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Union City, Tenn.

#### LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Jas. Brice, Jr., is a Nashville visitor. Mr. Jack Hall, of Fulton, was here Tuesday.

Miss Annie Pitts enjoyed a visit to Kenton Thanksgiving.

Buy Christmas presents early.—Dietzel.

Mrs. John A. Wheeler has returned from a visit to Nashville.

Misses Iris and Helen McCorkle are spending the week at Obion.

Esq. R. T. Milner, of Fulton, was a business visitor here Tuesday.

All kinds of coal at Union City Ice & Coal Co.

Miss Lara Davidson, of Obion, was in the city Wednesday shopping.

Miss Allie May Reeves is spending the week with Nashville friends.

Attorney Sid Clark, of Trenton, is here in Chancery Court this week.

Electric light fixtures at Averitt's. Phone 315.

The infant of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Allen has been very sick this week.

Miss Lizzie Hornbeak, of Hornbeak, was a visitor here for Thanksgiving.

Attorney Tillman Burnett was here this week as attorney in Chancery Court.

Everybody can afford a new hat at the cut prices to be found at Mrs. Ann's.

A. E. Markham, of Tiptonville, was here this week with his friend, M. Glasscock.

Messrs. J. W. Brantley and Thelbert Taylor, of Troy, were in the city yesterday.

Miss Carrie Malone, of Dresden, was the guest of Mrs. Clifford Joyner this week.

Get Averitt to wire your house. Telephone 315.

Miss Eva Parks is in the city visiting Miss Ruth and Claire Parks at Mrs. Edwards'.

Mr. Will Morris Hardy, of East St. Louis, spent Thanksgiving here with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Luten and family were in Fulton Sunday visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Luten.

Rockford and Howard watches.—Dietzel.

Fire alarm from Mr. Boss Jones' farm was turned in Tuesday and a small barn of no great value was burned.

Mrs. Jennie Corum, Bethlehem vicinity, is visiting the home of Mr. and Mrs. Zack Corum, city, this week.

Miss Bessie Cook Nugent, of Paducah, was here this week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cooksey.

Call Jess Averitt for electric fixtures. Phone 315.

Mrs. A. B. Campbell, Miss Catherine Dahnke and Miss Naidine Jordan are in Nashville, going to enjoy Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving services were conducted in the First Christian Church yesterday, with Rev. W. W. Armstrong in the pulpit.

Mrs. A. J. Harpole was called to Fulton to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. S. A. E. Whitesell, who was reported very sick.

FOR RENT—Two good rooms with hot and cold water and furnace heat, centrally located. Phone 262. 34-17

Mrs. Lizzie Gibbs and son, Barnett, arrived home Wednesday, after spending a few weeks with relatives at Yazoo City, Miss.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Howell and mother and Miss Callie Howell went to Kenton for Thanksgiving to visit Mrs. T. M. Scott.

Miss Maude Moffatt, of Troy, was in the city this week visiting Miss Jeanie Garth, Ury street, for Thanksgiving school exercises.

Averitt, the electrician, solicits your business. Phone 315.

Richard Rice, Misses Mary Paris, Cavita Hughes, Pearl Rice, Helen Browder and Clarice Webb, of Fulton, were in the city Sunday motoring.

Misses Altha May Price, Ruth Willingham and Pauline Martinetti, of Fulton, were visitors in the city Wednesday. They were accompanied by Mr. Ed Kelly.

W. C. Kelly and his engineering corps, Messrs. W. T. Harris, Edwin Rogers and Ferrell Alexander, came home from the Weakley Drainage District for Thanksgiving.

If your hair is thin, losing color, falling or splitting, and the scalp itches, you can do nothing better than use Parisian Sage, an inexpensive and most effective tonic sold by Oliver's Red Cross Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Willingham, Miss Ruth Willingham, Messrs. Powers, Clyde Willingham and Ed Kelley, of Fulton, motored over to Union City Sunday in Mr. Willingham's touring car.

Mr. Lewis McAdoo has returned from Crockett, where he has been engaged for several weeks superintending the construction of a concrete flood gate on Obion River Drainage District No. 2 levee.

FOR RENT—Nice 5-room cottage 33-11 B. M. SMOOT.

Eyes examined free at your home. Write or phone W. T. Wilkerson, Union City, Tenn. 40-11

FOR SALE—At a bargain, two first-class second-hand surreys. Phone 206. Will trade. GEO. MOODY.

FOR SALE—A new Buck range, new linoleum for one room, shades for eight windows. All cheap. See V. L. Reynolds. 34-11

FOR SALE—The D. A. Edward's Cadillac car, at \$950. Six months at 6 per cent interest with good security. Phone 642. 34-21

FOR RENT—Five-room house on South First street. Lights and water. Convenient to business. Call Dr. R. C. Reynolds. 33-11

FOR SALE—15 head of two and three year old Red Poll Steers. Just the kind for fancy feeders. Also 25 or 30 fine registered large boned Berkshire Gelds.—Dodds & DeBow, Hickman, Ky. 35-11

PUBLIC SALE—I will offer all my stock and farm implements at public sale Monday, Dec. 7, one mile east of Union City on what is known as the B. F. Beckham farm south of East View. Terms made known on day of sale. 35-21 J. N. CAWTHON, John Saunders, Auctioneer.

#### Farm for Sale.

314 acres four miles from county seat, gravel roads three-fourths of way, two good sets of buildings, barns and out houses, near church and school, well improved. Will sell part or whole, \$25 per acre. Easy terms. E. H. FOX, Booneville, Miss. 33-31

#### KILLING TIME ON THE TRAIN

Englishman Describes What One Might Call the Game of "Traveling by Ear."

A new way of passing the time on the railway train is described by a writer in the Manchester Guardian, who modestly adds that he does not think the game "as silly as putting jig-saw puzzles together."

My fellow travelers think I am asleep when I shut my eyes and lean back on the cushions of the railway compartment. But in reality I am amusing myself with a little game of my own, which I call "traveling by ear." You can only do it satisfactorily, of course, on a familiar bit of line, although it is quite interesting on a strange road. On the route I travel almost daily, I know my way very well by the sounds of the track. I can tell to a yard when we are running on an embankment, when we slide into a cutting, when we run through a station, and what station it is (this mainly by the sound of the adjacent bridge that we run under or over). The sound of a deep rock cutting is quite distinctive, and different, although there are points of resemblance, too, from the dull roar of a tunnel.

Tunnels in limestone, adds our correspondent, seem to me to have an individual and rather unpleasant sharpness—piercingness—of roar. Upward gradients slacken the pace of a train, of course, and also alter what I can only call its "footfall" noise, and when we come to the top of an incline, it seems as if the train gave a kick as if to say: "There!" are its laboring changes into easy gliding and swifter speed on the level. On my homeward journey our driver generally slackens speed a trifle as we run over a ringing girder viaduct; then after a few yards of deep cutting, we run under a wide and shallow bridge just before the home station is reached. I time precisely my movements so as to open my eyes, rise to my feet, get my parcels off the rack, and have the window dropped exactly as the train stops.

#### REALLY GOOD MUSICAL PUNS

If Such Play Upon Words Ever Is Pardonable, These Two May Be Pardoned.

It is said that a respectable tradesman of the name of G. Sharp was astonished one morning to find that some musical wag had added to his name the words "is a flat," which, however correct in a musical sense, was certainly far from complimentary to the worthy tradesman.

There is another instance in which a capital musical pun was perpetrated, equally correct in a technical sense, and equally uncomplimentary to the person at whose expense it was made. Two gentlemen were passing the shop of a music seller in the southeast district of the metropolis, and the proprietor was standing outside the door. As they did so, one of them pointed in the direction of the shop, and remarked:

"That liar is always outside!" The offending tradesman heard the remark, and wonderful to relate, seemed immensely tickled at the observation. The secret of it was that he thought the remark had reference to his sign—a golden lyre—over the shop-front.—London TH-Bits.

#### Seeing Contemporaries as They Are.

After all, the test of a vacation is the renewed zest with which we take up our work on our return. The person who lives among his contemporaries all the time has no idea what interesting people they are. They appear even romantic when one returns to them from a short trip abroad. There is a moment before we begin again to do things, when we have leisure to see things.

Of course, we must take up our responsibilities again. Our serious business with our contemporaries is to improve their conditions, their morals and their manners. We do not have too much time for this work. But before we begin again the attempt to make them what they ought to be, we may enjoy the moment when we have enough freshness of vision to see them as they are.—Atlantic Monthly.

#### GUESTS ENJOYED A NOVELTY

Presence of Monkeys at Formal Dinner by Mrs. Longworth Made a Decided "Hit."

It happened that Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, the daughter of former President Roosevelt, and wife of the distinguished Ohio representative, had presented to her among many hundred other gifts, two little monkeys, who lost no time in sustaining their reputation for mischievous antics, and kept the Longworth household in a panic as to what was going to happen next.

They were too nimble and quick to be punished for the evil of their ways, and so, week in and week out the monkeys had a lovely time of it. When Mr. and Mrs. Longworth entertained, the little creatures were shut up behind lock and key, and usually wore themselves out in their effort to break through, and went to sleep in consequence, from sheer exhaustion.

This had always insured the success of a party, without any disturbing interruptions, until one fateful night when Mrs. Longworth looked up to discover a monkey grinning at her from the top of a picture. It was only a second until the other one climbed up the corner of the cloth, and snatched a few nuts from some of the panic-stricken guests. His partner in crime leaped from the picture and perched himself upon the shoulder of a guest, and the details of what followed are not laid down in the directions given to polite society as how to entertain.

"But," laughed a guest not long ago, "I shall never forget how utterly funny it was, nor how we all enjoyed it, just as soon as we were assured the monkeys would not eat us."

Up to 1 A. M. the Situation in Jenks' Home Was Reported as Remaining Unchanged.

The battle at Short Jenks' home continues unabated, says the Atchison Globe. At eleven o'clock this morning Mrs. Jenks made the following official announcement: "With a brilliant charge about breakfast time I flanked my husband with my stalwart foot and he doubled up and then retreated in haste. It was almost a rout." At one o'clock this morning Mr. Jenks officially announced: "The situation remains unchanged. There have been attacks and counter-attacks on both sides, with no decisive results. I'm now well entrenched and confident behind a tub in the cellar. I believe I will ultimately triumph. The enemy is making many claims, and making those things is the easiest thing in the world to do. If she had a cannon that was as rapid as her mouth I would be compelled to admit that my position is serious. At is it, I concede nothing. I will conserve my strength and forces, with the view of getting out of the cellar and consulting a lawyer. I urge American newspapers to judge not until the real situation is known. History will vindicate me and declare that I did not start hostilities. My sister-in-law urged my wife to start them. My wife didn't need a great deal of urging."

Off to the Front. A theatrical woman went into a Broadway drug store and leaned upon the show case. A drug dispenser advanced precipitately and stood smiling expectantly before her.

"Have you got any smokeless powder?" inquired the woman sternly. The young man backed off in fear that the war news from the other side had unsettled the woman's mental balance.

"Smokeless powder?" he gasped. "No, madam, we haven't any. You will have to go to a gun store for that."

"You haven't got any then?" she persisted, piercing him with her deep, dark eyes.

"No, ma'am," he said, all of a tremble by now.

"What do you call that in that box in the show case?" she asked, pointing at the article in question.

"That's ordinary face powder, lady," he explained freely.

"Well, that's smokeless, isn't it?" she said with a silvery laugh, and the drug dispenser was nearly overcome by the reaction.

#### Joffre's Nickname.

In a note on General Joffre, London Truth says: "A man of bourgeois family, very much the soldier, very much the mathematician, very much the man of action, and quite as much the man of thought. His family belongs to the eastern Pyrenees. An auctioneer founded it about a hundred years ago. This ancestor went from village to village in a showman's van laden with goods. They were trumpeted by him as bargains, 'Joffre such or such an article at such and such a price!' he cried, when he drew up in the mayoralty square or marketplace of burg or village. He began at a high figure and went down gradually. His Catalan name proclaimed him a foreigner, and he adopted the nickname county folk had given him of Joffre—le pere Joffre."

#### Germany's Sources of Wealth.

In 1912 Germany produced a mineral output of \$592,250,000 in coal, lignite, iron, zinc, lead, copper, rock salt and potassic salt. Her foundry products that year were: Pig iron, \$212,627,750; zinc, \$28,589,750; lead, \$11,038,000; copper, \$11,003,500; tin, \$8,874,000. Two years ago the fisheries of Germany yielded \$103,916,990.



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