

THIRTY SELECT MEN GO TO CAMP JACKSON

Quota From Obion County, Leave Saturday—Crowds Gather.

Thirty young men, heretofore examined by the Local Exemption Board, reported last Saturday and were enrolled for military duty. They were called together and appeared at the park at 1 o'clock, crowds of relatives and friends having assembled to give them good cheer and to say good-bye.

The young men were seated on the platform, together with members of the Local Exemption Board and the speakers of the occasion.

Mayor Pittman was the first speaker, addressing a word of encouragement to the young men and praising them for their patriotism and loyalty. It is a credit to the city to be represented by such stalwart sons as these who go to defend our liberties in the great European conflict.

Dr. C. W. Miles was introduced by W. E. Hudgins, and he spoke regarding the cause and the necessity of national defense.

The people of the world are facing a crisis and that crisis involves the liberty of the human race. Either we must submit to serfdom or fight for liberty. The famous declaration of Patrick Henry, "Give me Liberty or Give me Death," was never more real than it is to-day. It is a time in the history of the world when the end of kings must come, or we must be forever lost. It is life or death. We are now at war with a race, which, as far as history gives us any record, is noted for its barbarism. The first of the house of Hohenzollern was a noted highwayman and bandit chief. Down the march of time these people have had their periods of savagery. They have either forced submission from their own weak dependencies or waged savage warfare with other nations. It has always been in the name of Prussianism, of military tyranny, which has no standard but that of the brute.

It is this foe we must face, and in the name of God we must defend human life and liberty from such a foe.

Judge Swiggart was introduced by C. W. Miles, Jr. The Judge spoke at some length, delivering an interesting address including an extensive history of the war. He traced the war on down from the time Russia began to mobilize her troops for general defense against the designs of Germany. The assassination of Prince Ferdinand and his consort was merely an incident. Germany had been making specific plans for war months and years before.

Germany with her most powerful war machine, the greatest in the history of the world, began to crush her enemies. First it was peaceful, unoffending little Belgium. Then it was Roumania and Servia, and again it was Russia. Italy was the object of the next invasion, but the defense halted it. During the march of this bloody tyrant in Europe the rights of the seas were interrupted. American citizens traveling the high seas on peaceful missions were attacked and sent to death in the deep, all without provocation, unless it was they traveled on enemy merchantmen. Our nation waived this bloody crime in the name of peace only to be visited by others just as bold and bloody. The German Government had agreed to discontinue this submarine policy, but events proved that the agreement was made to secure special advantages when the order was given to continue submarine warfare, with the enormous areas of the war zone increased.

Judge Swiggart then gave his attention to the consequences of the war. If France and Italy and England are conquered by the German army, all Europe will be organized under Prussian military power, America will be assessed with billions of tribute and the days of American liberty will be doomed.

It is in defense of this liberty and opposed to such a Prussian menace that we go to fight, and if ever man had cause to strike in the name of freedom, that cause is moving him to-day.

Judge Swiggart was put to the necessity of speaking against the noise of the trains, but he was listened to with the closest attention. The occasion was closed with

prayer by Rev. H. A. Todd and the soldiers shook hands with large numbers of people as they moved to the train. The crowd was a large one and every avenue to the train when it pulled in was crowded.

The soldiers left on the N. C. & St. L. Railway for Camp Jackson. The list is as follows:

- Walter Hermon Hawes, Union City
- James Austin Lyons, Obion.
- Sylvester Ross, Troy, R. 2.
- James Moffatt Brice, Union City.
- Lamar Powell Easterlings, Jonesboro, Ark.
- Elmer F. Walker, Waverly, N. Y.
- Robert Taylor, Troy.
- Earl D. Bryson, Union City.
- Ernest Rucker, Fulton.
- Irving Bailey Griffin, St. Louis, Mo.
- Samuel Carl Stokes, Fulton.
- Jay Burnett, Union City.
- Wm. Earl Henry, Obion.
- Howard L. Schmidt, Union City.
- Garvin Elmore Williams, Union City.
- Johnnie Lank Ford, Union City.
- Flossie Smith, Fulton, Ky.
- Harry Hayes, Hornbeak.
- Smiley Grave, Obion.
- Ezra Tipton Adams, Willisville, Ill.
- Richard Beauchamp Sanders, Woodland Mills.
- Hugh Ed Curlin, Hickman, Ky.
- Willie Foy, Lynville, Ky.
- Wm. Carl Scott, McConnell.
- Sfon White, Hornbeak.
- Herbert Foster Quinn, Union City.
- Elvis Davis, Fulton.
- Harmon Bond Fox, Obion.
- Samuel Richard Arnold, Greenfield.
- Wm. F. Caldwell, Union City.

AGED LADY DEAD.

Mrs. Martha Burrus Passes Away at the Age of 82 Years.

One of Fulton's County's oldest citizens has passed away. Mrs. Martha Burrus, 82 years old, died Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Don Corum, of this city. Stomach trouble and the infirmities of advanced age are given as the cause of her demise.

Deceased spent practically the whole of her life in this immediate vicinity, being born in the Woodland Mills section. She was the widow of the late Dan Burrus. This good old lady is survived by the following children: Mrs. D. C. Corum, Hickman; Dr. Geo. Burrus, Woodland Mills; J. J. Burrus, Dumas, Ark.; Swan Burrus and Mrs. G. B. Brasfield, Hickman; also two sisters, Mrs. Geo. Connor and Mrs. D. Downing, of Tiptonville, Tenn.

Funeral services were held at Poplar Grove church Sunday afternoon by Rev. H. M. Crain, of Hickman, and Rev. Huey, of Martin, Tenn., and the remains laid to rest in the Poplar Grove Cemetery.

Mrs. Burrus was a charter member of the Woodland Mills Baptist Church, and followed faithfully the teachings of her Savior. Her life was one continuous example of Christian womanhood and she was loved by all who knew her. While she lived to a ripe old age, her death, nevertheless, comes as a great shock to her many loved ones and friends.—Hickman Courier.

What a Bond Will Buy.

Dear Sir: I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you to show how the soldier from your home feels about the Third Liberty Loan. If you have bought or will buy one fifty dollar bond, I will receive one trench knife, five rifle grenades, fourteen had grenades.

One one hundred dollar bond will clothe me or feed me for eight months.

One one hundred dollar bond and one fifty dollar bond will clothe and equip me for overseas service.

Three one hundred dollar bonds will clothe me and keep me in France for a year.

Some subscriber to the Liberty Loan may know that he has made the above possible. Why not let it be you? If you have purchased to your greatest possible extent, pass this on to someone else. Everyone of us needs someone behind, providing the money and tools.

I'm going a cross. You "come across.

Yours very truly,
MORGAN B. WELLS.

Camp Meade, Md.

"Hall, gentle spring," the poet say in madrigals and roundelays. To fill the bill his language fails, It can't be gentle if it hails.

COL. CHAS. N. GIBBS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

Chattanooga's well-known citizen, Col. Charles Nicholas Gibbs, is 90 years of age to-day. The Times desired to observe this event with a suitable sketch of this esteemed gentleman, farmer, Secretary of State, and one who did valuable service in the making of Tennessee's constitution. The task was delegated to the Hon. Henry M. Wiltse and the reader will observe that it was well done.—The Chattanooga Times, March 29, 1918.

By H. M. Wiltse.

We shorten our lives and add many fold to the worries of them by conventional superstitious accounting for the years that mark their span. It is a false measure and a foolish tradition; especially when contemplated in the light of a supposed scriptural limitation which was but figure of speech, written without the least reference, in the world, to our calendar. If we would measure the time we have lived and estimate our expectations somewhat after the manner of mercury or spirit in a thermometer, there would be more sense in the reckoning. Then, instead of saying he is seventy or he is ninety years old, we should say he is 70 degrees vigorous, or he is 90 degrees active in mind and body.

Thus one would say that Col. Charles Nicholas Gibbs is 90 to 95 degrees, physically and mentally. If a stranger undertook to measure his years by seeing him walk along the street or hearing him talk, he would not seem a bit absurd by saying he is seventy-five years old. In point of fact, however, he is exactly ninety to-day, for he was born the 29th of March, 1828. His birthplace was a house which Gen. Hood's forces destroyed in the great Nashville battle. It is now within corporate Nashville, but was some distance out when the infant Gibbs, heir-apparent to his Christian name above given, used it for his birthday celebration.

His father was a lawyer of repute, and the first banker of our capital city. There is at the Gibbs home here a \$10 bill, No. 1 of its series, which was the first one of that denomination issued by the bank of which George Washington Gibbs was head. He was a native of North Carolina, and his wife, before marriage Lee Ann Dibrell, was Kentucky born.

Young Charles attended school not over-zealously until he had reached the age of 9. Then he took a very important step, actuated, doubtless, by a desire which has ever been markedly characteristic of him—to have a place in the sun, nearer to Nature's heart. He eloped with his old black mammy, and they went to the country, over in Obion County, about where Union City now occupies. He fitted from attraction to attraction, interest to interest, as a humming bird spritely wafts itself from flower to flower. He took some further schooling, part at Jackson, and at the age of 19 began the practice of law, some law, some law, friend taking care of the age requirements, somehow.

He was elected Mayor of Jackson before majority, and President Filmore appointed him United States Attorney in 1849. Daniel Webster's signature of his commission is a valued keepsake. He held the office four years, and continued law practice until threatened failure of voice suggested retirement for a time, and he diverted himself with farming, sawmilling and railroad contracting.

When civil war issues took definite shape, he was so ardently for the Union that he purchased an outfit and established a Union paper, which he conducted and made a very strenuous champion so long as he could keep it afloat, then yielded to what seemed the logic of events and joined the Confederate cause, becoming a member of Gen. Frank Cheatham's staff. He had been offered the colonelcy of a regiment, but declined on account of a defective arm and badly crippled hand, due to early accident. This misfortune is so little apparent under ordinary conditions, that a friend of his who has known him quite intimately forty years, learned of it for the first time within the present month. And yet Col. Gibbs attaches much importance to that defective member, aside from the fact that it deprived him of important rank and function during the war. Of his career in that great episode, he speaks somewhat deprecatingly, saying that he "was of very little service."

After the war he resumed law practice and pursued it actively until 1873, when he was chosen Secretary of State for Tennessee, which important position he retained during various administrations, until 1881. In his politically active days he was one of the best known and most popular men in Tennessee, and especially so in the middle and western divisions. His popularity had been twice evidenced before he became Secretary of State, by his being twice elected delegate to the constitutional conventions. In 1859 he was elected to be a member of a convention which never convened, and therefore he pleads not guilty to any charge of having voted wrong on any question that did not come before that body. But he was a mili-

tant and potent member of that 1870 convention which gave to us the present constitution of Tennessee. When the Democratic party underwent serious division upon the "State debt question," Col. Gibbs was of the State credit contingent, and to that honored class of it which acquired the title of Sky Blues.

For the low tax element, and those known as reputationists, he wrote a kind of sub rosa platform which caused no little quiet amusement among his immediate political friends, and was mightily appreciated when it somehow got over into the Republican camp. The gist of it was, "It is against our principle to pay interest, and against our interest to pay principal. We look with disfavor upon all old debts, and will allow all new ones to become old rapidly as they will, so that we may have plausible excuse for not paying them."

"I was a rolling stone that gathered no financial moss," Col. Gibbs quite recently said to a friend; "gathered no moss to embellish my old-age dream playhouse. I have been of no service to Chattanooga except by bringing here citizens in the persons of my wife and children. One of the boys I brought has for some thirty years helped to take care of the people's money, as a banker, and to build up the town by building some modest houses, but such as help along. And the other, for forty years or so, has tried to help the people keep well, so that they could 'do their bit.' But I have done nothing for the city. I have been quasi statesman, lumberman, farmer; but chiefly a loafer for the last ten years."

That is quoted just for the purpose of polite but very emphatic contradiction. The doughty colonel could not be a loafer for ten minutes if he tried. In these years of loafing, as he terms his period of respite from the regular activities of life, he has tried his turn at getting the best of Smart Alecks in New York, and failed, measurably; has looked after various and sundry business interests in various places, and has "loafed" around the Reelfoot Lake country, picking up facts and data of vast importance relative to land titles, etc., which will likely enough one day be of much value to the State and to many people of the State. Time is not wasted which intelligent and thoughtful men pass with eyes and ears open, even if they don't say much or stand much in the fierce light of publicity.

Even in the days of Col. Gibbs' immediate ancestors, men were not disposed to confide all of their personal troubles to the policeman, and those in rural environments were little disposed to lean too heavily upon the constabulary for the redress of grievances. The colonel's father had the temerity to engage in personal conflict with the redoubtable Sam Houston, and gave sufficiently creditable account of himself.

He also had a fight with a noted duelist and gunfighter named Thomas K. Harris, by whom he was somewhat seriously wounded by gunshot. So little were those hardy men and women given to confiding such affairs to their children that Charles Nicholas never heard breath of these disturbances until he was man grown, and then they were confided to him by a friendly frater of a great secret organization.

Then he began to feel keener interest in those affairs of days he could not remember. He inaugurated a campaign of inquiry, beginning, of course, with his mother. He had always thought her pretty, and now he came right out and told her so. "Mother," he said, "you must have been mighty handsome when you were a girl." She "came right out" and confessed that they did consider her something of a beauty. "You were mighty popular among the gentlemen, I reckon," he proceeded, and she admitted that the boys used to like her.

"Did you ever dance much?" "Yes, I danced a good deal until I joined the church. I was mighty fond of dancing, Charles." "Didn't you ever dance after you joined the church?" "Yes, once, and only once."

"How was that? Tell me about it, please." "Well, we women had a big quilting, and at night, after the quilt was finished, we got up a dance; or they did—somebody did. A man came in with his arm in a sling and asked me to dance with him, and I did. His name was Simpson. He killed the man that shot your father, and I would have danced with him if they had turned me out of church."

The Simpson-Harris fight was typical of the time and conditions then existing. They were enemies in good standing and of long standing. They met, both on horseback, in a wooded, lonely mountain road. Without ceremony or comment they drew their long horse pistols and began firing; they evidently acted in the spirit of Admiral Dewey's suggestion to the German Admiral von Dietrich, at Manila harbor, "if it is war you want, the way to make war is to clear ship and go to fighting." Simpson wounded Harris, and he fell, evidently mortally hurt. Simpson rode on until he reached a cabin, to the occupants of which he reported what had occurred. "I think he's killed," he said, "and you will probably find his body close to a clump of small walnut trees at the forks back yonder."

At nightfall Simpson rode up to

(Continued on page five.)



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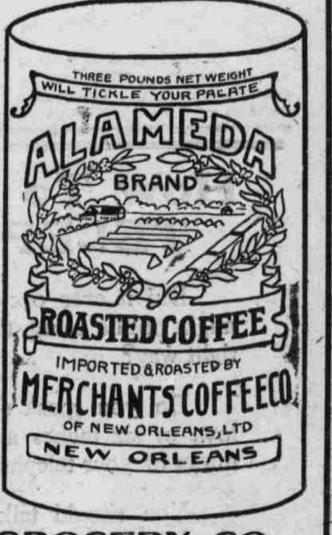
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