

# McNairy County Independent.

VOLUME XVIII.

SELMER, McNAIRY COUNTY, TENN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1919.

NUMBER 5

## Court Change.

The regular term of the Circuit Court will convene the fifth Monday in September instead of the third Monday, and litigants and witnesses will attend the fifth Monday. The criminal docket will be called as usual, Wednesday after that Monday.

J. B. GRAHAM, Clerk.

We are glad to note that the energetic citizens on the road beginning two miles out from Bethel Springs going via the Rowsey farm, Haynes store, Crainesville, and on to Bolivar and Memphis, are engaged in grading said road, and they hope that everyone on or near this road will be ready on the 6th of August to join in the work, and fully keep pace with road working generally in the county.

## NEW ERA CONFERENCE.

The New Era Conference of the U. S. A. Presbyterian church was held according to program beginning Friday night and closing Sunday afternoon. There were present taking their parts a number of able ministers and two women church workers, whose role was to organize Missionary Societies and Young People's Leagues. The Conference resulted in putting new activities into the church work and we believe all who heard the addresses and plans were benefitted.

Our readers with regret to learn from Mr. Perkins' letter in this issue, that they will not hear from him again as a New York writer. We do not feel though when he goes back to the soil, even if it is in sight of the Capitol of our great Nation, that he will forget his old McNairy county friends, and will at least give us his experience on his "log-ranch." If he realized what interest all our readers have in reading his letters he could not easily be weaned from them. Very few men have as happy a faculty for writing solid stuff, interlarded with the practical and humorous, as does Lindsay S. Perkins. We sincerely thank him for his sacrifice of time so willingly given that he might cheer on the way the people of his native county by dropping a rosebud where a thorn grew in some human pathway.

## Harness Shop

H. P. Williams has a repair harness shop in connection with Mr. Duke's shoe shop, and is prepared to repair any and all kinds of harness, and saddles. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

## Land for Sale.

Near Leadford's Chapel School House, 92 acres in tract, two-horse crop in cultivation; good sandy loam, does not drown out and makes good stuff dry year; good buildings and good water, and the best Bermuda pasture in the community. Price is reasonable. Call and see my place before buying elsewhere.

J. G. GOOCH,  
Pocahontas, Tenn., R. 2.

## Railway Mail Clerk Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an examination for railway mail clerk, for men only, on August 23, 1919, at Jackson, Tennessee. The entrance fee is \$1.00 a year. For application blanks and other information, apply to R. J. Boon, Local Secretary, Jackson, Tenn.

## Hemstitching and Picot Edgework

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## New York Letter.

Just this how to your readers once more, and then I will have to shut up shop for an indefinite period, for I am leaving New York City and the United States Government service after twenty-eight years in that service. Back to the farm for me; down where the taters grow and the melon spreads her fruited vines; out where the birds sing and the rooster crows and the mare whinnies and the pig squeals; where God's glorious sunrise lights up the dewy grass and pulls me out of bed and makes me work like the dickens. Away from frivolous, frantic Broadway, from the streaming multitudes that are nothing to me but shadows, and I the same to them; from the shades of mountainous buildings, the ham of a world's trade, and the hunt for bad men; out into the shady roadways, among the neighbors who know me, and the fruit trees, oaks, poplars and beeches and walnuts, and the garden stuff that I love to work with and to eat. I have been asked by the leading farm magazine to tell the full story of my ups and downs on going back to the farm, and may do so in a book some day, for the benefit of others—or to scare them from going and doing likewise. My readers know that I will have little or no time for writing long letters to the Independent, and will excuse my silence henceforth—till I get back to Selmer and to dear old McNairy, home of my ancestors, and take up the offer made to me by good friends there to supply me with all the land needed to make a big farm. First I must get a little more money and more knowledge. At fifty-six I am starting on a new track, and am going to be a farmer or the biggest failure yet recorded. I have 61 acres within sight of Washington, and a few dollars, and lots of ambition and fair health. When I knock at the door of Chem Lea and other friends at Selmer I will be ready to talk big business with them.

Speaking about McNairy people, I want to say a few words about one of them I met to-day. Now, I've been bragging on McNairy men, such as Jim Wilmeth, Director of the Bureau of Engraving and printing at Washington, General Marcus J. Wright, and other great men of that county, but I want to say that there is a lady to add to the list, of whom McNairy may well be proud. Born into a wealthy family, surrounded with luxury all her life, and with means to enjoy herself the rest of her days in ease, this McNairy woman has chosen the arduous life of a trained nurse and the company of wounded soldiers rather than the loafers of society. She is Mrs. Ruby Kendrick, widow of a prominent real estate and insurance man of this City, and daughter of Alexander C. (Bud) Williams, who used to have a grocery store in old Parly. When I said she might have had the companionship of society people instead of sick and wounded doughboys, I meant also that she has the looks and the culture to fit her for the best of social surroundings.

"Slender as a willow by the stream,  
Fair as flowers pictured in a dream,"  
Ruby Kendrick would pass anywhere for a worthy daughter of the South, but her smiles for the bedridden heroes of the war, and her time and care are bestowed upon the helpless and the pain-stricken in the hospitals, and she has her reward only in knowing that she has done good.

At the suggestion of the editor of the Independent, I looked Mrs. Kendrick up at one of the leading hotels of the City, and I was indeed glad to meet such a worthy daughter of McNairy in this great wilderness of humanity. She was my guest at luncheon at a Chinese restaurant, where, among other things, they served bird-nest soup. Now, you wouldn't think anything fit to eat could be made from such a dry thing as a bird's nest, but it has flavors so delicious, such peculiarly savory aroma about it, that she enjoyed it very much. Now she is to have real Southern corn bread and fried chicken served up for her luncheon to-morrow at the great Braslin Hotel, and you bet I'll be there on time!  
It was sometime before I could get

this modest and worthy lady to tell me anything about her experience in the hospitals, and then she said very little about her own work. She has an intense admiration for the American doughboy, and cannot praise his heroism and manhood enough. I wanted to learn something of her history and her work, and at last I learned the following:

Ruby Kendrick was born at Rose Creek, five miles northwest of Bethel Springs. (I didn't ask her when, but it certainly couldn't have been long ago.) Her father, as stated, was "Bud" Williams, and her mother was Mary Cooksey by maiden name. Her brother Joseph Williams is the owner of one of the largest farms in West Tennessee, and is particularly noted for the coon hounds he has raised on his place, although he is said to be an all-round farmer of marked success. His plantation, embracing several thousands of acres, lies a little over six miles west of Selmer, on the Bolivar road. She was married to Walter H. Kendrick, a real estate and insurance agent, in New York City six years ago; he died about three years ago, and Mrs. Kendrick has made her home here most of the time since.

Mrs. Kendrick left home when a young girl and went to Valdosta, Georgia, where she took a two years' course at Halcyon Sanitarium. She graduated there and went to Nashville as a trained nurse and did nursing; went as nurse for private parties to New Mexico, and it was at Albuquerque, capital of that state, that she met her future husband. When the war came on she offered her services to the American Red Cross Society, and was put to work at Camp Merritt and Burlington, Va. Later she was at the Gretna hospital, 18th street and 6th avenue, in this City, where wounded soldiers, sometimes at the rate of 900 a day, were brought in to be looked after. It is a wonderful thing that these delicate, frail-looking women can stand sights and sounds of suffering in the hospital that would turn one of us husky men sick and pale in a few minutes. Mrs. Kendrick did not go much into detail as to her experiences there, but what she said was extremely interesting. Among these poor, maimed heroes of the deadly war, were young men with one or both legs gone, eyes shot out, and sore wounds to be dressed every day. The nerve of the doughboys, in enduring the pain of operations and dressings was wonderful, but it was seen that some of the more severely wounded ones complained less than those who were not hurt so badly. She has no prejudice against any race but could not help noting that the darkies put up an awful sight of noise sometimes over their plight; it was the same way with the Jews, only the latter were inclined to complain still more of the nurses and of fancied wrongs. The Jew is very sensitive and emotional, and ever since the days of Jeremiah he has been lamenting about something. The darkies didn't make so much trouble, but grunted a lot. One black soldier from Alabama who was slightly wounded took on a good deal, and mourned over the fact that he didn't have any bedbug tea, which he was sure would cure him at once; "Ise agwine to send to my ole mammy at Montgomery fer a bottle of bedbugs; all I needs is bedbug tea, den I sho will git up right away!"

She told about a poor fellow, a mere boy of nineteen, who has been paralyzed from his hips down by being struck in the back by a piece of shell, and another piece hit him in the head. As he lay there he called for his mother, and was so anxious to hear from her. Finally an aunt of his was found, who said the mother had died a little while before from influenza. When the news was broken to him, the boy turned his face to the wall, speechless. He had nothing left to live for. He has an uncle living in Nashville.

Important progress has been made in hospital surgery, said Mrs. Kendrick. The so-called Carol Dakin treatment has worked wonders; a can containing aseptic solution lets one drop fall at a time on gangrenous tissue, and a cure is generally effected in the most serious cases in six weeks. The Murphy drip, containing a saline solution, is useful in

cases of shock, etc. These drips are a nerve-racking method of cure, however, the constant falling of a drop at a time on a limb fixed in a plaster cast becomes a torture after awhile.

Mrs. Kendrick is getting tired of city life, she says, and longs to get back to her Tennessee home. Her mother has a fine home at Henderson, Chester county (where an uncle of mine, Dr. A. L. Sanders, well-known dentist, also lives, with his accomplished wife). It may be expected, however, that Mrs. Kendrick will not be idle, and we may hear of her in other useful lines of work. Good-bye, everybody, for awhile!

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

## Teeth as Aids to Disease.

Decaying teeth are certainly aids to disease. They are a special menace to the lives of children. Neglected mouth and decaying teeth are always filled with decomposing food. Food packed into the cavities decays in about fifty minutes, and is the best possible nourishment for disease germs which multiply every thirty minutes. These decaying parcels mix with disease producing bacteria, are mixed with the saliva and brought in contact with the crypts of the tonsils and are carried into the stomach. Neglected, decayed teeth and dirty mouth conditions soon lead to imperfect use of the teeth in mastication of food. As soon as the cavity approaches the nerve it hurts the child to bite on the tooth. Bolting or poor chewing is sure to follow with a long chain of ill's. When the starches and sugars are not properly mixed with the saliva much of the first part of digestion is lost. Scientific experiments show that bolters lose three-fourths of their whole nourishment, resulting in malnutrition. No matter what the quantity or quality of the food taken into the system, when the needs of normal digestion are not met, when there is too much food for the food is unfermented, unassimilated and indigestible any or all of these may set up acute inflammation of the stomach. Food mixed with the acid producing germs of the mouth, added to the natural hydrochloric acid of the stomach, produces acidosis or, too much acid, in the stomach. This is commonly called sour stomach or heartburn. This acid condition of the mouth and stomach has a destructive action on the enamel of the teeth. Lack of the use of the teeth and the muscles of mastication impair the entire facial structure. Up to the time a child is eighteen years old the teeth are developing in the jaws. Lack of mastication fails to exercise the muscles of the face, causing their failure to develop fully, resulting in a diminished blood supply which in turn fails to furnish the necessary material required for the growth of the bones and other tissues. When the teeth are lost through decay and proper contact is destroyed, the arches collapse just the same as any architectural arch will collapse if a stone is removed. This results in a change or deformity of the senses and nasal passages in direct proportion to the dental irregularity, which means one or more of the results will be poor health and poor growth. With even this condensed summary of some of the evils resulting from the lack of care of the mouth and teeth during childhood, we should appreciate how great and vital is our responsibility to the children. Examination of children in school shows that practically all are in need of dental attention. In one of the Eastern schools the children averaged two absent teeth and five cavities each. Dental effects result in headaches, indigestion, bad throat, absence from school, and all kinds of disabilities. These defects are largely due to carelessness or ignorance of the parents. These same parents are usually in the same condition as the children. Not even in the mouth of the average person who thinks he gives his teeth reasonable attention does the dentist find ideal condition. In most every mouth there is room for improvement, for only by eternal vigilance and care can the mouth be kept in a hygienic condition. It is safe to say that most all chronic diseases are caused by or aggravated by unsanitary mouth conditions, and these same obstacles are a serious obstacle in combatting child mortality.

—Dental Facts.

## Funeral of Wisdom Abernathy.

The last offices of relatives and friends were had Friday in laying to rest the mortal remains of Wisdom Abernathy, whose tragic death happened last Wednesday. The funeral services were held at the residence of his sister, Mrs. J. H. Bigger, where he passed to the beyond.

Elder J. A. Houston, assisted by Rev. E. H. Koch and Rev. R. A. N. Wilson, conducted the services which were solemn, and witnessed by a large concourse of relatives and friends. A beautiful casket, with a great profusion of elaborately designed floral offerings, seemed to harmonize with the classic face as it like marble lay cold and calm.

A long cortege of cars followed the coffin to Oakhill cemetery where his body was laid in the bosom of mother earth, until the call of the trumpet for the dead to arise.

The aged mother is consoled alone in the thought that God doeth all things well. The entire family have the sympathy of the whole community.

The following poem by Will D. Muse was clipped by Wisdom from the Commercial Appeal a few days before his death, and was read by Rev. Wilson as a part of his address at the funeral, and, as said, probably was on his mind at the time of the rash act:

## HE'S JUST ASLEEP.

He is not dead!  
He only sleeps to waken at some  
fairer dawn  
That falls o'er night's eternal shore;  
And where the waters of some mystic  
sea  
Shall break in music evermore.

He is not dead!  
For just a night his boyish lips are  
dumb  
Beneath the twilight, and the evening  
star,  
A little rest—and they shall sing  
again  
Before God's gates that always stand  
ajar.

He is not dead!  
The flame of vibrant youth can never  
die  
And turn again to ashes cold and  
gray.  
Somewhere, beyond life's sunset  
gates we know  
It lights the pathway to eternal day.

He is not dead!  
His hands, perhaps, grew tired of human  
tasks,  
Wearied of holding up life's tangled  
skein,  
And yet, we know somehow, some-  
time somewhere  
He will take up these pleasant tasks  
again.

He is not dead!  
Although he lies so white and cold  
and still,  
And does not hear us as we vainly  
weep,  
We seem to know that angel hands  
have drawn  
The curtains close; and he is just  
asleep.

Dear Editor:

I desire to take this opportunity, through your columns, to express my profoundest sympathy for "Grandma" Abernathy in the sad death of her son Wisdom, and to all the brothers and sisters on account of the death of their brother. My most sympathetic heart strings, as it were, vibrate in response to your sorrow and bereavement.

Sorrowfully yours,  
GEO. M. GOOCH,  
1229 6th Street, N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.

## For Sale at a Bargain.

I have for sale two Holstein bulls, 3 and 4 years old; heifer 6 mos. old; all registered, with extended pedigree.

J. L. HENDRIX,  
Bethel Springs, Tenn.

## Strayed

One bay mare mule 14 hands high, 12 or 14 years old. Left my house Tuesday morning with rope around neck with chain dragging. Liberal reward for information leading to her recovery. —Vaughn Langdon, Bethel Springs, Tenn.

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We will sell a car load of good mares in Selmer at auction to the highest bidder. These mares are good bone and fine shape, from 2 to 5 years old, and range in weight from 900 to 1250 lbs.  
We would be glad to have you attend this sale if you are thinking of buying such stock, for we know we can satisfy your ideas of good animals.  
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