

The Greenville Daily Sun

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It is not certain that the rabbit would have any better time if it were brave.

If a young man works his way through college one thing is certain—he wants to go.

When a long-hoped-for change in the weather does come, the change is often overdue.

"Visitor" is the English way of spelling "visitor," though one might expect "visitour."

The prohibition party says it is not dead. Just preparing to move to England, perhaps.

The more liberty there is, the more careful one must be not to obtrude on the liberty of others.

Soldier garb should teach us a lesson in comfort. Wintry winds don't annoy a man in puttees.

No signs yet that the "substitute for the saloon" is going to be the much respected game of dominoes.

Congress thinks the railroads ought to go back to their owners, but just like Congress, neglects to let go.

own time." It required centuries to convince the majority that the earth isn't flat—and some are still skeptical.

Young folks like each other's company best, but they value most the laughter of the older folks at their wit.

Arranging the hours to suit the rising and setting of the sun as daylight saving has done is the real "God's

Many a man would order nothing but cake and pie at luncheon if he were not afraid of being regarded as juvenile.

Carranza never has been vividly grateful to the United States for forcing the elimination of Huerta which made way for him.

With all the bonedry in Ohio, we suspect there is still a moist narrow in Cincinnati. A bonedry Cincy is inconceivable.

Self-determination of peoples is going to manifest itself in this country by the cities sticking to daylight saving, dewey grass or not.

Explanation of our naval interference in the fight in Dalmatia explains that we interfered; and it is supposed the incident is closed.

The Russians are calling upon the allies for a declaration of policy toward Russia; but since Bullitt left the powers are unable to make up their minds.

THE TREATY DEBATE.

It is unfortunate that all discussions of the peace treaty and the League of Nations are not conducted with good temper and avoidance of offensively personal remarks. There is ample room in this subject for the exercise of all the wisdom that any American can muster, and he cannot muster all of his wisdom if he strays from the problems themselves. Any kind of argument that runs into an exchange of epithets or disputes as to veracity is a subtraction from the sum total of wisdom that could be applied to the subject. For the time being, a man engaged in mere quarreling over the treaty or the league is defrauding himself of the opportunity to think of something really worth while.

The questions involved in the peace treaty are of supreme importance to the United States, and therefore to every citizen of the United States. The amount of solid information and enlightenment concerning the treaty is not yet sufficient for the people. They are not yet fully acquainted with the responsibilities and consequences of membership in the League of Nations. The best that any individual senator can do is to study some particular branch of the subject, muster it and give the results of his study to the country, honestly and patriotically. Some senators have done this faithfully. Others have been unable to devote the required time to the task. Still others have wasted their time in fruitless controversy over immaterial points arising from the discussions. All told, only a few valuable contributions to the stock of public information have been made, and thus, at a time when the country should be thoroughly posted upon the subject and ready for a decision, there is wide diversity of opinion upon questions that can be solved by conscientious research and mental application.

The time is approaching when the Senate must decide, ignorantly or prudently, what shall be done. Inasmuch as the treaty covers a multitude of questions that have not even been discussed by the senate, it seems reasonable to suggest that personal exchanges be eliminated by common consent, that minor questions be subordinated and a united effort made to analyze the major propositions in all their possible bearings upon the future of the United States.

OUT OF THE FOG.

A survey of world conditions as the northern hemispheres plunge toward winter is sufficient to convince the average man that humanity must hasten to regain its senses and resume its labors quickly if appalling catastrophes are to be averted. There is a world shortage of food and a world shortage of fuel. The nations that have given most to the cause of humanity are the worst prospective sufferers. France, England, and Italy are in dire straits already, and the pinch of winter is not yet here. England no longer produces coal enough for her own needs. France is not obtaining from Germany the coal that is necessary to save life. Italy has no coal and no means of obtaining coal.

Germany and Austria are in equally bad shape, so far as food and fuel are concerned. They are in still worse condition from a credit viewpoint, as no nation will lend them money and their securities are scraps of paper, such as Turkish, Bulgarian and Hungarian bonds. There is no Turkey, Bulgaria is a liability and Hungary is feeling the just retribution of the Roumanians, who had been stripped and starved by the rapacious Magyars and Germans. Everything that can sustain life has been extorted from the Magyars by the famished and desperate Roumanians, and it is to the credit of France and Italy that they have refused to look upon this reprisal as unjust. Some idealists in the supreme council have affected to look with horror upon Roumania recouping her food supply in Hungary, but they have nothing to say of the pitiless devastation wrought by Falkenhayn and Mackensen with their German-Magyar hordes throughout Roumania. If there is no other justice to be had in this world it is well that retribution should be had with the sword against those who draw the sword.

The world is going through a twilight zone of fog and error, in which strange idealistic notions are accepted by deluded millions in mistake for truth. In its shell shock and present economic distress the world accepts nonsense for reason and is willing to abandon tested truth in order to follow glittering experimental schemes which seem to open a good road out of the universal morass.

It is fondly supposed that nations can somehow join together to accomplish sudden wonders of force and reform without in the least compromising national integrity. The fact that the same nations have joined in mutual efforts for eleven months with absolute freedom of action and have failed to ascertain what ails the world does not seem to have any weight with the rainbow chasers. There is on in actual sitting a supreme council of nations, and yet, instead of smiting down the plens of the world's enemies and lifting up the stricken among nations, the supreme council is fast becoming an impotent debating society, because it also is deluded and is following phantoms. It is cowardly when it sees the truth and absurdly arrogant when pursuing wrong. It dares not tackle Russia, but it breathes slaughter against Roumania. It is persistent in the delusion that political nostrums can cure economic ills, and thus appears in the role of a quack who administers medicine without the least idea of cause or effect.

Are the peoples to be blamed for error when their governments blunder? It is not surprising that wage earners are infected with poisonous doctrines, such as the belief that restriction of output will increase wages or the notion that a political revolution in the United States will mean an economic millennium. Why do they mix politics with economics? Because their leaders have taught them to do so. If governments themselves are muddled, it is too much to expect hard-working men, busy earning a living, to avoid all pitfalls.

Since the world is short of food, it must produce more or die. Since it is short of coal, it must produce more or freeze to death. Since it has an enemy who is arming for another attack, it must shackle him or have another war. Since it has issued a lot of apec and called it dollars, pounds, francs, marks, lire and rubles, it must either put value into this paper or use it by the bushel to buy a dozen eggs. Since it is formed by nature to live by nationalities with distinct love and hates, it must either strive to live at peace by nationalities or violate nature by trying to become one people. Since man cannot add to his stature by wishing or increase the wheat crop by voting or double the coal output by creating a League of Nations, it behooves him to recover his senses as quickly as possible and go to work. There is no substitute for labor.—Washington Post.

At the precise period when, it is cool enough to make picnics enjoyable, the ground is too cold and damp for one to sit around the picnic dinner.

If the national government is to be required to build public roads in backward states, it may better be asked to build public schools there. That's more important.

King Albert proposes to experience all the ups and downs of American life. After shooting up 54 stories in a New York sky-scraper he has gone to Boston to eat a pot of beans.

Even the novelists—as well as the movies—rush to cowboy land for local color. Yet most of us know only the kind of people who dwell in the small town—or the big one. Write about them. It seems more real.

There's one hypothesis to explain the increase of pneumonia among men. Since the scornful abolition of the ard-boiled shirt the negligence is too thin a covering for the pulmonary tract. Bring back the coat of armor.

Men can't have their suits turned because the button-holes "will come in the wrong place." Showing the superiority of woman's judgment in refusing buttons and clinging to hooks and eyes. Feminine suits can be turned.

The Town Gossip

SOME FRIENDS.
 VERY KINDLY.
 INVITED ME.
 TO GO to Newport yesterday.
 IN THEIR automobile.
 AND WE left here.
 ABOUT SIX o'clock.
 AND ONLY got lost once.
 AND WE had a good time.
 AND AT about eleven.
 WE DECIDED.
 THAT IT was time.
 FOR US to start.
 BACK HOME again.
 AND WE did.
 AND WE rode along.
 FOR ABOUT an hour.
 OR MORE.
 AND SOMEBODY.
 ON THE back seat.
 SAID THAT we were.
 ON THE wrong road.
 AND I thought so too.
 AND WHEN we came.
 TO A house.
 I GOT out.
 AND HOLLOWED.
 AND A man.
 WITH A striped shirt.
 CAME TO the door.
 AND I asked him.
 WHETHER THAT was the road.
 TO GREENEVILLE.
 AND HE said.
 IT WAS not.
 AND I asked him.
 WHERE WE were.
 AND HE said.
 "NOT FAR from Morristown."
 AND I asked him.
 HOW WE could get.
 ON THE road.
 TO GREENEVILLE.
 AND HE said:
 "TAKE THE first.
 "ROAD TO the left.
 "AND TURN to your right.
 "AND CROSS a bridge.
 "AND TURN to your left.
 "AND PASS a church.
 "AND TURN to your right.
 "AND THEN to your left."
 AND I thanked him.
 AND GOT back.
 INTO THE car again.
 AND WE started off.
 AND WE drove along.
 FOR ABOUT an hour.
 OR MORE.
 AND SOMEBODY.
 ON THE back seat.
 SAID THAT they thought.
 WE WERE on the wrong road.
 ONCE MORE.
 AND I thought so too.
 AND WHEN we came.
 TO ANOTHER farm house.
 I GOT out again.



Rippling Rhymes
 by Walt Mason

October.
 It makes me feel sober to know that October is just about due at the door; her curves all remind me of long years behind me, and short ones that stack up before. October is ghostly, she's saddening, mostly, with leaves falling down from the trees, with nights that are chilly and rains that are silly, and farewells to robins and bees. Oh, dreary October, in sadness they robe her, her garments are ashen and brown; the year's growing older and feebler and colder, which reminds me my sun's going down. October's the token of joys that are broken; the roses are withered and gone; nasturtiums and asters have met with disasters, they flourish no more on the lawn. It rains, but the water would have to be hotter before it could nourish the heat; it's raw and it's chilling and clammy and killing and brings me a message of death. The cool winds are sighing, the wild geese or flying, and honking like automobiles; their wide wings are humming, they herald the coming of weather that promptly congeals. The summer's departed and Autumn's well started, and winter will come with a rush, the winter so yellow—then happy the fellow who's saved up a package of cash.



Just Folks
 by Edgar A. Guest

ALL THAT LIFE CAN GIVE
 When the gentle mother's singing,
 and the children are at play,
 And the home seems filled with laughter
 at the ending of the day,
 I can settle down contented and discover
 there and then
 That I'm owning all the gladness that
 life has to give to men.

When the little ones are healthy and
 the mother wears a smile,
 I don't need to sigh for riches for
 I've everything worth while;
 When the nights are calm and peaceful
 and the daily tasks are o'er,
 I find that I'm possessing all that men
 are striving for.

When I'm free from all distraction
 and my thoughts are running
 clear,
 When the sound of happy children is
 the music that I hear,
 Through the sham of earthly glory
 and its golden lure I see,
 Though I've neither fame nor fortune
 all their joys belong to me.

He that finds his loved ones happy
 when his daily tasks are through,
 And has brought them to contentment,
 has done all that man can do.
 For the purpose of all struggle
 when the clash and clamor cease,
 Be the toiler great or humble, is a
 home that's rich with peace.

TIRED TRYING TO FARM

80 acres of good land for sale, 8 1/4 miles southeast of Cleveland, Tenn., on R. F. D. One-half mile to good school, two teachers. One half mile to one church and one mile to another church. One mile to two country stores; good pike road.

I have about 50 acres in good state of cultivation, balance in good young growth timber. Extra good pasture; well watered with stock pond. Land is all fresh cleared, about all of it in the past seven years.

Land is gravelly nature with clay subsoil. A portion of land lays rolling. This land will grow anything that this country will grow.

Good four-room house finished, with three room tenant house, barn, crib, tool house, sheds etc.

This farm also has a good young orchard of about 100 trees.

Anyone desiring such a place should write for further particulars and details and see the growing crops.

JOHN C. BROWNING,
 R. F. D. 4, Cleveland, Tenn.
 166-4t.

If city beautification doesn't progress as fast as you'd like, dress up and help out its appearance that much

AND HOLLERED.
 AND HOLLERED.
 AND FINALLY a man.
 CAME OUT.
 AND I asked him.
 WHERE WE were.
 AND HE said.
 "THREE MILES from Newport."
 AND I was so mad.
 I LIKEDA cried.
 AND I asked him.
 TO SET us straight.
 AND HE did so.
 AND I wrote it down.
 AND WE started out again.
 AND AFTER about two hours.
 SURE ENOUGH.
 WE HIT Greenville.
 AND I never was gladder.
 TO SEE a town.
 IN MY life.
 AND THEN.
 WE GOT home.
 ALRIGHT.
 I THANK you.

PROFESSIONAL

DR. W. T. MATHES
 Physician
 Office—Bohannon Bldg.
 Hours—8 to 9 a. m.; 12:30 to 3 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.
 Both Phones at Office
 Residence, New Phone 227.
 2-140-6mo.

DR. H. M. TAYLOR
 and
Dr. L. E. DYER
 Physicians and Surgeons
 Offices—Bohannon Building, Main Street.
 Office Hours—8 to 9 a. m.; 12:30 to 3 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.
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 Office Hours—8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M., and 7 to 8 P. M.
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 Night calls—J. S. Bernard's residence or call Frank Gass' residence.

W. T. MITCHELL
 Justice of The Peace
 Office, Basement Mason House,
 Greenville, Tenn.

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 and
 Notary Public.
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 Office over Hardin Grocery Co.
 Opposite Court House.

O. I. LANE
 Constable and Collector
 Greenville, Tenn.
 I do a general collecting business and pay all accounts through the Citizens Savings Bank. I earnestly solicit a share of your business.
 Reference:—Any business firm in Greenville

NEWTON C. MYERS & SONS
 Meadow Valley Farm, Greenville, Tenn.
 Breeders of
 Polled Short Horn Cattle.
 U. S. Government and State Tuberculin accredited herd. "Diamond Archer," X18366, S. H. 780646, a rich bred roan Scotch bull at head of herd. The matrons represent some of the leading families of this great breed.
 See our exhibit at the Greene County Fair.

Our Cheap Column

A Little Advertisement in this Column Will Bring Quick Results—One Cent a Word.

LOST:—Bunch of keys on silver chain. Finder return to San office and receive liberal reward. 126-1t

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH:—(Broken or not) We pay \$2.00 to \$35.00 per set. Also actual value for Diamonds, Watches, Bridgework, Crowns, Old Gold, Silver and Platinum. Send at once and receive cash by return mail. Your goods returned if price is unsatisfactory Mazer Bros., Dept. E. 2007 S. Fifth street, Philadelphia, Pa. 2-148 t. f.

FOR SALE:—Dne 5-passenger Lodge car, with Sedan top, and in good condition. Good tires. HERMON CUTSHAW, Greenville, Tenn. 162-6t.

FOR SALE:—Five passenger Ford car in good condition. C. M. Branman. 157-t. f

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

Schedule time of passenger trains leaving Greenville, Tenn

The following schedule figures published as information and not guaranteed.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD
 Westbound. Eastbound.
 4:25 a.m. Mem.-Wash. 1:35 a.m.
 7:05 a.m. Knox-Bristol. 8:05 p.m.
 11:30 a.m. N. Y.-N. O. 4:58 p.m.
 5:04 p.m. N. Y.-Mem. 9:55 a.m.
 6:12 p.m. Knox-Bristol. 7:37 a.m.

UNITED STATES RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION