 54th St., New York City, N. Y.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CHENEY'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1920. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
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