

# MARYVILLE TIMES

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## Republican Ticket

Governor  
**BEN W. HOOPER**  
For Supreme Judge  
**SAM C. WILLIAMS**  
Congress  
**R. W. AUSTIN**  
Sheriff  
**H. B. WEBB**  
Trustee  
**Wm. McCULLOCH**  
County Court Clerk  
**C. B. BADGETT**  
Circuit Court Clerk  
**JOE H. GAMBLE**  
Register  
**ED A. WALKER**

## Announcements

### County School Board

Electronically announce myself a candidate for member of County School Board, for the 2nd division of Blount County, composed of the 2nd and 7th and 17th dist. Your vote and help earnestly solicited. My election subject to the will of voters in August Election.  
Sam G. Hinton.

### Representative

Announce myself a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative from Blount County in the State Legislature. I will appreciate your vote and your support.  
David J. Brittain.

### Representative

Announce myself as a candidate for Representative of Blount County in the next State Legislature, subject to the Republican Primary to be held on August 15th. I am honored by being re-elected to this important office which will serve the people to the best of my ability.  
My record in this important office is open to inspection and I hope that each and every voter will investigate and see my record in regard to Temperance and Law Enforcement measures. Your vote and influence will be appreciated.  
Geo. W. Emert.

## Announcement

This is to notify the voters of Blount County, that I am an independent candidate for Sheriff of Blount County, subject to the election to be held on Thursday, August 6th. I will greatly appreciate your vote, and any assistance you may render me.  
Joe H. Younce.

"The man worth while is the man with a smile, when everything goes wrong."

The Mexicans are still agreed to disagree, and we suppose will be in that state of mind for some time to come.

JUDGE SAM C. WILLIAMS, deserves the support of all who are in favor of a free and untroubled judiciary, the battle cry of 1910.

SHAW MONTGOMERY of the Vindicator says that he don't know that he wants anything to do with (Rye) but that he is intimately acquainted with his brother Corn.

The Independent Democrats of Middle and West Tennessee are lining up for Hooper, Williams etc., and if East Tennessee will only do her part their election is assured.

MARYVILLE celebrated the 4th in a safe and sane manner. A large crowd was here to help us, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves and the absence of John Wesley was noticeable.

The Southern Railroad has shown its loyalty to the Southland through which it travels by refusing to offer any more cheap excursion rates to the west, but hereafter will endeavor to get homeseekers to come South.

## Parents Devotion

We notice in a Nashville paper where a father and mother walked miles to see their son who is at the Reform School in Nashville. Their home was several miles above Newport and they had money enough to get to Harriman, and walked from there to the Capitol City, enduring the oppressive heat, eating berries etc. Truly the parents love is great. Boys remember when you are so anxious to get away from the old home roof, that there is no place like home, and no one like a father and mother. We are older and who no longer have the "old home" to go back

too, realize what this means, what the heart longing to again live over the scenes of child and young manhood, and voices that are hushed forever; don't forget the old folks at home.

## A Warning Given

Evidence of what appears to be a well organized campaign to delude farmers throughout the country into buying an alleged cure for hog cholera, under the impression that this has been investigated and approved by the United States Government, has reached the Department of Agriculture. Articles praising this medicine, Benetol by name, are being sent out widespread to newspapers. These articles are so worded that it appears as if the Department of Agriculture had received reports from the state of Minnesota showing that the medicine had proved most beneficial. As a matter of fact the one report received by the Department was an unofficial and unsolicited statement sent presumably from the promoters themselves. The Department attaches no importance whatsoever to this statement. It has no reason to believe in the efficiency of any proprietary cure for hog cholera and does not recommend any. Under certain conditions it urges farmers to protect their stock with anti hog cholera serum but that is all.

In connection with this attempt it may be said that the medicine, which is now put forward as good for hogs, was advertised some time ago as a means of killing tuberculosis typhoid, and cancer germs, according to an article published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. At that time it was asserted that the Army was interested in it. As a matter of fact the Army was no more interested then than the Department of Agriculture is now.

In view of the evidence that the attempt to create this false impression is persistent and widespread, all hog owners are warned to communicate with the United States authorities before accepting as true any statement that the Government recommends any treatment other than the serum already mentioned.

## Election Commissioners

The following have been chosen as Election Commissioners for Blount County—A. C. Robbins, of Mint; Jas. P. Chandler, M. H. Gamble, of Maryville. An excellent set of officers.

## Warns Older Girls Of "Spoonin'" Perils

"Spoonin'" is a crime against girlhood and womanhood.

John J. Alexander, one of the directors, sounded this warning to 500 young women attending the older girls' conference of the International Sunday School convention in the Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

Boys who attended the older boys' conference received a like admonition, even more strongly worded, to treat womanhood with respect. Miss Margaret Slattery of Boston was the speaker.

Miss Slattery brought home her main points to the boys by using a flower as an emblem of womanhood. Tearing it apart bit by bit, she said: "No person on earth can make that flower whole and beautiful again. Be clean. Think cleanly. Be your sister's keeper."

"You must aid your young men friends by your dress, speech and manner to attain that new type of American manhood that is most needed." Mr. Alexander told the girls.

"What we want to see is a kind of Manhood that stands for everything good, especially for respect for womanhood. This ideal cannot be attained without the help of you girls.

"Pass the word along to all the girls who love to 'spoon'—that spooning is a crime against their womanhood, the most degrading thing they can do, one of the most degrading things they may permit."

## Gustav Schreiber's Music Box

An Attempt to Produce Human Feeling Automatically.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In a Swiss chalet looking out on Lake Lemau, directly below, and on Mont Blanc, in the distance, lived a musical instrument maker. His workshop was near his house, and all day he worked at making those little mechanical contrivances in which steel prongs are made to discourse melodies by means of a revolving cylinder.

Gustav Schreiber gradually increased the size and scope of his instruments, constantly endeavoring to make a better one than any he had yet made, and when he had done so setting out again to make a still more exact one. In this he displayed a human trait which, when kept within bounds, is a valuable one, but which uncontrolled is liable to produce bad results.

Schreiber in his old age set about making a music box which was to be far more wonderful than any he had yet produced. It was to play a dozen different melodies. Each melody was to be a gem and be rendered with a sweetness, a strength or a rapture equal to that of a human being. In order to accomplish this he must have the pieces he used played by a musician whose touch, expression—indeed, all those qualities that go to make up perfection in music—were of the highest order.

The old man found such a one in his daughter, Hilda. She was noted far and wide for her rendering of all kinds of music, from that portraying a cascade to that descriptive of the storm wind.

Schreiber kept Hilda playing for him, first trying to produce in his box delicate airs, and, failing in this, he tried different kinds, hoping to succeed better in one kind than another; but,



EVERY DAY SHE WAS OBLIGED TO PLAY FOR HIM.

though he secured some remarkable results, still there was something in Hilda's rendition of every piece that he could not reproduce mechanically. So fretted did the girl become that at last her power of expression deserted her and her music, instead of partaking of human feeling, became mechanical like the airs rendered by the box. Then the old man began to curse and swear at her, and at last, seizing her violin, brought it down on an iron lathe and broke it in pieces. Hilda fled to the house, where her sobs and cries reached the neighbors, one of whom, a woman, cried out:

"The devil take old Schreiber's music box! He will drive poor Hilda into bedlam."

Schreiber heard the woman say, "The devil take old Schreiber's music box!" and she had scarcely spoken the words when his gate clicked and, looking out through the open door, he saw a man walking up the steep path that led to the shop with a step as light as if he had wings at his ankles.

The stranger came straight up to Schreiber and with a smile—a singular smile, Schreiber thought—bade him good morning and said that he would like to buy one of his music boxes. Schreiber, making an effort to throw off his trouble, showed the man all the boxes in the shop, making each one play a tune, but none of them was good enough for the would be purchaser. At last the latter asked about the box under process of construction, and this led to his getting the whole story from the maker.

The stranger examined the box carefully, then said:

"You have an excellent mechanism here and should succeed in making what you have attempted. I am quite sure that I can do what you have failed to accomplish."

"You! Are you a mechanic?"  
"I am."  
"Very well. Take the box and do

with it what you like. I have had enough of it."

"My dear fellow, do you suppose I would take something for nothing? That is a human business trait which is beneath me. But I'll tell you what I will do. I will complete your music box for you, and when it is finished it shall belong to you."

"That is very kind of you. Where will you do your work on it?"  
"Right here, where the tools are handy."

"Will you work all day?"  
"I shall work when the spirit moves me. A man cannot write poetry when he has a toothache nor compose harmonies when he is asleep. I may work in the morning or the evening or at the dead of night. It does not concern you or any one else when I work. But one thing you must remember—when I am at work I don't wish to be disturbed. If any one does so I shall not take it kindly."

There was a malignant look in the stranger's eyes when he said this that frightened the old mechanic and made him feel like saying a paternoster. He promised that the man should not be disturbed. Then the stranger said he must go, and Schreiber, locking the door of his shop, gave him the key, and he went down the declivity as lightly as he had come up. Schreiber called to him, asking when he would come again, but the only reply was a faint echo, "Come again!"

"That's singular," remarked Schreiber to himself. "I've lived here man and boy sixty years, and that's the first echo I ever heard. There are no hills nearer than the other side of the lake to send it back."

A week passed and nothing was heard or seen of the stranger. There was only one key to the shop, and Schreiber could not get into it without breaking down the door. But he had no desire to go there; he had wearied of trying to produce human harmonies on a mechanical contrivance.

One night there came from the shop sounds of music, not of a violin or a flute or any instrument that requires a human touch, but a music box. Yet there was nothing mechanical about it. Indeed, it was full of feeling. It was low and sweet, a lullaby. At times it would rise in a plaintive crescendo, then gradually sink, softly, as it had risen.

Schreiber rose up in his bed and listened.

"Father," came a voice at his door, "do you hear the music? Isn't it delicious?"

Schreiber saw something white and knew it was Hilda in her nightgown.

"Yes; the stranger must have been working on the music box and is trying it. I wonder how he has done it."

"Let us go out to the shop and see."  
"No, no, my child; he distinctly said that he must not be interrupted. Go to bed."

The music ceased and Hilda went back to her room. Then suddenly came a burst of melody entirely unlike what had gone before. It seemed as if it were intended to incite men to deeds of glory. There was a fierceness in it that the Schreibers had never heard before. It seemed as if an army were about to march to its death, dealing death in dying. Hilda ran into her father's room and to his bed, where she remained locked in his arms, the two trembling as if they were about to be slaughtered between opposing hosts.

The music ceased and all was still for some time, when it recommenced. This time it was a dirge, sad, regretful, the wail of a broken heart. The girl clung to her father till it ceased, when she broke into a hysterical sobbing such as she had given way to when her father had broken her violin.

One more piece came in this nocturnal concert, a piece that made the old man wonder how it could be produced on so circumscribed an instrument. At first a faint, low muttering was heard, then a gradually increasing roar, then shrieks mingled with deafening thunder.

"It is the storm wind," said Schreiber, holding his daughter closely to him.

The sounds increased—musical sounds interpreting a tempest—until it seemed that all the devils in hell had been let loose. The commotion ended with one vivid flash of real lightning and a crash of actual thunder. Then all was again still as the grave.

"Something tells me that the climax has been reached," said Schreiber to Hilda. "Neither human nor divine power could go further. We shall hear no more. Go back to bed."

Hilda, trembling, went to her room, but in a few moments called:

"Father, the shop is afire. Come to my room. You can see it through the window."

The old man ran as hastily as his trembling legs would carry him and saw his shop shooting forth flames. There was a lurid glare in it that he had never seen in a fire before. Every tongue of flame hissed like that of a serpent, and a sulphurous odor came in through the open window.

For more than an hour the old man and his daughter watched the burning. As it died down there were fitful flashes, like temporary recoveries from some dying beast. At last all was still, and father and daughter went back to bed.

There are various explanations given of the matter by those living near Gustav Schreiber. Some say that the bolt that occasioned the loss of his shop was sent from heaven to punish him for trying to produce human feelings on an automatic instrument, others that he had worked long enough and he would never have stopped had not his shop been burned. There are also those who blame his neighbor for saying, "The devil take old Schreiber's music box," averring that Satan took her at her word.

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