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THE COMMERCIAL

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FOLLETTE VS. ALDRICH.

BY SAVOYARD.

[Reproduced from the Nashville Banner.]

Washington, D. C., June 19.—Never was Ed. Carnack so missed by real Democrats as now. What a reinforcement he would be to them in this tariff debate in the United States Senate! This is general remark at this Capitol, where he made a name unsurpassed for eloquence in delivery and power in argument. What a thorn he would be in the side of the Lodge, and what a withering sarcasm he would have for the protection of Democrats, who have rejected an opportunity as propitious as that which came to the old party after the passage of the McKinley tariff of 1890.

The cotton schedule has been before the Senate for some days, and it was the work of Republicans—Nelson, Dolliver and LaFollette—that has laid bare the infamies of a taxation of 52.32 per cent. on an article of universal consumption. Indeed 90 per cent. of the items of the bill enjoy an absolutely prohibitive tariff, and the other 10 per cent. will be further protected in the bill they are hatching. Just think of it—our cotton manufacturers annually turn out a product over \$1,000,000,000 in value, and the imported stuff is worth only a beggarly \$66,000,000. That is not protection; that is a prohibition that amounts to an absolute monopoly. No wonder New England and cotton mills declare dividends of 66 per cent. In this connection, everyone should read Gore's reply to Lodge. There is not a man wearing a "biled shirt" in the United States, or a woman with a pair of cotton stockings on her shanks, who was not forced to pay exorbitant prices for them "to protect" the cotton spinners of New England, who discharged their American labor for French Canadians, and then discharged the Canadians for Greeks, if opportunity came; they would discharge the Greeks for Japs, and later, the Japs for Chinese, and that, too, when more than 90 per cent. of their present labor is machinery—steam or electric—that is as much of a pauper in this country as it is in Europe, or in Asia.

When Aldrich championed the McKinley bill, nineteen years ago, he found in John G. Carlisle a formidable adversary, who opposed the textile schedules of that monstrous measure, and on the debate of the Dingley bill, another Kentucky Senator, William Lindsay, grappled with him in a discussion of the double and cumulative taxes levied. Carlisle and Lindsay both utterly overthrew their adversary, but they did it like lawyers in the court room. Every word was dignity incarnate, and there was no excitement.

Nelson, Dolliver, LaFollette and Gore proceed in a different way. There is a sting in their arguments that tortures the too powerful Senator from Rhode Island, and in all his long service in this Capitol he was never initiated, or initiated, until now, and he has got it mighty bad.

Why did he not bring in a report with his bill? There is but one answer. There are things in it he does not intend the Senate shall understand. Never were two statesmen better fashioned to plague each other than Nelson W. Aldrich and Robert M. LaFollette. They have one attribute in common and degree sufficient to make the fortune of a soldier on the field of battle—tenacity of purpose. LaFollette looks on Aldrich as a monstrosity of depraved government. Aldrich looks on LaFollette as the quintessence of nuisance in debate. The Rhode Island man never speaks until he is forced to it to save his bacon. The Wisconsin man is never so happy as when on his legs expounding "reform." Aldrich is an aristocrat and believes it is best for the poor as well as for the rich for men of intellect and men of property to conduct the Government. LaFollette is a

democrat (that is, with a little d) who has persuaded himself that wisdom and virtue emanate from the cottage, while ignorance and vice issue out of the mansion. In its last analysis, Aldrich would establish the rule of an oligarchy, like that of the Colonna, while LaFollette would bring the mob to authority to make Government for all of us, the mob preferred in the spoil of office.

A plague of both of them. The true path is between the two—that blazed by Thomas Jefferson and trod by J. Tilden and Grover Cleveland—a representative Republic, partly National and partly Federal—vide Ben Hill.

I shall never forget the first time I saw LaFollette. It was the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress, and I was in the House press gallery, of which I was then a recorded member, and a tariff debate was in progress. Perhaps it was the last of the Morrison bills under discussion. Near the north door of the chamber, where messengers from President and Senate came in, a not at all tall, and a rather slender and youthful looking man rose on the Republican side, and began a terrific assault on "Democratic free trade." He had a tremendous volume of lung, and I looked round to see where all that compass of voice came from. It was in the days when fools thought that Great Britain was sending over here ship loads of gold to buy our elections for the Democratic party.

I turned to Cicero Harris and asked, "Who is that fellow?" He answered, "That is LaFollette of Wisconsin; old Bill Morrison calls him 'little folly.'" Yet there was an energy, if not a force, rather a sincerity, if not a sagacity, about the man that stamped his personality on my memory, so to speak, and I have not lost sight of him from then till now. He is become a robust and rotund man in figure, though not tall. His voice has less volume, and his fluency is markedly decreased. He is one of these here vegetarians—eats neither fish, flesh nor fowl—though he only got that craze when he got his crazy politics—some fifteen years ago. No wonder he can't make a three hours' speech without fainting. When old "Everlasting" Allen made that fifteen-hour speech; "hand-ruddin'" in the Senate in 1893, in the hot month of August, he had at least three pounds of first-class roast beef under his belt—and "trimmings" to ballast it.

The McKinley tariff, of which LaFollette was one of the architects, and which he supported in fervid period in the Fifty-first Congress, cost him the man his seat. A Democrat beat him in 1890, and as LaFollette went out of Congress William J. Bryan came into Congress. The then future "Peerless One" was as fervid for low tariff as the defeated protectionist was for the dogma of trade slavery, and little did I then think that Bryan would ever consent to rub the word "only" out of a Democratic platform, or that LaFollette would ever clash with Aldrich on the tariff. Yet both events have come to pass. And I have also lived to see protection features of a Republican tariff saved by Democratic votes from States that honored Tucker, Toombs, Yancy, Jefferson Davis—I have quit calling him "Jeff" for obvious and ample reason—Wigfall, Beck, Benjamin some others.

I would here interpolate that splendid sonnet of John James Ingalls, his tribute to the opportunity:

"Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate.
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortal's desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more."

It knocked at the door of the Democratic party, this faithful opportunity, the day the present session of Congress began. The old party was fast asleep or riotously feasting and did not wake or rise. What would it do with victory if it had? Would it put it in the garret with the plunder? Perhaps! Would it bury it in the cellar with the debris? Doubtless!

One thing is evident, and that is this—the Democracy that saved the South the period of 1865-75 has got to fight for its head in that section now, and it is not a curious coincidence that the Republican party of the East will have to fight for the West.

Ring down the curtain. The old play is over. The next act is what the Democratic party will do for tariff for revenue only.

PIANO CONTEST REPORTS.

Young Ladies Busy and Returns
To-Morrow Will be Large.

The contestants in the popular girl piano contest have been telephoning us from various sections of the county and city and the prospects are that some good reports will be made to-morrow.

Now is the finest opportunity in the world for recruits who wish to enter this contest. Remember that it is not by any means too late to begin. Although a number are enlisted the progress made already has not been very great, and the probabilities are that it is anybody's race. Get in and forward your name and application for blanks and instructions, if you have not done so. Don't wait for someone to nominate you. Volunteer and make your own effort. We would be glad if others in the city would take an interest in the contest. Young girls can enter if they are old enough to be allowed to canvass for subscribers. Remember the grand prize is a piano, and a fine instrument.

Miss Thompson and Miss Milner, Elbridge and Number Seven, respectively, won prizes last week. The young ladies, both of them, are very much interested. There are others, including Misses Ora Pace, Lula Lee and Myrtle Howard, who were very little behind. They are all in the contest to win. In the city the girls are getting busy. Several have called us and asked about it, and we therefore print the rules again as follows:

1. Any girl or young lady, residing in Union County, is eligible to enter.
2. No relative or employee of the management will be permitted to enter the contest.
3. Every dollar collected for new subscription entitles the holder to 500 votes.
4. Every dollar collected for renewal or back subscription entitles the holder to 400 votes.
5. All moneys collected must be brought or sent to this office and ballots will be issued to the required amount.

Send at once for subscription blanks and orders with instructions how to proceed.

We repeat the proposition again as follows:

The circulation department of The Commercial is conducting the biggest contest that Union County has ever had. Arrangements have been made to give away absolutely free to popular girls in Union City and Obion County two magnificent pianos, valued at \$400.00 respectively. The two girls who secure the largest number of votes during the next two or three months will get the pianos. One will go to a girl in Union City and the other will go to a girl outside of Union City. How many votes any girl gets depends upon her efforts and the number of friends she has, and whether or not they stand by her.

The Spelling and the Name.

"Young Jack Randle" went to Congress from a Virginia district about the time that Patrick Henry died. His name survives in history as John Randolph, of Roanoke, one of the eccentric characters in American politics. Slaves to spelling, we of this day and generation speak his name as we see it in print, though his contemporaries called him Randle. Probably all the Randles and Randalls we have around now were originally Saxon Randolphs who have made the spelling fit the name rather than keep the name in the straitjacket of the old guttural spelling.

William Biddulph, the Quaker, came over with William Penn and became the proprietor of many thousands of acres in West Jersey. Being a plain-spoken man he changed the spelling of his name to Biddle, because it had been pronounced that way in England nobody knows how long. He was the great-grandfather of Nicholas Biddle, blown up in the command of the

American ship Randolph during the Revolutionary War in a night fight with a British boat of heavier broadside. Of more direct local interest is the fact that he was, also, the great-grandfather of Major Thomas Biddle, of St. Louis, who was killed in a duel with Spencer Pettis on Bloody Island. It was in memory of this early citizen St. Louis named one of its streets. In England the name is still spelled Biddulph, though for centuries it has been pronounced as it is spelled in America.

The English language abounds in similar revolts against the spelling of proper names. The plebeian "Snooks" is only a contraction of the more pretentious "Sevon Oaks." Out of the French "Beauchamp" the English tongue will not try to make anything but "Bechum." Toss out of the dictionary a long-winded name like "Woodnesborough" and it will be batted from the tongue as "Winsbro." "Marylebone" in print becomes in the spoken word "Marrowbone," because it's easier. "Chumley" is short meter for "Cholmondeley." "Gunthwaite" looks well in print, but it is easier to call it "Gunfit" for short, and this is the custom. Everybody except the initiated calls the former President and the famous lion hunter "Roosevelt," but by his own account the name is "Rose-a-felt."

And so it goes through a long list of names and of words. Nearly everybody who doesn't call it "auto" or "machine" calls it "auto-mo-bed" because it is spelled that way, but the dictionary says it ought to be called "auto-moble." The spoken word preceded the written and spelling is but a clumsy attempt to reproduce the sound. The tendency of all language is, moreover, toward simplicity. The vocabularies rebel against jaw-breaking pronunciations, and a name which at first is pronounced as spelled is at last shortened into something else though the spelling survives.

This process follows almost inevitably in the case of foreign names, the meaning of which is not commonly understood. The name of one of the Senators from Florida is James P. Taliaferro, but he might not know whom you were speaking to if you addressed him by the name as it looks in print. It is Italian for "iron cutter," but found its way into Virginia so long ago that the spelling is the only thing Italian left about the family which bears it. So if you wish to catch the ear of the Senator from Florida call him Toliver.

The French colonist of old Kaskaskia had the witty imprudence to give the nickname "Vide Poche" (Empty Pocket) to that suburb of St. Louis which was officially designated Carondelet. This was an intimation that the pioneer settlers there were chronically dead broke. There are many St. Louisans of middle age who remember that the imputation was lifted from the village by calling it "Wheatbush," which was as close as they tried to get to the French of it. Bob Riley's Bottom along the Mississippi River in Southwest Missouri was called by the French settlers of Ste. Genevieve Bois Brule Bottom because of a notable forest fire which denuded it; but who shall say that the American name is not good enough.

The wood of a certain Texas tree, which the Indians used to go hundreds of miles to get for their bows, loses none of its tough springness because the American pioneers couldn't catch on to the French "bois d'are" and called it "bodock." The natives of a neighboring State have the best historical authority for calling it "Arkansaw" or "Arkansa," for the present spelling is the best the French explorers could do in the effort to put the Indian pronunciation on paper. But antiquarian search has failed to find a reason why there should be in England and Virginia a name spelled "Enrougthy" and pronounced "Darby."—St. Louis Republic.