

The Greenville Daily Sun

PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

W. R. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates:

Daily Subscription—By carrier, 15c a week; 40c a month. By mail outside of Greenville, 40c a month; 75c for 3 months; \$1.50 for 6 months; \$3.00 for the year.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of this paper will be gladly corrected if brought to the attention of the editor.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The U. S. War Industries Board has issued an order forbidding publishers continuing subscriptions after date of expiration, unless subscriptions are renewed and paid for.

While it has been the general rule of this newspaper to stop all papers promptly, there are some few who have asked for time on their subscriptions—both to the Daily and Weekly Sun. These subscriptions will now have to be discontinued under the new law.

If you want the paper continued to you, send in your renewal subscription before your time expires.

When a woman wants to get rid of her husband for an hour, she sends him upstairs to get something from the pocket of her dress.

Flour, says an exchange, can be soaked in sea water with no damage. When soaking watches, however, one should not go near the water.

Belgium refuses to elaborate upon its rejection of the enemy peace proposal. So does Serbia. The little nations have no time to waste on words.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, oh, nature!

Just to make the Hun peeved, the United States announces that the sauerkraut crop will be so big that there will not be tin enough to pack it all.

Can't the squareheads understand that the allies are fighting for peace? If they'll just wait a while, there will be peace enough for all of the finest quality.

Physicians say that the new woman is becoming round shouldered by wearing suspenders to support heavy skirts. We are of the opinion that it is caused by supporting good-for-nothing husbands.

A man in a neighboring town while on his way to borrow his neighbor's paper was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Let a word to the wise suffice—subscribe for the Daily Sun and have a paper of your own.

Next to the wife beater comes the horse beater and it is to be regretted we have one or two in this community. A horse is the most faithful and noble of animals and the man who would abuse his horse has something lacking in his manhood.

We note with pleasure that the farms in this county are developing into a higher stage of cultivation. The young farmers have certainly improved upon the old foggy methods of their fathers and modern ways of farming is causing Mother Earth to produce her largest and best crops.

The war labor board has requested the housewives of the country to keep an accurate account of their household expenses and make report of them when representatives of the board call. These reports are to be used as the basis for estimates to gauge the increased cost of living and will figure as factors in fixing wages.

Every subscriber to the county paper is doing something to upbuild his county. The local paper is the mirror through which the outside world sees a community. To publish a good paper it is necessary to have every available subscriber. A good paper increases the standing of the community in which it is published.

No restrictions have been placed on the manufacture of soft drinks by the fuel administration, and none will be until an investigation shows that such a step is absolutely necessary for the successful prosecution of the war. This information was yesterday transmitted by Fuel Administrator Garfield in response to inquiries by Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, relative to what action was contemplated.

Go along the streets of our city and you can pick out the boys who, in the next decade, will be grumblers and growlers. You will see them sitting idle on a dry goods box, swinging their feet and squirting tobacco juice. In ten or twenty years from now they will be doing the same thing and declaring the world has been made all wrong. Never having made an effort to do anything for themselves, they do not like those who have; having nothing themselves, they look upon every man who has gained property or high standing or high professional reputation through increasing toil and economy of time and means, as having wronged them in some way, and as an enemy to be denounced in season and out of season.

THE STATE OF THE ENEMY.

Three courses of action which should be taken by the allies are clearly illuminated by the Austrian peace proposal, if this proposal is analyzed and the motives which inspired it are given their true interpretation.

Why has Austria proposed peace? Why did not Germany propose it? Why is peace proposed at this time by the Sick Man of Europe? What is there in the situation which fortifies the belief that the peace proposal was made both in guile and in earnest—in desperate earnest?

A study of the internal situation in Austria-Hungary and the relations of Austria-Hungary and Germany enables the allies to answer these questions accurately.

In July Count Czernin, late foreign minister of Austria-Hungary, delivered an address in the upper chamber which was most enlightening in its frank discussion of the predicament in which Austria found itself. He told his auditors that Austria was bound irrevocably to the German chariot and dared not act independently or as a neutral. Neutrality, he said, would require that Austria should prevent either raw material or troops going through to Germany. "Without this condition we can get no peace from the entente," said Count Czernin; "with this condition we come into conflict with Germany and exchange one war for another. I say this for those irresponsible elements which do not cease shouting, 'Cut loose from Germany!'"

Then came this admission, which the allies should seize upon and exploit for the annihilation of the Hapsburg empire:

Our internal policy is a planless floundering around. An internal policy which is in accord with the external policy can find support only in a majority which is in essence German. Only the removal of Galicia from the Austrian complexity of territories can bring us a decisive step forward. A vacillating internal policy takes away Austria's power of resistance and encourages our enemies, who are quite openly working for a revolutionizing of the empire. This was not always the case. As long as the entente hoped it could divide us from Germany and bring us to a separate peace it treated us benevolently.

Our internal policy has impaired the status of the alliance. How, for example, should one trust in Berlin an Austrian minister of foreign affairs that this Austria will remain a true and lasting friend of Germany, when one sees the Czech and South Slav movement, when one reads of the hateful and vindictive attacks of the Slavs against all that is German, while an Austrian government is enthroned that embraces all these manifestations with paternal and impartial love?

To be sure, if we are to treat the German interests precisely as our own, if we are to battle for them as for our own—and I wish that this may be the case—then we must know what are the war aims for which we are to continue to wage the war. I do not put a question to the president of the council of ministers—I do not even demand that the German war aims be communicated to us. But I merely hope with all my heart that the war aims of Germany are now, as well as formerly, of a purely defensive nature, and that the character of the war of defense has been maintained unimpaired. Never would the races of Austria understand that we should prolong this terrible war for the desires of conquest cherished by a foreign state. That proposition alone would be capable of endangering the alliance.

Making allowance for the usual hypocritical statement that the two central empires are waging a "defensive" war, these words of Count Czernin evidently picture accurately the state of affairs. Austria is suspicious of Germany's war aims, and Germany is suspicious of Austria's toleration of the Czech and Yugoslav movements. Austria is incapable of regulating her internal policy to harmonize with the predatory aims of the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs. Austria must either suppress the rising nations within her borders, with fire and sword, or succumb to the process of dismemberment.

Obviously, the allies are bound to promote and invigorate all revolutionary movements in Austria; to strike hard and quick blows at the Hapsburg empire, both by force and propaganda; to show the oppressed nationalities that liberty is coming, and to convince the Teuton-Magyar element in Austria that they are committing suicide when they play Germany's game of conquest. In a word, strike Austria!

Secondly, the allies are admonished by the conditions in the enemy empires to do their utmost to press the military advantages on the western front. There should be no breathing spell for the Germans or Austrians. In addition to the glorious work now going on under Marshal Foch and the allied generals, there should be a vigorous offensive against Austria-Hungary, in Macedonia and on the Italian front. The decrepit Hapsburg empire can be shattered within a year if the allies will concentrate their blows. With Hapsburg prostrate, Hohenzollern will be easier to destroy.

Thirdly, the allies should strain every nerve to rehabilitate Russia before the cunning and desperate masters of Germany can recover from the shock of the western defeats and the wonderful strategy of the Czech-Slovak forces in Russia. The Czech-Slovak commander gives the allies plain notice that larger forces must be sent to Russia if the situation is to be saved. That warning should be instantly heeded. American troops should go across the Pacific as well as across the Atlantic, "without stint, without limit."

Now that the enemy is in dire need of peace, let him have war to the knife!—Washington Post.

The lost, dreary winter nights are approaching and you will then appreciate more than ever having a daily newspaper right at home giving you all the local happenings as well as those throughout the world. Send in your subscription to The Daily Sun.

So many new subscribers were entered for The Daily Sun on Wednesday, it was impossible to get them all listed in time to get the paper started the day following. They will all go out with today's issue, however, and if any mistakes have been made please notify this office promptly.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM GREENE COUNTY BOY IN NEWPORT NEWS SHIPYARD

Newport News Va., Sept. 13, 1918.

Well, as my other letter reached the press instead of the waste basket, I'll fire away again just to pass away the time. Most of the boys I associate with work in the day time and I work at night. That throws me by myself most of the time and I hardly know what to do with myself after I get through sleeping. I go to work at 5 p. m. and get off at 4 a. m. and by 4:10 I'm in bed. I room in the barracks just at the main gate.

I have it on the other boys a little, though. We only work five nights of the week; have nothing to do from Friday night until Monday night. Still we make more hours than the day shift, but I get kinder jonesome through the day. Sometimes I sit around and write or go down to the field where the soldiers drill. I like to watch the cavalry better than any, for I always liked a horse and some of them are so pretty and sensible they soon get on to the drilling and seem to take such a delight in it. They had a pole up about four or five feet high and the horses would jump over it, but they have done away with it now. We get to see all kinds of training. And the streets are full of all nationalities imaginable. A bunch of Arabs were the funniest looking set I have ever run across. They were dressed so queer. Last Sunday was one of the gloomiest days I think I have ever seen. It rained all day. We all gathered up and did a little of everything to pass the time away, but another of our band was absent, Ovid Huffman. He was called away for military service. We missed him, but hope to see him back here soon, and believe that he will be sent back. A crowd of us boys are planning to go to Virginia Beach and Cape Henry next Sunday, namely, Jake Downey, Campbell Grant, Carl Alexander, Ray Armstrong, Wilbur Thomason, Tom Jeffreys, Guy Murray and Grover Quinn, from near Mohawk, and myself. Most of them have never been there. It is a fine place to go. You can see all of the Atlantic your eyes can look at (and then not see quite all of it). I was over there last month one Sunday when there was some large waves coming in. When they get near the shore they would break and of all the noise they sure did make it! I'm sure some of them were 12 to 14 feet high sometimes.

When the ocean is rough they can be seen 24 feet high and up. There are most all kinds of amusements there. At Cape Henry there's nothing much to be seen except the lighthouses and sand hills. Some of the sand hills are over two miles to the top. Of course, not two miles high, but a distance of two miles from the railway to the top. I've never been up there, but I'm told by people that have been that you get some tired before you get there. The sand is soft and it wears you out. It seems like you step one foot and go back two like the boy who was trying to figure how long or how many jumps it would take the cat to get out of the well if he jumped two feet and fell back three. There is some fine farming land between Norfolk and these places. It almost makes one dream of home. Yesterday was Friday and the 13th; so many think that's so unlucky, but it was payday just the same, and this morning as we came out, all the way from the main office to the gate it looked like it had come a snow where people had tore their pay envelopes open, but it was unlucky for one of the men who works with me in the galvanizing shop. They were galvanizing some castings and one of them had not got thoroughly dry and as it was lowered into the metal it popped and looked as though it took dead aim at him. He was at least thirty feet from it running, but it got him just the same. Burned his foot badly. I went with him to the dispensary and had it dressed. The metal has about 850 degrees of heat and when it hits you, you are done burnt and it sticks and keeps burning. Many of you possibly never saw inside of a galvanizing shop. I never before I came here. The pieces to be galvanized are placed in a tank of muriatic acid diluted with water. It is kept in there from two to twelve hours, depending upon the condition of the pieces. Then it is taken out and put in another tank of almost pure muriatic acid with just a little

water in it, and is left in there anywhere from thirty minutes to three hours, sometimes longer. Then it is taken out, put in a dry kiln. It must be thoroughly dry (or another burn). Then it is dipped in this metal or zinc. The pot where this zinc is melted and used is 25 feet long, three and a half feet wide and seven feet deep, and I believe it is said to take 200,000 pounds of zinc to fill it. It costs the company 10c per pound—that's only about \$20,000. A nice little pile of money, isn't it? On a plate that would weigh 800 pounds it's supposed to take 160 pounds of metal to galvanize it, or \$16 worth, and plenty of them weigh much more. I don't think there's any danger of me getting out of a job, for my foreman said last night that there should be a new plant built, as there was enough work to keep as many more men at work as he had. I won't lose out unless he fires me, and I don't fear that in the least. For if a fellow tries he can get along anywhere.

All that us boys need now is for some of our friends down there to mave up here and board us, so we can get something to eat that's fit for us to eat. Hurry up, Charlie or Lola, or some one, and come on!

We think there would be good money in it to you. At any rate, we would get something to eat. We would be satisfied whether you was or was not. See?

I'm going to tell you about a motor that has been put in recently in the rivet shop. It goes 3,450 revolutions per minute. I don't know whether that's fast for one or not. The electrician was telling me about it, and I thought it was pretty fast rolling myself.

Lots of soldiers are here that have been to France and have been sent back wounded—one-legged, one-armed and cripples of all kinds.

Archie Roosevelt has been here. One of his arms wounded, I believe, but they have got old Bill's men on the run all right. I heard a man telling about the kaiser on the street the other day. He said he was an invalid; said he had a withered arm, catarrh that could not be cured. (We all hope not, at least.) And one of his ears had something wrong with it. He said it was running all the time. Maybe he has poll evil in the last stage. Anyway I think from movements over there that both arms will be without both legs likewise; both ears instead of one running, and doubtless his nose also. I think his entire army, too, will soon be on the run.

Guess I'd better stop before I wear out my welcome. Wishing all success I am,

Respectfully,
JOS. E. BOLTON.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Associate Members of the Legal Advisory Board:

We have commenced sending out questionnaires this day. Let us impress upon you the necessity of filling out these questionnaires.

(1) In a legible handwriting, remembering that we have 3,300 and upwards of them to read. Write everything distinctly.

(2) Get all the information possible from the registrant so that we can decide his case as it should be decided.

LOCAL BOARD FOR
GREENE COUNTY.

Bryant's Real Estate Company

Has a few more farms for sale. Come and see for yourself.

A fine farm, 138 acres, modern improvements, absolutely level and in fine state of cultivation; good fences; running water, and on good pike, for \$10,500.

One farm proposition, 31 acres, .1 mile of Greenville; good building. This will interest any one wanting a good home and truck proposition. Farms of all sizes and prices with terms to suit the purchaser.

Town property of all kinds. Call on us; we will gladly show you. Bargain for \$6,800.

\$45,000.00

I have loaned to enterprising farmers recently. Try me.

S. H. Thompson,

Bristol, Tenn.

TENTH DISTRICT FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE

The following committeemen for work in the Tenth District in the Fourth Liberty Loan bond campaign has been announced:

W. H. Doughty, chairman; T. D. Leming, O. C. Armitage, H. L. Milligan, W. C. Waddell, S. B. LeRue, G. W. Doughty, F. A. Vann, J. E. Biddle, W. H. Hawkins, J. A. Susong, E. A. Kenney, C. G. Armitage, O. B. Loyette, W. R. Lowry, J. A. Crawford, G. C. Bird, L. H. Trim, C. P. Fox, A. N. Shoun, J. E. Hacker, Alvin Cox, E. A. Lancaster, E. P. Pierce, S. A. Susong, S. N. Leming, J. J. Mitchell, R. E. Snapp, E. A. Denton, T. C. Vann, J. F. Moore, W. F. McGuffin, R. D. Miller, Dave Wilds, R. A. Hardin, Chas. L. Boyd, Guy Mason, John Pickering, G. H. Smith, W. A. Susong, Doak Bitner, R. L. Bullen, Vick Anderson, G. W. White, W. R. Bailey, L. L. Neas, S. D. Thacker, W. L. Bewley, H. M. Taylor, Geo. C. Taylor, Wade Borden, C. F. Brown.

THOS. D. BRABSON,
Chairman Greene County Liberty Loan Committee.

Our Cheap Column

A Little Advertisement in this Column Will Bring Quick Results—One Cent a Word.

ROOMS FOR RENT—419 South Main St., near the new school building.

WANTED—Man with small family to run my farm and mill. Apply F. P. Robinson, M. D.
149-2t. e o w

FOR SALE—300 White Leghorn pullets, thoroughbred Wyckoff strain, range grown, free from disease. March and April hatched, \$1.25 to \$1.50 each. Also several hundred select young hens, \$1.25 each. Will exchange for or buy 400-egg Cyphers incubator. C. A. Norman, Route 9, Knoxville, Tenn.

FOR SALE—Single Comb Rhode Island Red Cockerels and Pullets, dark red, high quality. Henry R. Snapp, Greenville, Tenn.
146-6t

FOR SALE—Three Plymouth Rock hens and 23 chicks weighing about one pound each. Also 11 smaller chickens. See Guy Boswell, Greenville, Tenn.

FOR RENT—Brick store room on Depot street. Apply to J. F. Moore.

FOUND—Came to my place August 26th two stray hogs. The right owner can get same by paying feed bill and for this ad. C. C. Cooter, Route 11.

Egg Blanks—the kind you have to furnish every customer from whom you purchase eggs, are kept in stock at this office and are sold at 25c per hundred. If you are not keeping a correct record of the eggs you buy, it may cause you much trouble when the time for checking up comes.

WANTED—Ten bushels of new corn at once. Apply at the Sun office.

WANTED—Ten loads of heater wood—oak and hickory mixed. Must be good, straight, split wood. Apply at the Sun office at once.

WANTED—We will pay a straight salary of \$35.00 per week for man with rig to introduce Eureka Egg Producer. Six months contract. Write quick. Eureka Mfg. Co., East St. Louis, Ill.
Miss Blanche Lytton accompanied

LOST—Between the home of Rev. Guy S. Smith and the Mosheim depot Wednesday, Sept. 18, one 0 size ladies' gold watch and fob, M.A.E. engraved on the case and a gentleman's picture in front case. Finder will leave with postmaster, E. P. Erwin, Mosheim, and receive reward. MAE ROSE.

Pleasant News.

Enraged Creditor—"I've had enough of mounting these stairs every day to collect this bill." Cool Debtor—"Well, I have a bit of good news for you, Tomorrow I move down to the basement."