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THE COMMERCIAL

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Union City Commercial, established 1899
West Tennessee Courier, established 1897
Consolidated September 1, 1917

UNION CITY, TENN., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1915.

VOL. 25, NO. 25.

ON THRIFT

By Sir Lauder Brunton, Bart., M. D., F. R. S.
With apologies, this was written for British publication.

A field or meadow in which a picnic has been held on the previous day is not usually pretty to look at, however, beautiful may be its position and surroundings and however lovely the views it may afford. Here and there lying on the grass, or fluttering in the breeze are scraps of paper, some clean, some stained with grease, here and there an empty sardine box or an earthenware pot smeared with jam, eggshells and bits of hard-boiled eggs, chunks of bread, broken biscuits, ribs of mutton with pieces of flesh still attached, bones of fowl, and sometimes even wings or legs with enough meat on them to render the place speedily offensive to the nose as well as the eye. The scene affords a complete picture of thoughtlessness, carelessness and thriftlessness. Of thoughtlessness because they did not think how destructive their conduct was to the beauty of the place where they had enjoyed themselves; of carelessness because they did not consider that they might thus prevent others having the same enjoyment by causing the owner of the place rigidly to exclude all comers henceforward; of thriftlessness because the chunks of bread, the broken biscuits, the pieces of hard-boiled egg, the mutton bones and pieces of fowl, if collected and properly treated, might have fed a small family for a week or more. In strong contrast to this everyday scene stands out the record of the greatest picnic of which we have any description.

I.

The scene is a grassy upland, with hills rising to the north-west, and far below the Jordan valley and the blue lake of Galilee. Five thousand men, besides women and children, have left their ordinary work and have come from all the towns and villages round about to learn from the great Teacher and listen to the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth. But the sun is sinking in the west, throwing long shadows across the sward, and banks of cloud are gathering in the sky, precursors of the storm that was to break some hours later when His disciples in their little boat were trying to cross the lake. The sinking sun and the gathering clouds showed that it was full time for the multitude to depart to their homes. The thoughtfulness and carefulness of the Master foresaw the evil that might ensue if they went away fasting, for they might faint by the way, and so he said to his disciples, "Give ye them to eat." In orderly ranks the multitude sat down on the grass, but all the food the disciples could find at first was five loaves and two small fishes. This small provision was given by the Master to His disciples, and by them distributed, and as they went on the supply grew and grew until everyone had eaten and was filled. Often one hears as an excuse for waste, "There is plenty more where that came from." Where could there have been more reason for such an excuse than here. The night was approaching, the clouds were gathering, and the disciples were doubtless anxious to get away as quickly as they could and cross the lake, as liable to squalls as a loch in the Scotch Highlands, before the storm burst. Why should they waste precious time in clearing up the remnants. Should occasion arise at some future time, would not the want be miraculously supplied as it had been just now?

But not so thought the Master. "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost" was His command, and His twelve disciples each gathered a basketful. But if the fragments of bread and fish were thrown into the same baskets, the mixture would be anything but appetizing, and more fit for a pig's trough than for human food. St. Mark's account appears to show that the bread and fishes were gathered into separate baskets, for he says, "They took up twelve baskets full of the fragments and of the fishes."

The whole gospel of thrift is comprised in the pregnant sentence, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost."

II.

Nothing is to be lost—neither food, nor fuel, nor raiment, nor health, nor energy, nor time, nor talents, nor opportunity. If all

these things are economized to the utmost the gain to each individual and to the nation will be so great as to be almost incredible. Mustard is a small item in the expenditure of a household, but the result of want of economy in it is shown by the story of a mustard manufacturer who had amassed a large fortune. One of his friends remarked that it was extraordinary that he should have made so much money out of an article which people took in such small quantities. "I did not make my money," said the manufacturer, "out of what people ate. I made it out of what they left on their plates." What happens to mustard happens to other things as well. Look at a breakfast table after the family have finished. On one plate you may see half a pat of butter, on another a spoonful of jam or marmalade, on another a piece of fish, and on another a half slice of bacon, while on several may be seen broken pieces of bread or toast. If there are small children clamouring to be off, lest they may be late for school, the anxious mother may give to each a slice of bread spread with butter or jam, or both, to be eaten on the way. The child runs out, bites a mouthful or two out of the slice, and then, meeting with some of its youthful companions, begins to chatter with them, and throws away the remainder of the slice. The later meals of the day are no better than breakfast. At each of them we find the same want of thrift. Slices of meat, portions of vegetables, pudding, or other sweets are often to be found. Though fortunately it is rare to meet with such an extreme case as that of the guest who had apparently finished, but began again just as the servants were clearing away the plates. "I beg your pardon," said the distressed hostess, "I thought you had finished." "So I had," answered the guest, "but I just fan' a doo in the redd o' my plate." (I have just found a pigeon in the refuse on my plate.) The Spartan discipline which prevailed in Scotch houses half a century ago not unfrequently compelled children to eat everything that was on their plate and leave nothing. This rule was not invariably good, for an old friend of mine, a great authority on statistics, was to a great extent right in his advice, "I always tell my wife," said he, "that the worst place into which she can put anything she does not want is her stomach." Sometimes the Spartan rule caused indigestion, but when applied two or three times it made the children careful not to take more than they really wanted, and so waste on the plates was prevented, and habits of thrift taught to the children, which as they grew up influenced them in other things. Waste occurs in the kitchen as well as at the table, and to an even greater extent. I have been told of a young curate who had to leave his charge in a mining village because he had excited the indignation of the women by telling them that they ought not to throw away the water in which they had boiled beef. The impertinence of the man to try to teach them was more than they could stand; and they didn't! What a contrast to cooking in France. I once stayed at a little French hotel, and was much interested in the food. The first course was delicious soup, with lots of vegetables and chunks of bread toasted in the oven floating about in it. The second course consisted of beef boiled to rags and covered by a most palatable sauce. Both courses were most appetizing, but judging from the coarseness of the fibres of the beef I came to the conclusion that it came from an old bullock that had drawn the plough until it could work no longer. Roasted, or even braised, its flesh would have been too tough to be eatable, but when boiled to rags it made excellent soup, and when all the taste had been boiled out of it the addition of a sauce made it very palatable. The herbs which flavored the soup had been grown in the little garden of the hotel, and the chunks of toasted bread were probably the remnants collected at the table on previous meals, and which had been baked hard in the oven. One great rule that should be kept in every household is that no piece of bread, however small, should ever be thrown away; every scrap should be collect-

ed and put into a basket, which should be kept for bread alone, nothing else being put into it. Some of them may be toasted, others made into a bread pudding, and others baked in the oven and eaten like biscuits. Before going farther it may be well to consider the question whether want of thrift is not shown in regard to the quality, as well as the quantity, of bread. The use of white bread has become more and more common, and, alas! the decay of teeth is doing so likewise, at such a rate as to become a national danger. It is impossible to say with certainty that decay in teeth is due to the use of white bread, but I am inclined to think so. Unless fowls are provided with the material for a shell, by giving them lime in some form, they lay eggs without shells. Some years ago I was consulted about the rapid decay of a wet nurse's teeth while she was suckling. It occurred to me that the lime salts were being drained from her body by the milk she was giving to her baby. I gave her phosphate of lime, and the decay ceased at once. The objection to there being any connection between decay of teeth and want of lime salts in white bread at once arises that there is plenty of lime in other kinds of food and too much in hard water. But the chemistry of the cereals is a complex thing, and people fed on decorticated rice suffer from a disease called beri beri, and are cured by giving them the outer part of the rice grains, in which substances called vitamins are contained. In like manner, if people were to return to wholesome bread, instead of white bread, I believe (though I may be quite wrong in doing so) that a great change for the better would occur in their teeth.

III.

No butter should be wasted, any portions remaining on plates should be collected in a bowl, carefully washed, and again made up into pats. A great deal of tea is wasted. When as much tea as is wanted has been drunk, enough unexhausted tea-leaves are left in the tea-pot to make several cups more. Only enough tea should be put into the pot to supply the quantity needed, and the waste is likely to be less if the teapot is small, just big enough to serve and no more. An earthenware teapot retains the heat better than a metal one, and so makes better tea. A common rule of quantity in this country is a teaspoonful of tea for every person, and one for the teapot. In Russia, where a great deal of tea is drunk, such a rule would seem absurd. Some years ago I was dining with a professor in Moscow, and tea was served after dinner. Discussing the use of tea in England and Russia, I asked my hostess how much tea she used. She replied: "I am extravagant in tea. I have twelve guests, and I used four teaspoonfuls of tea, but most of my friends would only have used one." In order to taste such tea it must be drunk without milk or sugar, which would mask the flavour. Sugar is a most valuable food, and if any should remain undissolved at the bottom of the cup it should not be washed out, but left to sweeten the next cup or swallowed, despite the warning of the financier which I have already quoted. If milk is clean, and is put into carefully scalded vessels in a cool place, it may keep sweet for many hours, but a minute trace of sour milk in any of the receptacles will turn it sour in a short time. If a fresh supply is got only once a day, it is best, especially in warm weather, to boil it at once. In large establishments where steam is available a better plan is to pass a current of steam through the milk in a pail for twenty minutes. Preservatives added to milk are most pernicious. They prevent the bacillus which forms lactic acid from acting, so that they hinder the souring of milk, but they do not destroy other bacilli, which set up a kind of putrefaction, and make the milk dangerous. When soured by the proper bacillus, milk is not injured as a food, but, on the contrary, becomes a healthgiving as well as a pleasant beverage. Scraps of meat and bones should be collected in an earthenware jar, which can be scalded out frequently, so as to keep it absolutely clean, for the smallest portion of tainted meat will start putrefaction in the other pieces. Remnants of meat and all that can be cut off the bones may be minced and made into a cottage pie. The bones themselves may be boiled, and soup made from them, while gelatine may be got from them and con-

verted into jellies if a "digester" is available.

Bread, milk, meat, sugar, jam, butter, and every edible should be carefully covered, so as to protect them from flies, which not only dirty the food but inoculate it with germs of disease.

Coal has been so cheap in this country that people have been accustomed to waste it, but its increasing price will render economy essential. No cinders should be thrown away. They should be carefully sifted, and used along with fresh coal, while only the ashes should be thrown away. I cannot enter here into the application of thrift to raiment, health, energy, time, talents and opportunities. But the principle is the same in each. Let nothing be lost. Let no opportunity slip of "doing my bit," of acting on the rule of the Boy Scouts to do one good deed every day without hope of reward, or of remembering and acting on the words of the hymn—
Little drops of water, little grains of sand,

Make the mighty ocean and the beautiful land.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,

Make this earth below like the bright Heaven above.

SAYS KILLING ACCIDENTAL.

Frank McMillan Says He Mistook Thos. G. Goforth for Squirrel.

Covington, Tenn., Sept. 11.—Frank McMillan, aged 17 years, who was arrested yesterday, charged with the killing of Thomas Goforth, aged 10 years, Saturday, a week ago to-day, this morning confessed to Deputy Sheriff T. L. Black that while hunting in the woods near Gilt Edge last Saturday morning he mistook young Goforth for a squirrel, and shot and killed him. Young Goforth had climbed up a tree to gather some wild grapes and McMillan claims he saw the branches of the tree waving and thought the lad was a squirrel, and shot him. He said Goforth screamed when he was shot, and his body fell to the ground. McMillan claims that he was so frightened when he saw he had shot the boy that he hurriedly left the scene, but soon returned and found that Goforth was dead, and he was afraid to tell any one about his connection with the killing, and hence kept it a secret. McMillan claims that the statement that he and young Goforth had had some trouble about a week before the latter's death is not true. McMillan's preliminary trial was to have taken place before Squires O. R. Lavelle and W. A. Lemmonds at Gilt Edge this afternoon, but the trial was continued until Tuesday, Sept. 21. Gen. John A. Tipton is representing the prosecution, while Col. W. A. Owen is the attorney for the defendant.

Bootleggers Get Orders.

Hickman, Ky., Sept. 12.—There was another mass meeting last night of citizens of Hickman to determine just how to rid the town and community of bootleggers and other law-breakers, this being the third mass meeting of the citizens since the triple killing on Thursday night, when Judge W. A. Naylor, deputy sheriff, and Willie Collins were killed by Claude Johnson, Johnson in turn being killed by another officer, and since the raid on Friday on all the bootlegging joints in town. At the meeting last night drastic resolutions, drawn up by the Rev. R. M. Walker, pastor of the Methodist Church; Judge E. J. Stahr, County Judge, and H. C. Helm, were read and adopted, and every effort will be put forth by the most prominent citizens of Hickman and community to carry out the law in this city from now on.

An arrest was made last night for bootlegging and two bootleggers were made to leave town yesterday.

It is feared there will be further trouble, threats having been made, it is reported, by bootleggers of West Hickman against Bub Lankford, who was deputized by Judge Naylor, deputy sheriff, to go with him when he attempted to arrest Claude Johnson. Several warrants have been issued for different characters in that vicinity—bootleggers and bad characters.

Helping a Lady.

"Jack, I wish you'd come to see me occasionally."

"Why, Vanessa, I thought you were engaged to Algernon Wombat?"

"No; but I think I could be if I could get up a little brisk competition."

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