

DR. E. M. LONG  
DENTIST  
Over White & Burchard's Drug  
Store, Union City, Tenn.  
Telephones—  
Office 144-2, Residence 144-3

# THE COMMERCIAL

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## The Crops Are Abundant

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### A TRIP TO EUROPE.

From Glasgow, Scotland, to London, England.  
[SECOND LETTER.]

Dear Editors:

We found Glasgow a very interesting city. Its many churches speak of the religious character of the people. We visited its wondrous cathedral near the conspicuous cemetery—conspicuous because it lies on a hill right in the city, and is full of large and ancient grave-stones and monuments. The John Knox monument towers above them all and contains striking inscriptions, telling of the great courage of the Scottish reformer. The famous university buildings of Glasgow were all visited and which, together with the building of the Historical Society, command a view that is inspiring.

Our stay in Glasgow was short, for on June 28 we left the city over the famous Trossachs, or Highlands of Scotland, making the journey by train, boat and coach. Our trip took us through Balloch, Iversnaid, Stronachler, Aberfoyle and Stirling. Had it not rained we probably would have appreciated much more the land of the "purple heather" with its beautiful "lochs" (lakes). From Stirling we went to Edinburgh and thus, before arriving, passed over the world-renowned bridge, the Firth of Forth.

Edinburgh is a marvelous city. Its Princess street is as pretty a street as any city possesses. The Castle is considered one of the central features of Edinburgh. Situated right in the heart of the city and on a very high eminence, it is wonderfully picturesque. It is in this unique structure that Mary de Guise and her Royal daughter, Queen Mary, had apartments, and where King James VI was born. It is large enough to hold 30,000 stand of arms. From this Castle I walked down the noted High street, on which John Knox lived. I went into his house, which is now devoted to curios, and had the privilege, at least a Scottish Presbyterian would consider it so, I judge, of sitting in his study—yes, in the very chair which he is said to have occupied. Among the curious things to be seen is an instrument used in the days of the reformation for muzzling brawlers and babblers,

thumb-screws, iron bands used to drag prisoners to prison, a hymn book with notes made by hand, the first Bible printed in Scotland, a Bible, the cover of which was made of wood taken from Knox's house, an earl's crown of iron—so heavy that it would seem impossible to wear it. The Knox house looks like a prison, viewed from the outside, as its windows are very small.

I walked on down High street to St. Giles Church, where the noted reformer preached, then down to Holyrood Palace, where so many dreadful things occurred. It was also to this place that Queen Mary summoned Knox when she heard that he was preaching the doctrines of the reformation in such a manner as to lead people to give up their superstitious practices. But I cannot dwell upon the many interesting things in this great city of the Scots, but I must not let my readers leave Edinburgh without telling them that there is a beautiful monument of Abraham Lincoln in this city, erected to his memory by a man of Scotch birth.

Our trip from Edinburgh to London included what is called the Cathedral route, and so the first stop we made was at Melrose, reaching there about 7:30 p. m. on June 29. We viewed the ruins of this famous abbey that night as our hotel was but a few steps from it and the keeper favored us with a description of its wonders. The next day we went to York and arrived at 2 p. m. We walked around the old Norman wall to the Cathedral, which is not only an imposing, but a beautiful structure. But I have not time nor space to dwell upon the wonderful cathedrals with their enchanting stained windows, their artistic domes, their massive heights—buildings that it has taken hundreds of years to complete. Such we saw on our way to London at York and Lincoln, and we arrived at the great city of London on July 2, where the congress was to be held and which shall be the subject of our next article.

Yours Truly,

L. G. LANDENBERGER.

A 206-acre farm, between Polk Station and Moffett Junction, 185 acres in cultivation, fair house and barn. A fine piece of land. Can buy same for \$50 an acre. Terms. See Forester & Forester for particulars.

### THE PROHIBITION QUESTION

And the Distempered Times in Tennessee.

[BY SILVIA HOLMAN.]

The charge has been made by the enemies of our prohibition law that the prohibition question is the cause of all the trouble that now seems to be rending our State asunder. I want to say that this is not true. During the past two or three years there have been many questions disturbing the peace of our State, dividing neighborhoods, bringing strife into families and separating life-long friends, and these are the chief factors of disturbance, rather than the prohibition question.

Some of these questions have been a disturbing factor in the politics of this State for a number of years past, growing in intensity, as live questions have a way of doing, until the whole State has been compelled to "sit up and take notice." Others of these questions were precipitated in the gubernatorial race between Mr. Patterson and Mr. Cox, and continued in the race between Mr. Patterson and Mr. Carnaack.

But just now all these questions seem to have resolved themselves into one, the State administration on the one hand, representing one side, and those opposed representing the other side. It is administration or anti-administration, that question seeming to involve all the rest, with the belief on the part of many people that when that question is settled all the rest will be settled with it.

A GROWTH OF YEARS.

The prohibition question has been before the people of this State for more than forty years, and our prohibition law a law of more than forty years' growth. The first law was passed at the first meeting of our Legislature after the close of our Civil War, and was extended by other Legislatures from time to time, until the saloon had been driven from the entire State, except from our three largest cities and one small mining town. It was outlawed in these four places in January, 1909, more than forty years after the first law was passed.

The question naturally arises, why should this thing that has been a live question in the State for more than forty years cause so much greater disturbance now than at any previous period of its growth? For no one disputes that it is one of the causes of disturbances in the politics of our State.

THE GOVERNOR TO BLAME.

I will tell you. It is because for the first time in the history of our State, we have a Governor in the chair who set himself against the will of the people, determined that they should not have the law.

When the law prohibiting the sale of liquor within four miles of a school-house, public or private, incorporated or unincorporated, outside the incorporated towns, was passed, and that, too, without a vote being taken on the subject, if we had had a Governor who fought the passage of the bill, every step, who vetoed it when passed, who, it having been passed over his veto, would not only do nothing towards its enforcement, but would pardon every man convicted of its violation, the prohibition question would have become the cause of as great disturbance over the State thirty years ago as it is now. But we never before had such a Governor. Every other Governor we have had, as these laws were amended from time to time, to cover more territory, even if unfriendly to the law, as I doubt not some of them were, accepted the situation, signed the bills when passed, and made no opposition to them. They recognized the right of the people to have these laws, and their desire for them, as shown by the election of a Legislature in favor of the laws.

MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE WANTED THE LAW.

When Governor Patterson was elected he should have known that an overwhelming majority of the people in Tennessee were in favor of these laws, from the fact that the saloon had been driven from the entire State, except these four places. The fight for the election of the Legislature was made on this issue, and the election of a Legislature in favor of the passage of the law showed that the people wanted the law, and they have a right to have it. It is no more necessary for each separate city to vote on the passage of this law, than in favor of a law regulating divorce

or marriage, or graft or bribery. The whole people rule and the State is the sovereign power. And the people of the State are competent to judge as to what is to the best interests of the people of the State, or Democratic government is a failure.

If Mr. Patterson had accepted the situation, as all the other Governors of Tennessee had done, and let the people have the law they so much wanted peacefully, there would be no more disturbance over this question, to-day than there has been at any time during the past forty years.

QUESTION MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT.

In just this way, and only in this way has the prohibition question become a disturbing factor in the politics of this State. It is not the only issue; not even the greatest issue to-day in the minds of tens of thousands of our people. But it is an issue to be reckoned with; that will never be settled until it is settled right. The tide against the liquor traffic has set in, not only in Tennessee, but in every State in the United States, and in every country of the civilized world. The history of such movements, since the beginning of time, shows that there is no possible way to check them or turn them back, until the victory is won. It was as hopeless to try as was the effort of the South to turn back the tide against human slavery. It cannot be done. The liquor traffic is doomed. Its overthrow will be one of the things that marks the mile stones in the advancing tide of civilization.

### AID TO PROPOSING.

#### A Homely Little Yarn With a Very Happy Ending.

When, upon business bent, big Jack Buxton dropped into the little town for a stay of several days, one of the first men he ran across was Dick Lightwood, an old college chum. Dick was in charge of the little village church and was enthusiastic in his work.

That night, in Jack's room in the little homelike hotel, the two had a good talk, comparing experiences. Dick was delighted to hear about Jack's success in the business world and he in turn expressed the satisfaction he found in his work.

Presently, when the conversation dwindled, Dick suddenly said, "Say, Jack old man, I'm in love!"

"Good boy!" returned Jack, with gusto and an accompanying grin, meant to be comforting and reassuring, "that's the stuff, nothing like it. I myself know what it is to be in love."

"Oh, but that's different," snapped Dick. "You're married, you know."

"Jack kindled and said, with some asperity, "that's true. I've been married two years. Do you mean to insinuate—"

"Insinuate nothing!"—interrupted Dick. "Hold your horses, you dear old fat head. Our cases are different and you're in love and married and happy, while I'm in love and unmarried and unhappy. I love the best little girl in the world and I know that she loves me—the whole town knows that we love each other—but I haven't the courage to ask Mary to marry me. I'm a coward"—and the poor fellow, wearing a seventeen-inch collar, put his face in his hands, his shoulders heaved and big tears trickled between his fingers.

Jack's arm went about his friend, "Poor old fool," he said, and then, "you were no coward in the old days, Dick," said he. "In the football field, or behind the bat, and that time of the fire when you carried out the janitor's kid's—"

Dick made an impatient motion and breathed hard.

"I fell in love with her the first time I saw her. She was crossing the old creek on a humpy log and she made one of the prettiest pictures you ever saw. Only my confounded bashfulness prevented me from proposing to her then and there."

Jack laughed.

Dick continued, "It's easy enough to propose to a girl if you only love her." But he almost strangled saying it, remembering, as he did, how Kate had given him a hand squeeze and a kiss in the dark to bring him to the point.

However, he boldly continued, "as a clergyman, Dick, you might break the ice by quoting scripture, saying to Mary, 'It is not good for man to live alone.'"

"Rats!" groaned Dick. "I tried to

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say that, but I got all mixed up and twisted and said something to the effect that 'it is a good thing for a man to let well enough alone'—and Mary wouldn't speak to me for two days."

The two separated for the time being and that night, how it did snow. Jack arose at nine o'clock, next morning, saw the great drifts and the snow still falling and remembered that he had promised Dick to be at "his" church, not far away, at 10:30 o'clock, to hear him preach.

A bit of rag time with a shoe heel on the floor brought up the landlord and after a keyhole conversation, in which mine host volunteered the information that there would be "nothin' doin'" at the meetin' house," that morning, Jack resought his couch.

However, about ten o'clock he became restless and arose and dressed. "I'm going to church anyway," he said to himself, as he brushed his hair before the little looking glass. "I promised Dick I would be there and I'm going."

It was a struggle, but armed with a big shovel, Jack fought his way to the church. The disturbance of the snow and a couple of big shovels standing in the entry, betrayed the fact that someone had preceded him. Jack shook from him some of the snow and peered into the church.

Dick had just taken his place in the pulpit and in front of him was his audience, consisting of one person. Jack had not before seen Mary, but at once he knew that it was she. She was seated, flowerlike, in the big front pew, serene and smiling. Her bright eyes were upon the minister and the dimples kept coming and going and coming again.

"By Jove," said Jack, "I don't blame dear old Dick for loving her. I believe

she's worthy of any man's love. If I had a chance like that, I don't believe I'd let a little bashfulness scare me out so easily."

Solemnly Dick opened the big Bible, arranged the notes for his sermon and said: "The musical portion of the service will be omitted to-day."

Then he cleared his throat, glanced at his notes and attacked his sermon.

"Dear beloved!" began he.

He got no further.

"Yes, Dick, dear," came in a sweet, small voice, from the big pew. "Here I am, what are you going to say, something nice?"

It was like a flash of lightning. The minister vaulted over that pulpit and had Mary in his arms before you could wink an eye.

Presently, in the entry, Jack stamped his feet, coughed loudly and entered the church.

"Oh, Jack!" cried Dick. "Just in time. This is Mary. I've told her all about you. Mary, Jack. Jack, Mary, Mary has just promised to marry me, Jack, old boy! What do you think of that?"

The storm had ceased. The sun was shining and a great ray of light came slanting through a window, enveloping the happy couple in its embrace. Jack passed down the aisle, his face wearing an expansive grin. He placed an arm about each and kissed them both—Dick on one cheek and Mary on both—"Bless you, my children," he said.—

CHLOSTER FISKE.

### A Shaking Up

may all be very well so far as the trusts are concerned, but not when it comes to chills and fever and malaria. Quit the quinine and take a real cure—Ballard's Herbine. Contains no harmful drugs and is as certain as taxes. If it doesn't cure, you get your money back. Sold by Red Cross Drug Co.