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THE COMMERCIAL

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FORREST

Elements of Christianity in His Character.

Dr. D. C. Kelley, at the McFerrin Memorial Church on Sunday morning, addressed a large congregation, mostly composed of Confederate veterans, the subject of his sermon being, "The Elements of Christianity in Gen. N. B. Forrest."

After speaking of various conceptions associated with religion Dr. Kelley said, in part:

"Previous experience had brought me as a preacher to believe that to enter the army as a soldier was a higher help to my usefulness to others than to enter it as a chaplain. This I now believe more fully than before entering."

"Forrest, when we met in Memphis, showed this to have been a prominent fact in his past life—that life up to his twentieth year had been absorbed in winning comfort for his mother—Christianity of a Jesus type (omitting for want of time many things.) Finding him in his tent reading his mother's well worn testament after her visit of a day helped me decide my assent to his urgent request for me to join him with four Alabama companies, expecting as I did, to remain Captain of the boys whose parents at Huntsville, Ala., had given to my care. For the first year of our military life Forrest and I were mess mates. A blessing was asked at each meal and family prayer each night, Forrest reverently joining. I never heard him swear but twice; once he did not know that I was near by; in the other case he at once apologized and promised better things. Later, when addressing the ladies of Huntsville, Ala., in reply to their gift of a sword on his return home from the capture of Col. Straight, he asked their prayers, declaring that his mother's and wife's prayers were more to him than all his skill in battle.

"These are not, however, the measure of his conformity to my task. At the close of our first battle at Sacramento, Ky., in a sword fight with two Federal soldiers he ran a Captain through the body and scalped the head of a soldier. Weeks later we visited the home of the soldier. Reman-

ing at the gate myself he entered the house. After a short waiting he emerged from the dwelling, the wife accompanying him. Evidently she was pleading with him. Soon she fell at his feet clasping his knees in her arms and I heard the exclamation, 'Glory, glory,' when he reached the yard gate. The question was asked, what did the woman mean? His eyes swimming in tears, he replied: 'I gave her her husband, promising that while he was at home he should not be molested.'

Once when a general visiting at headquarters indulged in profane swearing in the presence of Bishop Paine, an invited guest, Gen. Forrest beckoned me to one side and said: 'I will kick the hog out if you say so.' To our chaplain he was over courteous. He never failed to issue a special order of the day for preaching when Sunday came and we were not on the march; was always himself an attendant. He did not hesitate to make a soldier walk and lead his horse who had failed of right treatment of his horse.

"Scores of examples of help and kindness could be given. Let a typical one which occurred after the war suffice. It was given me by an eye-witness. Forrest appeared unexpectedly in a country town, recognized my informant, asked him to introduce him to a certain man. As soon as introduced, he said: 'You bought at a tax sale a certain widow's farm for so much money,' mentioning the amount. 'That woman is the widow of one of my soldiers. She has asked me for help. Here is the amount of money you paid.' Handing him a paper. 'Here is a deed to me; sign it.' The man began to protest against signing. Forrest's hand took a suspicious direction as he said: 'I have to take the next train; sign quick.' The deed was signed and put in the hands of the widow, Forrest paying the money. He was not rich; for her sake he became poorer.

"Only a few years ago his partner in a railroad building scheme in Alabama told me a tale of how Forrest, when asked to agree to a bond scheme which would have enriched his road and made him rich, by saddling a debt on the State in conjunction with another company through the means of a

negro Legislature, refused, gave up his road, and looked poverty in the face. The partner joined in the scheme and was made rich. Forrest refused wealth that he might bear the burden of poverty rather than saddle a debt on a State for whose sake he had again and again put his life in peril. He became poor that he might make many rich.

"This may not be Christian living as many men count Christianity, but as Jesus of Nazareth counted it the act was typical of the highest following of him who, though rich, for our sake became poor.

We are at the point where rich men in the church need to be told that this is religion as Christ taught it; that all combines which make men rich by making others poor are of the devil, and declare the participant accursed no matter what creed they may hold.

"I am almost tempted to name some such men who are members of our Nashville churches, and a slander on the name of Christianity."

"Forrest acknowledged sin confessed faith in Christ, added Christ's love and faith in his deeds of unselfish care for others, joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church with his godly wife, and died a poor man with an undying renown."

At the conclusion of exercises all the Confederate veterans present went forward and shook hands with Dr. Kelley.

A Dry Town Incident.

Last Saturday, while the crowd was pressing against the express office door waiting for it to be opened so that those who were expecting a jug or a package of goods might be accommodated, a section of the walk, which stands several feet above the ground, gave way under the heavy pressure of increasing weight and dropped altogether, precipitating about thirty or forty to the ground like the sudden drop of an elevator car. The inference was that most of the men were looking for Christmas "O-be-jolly," and when they found themselves in this predicament ran in different directions under the office and out on the street, leaving the booty for another day.

A bit of characteristic humor was also heard during the holidays when the question was asked, "How are you getting along bootlegging?" But with all this the citizens of Union City would regret seriously to return to the saloon system and there is no doubt that the majority against them is greater now than it ever was.

Briefs From One.

Mr. B. P. Stanley, one of the county's good citizens and farmers, was in to see us Saturday and was kind enough to give us a Christmas budget as follows: Miss Ollie Mathews is visiting in Nashville; Messrs. John and Boss Neeley are in Nashville; Mr. Knight and Arthur Hamilton are visiting in Dick-on and Flat Woods; Mrs. Thad Renfro is spending Christmas in Kama, Tex., and Mrs. Whitley, son and son-in-law are in Little Rock, Ark. The citizens of Number One enjoyed the festival occasion with a Christmas tree at Shady Grove on Saturday night.

Clear thinking, decisive action, vim and vigor of body and mind, the sparkle of life, comes to all who use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Martin-Allen Drug Co.

BISHOP GAILOR'S ADDRESS.

To National Association of Credit Men in Memphis.

We publish by request the following address, made by Bishop Gailor to the National Association of Credit Men. The subject was "The Wealth of Nations," and the Bishop said:

"Private credit is wealth, and public honor is activity."—Junius.

I may say at the outset that I have no deep-rooted objection to wealth—nor has any man here tonight. It is a great convenience. Wealth is neither good nor bad. Its quality depends on the men and women who have control of it.

We hear much in our day about the distribution of wealth and about the vast injustice of present conditions, and yet I am sure that injustice is greatly exaggerated if not wholly imaginary. The weakness of the man who raves against modern wealth-owners is that he betrays himself—he gives himself away. He makes the acquisition of one kind of wealth the end of life. Whereas my idea is that a man in this world may choose which wealth he wants to work for; and what he wants he usually gets.

Some men want money and they have their reward. I respect them and honor them. We must have men who have abundant

Watch the Label.

If you are a subscriber to The Commercial your name is printed on a little yellow label. On this label is printed the date to which your subscription is paid. Look it up and if you owe the paper anything we want it. The amount may be small, but several hundred small accounts mean a great deal to us. The Commercial appreciates your patronage, but if you will attend to this matter to-day, the favor will be doubly appreciated.

means. We could not get on without them. We need such men who can endow professorships in colleges, and build hospitals and libraries, and finance Arctic expeditions, and buy works of art. God has given some men the ability to amass riches and they have their place in the world. To level everyone down to one place of equality in material possessions would destroy civilization.

It has been well said that "the modern plutocrat is simply society itself, set on a pedestal that shows more plainly its vices as well as its virtues." If he has succeeded in heaping up riches it is because he has had the brains and character that command and accomplish; and his success means the advancement so far as man's control over nature's forces. The rest of the world goes up with him, and the laboring man, so-called, has no right to complain, because his share of the good things of life has tremendously increased. Labor is helpless without capital, and for it to denounce capital in discrimination is like the little rosebush complaining because the oak tree uses more sunshine than the rosebush. The plutocrat has his faults—he is human—but so has the workman his faults, and he is human. If one of them sometimes deals in watered stocks and bogus bonanzas, the other very often scripps and botches his work, in order to get the most wage for the least performance.

The error of the communist is

that all his complaining takes for granted that there is only one kind of wealth, and that is money—and his very attacks on capital only tend to propagate the pernicious idea that to be rich a man must own lands and bonds and stocks of manufactured goods; and that the wealth of a nation is in its material resources alone. I deny this premise and I maintain, as this Credit Men's Association witnesses, that the best wealth of a nation is not its banks and factories and railways and telegraph lines—but the men and women whom it produces.

Wealth is a moral force; and our country with all its resources would be poor to-morrow if it were not for the fact that the business men of this country are men of moral integrity and high ideals of life. As Emerson said once in substance (I do not quote his exact language): If you take out of any town the ten honest merchants and bankers, and put into their places ten rogues, you will break the town. The insurance rates will rise. The schools will languish. The banks will totter and the value of dollars will decline.

As for that the wealth is moral, the worth of money depends not upon the amount of gold or silver in the coin, but upon the kind of people among whom it circulates.

A dollar is not worth as much in a sandy desert nor in a jail. It is worth more in New York than it is in the heart of Africa. And we may say that every man who paints a noble picture or writes a helpful book or makes a new discovery or invents a new device—aye, every man that lives an honorable, upright life himself and helps other men do the same, is contributing to the good credit and therefore to the enduring wealth of his country. These men are the makers of wealth, whether they get for themselves a large share of it or not. And I would rather be a maker than a getter. A lawyer in the Klondike told me once that the miners dug the gold and the lawyers got it. I had rather be the miner. Though there is room for all and all are needed.

The millionaires so far have not contributed much in proportion to their ability, to the country's true wealth, although they are improving. An English writer has said, "No millionaire has yet been buried in Westminster Abbey."

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It is men like Washington and Jefferson and Jackson and Clay and Webster and Lincoln and Lee and Agassiz and Bell and Howe and Franklin and Henry and Edison—the thinkers of America, who have really made our wealth.

are worth more than railways and factories, that money depends on morals; that wealth—the true, essential, enduring, wealth of communities and of States—is the character of the men who compose them.

"God give us men! A time like this demands Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands. Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who have honor; men who will not lie."

Information Wanted.

To whom it may concern: The undersigned would greatly appreciate any information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of John S. Travis, if living, or his heirs, in case he has departed this life. John S. Travis was formerly a citizen of Henry County, Virginia, but left said county in the sixties or early seventies, and when last heard of was in Eastern Tennessee. This information is sought for the benefit of John S. Travis or his heirs. All communication should be addressed to Jno. W. Carter, attorney at law, Martinsville, Va.
Dec. 8, 1905. 49-1 mo.

Little Jests and Jingles.

MAUD.

There was a young lady named Maud,
Whose cold heart had never been thawed;

She met old Killon,
Who owns a million—
Their honeymoon was spent abroad.

FRANCES.

A frivolous maiden named Frances,
With peroxide her beauty enhances;
Despite all her pains,
Her mamma maintains,
She's ruined her matrimonial chances.

EVELYN.

There is a slender maid named Evelyn,
Whose blue eyes each have a wee weevilyn.

When she travels afar,
Her friends at the car,
Wish her oceans of pleasure to revelyn.

PEARL.

There was a maiden named Pearl,
Whose hair was always in curl,
And on a rainy day
The other girls would say:
"What a very lucky gearl!"

The Memphis News-Scimitar is demanding better whiskey and remarked recently: "We are getting a nip from the blizzard." Has Will Heywood been lured from the water wagon?

Mr. John B. Tabb contributes this quatrain anent the exclusion of Poe from the New York hall of fame:

EXCLUDED.

Into the Charnel Hall of Fame
The dead alone should go;
Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allen Poe.

D. Enze: I sent Mrs. Dashing some roses with a card wishing her "Merry Xmas" and now she wont speak to me.

C. Lever: That's easy if you wrote it "Xmas." She's one of the merry "X-mas" herself—been divorced three times.

The Czar of Russia's in whose angels tear to tread.
Mr. Soffleigh: What do you think of the idea of adopting the cornflower as our national flower?
Miss Willing: Personally I prefer the mistletoe.

My sweet Clare has a child's desire
To think that Santa's living,
And hangs her nose near the fire
To share the Christmas giving;
When Santa comes he quite despairs,
And dreads to e'en begin 'em,
He knows that naught he brings
Compares
With what she places in 'em.

—ROBERT R. BINEHART.