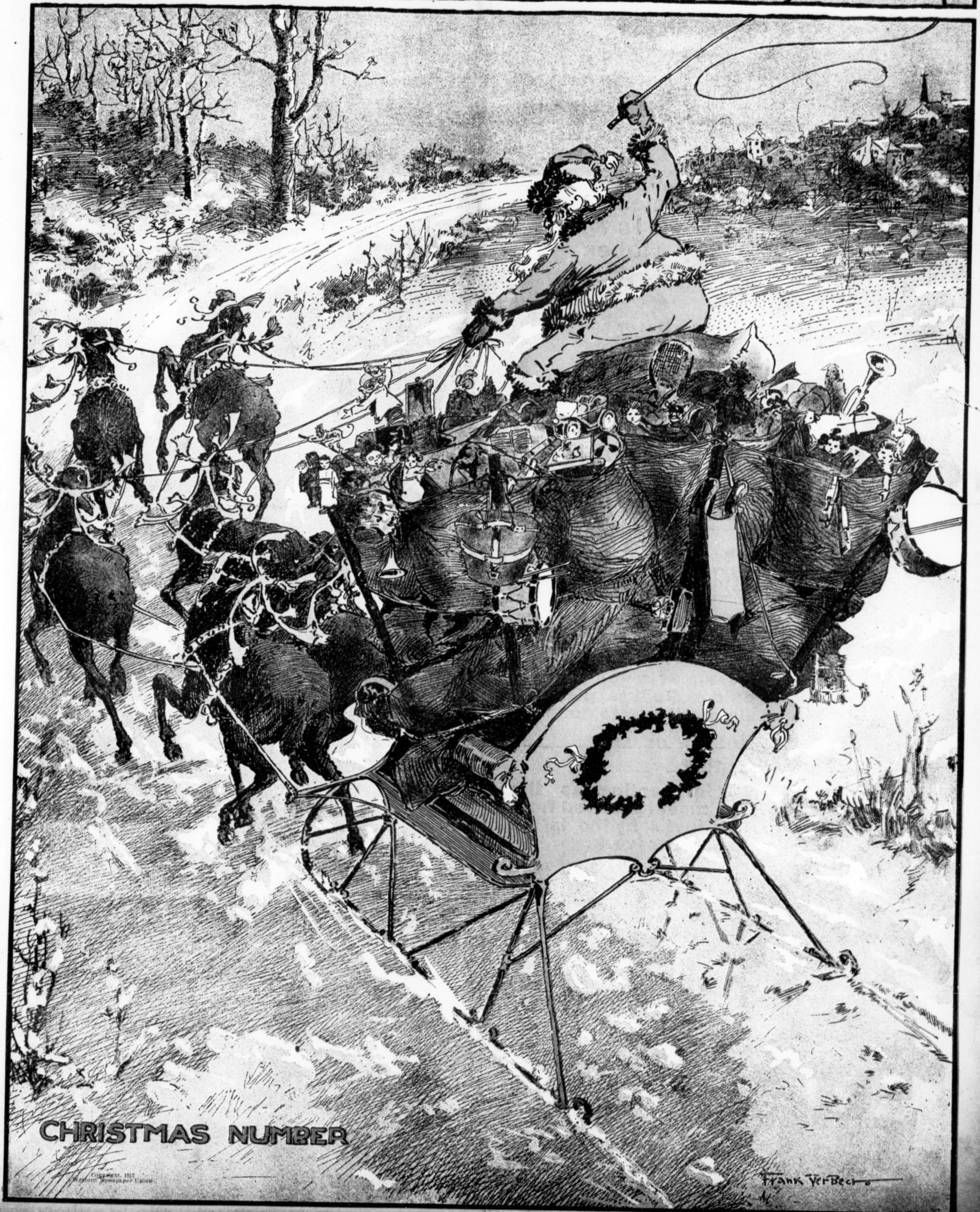


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NO. 25.

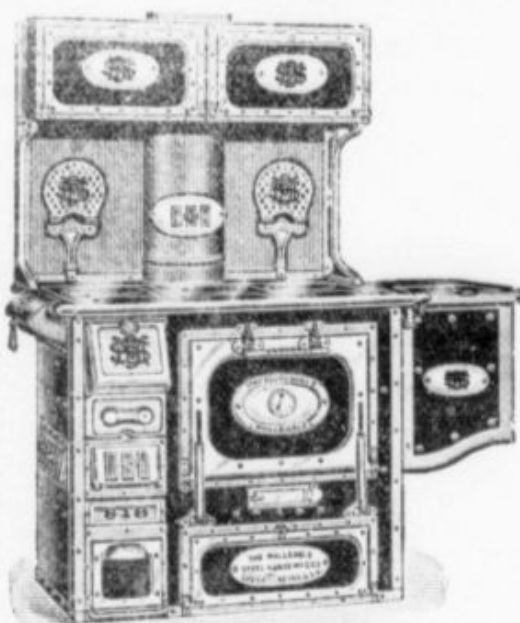


CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Frank VerBeek

OLIVE & WALKER

.....Everything In Hardware.....



The SOUTH BEND Range
All-ways Preferable
An Ideal Xmas Present

Percolaters
Food Choppers
Table Cutlery
Silverware
Razors
22 Rifles
Air Rifles
Boys Wagons
Skates
Tools
Lap Robes

Heating Stoves, Hot or
Cold Blast, Oak and Grate
Heaters. Get our prices
on these stoves. : : :

OLIVE & WALKER

MARION, KY.

The Happy Time of Everyone's Life.

Christmas Comes But Once A Year

ASHER & LAMB

Leading Grocers

Santa Claus is Here With a Full Line of
CHRISTMAS GOODS

Candy Galore

Nuts and Fruit

Most Complete Line in the City

All Kinds of Goodies by the Wagon load

Let Us Help You With That Christmas Dinner!

Fancy Chocolates
Honey Suckle Taffy
Grapefruit
Dates

Cocoa Wafers
Headley's Nut Chips
Oranges
Cranberries

Broken Taffy
Famous Stick
Figs
Apples

Grocery Specials for Xmas

Cluster Raisins
Daphne Figs
Malaga Grapes
Hallowi Dates

Fancy Almonds
Pecans
English Walnuts
Brazil Nuts

Filibut Nuts
Peli Nuts
Florida Oranges
Winesap Apples

Jumbo Bananas
Cocoanuts
Armour Mincemeat

We are grateful for the liberal share of patronage which has been given us in the year just closing and we trust to merit a continuance during the year ensuing by giving our customers the best values possible in fresh and up-to-the-minute groceries. Give us a trial in 1913 whether you have done so in 1912 or not and we assure you, twill not be unlucky for you.

ASHER & LAMB

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GROCERS

Marion,

-:-

Kentucky.

Stop Carrying in Coal! and Carrying Out Ashes!

Most of your life is spent in your home, therefore you should make it as pleasant as your means will permit you to do.

Steam, Hot Air or Hot
Water Heating Systems

are as economical for heating as the old ways and are the most approved for a modern house. We install by the latest methods and guarantee our work.

Let us figure with you on heating your house "halls, bed rooms and all" like a summer house. You can then stay at home and feel like you are in Florida or California, in other words feel rich.

To our patrons we wish to extend our sincere thanks for all favors and business entrusted to our care during the good year 1912 and to ask a continuance during the incoming year.

ESKEW BROS.

Plumbers and Steam Fitters

Carlisle Street,

Marion, Kentucky.

R. F. DORR

Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Director

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS
COPPER LINED CASKETS

METALLIC CASES
STEEL VAULTS

WE NEVER SLEEP

CALL US DAY OR NIGHT AT ANY HOUR AND WE'LL GO RAIN OR SHINE. WE HAVE A SPLENDID NEW HEARSE AND CAN HANDLE THE REMAINS OF YOUR FRIEND OR LOVED ONE IN THE PROPER STYLE.

R. F. DORR

Opposite the Court House

Carlisle Street,

Marion, Kentucky.

A Defective Santa Claus

(by) James Whitcomb Riley

Illustrations by
C.M. Relyea and Will Vawter

Decorations by
Ellsworth Young

COPYRIGHT BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



ALLUS when our Pa's
away
Nen Uncle Sidney
comes to stay
In our house here—
Ma an' me
An' Etty an' Lee-Bob
won't be
Afeard of anything at
night
Might happen—like Ma
says it might.

(Ef Trip wuz big, I bet you he
'Us best watch-dog you ever see!)
An' so last winter—last before
It's go' be Chris'mus Day,—w'y, shose
Enough, Pa had to haf to go
To 'tend a lawsuit—"An' the snow
Is right fer Santa Claus!" Pa said,
As he clum in old Ayer's sled,
An' said he's sorry he can't be
With us that night—"Cause," he says—
"Old Santy might be comin' here—
This very night of all the year,
I got to be away!—so all
You kids must tell him—ef he call—
He's mighty welcome, an' yer Pa
He left his love with you an' Ma,
An' Uncle Sid!" An' clucked, an' leant
Back, laughin'—an' away they went!



An' Uncle wove his
hands an' yells

An' Uncle wove his hands an' yells
"Yer old horse ort to have on bells!"
But Pa yell back an' laugh an' say
"I s'pect when Santy come this way
It's time enough fer sleighbells nent!"
An' holler back "Good-by!" again,
An' reach out with the driver's whip
An' cut behind an' drive back Trip.

An' so all day it snowed an' snowed!
An' Lee-Bob he watched the road,
In his high-chair, an' Etty she



An' Lee-Bob, he sat
watched the road

U'd play with Uncle Sid an' me,
Like she wuz heppin' fetch in wood
An' keepin' old fire goin' good,
Where Ma she wuz a-cookin' there,
An' kitchen, too, an' ever where.
An' Uncle say, "At's ist the way
Yer Ma's b'en workin', night an' day,
Sence she hain't big as Etty is
Er Lee-Bob in that chair of his!"
Nen Ma she'd laugh 't what Uncle
An' smack an' smooove his old bald head,
An' say "Clear out the way till I
Can keep that pot from b'illin' dry!"



Where Ma she wuz
a-cookin' there



An' he roll them old big
taters in the place

Nen Uncle, when she's gone back to
The kitchen, says, "We ust to do
Some cookin' in the ashes.—Say,
S'posin' we try some, thataway!"
An' nen he send us to tell Ma
Send two big 'taters in he saw
Pa's b'en a-keepin' 'cause they got
The premium at the Fair. An' what
You think?—He rake a great big hole
In the hot ashes, an' he roll
Them old big 'taters in the place.
An' rake the coals back—an' his face
Is sweeten' so's he purt-nigh swear
'Cause it's so hot! An' when they're there
'Bout time at we fergit 'em, he
Is rake 'em out again—an' geel!
He bust 'em with his fist wite on
A' old stove-lead, while Etty's gone
To get the salt, an' butter, too.
Is like he said she haf to do,
No matter what Ma say! An' so



**It's the best lighter
ever wuz!**
He sat an' butter 'em, an' blow
'Em cool enough to eat—
An' me—my! they're hard to beat!
An' Trip 'ud let lay there an' pant
Like he'd laugh out loud, but he can't
Nen Uncle fill his pipe—an' we
'Ud hep him light it—Sis an' me—
But mostly little Lee-Bob, 'cause
'He's the best lighter ever wuz!"
Like Uncle telled him wunst when Lee-
Bob cried an' jerked the light from me,
He wuz so mad! So Uncle pat
An' pet him. (Lee-Bob's ust to that—
'Cause he's the littlest, you know,
An' alius has b'en misshored so!)



**An' old three-legged
skillet—**
Nen Uncle gits the flat-arn out,
An' while he's tellin' us all 'bout
Old Chris'mus-ticks when he's a kid,
He at cracked hickernuts, he did,
Till they's a crackful, mighty night!
An' when they're all done by an' by,
He raked the red coals out again
An' telled me, "Fetch that popcorn in,
An' old three-legged skillet—
The led an' all now, little man—
An' yer old Uncle here all show
You how corn's popped, long year ago
When me an' Santy Claus wuz boys
On Pap's old place in Illinois—
An' your Pa, too, wuz chums, all through

With Santy!—Wish! Pa'd be here, too!
Nen Uncle sigh at Ma, an' she
Pat him again, an' say to me
An' Etty,—"You take warning fair!
Don't talk too much, like Uncle there,
Ner don't fergit, like him, my dears,
That 'little pitchers has big ears!"
But Uncle say to her, "Clear out!
Yer brother knows what he's about—
You git your Chris'mus-cookin' done
Er these pore children won't have none!"
Nen Trip wake up an' raise, an' nen
Turn roun' an' nen lay down again.
An' one time Uncle Sidney say,
"When dogs is sleepin' thataway,
Like Trip, an' whimpers, it's a sign
He'll ketch eight rabbits—mayby nine—
Afore his fleas'll wake him—nen—
He'll bite hisse' to sleep again
An' try to dream he's go' ketch ten."



He'll ketch eight rabbits
—mayby nine

An' when Ma's gone again back in
The kitchen, Uncle scratch his chin
An' say, "When Santy Claus an' Pa
An' me wuz little boys—an' Ma,
When she's 'bout big as Etty there;
W'y,—"When we're growed—no matter
where,
Santy he cross his heart an' says
'I'll come to see you all, some day
When you' got childrens—all but me
An' pore old Sid!'" Nen Uncle he
Is kindo' shade his eyes an' pour
Bout forty-seven bushels more
O' popcorn put the skillet there
In Ma's new basket on the chair



I'll come to see you
all, someday

An' nen he telled us—an' talk 'low,
"So Ma can't hear," he say—"You know
Yer Pa know," when he drove away,
Tomorrows go' be Chris'mus-Day;
Well, nen tonight," he whisper, "see!
It's go' be Chris'mus-Eve," says-ee,
"An', like yer Pa hint, when he went
Old Santy Claus (now hush) he's sent
Yer Pa a postal card, an' write
He's shorely go' be here tonight!
That's why your Pa's so bored to be



He's shorely go' be
here tonight



But ketch it, an' Pa

Away tonight, when Santy he
Is go' be here, sleighbells an' all,
To make you kids a Chris'mus-call!
An' we're so glad to know fer shore
He's comin', I roll on the floor—
An' here come Trip a-waller' an' roun'
An' purt-nigh knock the clo'es down!

An' Etty grab Lee-Bob an' prance
All roun' the room like it's a dance—
Till Ma she come and march us nen
To dinner, where we're still again.
But tickled so we can't eat
But pie, an' ist the big mincemeat
With raisins in.—But Uncle et,
An' Ma, an' here they get and set



When we all saddle back
with it

Till purt-nigh supper-time; nen we
Tell him he's got to fix the Tree
Fore Santy gets here, like he said.
We go nen to the old woodshed—
All bundled up, through the deep snow—
"An' snowin' yet, jee-rooahy-Oh!"
Uncle he said, an' he's wade
Back where's the Chris'mus-tree he
made
Out of a little jack-oak-top
He git down at the sawmill-shop
An' Trip 'ud run ahead, you know,
An' tend-like he 'us eatin' snow—
When we all waddle back with it;
An' Uncle set it up, an' git



Hain't that a sleigh
sleighbells jinglin'!

It wuz in front the fireplace—'cause
He says "Tain't so 't Santy Claus
Comes down all chimblees,—least tonight
He's comin' in this house all right—
By the front-door, as ort to be!
We'll all be hid where we can see
Nen he look up, an' he see Ma
An' say, "It's ist too bad the Pa
Can't be here, so's to see the fun
The children will have, ever' one!
Well, wai—We hardly couldn't wait
Till it wuz dusk, an' dark an' late
Enough to light the lamp!—An' Lee-
Bob light a candle on the tree
'Ist one—'cause I'm 'The Lighter'—Nen
He clumb on Uncle's knee again
An' hug us bofe,—an' Etty git
Her little chist an' set on it
Wite clost while Uncle telled some more
Bout Santy Claus, an' clo'es he wore
'All maked o' furs, an' trimmed w' white
As cotton is, er snow at night!
An' sen, all sudden-like, he say,—

"Hush! Listen therel Hain't that a sleigh
An' sleighbells jinglin'?" Trip go "Whooh!"
Like he hear bells an' small 'em, too.
Nen we all listen. An' air, shore
Enough, we hear bells—more and more
A-jinglin' clost'er—clost'er still
Down the old crook-road roun' the hill.
An' Uncle he jumps up, an' all
The chairs he jerks back by the wall
An' throws a' overcoat an' pair
O' winder-curtains over there
An' says, "Hide quick, er you're too late!
Them bells is stoppin' at the gate!
Git back o' them—air chairs an' hide,
Cause I hear Santy's voice outside!"
An' Bang! bang! bang! we heard the door—



Nen it flew open

Nen it flew open, and the floor
Blowed full o' snow—that's first we seen
Till little Lee-Bob shriek' at Ma
"There's Santy Claus! I know him by
His big white muffash!"—an' ist cry
An' laugh an' squeal an' dance an' yell—
Till, when he quiet down a spell,
Old Santy bow an' throw a kiss
To him—an' one to me an' Sis
An' nen go clost' to Ma an' stoop
An' kiss her—An' nen give a whoop
That faintest her!—Cause when he bent
An' kiss her, he ist backed an' went
Wite 'gainst the Chris'mus-Tree ist where
The candle's at Lee-Bob lit therel
An' set his white-fur belt afire—
An' blaze streaked roun' his waist, an'
higher o'—



Is he got to put you out

Wite up his old white beard an' thoat
Nen Uncle grabs th' old overcoat o'
An' flops it over Santy's head,
An' swing the door wide back an' said
"Come put, old man!—an' quick about
It!—I've ist got to put you out!"
An' he's sprawled him in the snow
"Now roll," he says—"Hi-roll-ee-Oh!"
An' Santy, sputterin' "Ouch! Gee-whist!"
Is roll an' roll fer all they ist!
An' Trip he's out there, too,—I know,
'Cause I could hear him yappin' so—
An' I heard Santy, wunst er twice
Say, as he's rollin', "Drat the feller!
Nen Uncle come back in, an' wite
Ma up, an' say, "Fer mercy-sake!
He hain't hurt none!" An' nen he said,
"You youngsters h'ist up-stairs to bed!
Here! kiss yer Ma 'Good-night,' an' me,
We'll hep 'er old Santy fix the Tree—
An' all yer whistles hurns an' drums
I'll hep 'er put when morning comes!"



Some more a-talkin'
and there by the fence



An' that's the last I know

Askin' 'scuffin' roun' the floors—
An' openin' doors, an' shettin' doors—
An' could hear Trip a-whinin', too,
Like he didn't know ist what to do—
An' tongs a-clandin' down k'thump!
Nen some one squonkin' the old pump—
An' Whooh! how cold it soun' out there!
I could ist see the pump-spout where
It's got ice chin-whiskers all wet
An' drippy—An' I see it yet!
An' nen, seem-like, I hear some more
A-talkin' out there by the fence
An' one says, "Oh, 'bout twelve o'clock!"
"Nen," 'nother'n says, "Here's to you,
Doc!"



An' one hand's froze, too

God bless us ever' one!" An' nen,
I heard the old pump squonk again,
An' nen I say my prayer all through
Like Uncle Sidney learn' me to—
"O Father mine, e'en as Thine own,
This child looks up to Thee alone:
Asleep or waking, give him still,
His Elder brother's wish, and will."
An' that the last I know
Till Ma
She's callin' us—an' so is Pa—
He holler "Chris'mus-gif!", an' say,
"I'm got back home fer Chris'mus-Day—
An' Uncle Sid's here, too—an' he
Is nibblin' roun' yer Chris'mus-Tree!
Nen Uncle holler, "I suppose
Yer Pa's so proud he's froze his nose
He wants to turn it up at us,
'Cause Santy kick' up such a fuss—
Tetchin' hisse' off same as ef
He wuz his own fireworks hisse' it!"



An' Uncle bow his face

An' when we're down-stairs,—shore
enough,
Pa's nose is froze, an' salve an' stuff
All on it—an' one hand's froze, too.
An' got a old yarn red-and-blue
Mitt on it—"An' he's froze some more
Across his chist, an' kindo' sore
All roun' his dy-fram," Uncle say—
"But Pa he'd ort a-seen the way
Santy bear up last night when that
Air fire broke out, an' quicker'n scar
He's all a-blazin', an' them-air
Gun-cottin' whiskers that he wear
Is flashin'—till I burn a hole
In the snow with him, and he roll
The front yard dry as Chris'mus jokes
Old parents plays on little folk!
But, long's a smell o' tow'er wood,
I kept 'im rollin' beautiful—
Till I wuz sure I shorely see
He's squenched! W'y, hain't b'en fer me
That old man might a-burnt clear down
Clean—plum—level with the groun'!"
Nen Ma say, "There, Sid; that'll do—
Breakfast is ready—Chris'mus too—
Your voice 'ud soun' best, sayin' Grace—
Say it!" An' Uncle bow his face
An' say so long a Blessin' nen,
Trip bark two times fore it's "A-must!"

Why Not Give Useful Christmas Presents?

They Are The Most Highly Appreciated

The Christmas Season is one of joy and gladness, good wishes and fond memories. A season when we express these sentiments by a generous amount of love, good will and gifts to one another.

For the Xmas of 1912 why not study the fitness and appropriateness of each selection and then choose gifts of both beauty and usefulness knowing the genuine appreciation they always bring.

Get The Christmas Spirit. Come, let us help you solve the Great Annual Riddle of What to Get, you'll be glad, so will your friends and you are sure to receive a welcome from us.

We can't think of any thing BETTER for any member of the family for Xmas than a nice new pair of shoes.



Star Brand Shoes Are Better

Give Her Cloth for a New Dress, Waist, Suit or Skirt.

Your thoughtfulness in giving her something she would have to buy for herself will appeal to her practical mind and is doubly sure of being appreciated on that account.

Save your coupons and get a nice piece of graniteware as a Christmas gift to yourself.

Why Not Give

| | | | |
|--------------|---------------|----------|---------------|
| Handkerchief | 50c to \$0.50 | Scarfs | 25c to \$1.50 |
| Hand Bags | 50c to 1.00 | Mufflers | 25c to 1.00 |
| Bollars | 25c to .75 | Ribbons | 10c to .25 |
| Fancy Pins | 25c to .50 | Hosiery | 10c to .50 |

Only by seeing, can you appreciate our pretty assortment of Holiday Goods in the way of Dresser Scarfs, Table Runners, Doylies, Sofa Pillows, Wall Pockets and Centerpieces. Almost anything you could call for, either in colors, white or white and colored embroidery. Also we have a fine selection of Towels, an ever reliable CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The things you get here for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS will not only be most acceptable on Christmas Day, but a source of use and pleasure for many months to come. We are expecting you and already extend our good wishes for a MERRY XMAS and a happy and prosperous NEW YEAR.

Why Not?

Since the tendency of the HOLIDAY GIFTS, have turned toward the useful why not consider our great display of PRACICAL GIFTS.

| | | |
|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| SWEATERS | RUGS | SUIT CASES |
| 50C. to \$3.00 | \$1.00 to \$5.00 | \$1.00 to \$10.00 |
| TABLE LINEN | COUNTERPANES | |
| 25C. to 75C. | \$1.00 to \$3.50 | |
| TRUNKS | UMBRELLAS | TRAVELING BAGS |
| \$3.00 to \$10. | 50C. to \$2. | \$4.00 to \$15. |
| PIJAMAS | COWNS | |
| 50C. to \$1. | 50C. to \$1. | |
| CLOAKS AND SUITS | | |
| \$3.00 to \$15.00 | | |

SPECIAL GIFT BOXES

All our Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Supporters, etc., are especially boxed for the holiday trade



Treat yourself to a new suit of clothes for Christmas. We will give you HOLIDAY CUTS, which means an "Up-to-the-minute style" with prices lower than usual

CARNAHAN BROTHERS & DODGE,

Marion,

HOME OF THE LOW PRICES.

Kentucky.

"Griffin" Clothes Always Please.

In Memory.

Died, at his home in Blackford, Ky., Mr. Thomas Farley, age 61 years. He professed faith in Christ at the age of eighteen and joined the Baptist church at Blackford, Ky. He was in the or-

ganization of the Utley's Chapel, Baptist church, at Blackford, and has been a deacon of this church ever since its organization and has been a faithful member until his death. He was married to Margaret Cromwell in 1875 and

has been a faithful husband these thirty-seven years. To this union was born two children, both of whom survive him—Mrs. Rosa Reynolds, of Sturgis, and Mrs. Alice Reynolds, of Blackford. Mr. Farley was just as well and hearty the day before his death as usual and seemed to take life happily. He was struck by paralysis on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, and only lived until nine. He was unconscious after the stroke. His children and many friends attended his bedside. Bro. Farley was a good man and loved by every one who knew him and made friends wherever he went by his bright smiles and kind words. He was a great lover of Sunday School work and served many years as our superintendent. Dear children do not mourn after your dear beloved father. You know he has gone to the beautiful world in the great beyond and being prepared you will meet him. All that is mortal of him is mingled with the dust. He has left behind an influence; he has borne away a sweet character. His purpose was to do good, patiently endeavoring to do the Savior's will and trusting in His mercy for salvation.

We all loved Bro. Farley, but God loved him more and has called him home to shine more beautifully on the other side. May the blessings of God rest with the bereaved ones and when their life work is ended may they join husband and father in that land of happiness and perpetual sunshine radiant from the throne of God. His remains were laid to rest in Oak Grove cemetery Thursday afternoon, Rev. J. R. Vaughn conducting the services at the church at Blackford, and Rev. J. R. King

at the cemetery. His presence lingers still about the room, His footsteps echo yet upon the floor, His cherry smile still brightens all the gloom, Though he has left us forever more. Yet biding here in grief I can but know Whatever fate it pleases God to send; Oh! Let me clasp his hand again some day— He—was—my—friend.

If you are troubled with chronic constipation, the mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your case. For sale by all dealers.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS

—Philadelphia Record: Nell—He actually told me I was dull. Bell—I suppose you convinced him to the contrary. Nelle—Certainly. I have cut him ever since.

Detroit Free Press: "Orchids are not so pretty," said A bud, with smile extensive; "But buy me some because they are so lovely and expensive."

—Houston Post: "She married for revenge." "For revenge on her husband." "No, on an old sweetheart." "But if it was revenge she was seeking why didn't she marry the old sweetheart."

—Baltimore American: "Was Brown's illness a serious one?" "Well, he married his nurse."

—Boston Transcript: Pouting

Wife—You used to call me the light of your life. Hub—So I did; but I had no sister such a cost. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "What makes your baby so headstrong?" "He was raised on goat's milk." —Washington Star: "What makes you so sure that man is going to propose to Gladys?" asked Gladys' mother. "I have told him the same story five times," replied Gladys' father, "and he laughs at it every time." —Boston Transcript: Mrs. Gnagg—I'll say this for my hus-

band; he does not care for other women. Miss Caustic—Indeed! No doubt he imagines that all women are alike. —Philadelphia Record: Book Agent—Can I sell you an encyclopedia? Wigwag—No; I'm going to marry a girl from Boston, so I don't think I'll need it. —Baltimore American: "Miss Prettyface has such an engaging way about her." —Milwaukee Sentinel: Every woman imagines she's a Cinderella. And the shoe fits as well as the likelihood of the price's coming.

Light Bills Are Higher

In Winter than in Summer

For those who pay by the month.

THESE ARE SOME REASONS WHY:

Home from Vacation, Earlier Twilight, Longer Evenings, Darker Mornings, Shorter Days, Cloudy Days.

Less use of Front Porch, More Evenings at Home, More Entertainments, More People at Home, More Rooms to Light, Later Bed Times.

DARK HOUR TABLE—ITS EXPLANATION

A 60 watt lamp costs to operate a half cent per hour. If you turn on your lights at dusk and turn them off again at an average of 10 o'clock each night, they will burn 38 hours in June, while in December they will burn 204 hours. If six lamps burn constantly during these hours your light bill would be \$1.14 in June and \$6.12 in December. It may seem to you that your light bill will be but little higher in December than in June, yet the table shows that there are more than five times as many dark hours.

STUDY THIS DARK HOUR TABLE AND KEEP IT FOR FUTURE REFERENCES

| | Jul. | Aug. | Sep. | Oct. | Nov. | Dec. | Jan. | Feb. | Mar. | Apr. | May | Jun. | Tot. | Av. |
|-----------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|-----|------|------|-----|
| Dusk to 6..... | 2 | 3 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 6 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 273 | 23 |
| Dusk to 7..... | 14 | 22 | 32 | 42 | 52 | 62 | 52 | 42 | 32 | 22 | 14 | 1 | 473 | 41 |
| Dusk to 8..... | 40 | 53 | 63 | 72 | 82 | 92 | 82 | 72 | 63 | 53 | 40 | 1 | 759 | 65 |
| Dusk to 9..... | 71 | 82 | 92 | 102 | 112 | 122 | 112 | 102 | 92 | 82 | 71 | 1 | 1078 | 93 |
| Dusk to 10..... | 102 | 112 | 122 | 132 | 142 | 152 | 142 | 132 | 122 | 112 | 102 | 1 | 1443 | 120 |
| Dusk to 11..... | 133 | 142 | 152 | 162 | 172 | 182 | 172 | 162 | 152 | 142 | 133 | 1 | 1868 | 151 |
| Dusk to 12..... | 164 | 172 | 182 | 192 | 202 | 212 | 202 | 192 | 182 | 172 | 164 | 1 | 2353 | 196 |
| All Night..... | 217 | 307 | 345 | 421 | 473 | 527 | 512 | 473 | 421 | 345 | 307 | 217 | 4327 | 377 |

It will explain to you why your light bills are higher at this season of the year.

Marion Electric Light & Ice Company.
INCORPORATED.

Bronchiline

A safe, pleasant remedy for Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial affections. It relieves congestion and soothes without containing anything in the nature of an opiate. Has been in use for more than twenty years, and in that time, has been used and endorsed by leading Physicians in all sections of the United States. BRONCHILINE is the ideal expectorant. We are not asking you to experiment with some new remedy. Call for BRONCHILINE and take no substitute. A trial will convince you that BRONCHILINE is the best. Keep a bottle in your home—two sizes 25 and 50 cents.

Haynes & Taylor

MANUFACTURED BY
PETER NEAT-RICHARDSON CO.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

H. F. Morris & Son

"Richelieu Headquarters"

The Reliable up-to-the-date Grocers
We have tons of candy and other sweet things for Christmas. Fireworks of all kinds, firecrackers, Roman Candles and skyrockets.

Did you say Nuts. What Kind?

almonds, english walnuts, chesnuts, filberts, hazel nuts, walnuts, hickory nuts, pecans, cream nuts, cocoa nuts or what not? Just say yourself.

We have Mince Meat, Plum Puddings, Jello, Cocoa, Crackenelles, Chocolate, Celery, Olives, Maple Syrup or Sorghum

In Fresh Fruits, we have apples, currants, lemons, peaches, apricots, grape fruit, bananas, oranges, cranberries, sliced pineapples, malaga grapes, Figs, Raisins, Dates and all the Staples at a little less than the other houses sell at. Quality Considered.

Morris & Son Grocers

Next to Masonic Corner
Main Street Marion, Kentucky.

To Buy or Build a Home

And Not Insure It, Is to Hook and Land An Eel and Not Secure It!



The Home may as quickly slip away by fire by night, or fire by day. It has happened. It may happen. BE PREPARED when it does happen.

BOURLAND & HAYNES

Fire and Casualty Insurance
TELEPHONE 32 MARION, KY.

In the Treatment of

**COLDS
COUGHS
SORE THROAT
BRONCHITIS
TONSILITIS
LARYNGITIS**

Scott's Emulsion is nature's nourishing, curative food; prompt, sure and permanent.

Rely on SCOTT'S and insist on SCOTT'S.

Electric Flashlights



There is no fear of fire where Eveready Flashlights are used. They are clean and safe. No matter how careless the person handling, there is no danger. Write for Christmas price list.

Jas. Clark Jr. Electric Co
INCORPORATED
520 Main Street
Louisville, Kentucky.

THE MALLEABLE RANGE

Ask us about this Great Range
Main St. Olive & Walker Marion, Ky.

When In Doubt Make It Jewelry

We are right in the thick of it, so have little time to write ads. You people are busy too, picking and choosing and have no time to read.

But keep remembering how jewelry fits in with the season.

When in doubt make it jewelry, is a good rule to go by.

Another good rule is to give only that jewelry which is known to be of the highest possible quality.

To be sure of this—COME HERE.

Take all the time you wish to look—then buy only when you are convinced that what we show you represents the most advanced thought in designing and construction—and the biggest possible value for your money.

LEVI COOK

JEWELER

MARION, KENTUCKY.

Farmers Bank of Marion, Ky.

The officers of this Bank take pleasure in informing its patrons and friends that Mr. O. S. Denny, for the past ten years, cashier of the Citizens Bank, of Carrsville, Ky., has purchased an interest in this Bank and will assume the duties of cashier on January 1, 1913.

Mr. Denny was reared in an adjoining county, and those who know him most intimately assure us that he is a man whose record for gentility and honesty is free of any blemish. We are confident you will find him to be a capable banker.

This change will not effect the control of the stock of this Bank, which will remain where it has been since the Bank was organized; nor will it effect the policy of the Bank, which will continue to be in the future as it has been in the past, to render you honest, courteous and liberal service, considering always, the security of the depositor first; and the profit of the stockholder second.

The officers of this Bank, after January 1, 1913, will be:

WILLIAM FOWLER, President
E. J. HAYWARD, Vice Pres.
O. S. DENNY, Cashier
W. E. CARNAHAN, Ass't Cashier

We appreciate the confidence you have shown in this Bank in the past, and assure you that its highest aim, in the future will be, to merit a continuance of that confidence.

WILLIAM FOWLER, President.
E. J. HAYWARD, Cashier.

TO THE DEMOCRATS Of the 5 Marion Precincts

YOU WILL SOON BE CALLED UPON TO NAME IN A STRAIGHT WAY YOUR CHOICE FOR POSTMASTER OF THIS CITY.

I ASK YOUR SUPPORT, YOUR VOTES AND YOUR GOOD WILL. I HAVE GROWN UP AMONG YOU, SHARED YOUR JOYS AND YOUR SORROWS. I WOULD LIKE THIS POSITION AS POSTMASTER AND I DOUBLY ASSURE YOU THAT IF I RECEIVE THE APPOINTMENT YOU WILL HAVE GOOD SERVICE, AND A MODEL POSTOFFICE.

YOUR FRIEND,
JOHN W. WILSON.



WHAT TO BUY FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS For Little, Big, Old and Young.

PERFUMES
PIPES

GAMES

BOOKS

LINEPS

TOYS

DOLLS

KNIVES AND FORKS
CUPS AND SAUCERS
BOWLS & PITCHERS
TOILET SETS
BOX PAPER
JEWELRY
MUSIC

WATER SETS
BERRY SETS
PICTURE FRAMES
PLATES
VASES
HOSIERY
GLOVES

HANDKERCHIEFS
NECK TIES
DOILIES
PILLOW TOPS
TABLE CLOTHS
DINNER SETS
PICTURES

ONLY 5 MORE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DAYS
Come Early and Get Choice.

114 Main St.

M. E. FOHS

Marion, Ky,

Look At These High Grade Monuments.

These Beautiful Memorials were erected by us and will show all that is possible for High Grade work, made of Granite that will endure the weather, and whose beauty time cannot affect.

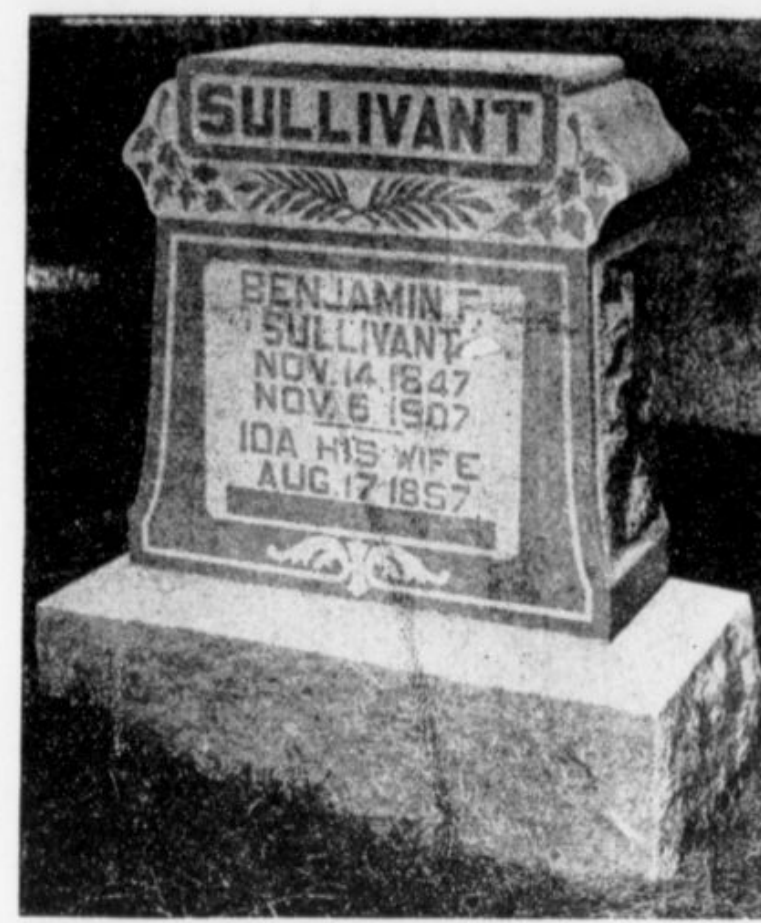


New Cemetery, Marion, Ky.

WE ERECT WORK ANYWHERE.

Monuments of This Pattern are made at our works from time to time.

Write for booklet showing our work



K. of P. Cemetery, Sturgis, Ky.

It is our intention to make each monument a standing Testimonial of our Workmanship, and to deal with every customer in a way to make them our permanent Friends.

HENRY & HENRY,

Builders of artistic memorials in marble, granite and stone.
Concrete Building. Marion, Kentucky.

See R. F. Dorr.

Before buying your Furniture

What would be nicer for a Christmas gift than one of our leather bottom rocking chairs?

Or we have all kinds of high grade furniture, cabinets and tables. We sell only the best sofas, Divans, Davenport, chiffoniers, Dining tables, Bed room suits, hall trees and in fact everything found in a first class furniture Store. Look over my line while doing your Xmas shopping.



R. F. Dorr.

**Old Reliable Furniture man
Same Stand Marion, Ky.**

J. W. Givens

The Old Reliable Meat Dealer has moved to the Press Building and now has a new, clean and up to-date shop. So when in

Need of Any Kinds of Meats

call Phone No. 155 and your order will be delivered promptly.

We butcher twice a week, so our meat is always fresh

Special attention to Xmas orders

J. W. Givens.

Carlisle St. Marion, Ky.

The Crittenden Record-Press

VOL. XXXV

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KY. THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 19 1912.

NO. 23.



BETTER HURRY, Just 5 More Shopping Days

'till Xmas. Had you ever thought of the many million souls that are made happy each Xmas by the remembrance of a GIFT?

Had you thought of the many million souls that are not made happy? 'Why' the answer comes, 'Because they have not been Remembered by their friends.' So let's make this a Banner Christmas, and let's make it so by Giving. We have taken every precaution this season in the selection of our Holiday Goods and you will find

Our Store Crowded to the Brim with Gifts "Suitable For All."

Gifts Suitable For Men.

Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Guaranteed Phoenix socks, Gloves, Neckware, Mufflers, Collars, Suspenders, Silk Handkerchiefs, Combination sets. In fact everything that suits Men & Boys.

Bargains.

Gifts Suitable For Ladies.

"Onyx Silk Hosiery, Phoenix Guaranteed silk hose, Gloves, Scarfs, Towels, Lace Collars, New neckwear of all kinds, Hand bags, Vanity Bracelets, Handkerchiefs, And everything suitable for Ladies."

Miscellaneous

Buy the boy a Jersey for Xmas or a box of Phoenix guaranteed hose will be suitable.

Jewelry Sewing Sets Hat Pins Manicure Sets
Stick Pins Fountain Pens Bar Pins Vest Pins
Brooches Tie Clasps Solid Gold Rings Locketts
Waist Sets Cuff Sets Cuff Buttons Watch Fobs
Watch Chains, We have anything you want in Jewelry Line.

Our Store is old Santa's headquarter. If its good enough for him why isn't it good enough for you.

McConnell & Nunn's Cash Store.

GLENDALÉ

(Delayed from last week.)

Tom Parker, of near Salem, was the guest of A. G. Cline last Friday night.

Sunday school at this place every Sabbath at 2:30.

G. M. Crider, of Marion, was in this section last week writing insurance.

G. P. Griffith has moved into his new residence on the bluff.

Hubert Phillips, of the Colon section, and Kelly LaRue, of near Deer Creek, were callers in this neighborhood Sunday.

Chester Lindsey and Miss Cordie Butler, both popular young people of this section, were united in marriage Dec. '4, in Marion.

Miss Fannie Woodall and Mr. Silas Todd were married the 27th in Elizabethtown, Ill.

J. P. Hatcher has moved into the house recently vacated by

G. P. Griffith.

The Commodore Mining Company has put up a new derrick at the "Commodore."

Drives Off A Terror.

The chief executioner of death in the winter and spring months is pneumonia. Its advance agents are colds and grip. In any attack by one of these maladies no time should be lost in taking the best medicine obtainable to drive it off. Countless thousands have found this to be Dr. King's New Discovery. "My husband believes it has kept him from having pneumonia three or four times," writes Mrs. Geo. W. Place, Rawsonville, Vt., "and for coughs, colds and croup we have never found its equal." Guaranteed for all bronchial affections. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at James H. Orme's and Haynes & Taylor's.

CRAYNE.

(Delayed from last week.)

The grip is raging in this vicinity.

Eugene Fuquay, of Nashville, brought his wife over to put her

under treatment of Dr. O. C. Cook and she is improving in health.

F. E. Brown and Eb Binkley, our carpenters, are working at Fredonia.

Pauline Pogue, the little daughter of M. F. Pogue, has been ill, but we are glad to report is better.

Rev. Wallace Clift, of Marion, filled his appointment here last Sunday.

Aunt Rose Duffy died last Sunday and was buried at the Cruce graveyard.

A number of our farmers are ready to sell their tobacco if the price suits.

Mrs. J. C. Hardin has been sick for a week but is reported better.

Ray Oliver and Miss Willie Harpending, of Frances, were callers at M. F. Pogue's last Sunday.

Biard & Bradford are almost

done delivering the Clement timber.

Della Bigham has moved back to Crayne.

Uncle Bud Clement has moved to his farm.

Drs. Fox and Cook are busy all the time—quite a lot of sickness.

W. N. Weldon is in the line for bargains in dry goods. Call and see him.

J. F. Dorroh has built another room to G. W. Cruce's house and will soon have a barn done on the Bradford place.

School is progressing nicely and attendance is good.

We understand that we are to have a two months' spring term, consisting of a common school course and a normal.

Hon. M. F. Pogue is spending a few days at home.

John Brown of Tolu visited his mother last week.

Manuel Biard and family vis-

ited Mrs. Kate Brown last week.

The Cumberland Presbyterian church has begun to look like a building and the work is progressing nicely.

W. R. Cruce has purchased a riding plow.

Silas Guess has moved to Dr. Cook's farm near Fredonia.

A. E. Brown went to Chicago this week to go before the board of railroad directors.

There is a large number of logs on the yard here.

Dr. Russell is doing a good business with his mill.

Mrs. J. F. Dorroh has been ill but is improving.

—Pittsburg Gazette-Times: We understand that the ladies who recently started the style of wearing men's socks have carefully preserved the other style of hosiery for the glad Christmas season.

Electric Flashlights



There is no fear of fire where Eveready Flashlights are used. They are clean and safe. No matter how careless the person handling, there is no danger. Write for Christmas price list.

Jas. Clark Jr. Electric Co.
INCORPORATED
520 Main Street
Louisville, Kentucky.

ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND

Land of Fond Memories and Home of Saint Good Will.



where the blast is not tempered. For Christmas Island lies straight in the way of the honest mariner, and the stream which runs as a river through the sea bath warmth and fragrance, whereof the shores of the island give pleasant evidence. Now, the gales that sweep the island sweep westward upon the approaching pilgrims, and eastward upon the departing sails, so that the stay within the gracious port is but a part of the joy of that sea.

And as the shores came out of the horizon, a little child called, "Christmas Isle! Christmas Isle!"—so clear is the air of these parts to infant eyes. And the older folk aboard were joyful, too, for off the west coast of the island, which those who have charted these seas call the Shore of Memory, a fragrant breeze began that minute to blow; though of these names I cannot be sure, for the child had a book of his own wherein this shore was named Anticipation. And now the journey meant a few more dawn and sunsets ere a landing could be made, but with each league onward the mellow fragrance was more marked. So there was great dispute among the elder folk to say just what made up the pleasant assault upon our senses, some saying it was composed mostly of this, and others of that.

"It is lavender," said an old lady. "Lavender and spruce and burning candles. I remember the night the new dress was taken from the chest, and we danced beneath the candles, and there was mistletoe, my dear, that was how I met your grandfather. Yes, the breeze from off the shore of the isle is lavender and spruce and burning candles."

"Ho! to me!" cried a bluff and hearty man. "It is the good smell of well-warmed horses on the snow, with the moon making a double team of them. And it is the good dry smell of popping corn and cooking apples. Oh, yes, and I will be saying there's the brown turkey in it, too. And the smell of a lantern in the barn when we go out to get the horses after the dance."

"Ah," said another—and as I looked I saw he was habited as a priest. "It is the incense, the Christmas incense, which goes in ghostly columns to the darkened roof of the great church as the Three Wise Men go in procession up the aisle attended by acolytes and hooded nuns to do homage to the Babe at the altar. Easter I know by the lilies which smother the incense, but Christmas is incense and music. It is that which makes the breeze so delightful to you, my good people."

"No," said another. "No, no. Ah—now I know what it is. It is back in the hill kirk that we are, where the foot-warmer keep us alive through the Christmas, and it's the faint scorching of honest leather and the faint singeing of homespun that the breeze is bringing you."

"It's candy! It's varnish on sleds! It's perfume on dolls! It's oranges, and evergreens, and the smell of the wood fire in the fireplace, and the smell of the cold on mother's furs!" cried the child.

And I know not to what lengths the talk might have gone, but the sailors were calling "Shore!" and there was great motion among the pilgrims.

Now, the island is ruled by a saint whose names are many, but in all tongues and races they have one meaning, which is GOOD WILL. And his name is the law of the isle. For he holdeth that if a man hath Good Will he fulfilleth all law; and if he have not Good Will no law can put it within him; but if he have it he cannot but give proof of it. So that there is great giving of gifts in the island called Christmas, for Good Will is itself a gift which forever branches and blossoms and sets to fruit of its kind. And it is the custom of the saint to meet the pilgrims and give those who call upon him the choicest gifts, and when a man hath received any one of them he is forever a citizen of the island called Christmas, with all the rights thereof.

Now, the gifts are hung upon a tree which is called the Tree of Life and they shine with a wonderful light and give off a sweetness which in good time will sweeten the world. Indeed, as all pilgrims know, the reason that shores far distant from the Christmas Isle are habitable at all is that pilgrims have come back bearing their gifts of sweetness and light.

And the first gift is the Gift of the Good Thought, whereby one may break the hold of a narrow veracity which chains him, truthfully enough but all too unwisely, to the faults of his fellows. There are neither riches nor power comparable to the Good Thought, which comes of the Good Sight, whereby men have discovered

hidden worth as the miner has found the blackened, bleak and forbidding hillside to be threshold of worlds of gleaming gold. He that receives this gift comes to himself to find himself in a friendly world. It is a gift greatly to be desired, as a fire in winter, a friend in misfortune; and by its magic are miracles wrought on those who dwell far from the kingdom of the Saint Good Will.

And the second gift is like unto it—a mild spirit of amnesty toward all pilgrims whose faulty compass takes them astray, and those who receive it are straightway inducted into the Order of the Forgivers. It strikes from the pilgrim as in the twinkling of an eye, the cold bonds of hatred, vengeance, and all the brood of malice, which make their home with a man but to destroy him.

And the third gift is the Just Judgment, by which the world is vastly lightened by reason of the number of condemnations being lessened. For as is the number of those who condemn in this world, so is the number of disappointments we carry about with us, and the number of the sunny windows we have darkened for ourselves. There are lights of life which a just judgment forbears to extinguish, and he who bears this gift walks in a mellow circle of serene tolerance.

And the fourth gift is that of the Cheerful Spirit, having which one has light at eventide, yea and at midnight. For there is no darkness like unto the darkness of the spirit bereft of cheerful lamps and fires, and there is no darkness of the spirit that the St. Good Will cannot dispel.

And when the pilgrim has received these gifts he finds among them another, which is the gift of Vision, whereby he sees the unseen. Indeed, all the gifts of St. Good Will pertain to sight and vision, for as the physical eye is the chief of the body's blessings, so is the gift of vision the saver of life, which possessing, no man perishes. For as blind men walk the way and see neither rivers nor trees nor men, so he who has not received these best of gifts walks in great blindness toward a world which encompasses him with beneficence, guidance, protection and inspiration.

And when the pilgrims sailed on, lo! they were new mortals. And no matter how great the distance they journeyed, the pleasant gales of Christmas isle were always in their nostrils. And they went to many lands, but wherever they set foot, or built a booth or raised a tent, the people knew they had been to the Blessed Isle. And Christmas trees sprang as seedlings from the Tree of Life, and many kindnesses to friends and the poor were borne abroad on the wings of sweetness and light which forever came forth from the gifts of St. Good Will.—Detroit News.

Christmas Song

Now is the time when holly sprays
Eight all the barren, brooding ways,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
A psalm in the Master's praise.

Now is the time when ivies gleam
Like beryl in the morning beam,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
And makes the Master's praise its theme.

Now is the time when mistletoe
Is glossy in the noonday glow,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
To praise upon his name bestow.

Now is the time of ingle mirth,
The blessed day of Christ—his birth,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
To ring his praise throughout the earth.

—Clinton Joy in *Ainslie's*.

NOT A DAY OF JOY FOR ALL

Those Who Are Happy on Christmas Should Remember the Suffering and Distressed.

"It's Christmas time, friend! What will you do about it?" asks L. D. Stearns in *Suburban Life*. "Mothers! Aunty! You who love to see your babies bend, crooning softly, over their family of dolls, with that grave little smile of dawning motherhood fitting tenderly over their faces, just within a stone's throw of babies who have no dolls, and the mother heart beats in their bosoms just as it does in that of your own sheltered darlings; but their faces are grave, and sharp and old; and little drawn, white lines show about their mouths; and their eyes are not like the eyes of your children. The other day, a baby opened its eyes for the first time on this old earth; it was one of our coldest days; but in the home was no stove, no bit of warmth, no food—almost no clothes! On another street, in the midst of plenty, a woman, with two small babies toddling about, the father out hunting for work, cries—with red lids: 'We've not a dollar in the house, and nothing to eat!' Oh, mothers—oh, adoring aunts—life isn't made up of just prayers and sitting reverently in church, keeping one day in the week holy! There's a trust to keep with life that is spelled in many, many ways, if you'd make it complete."

Women and the Ballot.

Wetner-Neustadt and Waldhofen, Austria, have just given the women taxpayers the ballot, making voting compulsory for women as well as men. The legislature of Manitoba recently permitted women to practice law. The legislature of Georgia only a few days later defeated a similar amendment.



The Old, Old Story

by Wright A. Patterson

New Year's Eve—He Says:

My dear,
As the old year is departing
I am thinking
Of what the new
May have in store for us,
For you and me and Ethel.

I sit here smoking,
Burning up money needlessly,
Depriving myself and family
Of life's necessities
And possibly luxuries.

Let's add and multiply
These nickels I destroy;
Let us figure interest and compound
It.
Why, they make dollars—
They make bank accounts.
Without the weed
I should have been a millionaire.
I quit it now.
This night shall be my last
Of useless waste.

These nickels shall make of me
A Rockefeller, a Morgan or a Carnegie.

They mean an automobile,
A powerful, big red car.
Oh! such comfort as it will bring
With summer nights,
So smoothly gliding
Beneath the twinkling stars!

There is a college course for Ethel
In the nickels I will save,
And she shall pick the best.
No common boarding school
Or female seminary for her,
But one in keeping
With the standing of her old dad.

And, too, that trip to Europe
We have often dreamed about.
That's possible now
With smoking out.
You'd better begin planning for it
soon.

And then, just possibly,
We might conclude
To keep right on and circle this old
globe.
Won't that be grand?
And just to think
These things will come
From cutting out a useless habit.

And now, my dear,
Let's go another step.
There's candy for yourself and Ethel;
It's needless waste.
Just figure what it means.
See what life would be without it.
Why, in a year or two
I could quit the daily grind
And tell the "old man" to "go hang."
And with the interest compounded
We three would live at ease.
We'll call it done right now
And candy will be barred.

If only all the world
Would stop and think,
Would just apply a little sound horse
sense,

These New Year resolutions
Would bring the millennium.
The cost of living
Would no longer be a problem.
Old age would have no terrors
For the poor.
Hail to the year nineteen thirteen.

FIDO'S RESOLUTION.



It resolves to be kind to all stray

Evening, January 5—She Says

John,
What is it I smell?
An odor of nicotine,
A vile cigar.
I know you have been smoking.
So soon you have forgotten
The plans we made,
The automobile,
The trip to Europe,
The school for Ethel.
It is but five short days ago
That I believed you.
So go the plans I made,
The dreams I dreamed,
All spoiled, all ruined.
All evaporated into useless smoke
Because of man's weak nature.
But 'tis all that women may expect,
To drudge and toil,
To skimp and save
That man may not be denied
His cigars.

He Says:

How dare you criticize!
How dare you condemn!
This morning I saw the candy box
You thought so carefully concealed.
And I refuse to be the only victim
Of New Year resolutions.
They can go hang—
The automobile,
The trip to Europe,
The school for Ethel.
If I must slave all through my days
I shall have some comfort,
If only of the weed.

They Say:

Here's to nineteen thirteen.
We'll live it as we've lived before,
We'll enjoy it,
We'll have the little things we want,
We will not dream of the impossible.
The figures lied
And we were fooled,
But only for a few short days.
Here's to nineteen thirteen—
And life.



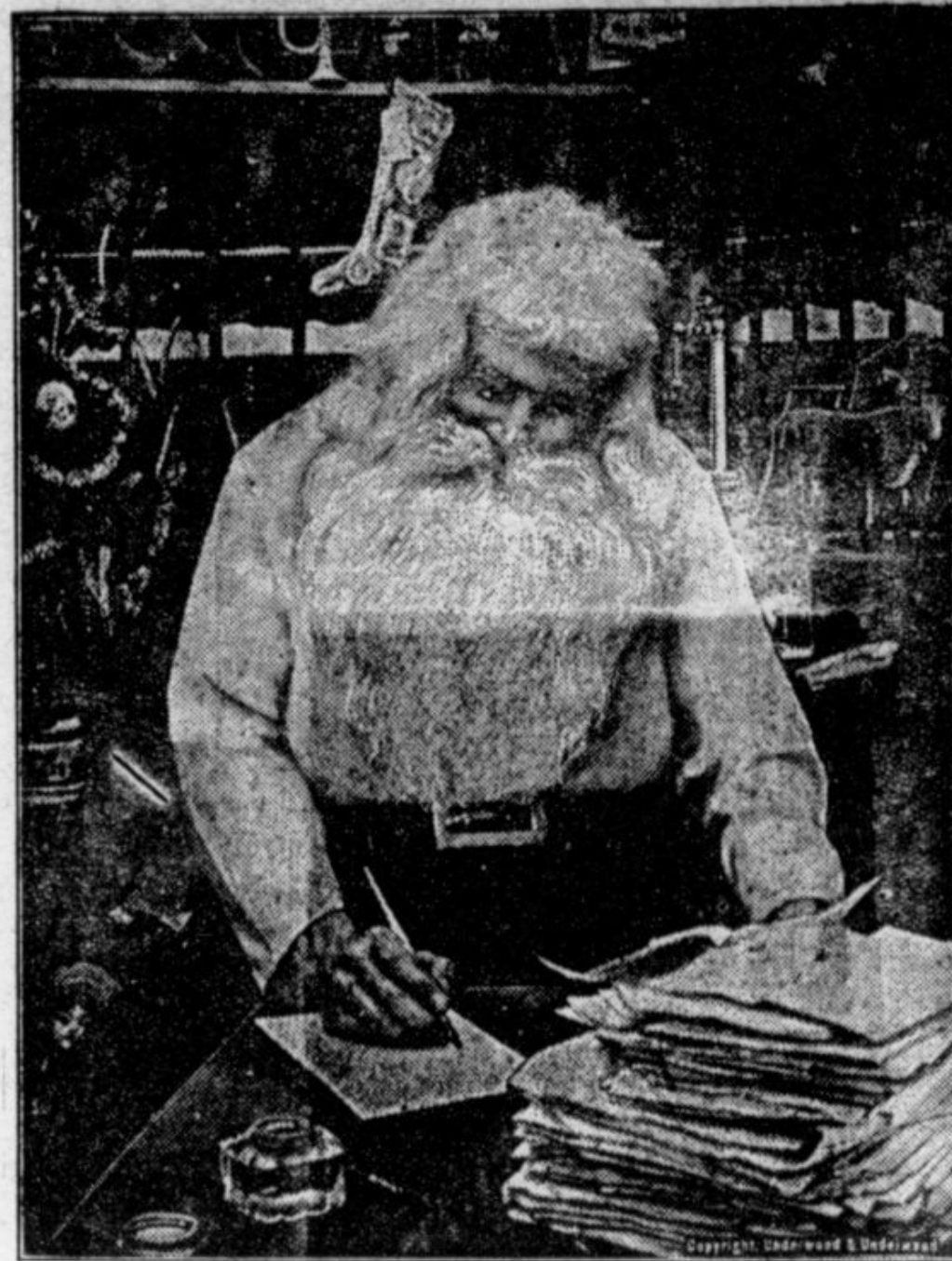
HIS NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

The Eloquent Hopelessness of the Well-Known Author, Robert Louis Stevenson.

Beautiful in its simplicity and eloquence is the following gem for New Year meditation, culled from the magic pages of that lamented master of English prose—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make the whole family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but those without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful."

ANSWERING HIS CHRISTMAS MAIL

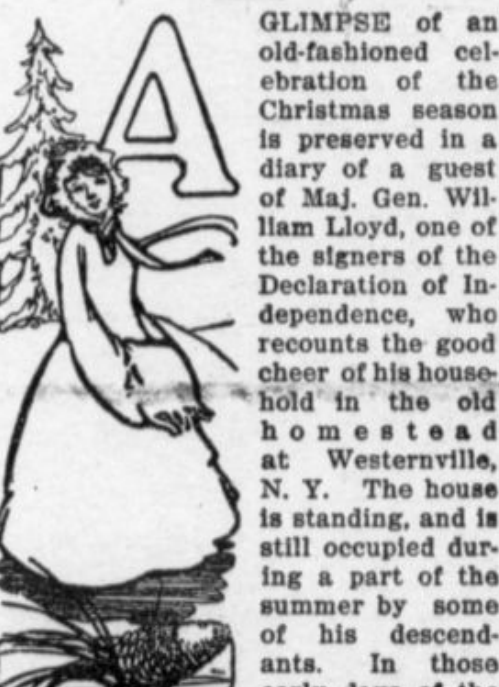


Santa Claus' correspondents live in practically all the countries of the world. The letters he receives—hundreds of thousands of them—are written in all languages. But Santa Claus is an international character, and whether the children who write to him express their wishes in English, in German, in French, in Scandinavian, or even in Chinese or any of the other languages of the world, he can read and understand each letter. The photographer has caught him on a busy morning just before Christmas, and in the corner of his workshop he uses for an office.

CHRISTMAS IN COLONIAL DAYS

Interesting Account of an Old-Time Celebration.

Men Wore Their Hair in Curls and Such Games as "Green Grow the Rushes, O." Furnished Amusement.



GLIMPSE of an old-fashioned celebration of the Christmas season is preserved in a diary of a guest of Maj. Gen. William Lloyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who recounts the good cheer of his household in the old homestead at Westernville, N. Y. The house is standing, and is still occupied during a part of the summer by some of his descendants. In those early days of the republic the journey from New York by sleigh took ten days.

In preparation for the coming festivities, the diarist notes that the keeping room (as the main room was then called), which today would be called the parlor, or drawing room, was trimmed elaborately with spruce and cedar branches, there being no holly growing in that region. Roses made of tissue paper, in red, pink and white, were plentifully distributed through the evergreen decorations.

The roses were made by two young women guests, Miss Catherine Floyd and Miss Mary Floyd, who were engaged to be married to James Madison and Thomas Jefferson, afterwards presidents of the United States. They were assisted in entertaining guests during the day by the Misses Wiggins, neighbors of the general. Among other guests, Bishop Whipple and a fellow clergyman were present, as well as the fiancé of the diarist.

The festivities began Christmas Eve, and all the family hung up their stockings in front of the huge kitchen fireplace. The illumination was that of tallow candles in silver and brass candlesticks. Miss Catherine Floyd had expected her fiancé, James Madison (as was jotted down in the diary), and was greatly disappointed at his not coming. He sent, by way of a Christmas gift, a full-length likeness of Gen. George Washington, framed, which was brought by a neighbor returning home from New York.

The merrymaking was at its height Christmas Eve, all sorts of then fashionable and popular games, such as "Hunt the Slipper," "Blind Man's Buff," and "Green Grow the Rushes, O." being indulged in by the young people until 10 o'clock, at which hour sharply General Floyd closed the house.

had to take my curl-papers out, so I am sure my hair will not curl at all."

The gay young people gathered in the immense kitchen after breakfast was served, to examine the stockings that Santa Claus was expected to have left in prosperous condition. Of her gifts the diarist remarks: "Such beautiful gifts I have never received away from my home. Some beautiful mink skins, sufficient to make my winter fur and muff, from dear General Floyd, taken from animals caught in a trap near the milk house, Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and a nice volume of Watts' hymns from Mrs. Floyd, a white velvet pincushion, painted with roses and leaves, from Catherine, and a pretty collar of lace footed from Mary. My dearly beloved gave me a ruby ring, the emblem of eternal fidelity and love." The "dearly beloved" became her husband a few months later.

"Christmas Day was indeed a joyful one; after we had seen all our gifts, all the young people went to the hill back of the house and coasted for two hours on the hard crust of ice and snow; the distance from the top of the hill to the gulf ravine was nearly a mile."

WHEN THE YULE LOG BURNED

Pretty Customs of Former Times That Surrounded That Necessary Feature of Christmas.

The Yule log on the fireplace roared. The whole hall was aglow. The great hounds lay before the blaze, dreaming of stag and boar.

One of the prettiest sights of the old-time Christmas must have been that of the Yule log being drawn homeward, surrounded with joyous laughing children, shouting merry greeting to each wayfarer as he doffed his hat in reverence to the log so full of good promises whose flames had the power to burn out old wrongs and heartburnings. On the arrival of the log at the "baronial hall" it was customary for each member of the family to greet it in fitting manner either in verse or song.

In some parts of France there was also the custom of the Christmas log, although there has been a different significance. There the log had suspended from each end the toys, cakes and fruits for the children of the house. These were the gifts Petit Maulet or Christmas child was said to have brought.

In the mountain districts of Germany the Christmas log was supposed to have the power of warding off dangers from lightning and was kept beneath the bed of the master of the house from one Christmas till the next, when it was used to light the new log. On Christmas eve all lights and fires were extinguished in the house and a piece of the last year's wood was taken to the neighboring church, where it was lighted at the flames of the sanctuary light, signifying the new light that had come into the world on this night.

Beaulieu on National Debts. M. Beaulieu declares that the world at the present time is badly governed; that it is in the hands of incurable prodigals and improvident experimenters. As proof of this position he points to the public debts of all countries, which show a decided tendency to multiply, not by reason of stress of extraordinary circumstances, such as war or national disaster, but because the credit of nations is extended to enterprises which should remain within the field of private endeavor.

WHAT PATTY DID

by CLAUDINE Sisson



ND it had come to pass that on this day before Christmas a man not old in years sat in his room at a hotel in a strange town and felt himself of all the world the most lonely. High and low, rich and poor, mingled in the procession of happy shoppers without. He alone had no thought for

It went back five years. He, the son of a railroad magnate, had dared to fall in love with the blue-eyed daughter of a locomotive driver on his father's road—a man whose face and hands carried grime—who dwelt in a cottage—who had no society outside of daily toilers. And he had dared stand before the father who thought himself specially created and say:

"Father, I going to be married."
"Well!"
"To Gladys Davis."
"Never heard of her."
"The daughter of one of our engineers."

There was a moment of painful suspense and then the storm broke.
"You shall not! You are either a fool or a lunatic to think of it. An engineer's daughter! Think of your mother-of me-of your sister—the disgrace! You must have lost your senses!"

"But I am to marry her," was the steady reply.
"I say no! If the jade has trapped you into an engagement buy her off. The father must use his influence or take his discharge."
"But we love and are promised to each other."

In the next half hour the father stormed and cajoled. If the son insisted on such a marriage he would be cast out by the family; he would be ridiculed even by the common people. And the magnate ended up with:
"Fred, I will have the engineer called up here and give him a check for a thousand dollars and tell him that this nonsense must end."
"We shall be married three days from now," was his answer.

In reply to that the father pointed to the door, and the son bowed and passed out to be son no longer. He had money that had been left him by an aunt, and the father could not threaten him with poverty.
Love may always be right, but it can be so influenced as to be seemingly a mistake. The marriage took place and Fred Dillingham was ostracized. He was not kindly welcomed in the other stratum. If there is a gulf between the rich man and the workman the latter resents intrusion as much as the former. There was love, but after a few months it was influenced from both sides. Both husband and wife were made to fear that a grave mistake had been made. They fought away the idea and sought to hold their love, but that brought irritations and vexations and culminated in misunderstandings and quarrels. After two years there was a separation. Neither really desired it. It was what the gossips had predicted, and what they strove to bring about.

There was more sorrow than anger when the young husband turned his back on wife and infant a year old and went out into the world as a wanderer. The wife went back to her father's cottage, but not to struggle with poverty. The husband been generous to her.

Five long years, and Fred Dillingham had not been heard of. As an outlaw without a family, whom should he write to and why? At three years of age the child, who had been named Patty, wandered in her childish way why she hadn't a papa. At five she demanded to know. At six she stood before the embarrassed mother in indignation and threatened to go out and find one.

And at last the wanderer had re-crossed the sea and headed for his home. He was tired and weary and lonely. Home? But he had none! He had left it when he left wife and baby. This struck him like a sudden blow, though he had all along realized it in a general way. No home—no wife—no child! That was why he had left the train and taken lodgings. He had no place to go. With money in his pockets, he was a tramp.

And to know that Christmas was at hand, and to hear the jingle of sleigh

bells and catch the shouts of children on the street—to wonder if his child still lived, and to wonder further what old Santa Claus would bring her—why, the man cursed the fears he could not keep back.

A quarter of an hour later the outlaw was down on the street. He would mingle with the throng. He would enter the stores under the evergreen branches and look about him—aye, make a purchase and be Santa Claus to some big-eyed child on the street. He was an outlaw, but the world should not crowd him quite to the edge. He was almost smiling as he crowded his way into a big store, and he was looking about him when a small, warm hand was cuddled into his and a child's voice said:

"Please take care of me 'till mamma finds me—I'm lost!"

It was a little girl, and on her face was both a smile and a look of anxiety.

"Why, of course," replied the outlaw, pressing her hand and drawing her back a little. "So you came here with your mother after Christmas things and got separated?"

"That's it, only I think she ran away from me so that I shouldn't know what Santa Claus was going to bring me tomorrow night."

"I hope it will be something nice." "Oh, it will be. Are you buying something for your little girl?"

"No-o-o."
"Maybe she's dead?"
"I—I don't know."

The girl looked up and noticed the grave expression on the outlaw's face, and cuddled closer to him and said:

"I'm sorry if I have hurt you. Mamma says I talk too much. I've just thought that maybe you are not married at all?"

"I guess that's pretty near it," replied the outlaw as he tried to laugh, but made poor work of it.

"Well, if you haven't got any little girl I haven't got any papa. What you going to buy?"

"Why, whatever you say?"
"But not for me?"

"Yes, for you. We'll select something, and then when your mother comes I'll ask her if she'll let you have it."

"I hope she will. You look to be such a nice man that she shouldn't refuse. I picked you out as the very nicest man that came along."

"Thank you," said the outlaw as he felt his heart grow big. "Now, then, about this doll. Real hair, eyes that wink, pink shoes and almost as big as you are. She'll be a sister to you."

"And how much is it?"
"Only ten dollars."

"My, but can you pay that much! If you can you must be rich."

"But you see I have no little girl of my own."

"That's so. Isn't Christmas nice? Do you know—there's mamma over there! Let me run and tell her."

The outlaw turned his back on the crowd and gritted his teeth and winked his eyes.

He had been hit hard. Three or four minutes passed and then a hand pulled at his and a voice said:

"Please, mister nice man, tell me your name, that I may introduce you to mamma. I think she will let me have the doll."

The outlaw turned and gasped and his face went white.

"Gladys!"
"Fred!"
"You here!"
"And you!"

"And this is our daughter!"
"Our Patty. Father was discharged from the road and moved over here to take another run."

It was the next day, and Patty was sitting on her father's knee and the happy mother was wiping tears from her eyes, when the child said:

"Say, mamma, I just picked him out as the very nicest man in all that big crowd, and I didn't make any mistake, did I? Don't anybody sit down on my doll and give her a pain!"

"Made it Work."
A week before the Christmas holidays an undergraduate wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other students. He had, however, used up all the absences from the lectures which are allowed, and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandary he hit upon this solution; he telegraphed his father the following message:

"Shall I come home at my leisure or straight home?"
The answer he received was: "Come straight home."

An exhibition of the telegram to the professors was sufficient.

An Assurance.
"Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is a large family gathered about festive board?"
"I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance that there is not going to be enough turkey left to supply the menu for the next few days."

The CHRISTMAS BRIDE

By IZOLA FORRESTER



UST in time for the wedding, Clive. Wish you merry Christmas! Gee, but it's bully to see you home again. Three years since you walked on this old platform, waiting for the down train. How have they treated you down east?"

"Fine, thanks, Mr. Dunkley," Clive answered heartily. "Whose wedding am I in time for? I want to load up with gifts."

"Guess you'll have to. It's in your own family. Bob finally got her." Clive turned quickly as the old station agent went chuckling toward the express office trundling a truck of baggage. He followed him, his dark eyes keen and troubled.

"Got whom, Mr. Dunkley? I haven't heard any news from home for weeks. I've been abroad since June, and just got back in time to catch the express west for Christmas. So you see it's all a surprise to me."

"Surprise to all the town. Never thought Bob had the nerve to ask a girl to marry him, let alone that spunky little Lawrence once."

The name struck Clive like a whip-lash. He called good-night and hurried over to where the old station hack waited.

The driver called a cheery Christmas greeting to him, and he answered it, but as they swung up the long rock hill toward the town, he leaned back and shut his eyes and wished he had never come back.

Not that he had any hold on her. There had never been a formal engagement. He had no right to ask a girl to marry him when he was only a young cub just out of college with his standing to win first. But she had known, ah, but she had known well where he stood, and how he loved her. He could see her now, small and slender at sixteen, still in short skirts, her dark curls flying in the wind, deep dimples at the corners of her mouth, and the swift flashing smile that eyes and mouth and dimples joined in. Yet it had been more than beauty that had held him true through the years. There had been a look in her eyes, a look of abiding faith and clean, straight honor, that he had loved and trusted. The memory of that look had brought him back over the sea, to find her this Christmas and tell her that now he could claim her.

Bob! Stolid, good old Bob. While he had been playing globe trotter, trying to catch the flying heels of a madcap, wayward fortune, Bob had stayed quietly at home and won the girl he loved.

There in the dingy, chilly interior of the old hack Clive fought out his battle with himself. He would be game, he said; he would not mar their happiness with one word or look. He could not go back. There was his mother. He could not give up seeing her merely because Fate had given him a knockout blow, not exactly in the solar plexus, but a trifle to the left.

"All out," shouted the driver jovially, pulling up short before the great old mansion on the hill, with its baroque of tall pines, heavy now with snow. "Wish I was in Bob Patterson's boots tonight. Turned on some illumination didn't they? And, oh, listen to the band. Thank you, sir, that gives the misus and kids at home a little extra celebration."

Clive picked up his two suit cases and swung up the gravel path, hesitated at sight of the brilliantly lighted rooms, and turned quietly around to the side door that he had had occasion to use many a time before when he had been out late larking.

It was unlocked, and there was no one in sight. It was still early, about 6:30. Probably the family was at dinner. Yet some one was playing softly in the long music room south of the library. He stood in the dimly lighted hall listening, old memories

sweeping over him. It was only a little quaint Christmas carol that Fay had always loved. Years ago, when she had first come to live with them, a little forlorn kiddie, orphaned and with no one but his father to act as guardian, she had loved that carol, and always sang it at holiday time. He heard her voice now and gripped his hands as he listened.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild—
She saw his figure reflected in the tall mirror and rose with a half-frightened cry.

"Don't, dear," he said, brokenly, hurrying to meet her. He forgot Bob and all he had heard, and saw only her. "I just got in—nobody knows I am here yet—why, dear—"

She was sobbing on his shoulder, her hands, wrenched from his grasp, held his head against her cheek. Clive saw she was dressed in white soft satin that crushed under his clasp like bruised flowers; he felt he was robbing Bob, and yet there in the dear old room they both knew so well, in the tender winter gloom, he held her close, and kissed her—lips, hair, wet eyelids—and forgot all except the splendor of the night have been.

"They won't miss you," she managed to say finally, pushing back his face and holding it in her hands at a safe distance. "I'm so sorry—but you see I was thinking of you, and—"

and wanting to see you so, and then suddenly I looked, and you were here, right here, with me."

"And too late," he added bitterly. "Oh, no, you're not, Clive," she flashed back earnestly. "They haven't been married yet."

"Bob and Gretchen?"
"Gretchen! Who the devil is Gretchen? I beg your pardon, Fay—you don't know what I've suffered—"

—isn't Bob going to marry you?" She looked at him for a moment in utter shocked silence, then laughed her old ringing, gay laugh that he loved.

"I marry Bob—Bob? You silly, silly—"

"Go ahead. Call me what you like. Who's this person Gretchen, anyway?"

"She's my cousin, Gretchen Lawrence. She came to spend her summer vacation with me, and Bob fell in love with her. That's all, Clive."

"Ah!" Clive sighed and drew her into his arms again. They would make it a double wedding just to pay him back for the misery of the last half hour. Yes, they would. And he'd go back and punch that old fellow's head down at the station for not telling him it was Gretchen Lawrence instead of Fay.

"Oh, Clive, let me go," she whispered. "They're all at dinner, and you know your mother—"

"I know all about it," said Clive, comfortably. He raised her chin gently and looked into the dear, true eyes he had trusted. Fay did not know all that lay behind that look, how, mentally, he knelt in all humility and asked for forgiveness. Yet all he said was:

"I forgot to wish you Merry Christmas, dear!"

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ALL ABOUT THE MISTLETOE

Popular Christmas Plant Is a Parasite and in Olden Times Was Considered Sacred.

Although in the majority of American and English homes mistletoe is displayed at Christmas time, it is remarkable how little is known of this curious plant. Mistletoe is a parasitic growth, appearing most frequently on apple trees, although it is also found on evergreens and on poplar, hawthorn, pear and oak trees, but very rarely on the last named. It is an evergreen bush, about four feet in length, thickly crowded with branches and leaves. Unlike all other plants, its leaves extend down as well as up. The plant flowers every year, but does not bear the little whitish berries until it is four years old. The mistletoe proper is a native of Europe, especially of England and Normandy. In olden times it was considered a sacred plant, because its berries grow in clusters of three—emblematic of the Trinity. The ancient Celts used to hang sprigs of mistletoe around their necks as a safeguard from witches. The maid that was not caught and kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married within the year, so the tradition goes. According to the old rules the ceremony was not properly performed unless a berry was pulled off after each kiss and presented to the maiden. When all the berries were gone the privilege ceased.

Christmas Presents.

"I thought it better to get you something useful," said Mr. Dobb to his wife, "so I have bought you a couple of good brooms for your Christmas present."

"That was very thoughtful of you, my dear," replied Mrs. Dobb. "I share your ideas, and have bought a good, strong coal-scuttle for you to carry up coals from the cellar in."

FANELLA'S CHRISTMAS SUPPER

By SUSAN GLENN



Miss Fanella Fenway the flurry of Christmas snow was not beautiful as she hurried through deepening twilight.

Though possessing a certain distinctive air, her coat was pitifully thin and inadequate. Though neatly blackened, her shoes leaked and she wore no rubbers. It is small wonder that the storm seemed merciless and cold. But when she turned in at the big stone gateway, her shoulders straightened proudly.

"The old Fenway place," she murmured, glancing about the gloomy, unkept grounds, "and I am the last of the Fenways."

"If you were not it would go hard with them," interjected that other half of Miss Fenway's nature that was always ridiculing her Fenway pride. "Unless," with malicious emphasis, "they chanced to be also impervious to cold and hunger!"

Miss Fanella's lips trembled as she unlocked the great front door—upon no condition did she ever leave or enter the house by any of its other numerous entrances.

She lighted the small oil lamps that stood on the marble top of the hall buffet, placed her coat and hat on the carved rack, and peered closely into the great mirror.

"Tomorrow is Christmas, and your birthday," she whispered accusingly, "and—no one has remembered it! Not one of your old friends! You are alone."

"Of course, I am alone," spoke the Fenway pride complacently. "Who is

friend now the wife of a successful financier.

Miss Fanella's hand trembled, her face was drawn and white.

"A nurse maid," she moaned at last bitterly, "a common nurse maid!" She put it kindly, and it is kind of her to think of me in my destitution, but that is what it means. Yet, isn't it better than cold and loneliness and starvation? I'm tired of being different from other people. I'll try being as common as the commonest for a while."

Suddenly the great bell pealed through the resounding old rooms. She lifted the little lamp in wonderment and threaded her way again through the icy gloom. No tradespeople called at the house, and certainly not at the big front door! And generations of superiority had taught the neighbors the futility of calling at the Fenway portals.

Nelson Travers stood in the porch, the big white flakes heaped upon his broad shoulders.

"Good evening, Fanella," he said as if he had parted with her but yesterday. Tomorrow is your birthday, I believe, and Christmas, too. Will you come for a ride with me?"

Miss Fanella gasped, as well she might. This, after fifteen years of silence! Had it taken him so long to recover from the repulse of old Madam Fenway?

"What will the neighbors think?" she gasped.

"You are thirty-six tomorrow, are you not, Fanella? Isn't that old enough to act as you please regardless of the neighbors?"

"I suppose it is, Nelson," she admitted with a smile. "But where?"

"Will you trust me this once, Fanella? I promise to bring you back whenever you wish."

Miss Fanella looked into the white night. Was she dreaming, or could this unlikely thing really have happened in the deadening monotony of her life?

What difference did it make, anyway. Henceforth she would be only a nursemaid. She looked back into Nelson Travers' honest eyes pleading with her to trust him. About her the stately old furniture upon which her pride had fed so many years, pleaded in vain.

"Yes," she said, "I'll come. I do not know how far I shall go, though."

The man stepped into the old hall and held her coat. His lips closed over his displeasure when he felt the weight of it.

She did not remember the worn gloves on the hall table, and only thought about locking the door when she saw Travers slip the key into his deep pocket.

Wrapped in robes, she seemed unconscious of the storm, realizing only the pleasant sensation of companionship and warmth.

She was not even surprised when he drew up before a low, ample house and lifted her carefully to the doorstep.

"I'll be in in a minute," he told her. "Take off your wraps and get warm."

Miss Fanella, her heart beating high at her own audacity, opened the broad door.

The wide, low rooms within opened pleasantly together, lighted by candles on the mantels, and by softly shaded lamps.

"How pleasant," said Miss Fanella aloud, going to the open fire, and thinking of her little stove in the butler's pantry.

"I have dreamed of you sitting here," said Travers quietly, coming to her. "And now I am going to ask you to eat supper with me—a Christmas supper, you know."

"I shall be most delighted," answered Miss Fanella with a smile. The Fenway pride was mute for once. It was a quiet supper. Fanella poured the tea, conscious that her companion's eyes were following her, and she enjoyed herself with a fierce, defiant sort of enjoyment.

"Fanella," said the man, leading her back to the fire, "I will bless you forever for coming with me. I wanted you to see my home, to understand just how simple and unpretentious it is. I know I am only a 'common farmer,' but I've always loved you, Fanella. I cannot endure it to see you live as you do, alone in that great house. Won't you let me take care of you, dear? I know I am not good enough for you. I realize what it must seem like to you here, but—"

"It is comfortable and—beautiful, Nelson." Her voice broke over the words. "But I do not deserve it. I was not fair and honest with you—for I cared, always. I let my pride and my family interfere!"

"Oh," she cried, shaken by sudden, fierce sobs, "why did you never come back? They always do in stories—I could not believe it was all over when you went away!"

"Do you mean," said Travers, "that you would have given me a different answer if I had come back, Fanella?" She held out her hands—true Fenway hands. "Don't you know, dear, that all women are privileged to change their minds?" she asked.

"What a fool I've been, Fanella," groaned Travers, holding her close. "Fifteen years! Tell me, when did you repent your coldness?"

"Before you had reached the gate," whispered Fanella, penitently.

For the Old Folks.

Cora (aged ten), to Reggie (aged eleven)—Yes. The games are a wretched bore. But, then, it's Christmas, you know, and the old people do so expect to enjoy themselves.

Civil and Highway Engineering.

The college of Civil Engineering of the State University of Kentucky will open on Jan. 6, 1913, the second annual course in Municipal and Highway Engineering, and a very large attendance is expected.

This course will be open to all students of the state free of charge, and persons applying for admission will be admitted without reference to educational qualifications. The entire cost of the course, including board, books and traveling expenses, ought, at the outside, not to be over fifty dollars.

The subjects of Surveying, Leveling, Mapping, making Profiles, Road Construction and Maintenance, Specifications, City Streets, Paving and Highway Bridges will be studied and discussed.

From time to time during the course experts on the various subjects under consideration will lecture to the classes, thus giving them the benefit of years of practical experience.

It is hoped that every man in the state interested in municipal or highway problems will make it a point to be at this session and get the most out of the course in every way. No effort will be spared to make this work interesting and profitable to all in attendance.

Persons receiving these notices and who can not go, or not interested in this particular line of work, will confer a great favor on us by passing the communication along to someone who would be likely to go and profit by the instructions offered.

A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles, removing gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from this and other states. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.

Corn Wanted.

Will pay 50c., per bushel for merchantable white shucked corn delivered at the mill. Bring on your corn while we are paying a premium.

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n21

A Des Moines man had an attack of muscular rheumatism in his shoulder. A friend advised him to go to Hot Springs. That meant an expense of \$50.00 or more. He sought for a quicker and cheaper way to cure it and found it in Chamberlain's Liniment. Three days after the first application of this liniment he was well. For sale by all dealers.

—Philadelphia Bulletin: De Quoter—Talk is cheap. McFact—Rats! My wife talked me out of \$50 for a coat an hour ago.



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ONE MORE APPEAL

TO MY DEMOCRATIC FRIENDS.

Several times when there was but little, or no hope for success, I have sacrificed my own interest and at the earnest solicitation of the democrats of this Co. have run for the office of Judge of the Crit. Co. Court when no one else seemed willing to make the sacrifice. But for the sake of party organization the ticket had to be made out, the contest fought, with the usual result, our ticket defeated except now and then a favorite on the side a winner. Unfortunately for me I have yielded too often to the request of my friends and have gone down, with other sacrificing democrats in defeat; but never until every inch of ground was contested. I believed at the time that I was serving my party and giving to it my very best service in order to keep the fires of democracy burning and its organization intact.

Not only in our fights for county offices have I given the strength of my younger manhood but I have gone out upon the stump in Crittenden Co., for other candidates and in almost every national and state election since I have been a voter and done what I could. No man deserves reward for voting his principles. This is a duty he owes not only to himself and those around his own fireside but it is a duty he owes to his country as well. The party owes no man anything except a debt of gratitude. I do not claim that my services have been worth more perhaps than any other good democrat, but who of my opponents would take their place upon a county ticket in Crittenden County to run for an office and sacrifice their time and business interests, in the interest of any man or ticket or the democratic party? Not one of them. I venture the assertion that the unanimous appeal of the democratic party in Crittenden County would not persuade a single one of them to accept a place on the ticket until someone else lands the party safely in the democratic column. Its a mighty nice thing to pluck the fruit after it has been matured by the labor and sweat of another man's brow.

The greatest living American today, the man to whom we are most indebted for the great Democratic victory on the Fifth Day of November last, the man that set in motion the reform and progressive ideas that are taking hold upon the American people and shaping legislation in Congress has three times been defeated for the office of President, and I predict that the crown of thorns he has so gently lifted from the brow of the American

citizens by his pen and matchless leadership in the Baltimore Convention will in the course of time be pressed as it were upon his own brow. Bryan perhaps will never be president. If it was in my power I would elevate him to the seat of the highest executive office in the land, that of President. I believe that it is nothing but right to reward a man not for doing his duty, but for the sacrifice he makes for others. If any candidate for the Post Office has sacrificed more for the Democratic party than I have and received less; vote for him. If you think I have yielded to my party's call and done it a service the others would not do, not for reward but from a sense of duty, vote for me. I am asking my democratic friends now for an office that is entirely within their gift, without the aid or assistance of any other party and may I not expect my friends in this struggle to come to my aid one more time? I will never ask you for another county office.

All ready some scheming politicians are suggesting my name for the office of County Judge in 1913. This is evidently done for the purpose of swinging of my support to some one of the other candidates and to make my friends feel justified in supporting some one else for postmaster and me for Judge. I beg my friends not to be duped in this way. I have already been sacrificed on that altar too often I would not have the office if given me without opposition. If I am the strong man as they say, to run for Judge, why I am not, for the position I am asking? You see the fallacy of their argument. And right here I want to warn my friends against any dark horse, I am for a fight in the open, fair play and a square deal. I want to say that I have no promises out. If elected I shall give my democratic supporters, their sons and daughters an opportunity to stand the civil service examination for any of the clerkships in the office and I promise you, that the authorities who appoint same will be left without my influence to select them upon their merits. This will give every one a chance for these positions. What could be more fair? Have any of the other applicants offered as much. These clerkships have been promised. Has one of the names offered you? If not have you the assurance from any applicant that your son or your daughter, or your yourself young man will have an opportunity to fill one of these places? If I am elected you will have. I hope this will set at rest the current report that if elected I would make a family affair of it.

I am in the hands of my Democratic friends. It is with you. May I beg you one more time to remain loyal to me and not desert me in this the one opportunity and the only one you may ever have to help me. Whatever the result may be I shall remain a Democrat and loyal to my friends and the Democratic party. The third Saturday in January between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. is the time fixed for the primary to be held in Marion when you can by secret ballot express your choice of the candidates in the field.

Your friend,
J. G. ROCHESTER

Farmers' Week and Agricultural Short Courses.

The week of January 6-11, 1913, has been designated by the Agricultural College of the Kentucky State University, at Lexington, as Farmers' Week. Following this will come the regular winter short course of ten weeks, arranged especially for the practical, busy farmer.

The Farmers' Week is no new thing, as it has become one of the annual events arranged by the Extension Department of the College.

The week will be occupied by the annual conventions of the various breeders' associations and other farmers' organizations of Kentucky. Tuesday has been designated as Swine day; Wednesday, Corn day; Thursday, Sheep and Horticultural day; Friday, Dairy Cattle day, and Saturday, Horse and Beef Cattle day.

The state corn show, the horticultural show and the dairy show will be conducted throughout the entire week, a regular course of lectures accompanying.

While the programs of the various meetings will be largely filled by members of the associations, there will be men of national reputation in the various lines who will deliver the principal addresses.

It is earnestly hoped that a large number of persons will bring or send their corn, dairy products horticultural products to exhibit or to compete for the prizes. The corn show includes the junior department.

The women have not been neglected in the arrangements for Farmers' Week, for a special school of Household Economics has been provided for them.

Negotiations are under way for securing a reduced rate over all railroads. Boarding places at reasonable rates can be secured by asking the Superintendent of the Extension Division, at the college building.

No expense or trouble has been spared to make the week as pleasant and profitable as can possibly be arranged and no farmer can afford to let this opportunity slip, as this is also the best chance that can be afforded for meeting and getting personally acquainted with the best farmers and breeders of our own state and many from other states.

Immediately following Farmers' Week will begin the Short Course in Agriculture, intended for the practical farmer. This course con-

tinues until the middle of March. This season is selected on account of its being the one when the farmer can best leave home.

The facilities for teaching are perhaps as good at the Kentucky Agricultural College as at any other place in the country, especially in regard to live stock and dairying.

All is absolutely free. Full information, premium lists and programs will be sent on application to T. R. BRYANT, Supt. Extension Division, College of Agriculture, Lexington, Ky.

LUNG DISEASE
"After four in our family had died of consumption I was taken with a frightful cough and lung trouble, but my life was saved and I gained 87 pounds through using
DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
W. R. Patterson, Wellington, Tex.
PRICE 50c and \$1.00 AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

LOST.

Black leather pocket book containing four five dollar bills, one note of Charlie Fritts, receipt from J. W. Blue for \$25. Lost 1/2 mile east of the Crittenden Springs. Return to me at once and receive reward.

H. B. MITCHEL.
Salem Star Route.

—Columbia, S. C., State: Type-writer supplies—bonbons.

J. N. Dean

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Notice Of Tax Sale.

By virtue of taxes due the city of Marion, Crittenden County, Ky., for the years 1909, 1910, 1911, and 1912, by the following named persons, I will, on Monday the 13th day of January 1913, being County Court day for said County, between the hours of one o'clock P. M. and three o'clock P. M. at the Court House door in Marion Crittenden County Ky., expose to public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property (or so much thereof as is necessary to satisfy the amount of the taxes herein named and costs) to-wit:

Julia Cruce (col.) one lot in Marion, taxes, 1910, '11, and '12 \$8.70.

Robert L. Flanary Dec. 1910 one lot in Marion \$9.95.

J. W. Givens one lot in Marion taxes, 1908, '10, '11, and '12 \$37.42.

Willis E. Bell one lot in Marion, taxes, 1909, '11, and '12, \$8.67.

J. F. LOYD,
City Tax Collector.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that most infectious diseases such as whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever are contracted when the child has a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will quickly cure a cold and greatly lessen the danger of contracting these diseases. This remedy is famous for its cures of colds. It contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given to a child with implicit confidence. Sold by all dealers.

What would be nicer for a Christmas gift than a set of Furniture. Something your loved one could keep for a life time and then hand down to your heirs, or a Davenport, or a Chiffonier, or Rocker, or chair.

We have China Closets, Dining Tables, Library Tables. We have Hall Trees. R. F. DORR,
The Furniture Man.

What Editors Have To Do.

Our old friend, C. J. Pierce, who has great sympathy for married men, as well as editors, married or unmarried, handed us the following clipping:

"Most anyone can be an editor. All an editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days in the week, four weeks of the month, and twelve months in the year, and 'edit' such as this:

"Mrs. Jones, of Lost Creek, let a can-opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry." "John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from a church social last Saturday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square.

"Isaac Trimmer, of Lebanon, was playing with a cat Friday, when it became angry and

scratched him on the veranda." "Mr. White, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn crib." —Boston Globe.

Fools A Foul Plot.

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 25 cents at James H. Orme's and Haynes & Taylor's.

Notice to the Public.

On Jan. 1st 1913 At Carrsville Ky., I will sell to the highest bidder the following property to-wit:

Twenty head of good mules, A lot of stock, cattle and some good jersey cows, a lot of stock and stalk field hogs, 2000 bu. of good corn, good corn shredder and power wood saw, carbide gas light plant for the home, high grade piano and household goods.

I will also sell my fine black Mammoth registered Jack, 5 yrs old, 15 1/2 hands, 34 1/2 from tip to tip on ear. The best one I have ever seen in Kentucky guaranteed every way to be gilt edged. Bad health, am going South cause of sale. Terms 12 months, 6 per cent. interest.

T. B. HALL.

Col. W. D. Bishop } Auctioneers
Col. Shade Austin }

—Chicago News: Lucile—Carrie told me May is a jealous miss. Maudie—Jealous? Why, when she gazes into a mirror she hates to see herself look nice.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

I Will Prove It To You At My Expense.

YOU WHO ARE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF ECZEMA, WHOSE DAYS ARE MISERABLE, WHOSE NIGHTS ARE MADE SLEEPLESS BY THE TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING PAINS. LET ME SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL OF THE TREATMENT WHICH HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHICH I BELIEVE WILL CURE YOU. I WILL SEND IF FREE. POSTAGE PAID, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART. JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, OR SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. I WILL SEND THE TREATMENT FREE OF COST TO YOU. J. C. HUTZELL, 123 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



NOT A CANDIDATE FOR POSTMASTER!

But would like to write your Fire insurance. This agency represents only Companies that pay their losses promptly and with a smile. Suppose you let us talk the matter over with you anyhow. Our office is upstairs over the Farmers Bank, or we have two telephones. Let's talk the matter over. Remember we write all kinds of insurance, ie: Fire, Lightning, Windstorm, Health, Accident Life, Etc. We can write your Bond--do you need one?

We Write The Best Farm Insurance In The World. Investigate!

No Agency Has
Better Rates

C. V. OAKLEY

THE FELLOW THAT APPRECIATES YOUR BUSINESS.

Office over Farmers Bank
Marion, Kentucky.

BLOOMING ROSE (Delayed from last week.)

Roy Malcome returned from Fairview, Ill., Saturday. Johnnie and Willie Bealmear of Sheridan visited Claud Belt Wednesday.

Ben Watson and family visited at Collin McElury's Saturday and Sunday.

Lawrence Brazier of Hampton was in this section Friday.

Leslie Little moved to his new home Monday.

J. D. Foley and Miss Rosa Todd of Lola visited at John Malcome's Sunday.

Misses Verda Hoover and Nettie Vaughn spent Sunday with Miss Bertie Heriges.

Miles and Phenis Watson were in Marion Monday.

Miss Ona Malcome is our Hello girl at Lola, again.

Blooming Rose school has purchased a new \$15 book-case.

Mrs. John Malcome and daughter, Ona, were in Lola Friday.

Miss Bertie Heriges spent Thanksgiving in Marion.

The remains of Dick Champion of Salem who died in the hospital in Louisville, were laid to rest in the Ditney grave-yard Thursday. The floral offerings were beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Hoover of Irma visited his mother, Mrs. Nancy Hearrell, Sunday.

Frank Singleton and family visited his brother, Authur, Sunday.

Forest Heriges was in Marion Monday.

Dallas Little has moved to the house vacated by his brother, Leslie.

Dr. Davis and Mark Foley of Lola passed through this section Friday.

S. A. Wheeler and family visited J. Belt's at Lola, Saturday.

Mrs. Nancy Hearrell will have a sale, Saturday, Dec. 21st, after which she will go to Wheatcroft to live with her son, Rev. J. A. Wheeler.

Etha Sharp and family spent Saturday at Mrs. Sallie Watson's.

We noticed in the Boys' Corn Contest issued in last week's Press that Kenneth Clark of Rosedale won 3rd Prize. We are proud to say that Kenneth Clark was from Blooming Rose District, instead of Rosedale.

A WOMAN IS AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS

Thousands of women owe their youthful appearance to Newberry's Herpicide. No matter what may be her age, a woman with a nice head of hair, hair that is soft, glossy and fluffy, always looks younger than she is. Herpicide makes the hair beautiful with that sheen and shimmer which is so attractive and always indicates a healthy, natural growth. It keeps the scalp free from dandruff and the hair from falling out. There are remedies said to be "just as good," but Herpicide is the genuine original dandruff germ destroyer. One dollar size bottles are guaranteed.

HAYNES & TAYLOR

RODNEY (Delayed from last week.)

As the Baker correspondent asked what had become of the "Rodney Rambler," I will send in a few items to let them know that although I am a rambler I am still here to hand you the goods.

Rodney at present, is doing a great deal of business, it being near Xmas times.

Several from here attended the pound supper at Tom Wofford's Saturday night, and all who were present reported a jolly good time.

Miss Lola Nelson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Wittenberry, at De-Koven.

W. A. Newcom is building a new stock barn. The contractors are Bob Gahagan and Charley Cain.

Lisie Duncan is on the sick list.

There was a singing at Buck Nelson's Sunday night. All who attended reported a good time.

Come on Baker.

There will be preaching at Baker the third Sunday, by Rev. Lane.

FAMILY REUNION.

Sunday, Dec. 8th. D. H. King celebrated his 61st birthday with a family reunion. All the children and grandchildren being present. Those who were present and partook of the bountiful dinner that was spread before them that consisted of all the good things that an old time Vetron loves, and was of the latest foods of the day such as turkey and toast with chili sauce, float with a little sprouts to flavor with, a big fat goose with cranberries, a nice ham, fried potatoes, grapes, bananas, oranges, peanuts and popcorn. Those present were:—W. H. King and family, W. H. Black and family, H. L. Sullivan and family and his sister, Mrs. Lou Rissie Cain, of Weston, Arthur King, R. L. King, Misses Alpha Dillard, Vera and Ruth King, Ola and Fannie Black. All departed saying they had spent a good old fashioned day, and singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and "In Our Home Sweet Home Beyond The Sky." Mr. King received several nice birthday presents.

With best regards to the good old Record-Press and its many readers.

—Rambler.

Could Shout For Joy.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. B. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice, and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism Electric Bitters have no superior. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50 cents at Haynes & Taylor's and James H. Orme's.

TO AVOID TAXATION

Trust Delays the Purchase of Association Tobacco.

The Henderson Journal is of the opinion that the Tobacco Trust puts off the purchase of the Stemming District Association's tobacco in order to avoid taxation. In its Sunday issue the Journal says:—

"Believing that the city of Henderson is losing annually thousands of dollars, an effort is being put forth by Mayor W. I. Thompson and City Attorney John C. Worsham to remedy the condition relative to the taxation on tobacco

in the county.

The reason is clear why the farmers have not, for the past ten years, had Christmas money to spend with merchants. It is because the buyers refuse to buy the Stemming District Association tobacco or any other before Jan. 10.

"It is claimed that by holding off the purchasing of the tobacco until after that date, the buyers avoid taxation on the tobacco crop. The city tax is \$1.55 on every hundred dollars, and if they were to buy it before that time the city would receive revenue amounting to nearly twenty thousand dollars.

"The Stemming District tobacco was purchased last year on January 5, and the contract called for deliveries to start on Jan. 11, one a happy Christmas because their tobacco had not been sold.

"At Owensboro this year that city loses \$15,000, nearly as much as Henderson, by the same stunt of the tobacco trust.

"For ten years or more these same conditions have prevailed. In all this time few farmers have had happy Christmas because their tobacco had not been sold.

"And the merchants of Henderson are among the sufferers. Right now, at the height of the Christmas season, tobacco money for the farmers would come in handy.

"Before the tobacco trust came to Henderson there were twenty-two independent tobacco buyers. And they were not as wise as the trusts. By an investigation of the city tax collector's books it is found that a large portion and sometimes practically all of the tobacco crop was sold before Christmas.

"And the city received in that time taxes from the immense crops brought to the city early. Those taxes amounted to thousands of dollars, and frequently an independent tobacco buyer paid no less than \$1,000 taxes to the city, which is nearly as much as paid by all the trusts together at this time.

"Mayor Thompson and City Attorney Worsham are making an effort to remedy the condition.

"The mayor stated that he believed that the tobacco should not be taxed ad valorem, but a tax fixed on the hogshead, which would be assessed in May and which would be about equal to the assessment on the tobacco crop were it brought in time for taxation. "If this is done there will be no more trouble about the city running short of funds, and by investigation it will be found that this has been the big leak hole and is the reason why the city is in no better financial shape today."

You will find that druggists everywhere speak well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. They know from long experience in the sale of it that in cases of coughs and colds it can always be depended upon, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

Death of Judge Thurmond.

B. Frank Burton of the Repton section received the news last week of the news of his Uncle Judge Felix Grady Thurmond at Colorado, Texas. Some of our older citizens no doubt remember Judge Thurmond. He was a brother of Phillip Thurmond of Mrs. Mary J. Burton wife of J. H. Burton, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Thurmond wife of John O. Burton all long since deceased, and also of Mrs. Pernecia Henry Thias of St. Louis, Mo. He was a cousin of Peter Stephens of this county.



The Corset that don't rust, we have them to fit any form, carried in stock \$1. to \$2. Will order Special from \$1. to \$10. Sold by Taylor & Cannan

CALDWELL SPRINGS (Delayed from last week.)

Died at her home at Flat Rock, Ky., Mrs. H. E. Blackburn, at 12 o'clock on Nov. 29th, aged 73 years. She professed religion and joined the C. P. church at Old Bethlehem, Caldwell county, Ky., in early girlhood. She afterwards moved her membership to Flat Rock, being one of the charter members of that church. She was married to W. H. Blackburn Feb. 13, 1860. To this union were born ten children:—four girls and six boys, all of whom survive her except two. They are Ida B. Pilaut, of Fredonia; T. W. Blackburn, of Marion; James W. Blackburn, of Zilla, Wash.; Ed Blackburn, of Sikeston, Mo.; P. J. Blackburn, of Fredonia; Oda Moore, of Flat Rock, and Laura Brown, of Enon. All of the children were at her bedside except James. The smile on her dear old face told us that she was done with troubles and was going home to Heaven. She was one of the best women we ever saw. She was a practical christian, always doing work for the Master. She will be greatly missed by the church and community. Her body was laid to rest in the Rowland graveyard. Rev. King, of Blackford, officiating. Dear children, weep not for mother for she has gone to that happy clime where sorrows are unknown, where there is no more death or pain or tears. Strive to meet her in that

glorious home where there will be no more parting.—A Friend.

Monday was the coldest day we have had this winter.

Dan Riley has been quite sick for several days.

Mrs. Ethel Pilaut and children, of Sikeston, Mo., arrived here Sunday on a visit to relatives and friends.

Blanton Glenn left last week for Cairo, Ill., where he will enter business of some kind.

Virgil Rodgers, who fell from a loaded wagon last week and broke his leg, is having a serious time with blood poison. His leg has been amputated the third time.

Tom Riley is on the sick list.

We, on Rural Route No. 2, have one of the most obliging and clever rural mail carriers in the State. He is none other than Tom Bugg, of Fredonia. He never forgets that he is a servant of the people.

Judging from the signs of the times some preacher will tie a knot here in the near future.

Willie Pilaut and wife will locate in Princeton, where they anticipate going into the grocery business.

Rev. Ben Hyde, of Gilbertsville, has been called as pastor of our church for the coming year.

Willie Harris, of Harrisburg, Ill., is visiting friends here.

The object of the F. E. C. U. of A., is to establish justice, to secure equity, to apply the golden rule, to discourage the credit and mortgage system, to assist the members in buying and selling, to strive for harmony and good will among all mankind and brotherly love among themselves. These with many other principles are what the organization stands for. It has a paid up membership of about 4,000,000 members. It has come to stay and we had just as well let it grow and spread.

TRY SOLACE AT OUR EXPENSE

Money Back for any case of

Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Headache that Solace Fails to Remove

SOLACE REMEDY is a recent medical discovery of three German Scientists that dissolves Uric Acid Crystals and Purifies the Blood. It is easy to take, and will not affect the weakest stomach.

It is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Law to be absolutely free from opiates or harmful drugs of any description.

SOLACE is a pure specific in every way, and has been proven beyond question to be the surest and quickest remedy for Uric Acid Troubles known to medical science, no matter how long standing. It reaches and removes the root of the trouble (Uric Acid) and purifies the blood.

THE SOLACE CO., of Battle Creek, are the Sole U. S. Agents and have thousands of voluntary testimonial letters which have been received from grateful people SOLACE has restored to health. Testimonial letters, literature and FREE BOX sent upon request.

R. Lee Morris, president of the First National bank of Chico, Texas, wrote the Solace Company as follows: "I want you to send a box of Solace to my father in Memphis, Tenn., for which I enclose \$1.00. This remedy has been used by some friends of mine here and I must say its action was wonderful.

(Signed) R. L. Morris. Put up in 25c, 50c and \$1 boxes. IT'S MIGHTY FINE TO BE WELL AND YOU CAN SOON BE SO BY TAKING SOLACE. "No Special Treatment Schemes or Fees." JUST SOLACE ALONE does the work, write today for the free box, etc.

**SOLACE REMEDY COMPANY,
Battle Creek, Mich.**

453m

CARRSVILLE ITEMS

(Delayed from last week.)

The mother of Allen Garrett, who resided a few miles from Carrsville, entered into eternal rest Sunday, December 8th.

Mr. Ottumwa S. Denny was in Marion attending church Sunday.

It is stated that \$1.75 per day and board is being paid ordinary laborers on railroad grading at Golconda. The company seem to want 100 men for this purpose.

The concrete lining used in the new zinc shaft at Carrsville seems to be a success, repeated shots or blasts made in sinking, has no effect upon the concrete, it stands as solid and firm as Governor Wilson does on tariff reduction.

See Lamb & Taylor about that subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal, only \$1.50 cents a year. Lamb & Taylor

at
Taylor & Cannon.

J. B. KEVIL LAWYER

NOTARY PUBLIC

Abstracting A Specialty,
Surveying and Draughting.

ROOM 1. PRESS BLDG.
MARION, KY.

Death of J. P. Boone

At Pine Bluff, Ark.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Dec. 2, '12. On the above date at the home of John King, in this city, Mr. J. P. Boone passed away, in the 89th year of his age.

He was the father of S. E. Boone and Mrs. Alice King. He was buried at the Bellwood cemetery, Pine Bluff, Ark., Dec. 3. He was a member of the Catholic church and lived up to that faith to the end of his life. He was in very good health to within a week of his death, when he took the grip, which resulted in his death.

Mr. Boone was born in Grayson county, Kentucky and spent several years in Webster county, near Blackford, and in Crittenden county, near Mattoon. He had been living in Arkansas 7 years and for three years had been blind and almost deaf.

Sleep, dear father, sleep, We hope again to meet In that home beyond the sky, Where we'll never say good-by. A FRIEND.

Famous Stage Beauties

look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blisters, Sores or Pimples. They don't have them. For all such troubles use Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glories the face. Excellent for Eczema or Salt Rheum, it cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains; heals burns, cuts and bruises. Unsurpassed for piles. 25 cents at Haynes & Taylor's and James H. Orme's.

When you have a bilious attack give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by all dealers

The Crittenden Record-Press

VOL. XXXV

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KY. THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 19 1912.

N. 25.

MISS NELLIE L. DEAN MARRIED.

Daughter of Dr. T. L. Dean, Former Resident Here, Marries A Prominent Texan.

Friends of the family in this city have received announcements reading as follows:

"Dr. T. L. Dean announces the marriage of his daughter, Nellie Love, to Charles Eugene Nichols, November twenty-eight, nineteen hundred and twelve, Barstow, Texas."

Miss Dean is a daughter of Dr. T. L. Dean, of Barstow, Texas, formerly of Marion and was born and reared to young womanhood here, and is remembered pleasantly by all her schoolmates and friends. Her brother, Joseph M. Dean, lives in the county at Al Dean's six miles north of the city.

The groom is a banker, planter and real estate dealer of his section, and is said to be one of the finest business men and best citizens in western Texas. The Press congratulates him on winning the heart and hand of one of the purest and best women ever transplanted from Kentucky to the "Lone Star" or any other state.

Ideal Fall.

The oldest inhabitant can not remember such a fall as we have had in this section this year. The 16th day of December and not a "bad" day yet recorded, and only two or three during which rain fell. As one farmer expressed it, "The corn crop has been practically all gathered and during the entire season only five hours lost because of the weather—two hours at one time and three at another."

—Sun.

The Crittenden Record-Press and Weekly Courier-Journal both one year for \$1.50.

Off for the Woolly West.

Senator P. S. Maxwell left Tuesday afternoon for Oklahoma and South West Texas on a business and pleasure trip to extend through the holidays.



Mrs. Miles Flanary who was the guest of her parents, Judge and Mrs. T. J. Nunn at Frankfort for several weeks returned home last week.

Rev. J. B. McNeely will preach at Crooked Creek next Sunday, subject, The Resurrection. The public invited.

Those to whom Hicks Almanacs have been promised can now get them as we received a batch of them this week.

Among the many fine monuments and memorials put up by Henry Bros. recently we noticed the following going out.

A marble monument for the wife of J. B. Parker at Joy, Ky. One for wife of W. W. Davenport, Kuttawa, Ky.

A fine marble monument for Rufus Maxwell Deboe at Crayne Ky., and many others in process of manufacture.

PROMINENT COUPLE

Went to Henderson Wednesday And Were United in Marriage.

Clarence Mayes of the firm, Mayes, Cavender & Stone, the well known young merchant and son of J. H. Mayes, the miller and capitalist, was united in marriage at Henderson, Wednesday, to Miss Velda Hicklin, daughter of Wm S. Hicklin, former deputy sheriff of this county.

There were very few of their friends who knew of their intention but to some few they divulged the secret before leaving for Henderson on the early train Wednesday morning. Miss Hicklin is related to the large family of that name and to the Lambs and is a young woman of refinement and quiet dignified manner, who is beloved by a host of friends here and where known. The groom is making his mark in the business world, is quite popular with his associates and is being congratulated on all sides on the good fortune which has befallen him.

Mrs. Escott Better.

The many friends in this city of Mrs. H. V. Escott wife of the well known minister will be glad to learn she is gradually but surely improving at the home of her daughter in Louisville. She hopes to be able to return here soon.

Carter-Ainsworth.

James Carter, jr. of the Union section and Miss Una Ainsworth, daughter of J. S. Ainsworth of this city went to Elizabethtown Tuesday and were united in marriage. It was not an elopement as there were no objections on either side but the young people wanted the novelty and hence their decision. The bride is a beautiful young girl and is a daughter of Seldon Ainsworth, one of our most substantial citizens and farmers. The groom is highly connected and is a sterling farmer. The young people are being congratulated on all sides on the happy consummation of their vows.

A PRETTY ROMANCE

Cupid Gets in His Work at Hopkinsville Infirmary.

Ever-busy Cupid invaded the precincts of the City Infirmary Sunday morning, October 20, the day of the wreck of the Illinois Central railroad excursion train.

Among the most seriously injured by the wreck was Mr. Walter S. Wood, of this county. The physician had Mr. Wood taken to the infirmary and he was put in charge of Miss Julia Breeding, of Hendersonville, N. C. The nurse was most faithful in her attendance on the injured man and she soon won his heart. After leaving the hospital he opened up a correspondence with Miss Breeding which culminated in an engagement, the nuptials to take place the day after Christmas at the Methodist church, Rev. A. R. Kaseo to officiate.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

The bride-to-be is a daughter of the Rev. S. K. Breeding and formerly resided here, where she has many friends who will rejoice at her good fortune and who will congratulate Mr. Wood on winning her heart and hand.

Frank Stone Dead.

As we go to press we learn of the death last night of F. M. Stone, of the Good Springs neighborhood. The remains were interred Tuesday afternoon at New Bethel, near where he was born and reared. The deceased was a first cousin of the Hon. W. J. Stone, Pension Commissioner of Kentucky.

Sorry To See Them Go.

There is general regret if not positive sorrow at the contemplated departure from the city, of W. L. Verner and his estimable wife who have held the most trying positions of ticket and express agents at the I. C. R. R. station here for several years. That they have been faithful and obliging at all times is a by-word in Marion and we predict 'twill be many a day before we shall see their equals and never their superiors for the places they occupied.

Found Hand Imbedded in Concrete.

Keokuk, Ia., Dec. 26.—A human hand protruding from tons of cement, the frame of which was removed several days ago, was found Saturday in one of the concrete pillars of the government dam across the Mississippi, and explains the disappearance several weeks ago of a laborer.

The man's body is imbedded in the solid concrete, and is likely to stay there, as to blast it out would destroy not only the body, but a great part of one of the largest blocks of cement composing the dam.

The Crittenden Record-Press and the Twice-a-Week St. Louis Globe-Democrat for \$1.50. Call for sample copy.

Brown-Fowler.

Mansfield Brown of Iron Bridge section and Miss Sallie Fowler of the Weston section were married at the Spees Hotel at high noon Wednesday, Dec. 18th, by Rev. W. T. Oakley in the presence of several friends. The groom is a substantial young farmer and son of the late Dock Brown, while the bride is a daughter of the widow Fowler, and a sister of Thos. Fowler and is an estimable young lady.



The Corset that don't rust, we have them to fit any form, carried in stock \$1. to \$2. Will order Special from \$1. to \$10. Sold by Taylor & Cannan

Miss Pearl Williford, an attractive belle of Harrisburg, Ill., who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Davidson at Hotel Crittenden the past week, left for home to-day. Miss Williford has a fine and well-trained voice and delighted the congregation at the First Baptist church Sunday with a solo of rare sweetness.

Uncle Josh Feels Better.

Uncle Josh had a talk with the City Attorney and the Marshal of Marion a few days ago and finds that they are on the lookout for the "jockeys" who were so rough on last court day. They say that they are going to try to break up this rowdyism and ask that those who know the names of the guilty parties will please tell them so that they can proceed against this gang.

While your Uncle did not have any officer in mind last week when he wrote to the Editor he is mighty glad that the horse is going to be looked after and that our officers have pledged themselves to see that this disgraceful conduct shall not be repeated. Let all the good citizens lend a helping hand, and see if we can't make it easier on the noblest of all dumb beasts and show our boys that they cannot do so bad and be allowed to go unnoticed. —Uncle Josh.

To Organize Boys' Scouts.

Rev. Clinton S. Quinn of Paducah, will be in Marion next Friday night to organize a Boys' Scout Patrol here. He will speak to all who are interested in boys and the boys themselves at the Methodist church Friday night. All of the fathers and mothers are requested to come and hear Mr. Quinn.

Death of Mrs. Susan Threlkeld.

Monday morning at 2 o'clock at her home in the New Salem section, Mrs. Susan A. Threlkeld wife of R. Spillman Threlkeld died after a long illness of a complication of diseases. She had been afflicted for many years and was looked after with a tender solicitude by her faithful and devoted husband, who with one daughter the wife of E. K. Summers, survives her. Their only other child, a son, Rufus, died several years ago. Mrs. Threlkeld was born March 30th, 1843, and was a daughter of former Judge I. H. McCollum of Salem, a prominent jurist in the halcyon days of old Salem. One sister also survives her who is the wife of J. M. Ward who resides at Colliersville, 30 miles east of Memphis on the old Memphis and Charleston road and who visited her sister at intervals of a year or so. Mrs. Threlkeld was a member of the New Salem Cumberland Presbyterian Church and had been for almost a half century. The burial took place Tuesday at Union and was conducted by Rev. W. T. Oakley and her past Rev. Carl Baucher, and was largely attended by friends and neighbors who held her and the family in high esteem.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK

Jan. 2nd, 1913 will be the Date on the First Issue of Next Year.

There will be no paper issued from this office next week. The Editor will observe the time honored custom which has been in vogue here for a third of a century and let the machinery rest. The Editor and the force will find plenty to do to get ready for next year's work.

Penny Postage Possible.

Washington, D. C. Dec. 18.—Absorption of the private express business, the inauguration of penny postage and the abolition of the postal deficit was today predicted by Congressman David J. Lewis, of Maryland, "father" of the parcels post legislation in Congress. All these things will happen in the next four years, believes Mr. Lewis, and will be brought about by the extension of the parcels post system and the increased revenues the new branch of the postal service will add to the Government's coffers, provided, of course, the next Postmaster General is a man in full sympathy with parcels post, and will develop the service to its full possibilities.

Bennett-Crisp.

Miss Beatrice Bennett, of Weston, and Mr. Omer Crisp, of the Baker section, were united in marriage at the Gill Hotel in the city Wednesday afternoon by Rev. W. T. Oakley in the presence of several friends and well-wishers.

Mr. Archie Crisp and Miss Edith Crisp, brother and sister of the groom, and Miss Vera Bennett, sister of the bride, accompanied them.

CORN WANTED.

It will be to your interest to see us before you sell your corn. MARION MILLING CO. Incorporated.

Give us your order early for Celery & Oysters and get best service. Babb Bros.

COME ALONG WITH US

We Want You

To know that we are doing a clean, well-managed, straight forward banking business

The wonderful increase in our business is evidence of the confidence and good will of the community.

Courtesy, fair treatment and every accommodation consistent with sound banking, is to be had here at all times. Do you want Us to show you?

Open an account with us and you'll always stay with us.

Marion Bank of Marion, Ky. ESTABLISHED 1887

Capital, Surplus & Profits \$45,670.28

We are designated a U. S. Government Depository

J. W. BLUE, President, SAM GUGENHEIM, Vice President, J. V. HAYDEN, 2nd Vice President, T. J. YANDELL, Cashier, D. WOODS, Assistant Cashier.

BRILLIANT SOCIAL FUNCTION.

Holiday Gayeties Opened Auspiciously. Delightful Entertainment at Barnett Home.

The holiday festivities were given a delightful introduction last Saturday afternoon when the first of the seasons affairs was given by Mrs. Wm. Barnett and her two lovely daughters, Mrs. Jack Thomas and Miss Esther Barnett, who entertained at cards at the beautiful Barnett home on South Main Street. Mrs. Barnett wore a handsome gown of brown silk charmeuse. Mrs. Thomas blue silk crepe meteor and Miss Esther Barnett blue silk charmeuse and received their guests with a charming hospitality for which the family is justly so well known. The interior was decorated in holly with ropes of smilax and a profusion of red carnations. The color scheme was green and red and it was carried out in the refreshments, which were furnished by an Evansville caterer and were elegantly served in a most tempting way. Among those who graced the occasion with their presence were Mesdames C. S. Nunn, J. S. Henry, S. Gugenheim, J. I. Clement, C. P. Brown, of Rosiclare, Ill., and Misses Della Barnes, Martha Henry, Kitty and Ellis Gray, Ruby James and Eva Clement.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "Why so gloomy, old man?" "I just saw my mother-in-law off on the train. She's going back home." "That ought not to make you feel gloomy." "She bought a round-trip ticket."

—Boston Transcript: Hub (looking up from newspaper)—My dear, have you seen any of those invisible suits yet? Wife—Invisible suits! What are you talking about? Hub—Why, here's a New York ladies' tailor advertising "Suits made to order with or without material."

WILBORN GROCERY

Specials For The Holidays.

16lbs granulated sugar \$1.00
3 large boxes matches... 10
1 bottle 10 size extract... 08
1lb regular 30c coffee... 25
3 cans of corn... 25
1 can salmon... 10
3 pks Quaker oats... 25
We have in stock a full line of Candies, Nuts and Fruits for Christmas and we sell staple groceries a little cheaper than any one else, as our expenses are light.

WILBORN GROCERY. Marion, : : : : Kentucky

Mrs. Orville Ferrell and children of Harrisburg, Ill., who have been the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Copher left for home last week, accompanied by her father as far as Evansville.

CHRISTMAS

Gift Suggestions

Of Gifts That Will Be Appreciated Above Everything Else

Because nothing is so Appreciated as something to Wear.

SANTA IS HERE



Everything Useful and Acceptable for the whole Family

You are cordially invited to inspect our Holiday Goods.

CHRISTMAS



LADIES NECKWEAR

KID GLOVES

WOOL GLOVES

LADIES OR CHILDRENS SWEATERS

COTTON-SILK-WOOL HOSIERY

LADIES UMBRELLAS

CHILDRENS UMBRELLAS

LADIES RAIN COATS

CHILDRENS RAIN COATS

SILK AND WOOL SCARFS

HAND BAGS

MUFFLERS

A Suit or Coat

for
MOTHER, DAUGHTER, SISTER

would be fine

SILK WAIST GOODS

DRESS GOODS
Wool, Cotton or Silk

FURS -- FURS -- FURS
for Ladies or Children

HANDKERCHIEFS
in newest designs

HOUSE SLIPPERS

SHOES

SHOES

Gifts of Special Merit for Men and Boys.

SUITS - OVERCOATS

PANTS

A PAIR OF SHOES

A NEW HAT

A NEW CAP

SHIRTS

RAINCOATS

HOSIERY
SILK or COTTON

HANDKERCHIEFS

MUFFLERS

NECKTIES

SUSPENDERS

COMBINATION SETS

SWEATERS

KID GLOVES

WORK GLOVES

LEGGINGS

SUIT CASES

HAND BAGS

EVERYTHING NEWEST FOR MEN AND BOYS

YANDELL-GUGENHEIM CO.

The Store With Satisfied Customers

GIFT BOXES

Beautiful Assortment
Square Deal Prices

FOR THE HOME

Rugs, Lace Curtains, Druggetts,
Towels, Table Linen, Table
Scarfs, Dresser Scarfs.

GIFT BOXES

Beautiful Assortment
Square Deal Prices

BANK REPORT

Report of the condition of the Farmers' & Merchants' Bank doing business in the town of Tolu, county of Crittenden, State of Kentucky, at the close of business on the 26th day of Nov. 1912.

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Loans and Discounts | \$ 76,723.83 |
| Overdrafts (secured and Un-secured) | \$ 3,282.01 |
| Due from Banks | 19,689.91 |
| Cash on hand | 3,236.19 |
| Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures | 4,100.00 |
| Other Assets not included under any the above heads | 2,070.40 |

TOTAL \$109,082.34

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Capital Stock paid in, in cash | \$ 15,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund | 3,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid | 2,841.26 |
| Deposit subject to check | \$41,585.36 |
| Time Deposits | 46,655.72 |

TOTAL \$109,082.34

STATE OF KENTUCKY,) SCT.
COUNTY OF CRITTENDEN)

We P. B. CROFT and ZED A. BENNETT, President and Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

P. B. CROFT, President.
ZED A. BENNETT, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of December.
L. E. GUESS, C. C. C.,
By Eugene Guess, D. C.

Deeds Recorded.

A. B. McMasters to C. W. Stone 49 acres \$720.
W. Murray Saunders, A. Douglas, trustees and Ohio Valley Fluor Spar Co. agreement, \$14,970.
W. L. Lynn to J. J. Boyd 31 1-5.
W. L. Staton to Geo. W. Stone property in Marion \$2250.
Mrs. M. Summerville to B. C. Fisher, 300 acres \$6000.
Oliver Heirs to P. of A. LaRue Division of land of Oliver heirs one tenth int. in land each.
Lucian LaRue agt to Cladie Oliver 22 acres.
Lucian LaRue agt. to Roxie B. Oliver 40 acres.
J. N. Swansey to A. H. Walker 195 acres \$1600.
Jno. H. Quinn to A. H. Walker 150 acres \$2300.
H. S. Newcom to Wm C. Hughes land on Meadow Creek \$4000.
M. F. Pogue to Marion Mineral Co. for royalties &c 7 acres.
C. M. Wallace to W. H. Wallace exchange of land.
Jno. Writtenberry to J. M. Crider 81 acres \$1000.
Frances Taylor to Wylie Crowell small tract of land \$5.
B. L. Crowell to R. W. Crowell 58 acres \$1200.
C. K. Lewis to Jesse Crider lot in Marion, \$475.
R. E. Cooper to lease Marion Mineral Co. & The LaRue Co., Pogue Mining property \$1 and valuable considerations.
Ada C. Turner to W. I. Clement 1-8 int. in 231 acres \$755.75.
Josie Elliot to W. D. Vaughn exchange of land.
J. M. Burton to John O. Burton 120 acres \$900.
S. R. Grimes to C. R. Padon, 89 acres \$1300.
Blue & Nunn to A. C. McClanahan surface and farming rights to 179 acres \$4475.
The Russell Co. to J. E. Newberry 2 acres \$50.
S. S. Sullenger to Ollie Threlkeld 66 1-2 acres \$2800.
Thos. J. Hoover to J. J. Boyd 31 2-5 acres, \$450.
W. H. Wallace to C. M. Wadell two parcels of land, \$550.
J. W. Brasher to Percy Brasher 67 acres \$724.
J. W. Brasher to J. R. Brasher, 49 acres \$600.
E. J. Vanhooser to P. S. Maxwell, lot in Marion, \$500.

M. H. Barnes to B. W. Barnes exchange in land.
James H. Lamb to Geo. L. Rankins, lot in Weston \$5.
G. H. Foster to R. E. Hollamon, exchange of land.
J. P. Loyd to Cumberland Presbyterian congregation, lot Crayne, \$50.
A. C. Deboe to O. C. Cook 91 acres \$2821.
C. M. Guess to W. H. Easley house and lot in Marion, \$700.
S. Stembridge to J. H. Joiner small tract of land in Marion \$40.
Frances C. Watson to F. M. Mathews 6 acres \$150.
B. P. Fisher to W. H. Jackson and C. E. Terry 80 1-4 acres \$1630.
W. A. Allison to Mrs. S. E. Massy 39 acres \$180.
Jas. H. Brouster to Nancy J. White 45 acres \$475.
E. S. Love to A. B. Vaughn lot in Marion \$400.
J. N. Boston to J. H. Nimmo house and lot in Marion \$1600.
C. R. Padon to J. K. Campbell 4 acres \$450.
U. G. Hughes to Lula A. Worley lot in Marion \$700.
Wm H. Asher to P. H. O'Neal 71 acres \$800.
P. H. O'Neal to W. P. O'Neal 2 parcels of land \$100.
J. M. McChesney to L. L. Hunt \$225.
Dallas Little to Calvin Little, 52 1-2 acres \$600.
A. F. Beard to W. R. Underdown, 68 3-4 acres, \$800.
C. A. Heath to J. P. Heath, exchange of land.
Harve Hunt to B. J. Bradley, 84 3-4 acres \$1455.
G. B. Johnson to Mrs. Girty Carson &c int. in 114 1-2 acres.
W. H. Flanary to C. D. Lear, lot in Tolu, \$800.
Peter W. Sullenger to Henry H. Sullenger one tenth int. in land \$75.
Carry Pilant to Roxie Oliver, 40 acres, \$400.
T. H. Farmer to H. C. Farmer 117 acres, valuable considerations.
H. C. Farmer to Thos. H. Farmer 82 acres, \$1.00 and other considerations.
H. C. Farmer to Myrtie Elder, 35 acres, \$1.00 and considerations.

FORMER MARION BOY MAKES GOOD AT EVANSVILLE

Youngest of the Well Known Stinson Bros., No Exception to the Rule.

ONCE WORKED FOR THIS PAPER.

No man is more closely identified with Evansville's hustling and loyal West Side than William E. Stinson of Stinson Brothers, dry goods, clothing and notion dealers, at 1127-1129 West Franklin street.
Few men in Evansville have a larger circle of acquaintances than Mr. Stinson, who manages the business. He is a firm believer in advertising. His ads are filled with personal appeals, which attract attention from all who see them. His picture has been run in his advertisements many times. As a result there are few people in Evansville who do not recognize Mr. Stinson when they see him. This is true not only of men and women, but of the boys and girls.
During the summer when it was his custom to take a drive with his family each pretty evening, scores of people greeted him with "Hello, Mr. Stinson." Some of these Mr. Stinson did not know. But he keeps alive the commendable practice—often forgotten in a city the size of Evansville—of speaking to those whom he meets. He carries his habit out in full. He speaks to all whom he meets

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT SAYS "GIVE JEWELRY"

Nothing else that comes within the range of gift giving so universally pleases.

Nothing else is so generally given—nothing else so completely voices the spirit of Christmas.

Of course there are many sorts of Jewelry display.

Some are more comprehensive than others.

Some show greater taste in designing than others. Some are more "Christmassy" than others.

We are not going to make any comparison—except to say that we really believe that you givers of gifts will find more of the real spirit of the season evidences in OUR this year display than you will find within many miles of this store.

Giving Jewelry doesn't mean that there a lot of money to pay either—not necessarily.

But what we want to particularly emphasize here is that you can't have a want at this time, but we meet it, with goods you desire at its lowest price.

You can understand just what we mean if you call.

LEVI COOK JEWELRY

Marion, Kentucky.

regardless of whether he knows them or whether they are white or black. This coupled with the frequent use of his picture has won for him this large circle of acquaintances.

Among all these there are many who know him intimately as "Ed." Among the merchants of the West Side he is one of the recognized leaders. With them he has many common interests.

In addition to being one of the leading merchants, thoroughly alive to the possibilities of the West Side and one of its staunchest boosters. He is a stockholder in the West Side bank, in the West Side Building and Loan association, and in the West Side Real Estate and Insurance company. He is also a stockholder in the H. M. Lukens company.

His advertising is worthy of futher note. He steers away from the stilted phrases of many other merchants advertising, and gets close to his readers by personal interesting writing. Leading men of the West Side often awake to find their picture in his ads and some snappy interesting facts about themselves in the "lead" of his printed talks. He has "mentioned" a number of leading West Siders citizens for mayor and other political office with the result that booms have really started for some of them. For himself though he keeps out of politics.

From the time he came to Evansville ten years ago, Mr. Stinson's advertising has been different. He tells an interesting story of his first ad, the pioneer of West Side advertising in The Courier. He had just come from a string of stores operated by his brothers at Norris City, Omaha and other Illinois towns.

The next day after his ad appeared in The Courier, Ed Stinson found a copy cut out in a letter saying "Back, back, to to Norris City and Omaha, Wamamaker wants you for an ad writer." The following morning Mr. Stinson answered the letter, saying he would not go back, but that he was here to stay. He did, and West Siders are still interested in his ads. The sender of the anonymous letter was at that time in business on the West Side, but has given up the struggle against more progressive rivals.

Mr. Stinson located on the West Side after traveling over 2,000 miles in the state of Illinois, and making an extensive trip through the West. He says he thinks there is not another place where he could do as well as he has in his store on the West Side. He came here, first after leaving Norris City, on a prospecting tour, and fixed the location where he now is doing a big business.

But the building was not completed. While touring the West, however, he learned through a brother, who had his eye on the local situation, that the store was about completed. Mr. Stinson hurried back and opened up in the one room. Now two big rooms are required to handle his trade.

He talks interestingly of his life before coming to Evansville. He clerked for his brothers in their chain of Sucker state stores for a time before starting into business for himself. Before that he was apprenticed to the printers' trade, turning an old Washington hand press on the Crittenden Record-Press, Marion, Ky. For this work he was promised the munificent reward of \$75 a year. Of this amount he was to get \$5 a month, the balance of about \$15, to be paid him, when his three years of service was at an end. He left the work before he received the money held back. With this \$5 a month Mr. Stinson clothed and boarded himself.

His father, David N. Stinson, was postmaster at Marion, Ky., for twenty years. The boys, four of them, were raised in Crittenden county on a farm, which Mr. Stinson says produced sage grass and tobacco worms. During his boyhood days he played with Ollie James, United States Senator-elect for Kentucky, and Lee Cruce, governor of Oklahoma. Mr. James is to be the guest of Mr. Stinson this year some time.

His boyish ambition was to be a fiddler. For years he had wanted to be an expert with the bow and violin. A neighbor one time promised him if he would get enough hairs from a horse's tail, he would make the boy a fiddle. "I got the part of the horse's tail, and an awful whipping, but never got the violin," says Mr. Stinson, now, as he recalls those early days.

Later, however, he did get a fiddle, trading a pig, which had been raised on the farm, for the musical instrument. "All I ever learned to play," he says, "was 'Come Birdie, Come, Kiss Me Goodnight.'"

He has a host of other stories of his boyhood days, which are interesting to his friends here in Evansville. He has a wife and four children, Miss Florence, Wilford, who is following his father's footsteps, Curtis, a high school student, and Mary, in the grades. He is a member of Grace Presbyterian church. — Evansville Courier.

Sylvan Price is expected home this week to spend the holidays, from Lexington, where he is a student at Ky State College.

WESTON

News is a little scarce this week.

C. R. Hill was in Evansville Monday buying goods.

Raymond Sheeley passed through here Monday enroute to Rosiclare, Ill.

Miss Ruby Hughes, who has been visiting relatives at the mouth of Cypress for the past few days, returned home Sunday.

Dan Travis and son were here Thursday delivering dressed hogs to Mrs. Hensel Euel Travis.

H. L. Sullivan was here Tuesday after goods.

Mrs. Neicie Clark and sons, Sylvan and Newton, of Fairview, are the guests of her mother, Mrs. Rissie Cain.

Messrs. McConnell and Cantrell, of Shady Grove, shipped stock to Evansville Saturday.

Miss Corda Smart spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Marion.

Mr. Paris was here Friday buying furs and eggs.

Miss Edwina Bankin was here Saturday shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Brantley were in Weston Saturday doing some trading.

Willie Gahagan has accepted a position on the steamer Mary-Anderson.

Mrs. Flossie Hughes, who has been very ill with a bone felon on her hand, is somewhat improved, at this writing.

Rev. McDowell, of Cave Spring, delivered a fine sermon to a large congregation Sunday. He read Psalms 16:15. Rev. McDowell is a fine minister.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eskew visited friends in Illinois, Friday and Saturday.

CALDWELL SPRINGS

The fine weather and good dry roads are making our people feel good.

P. J. Blackburn and Volney Morgan, of Flat Rock, were here Sunday.

Our farmers met at the school house Friday night and organized a local.

Rev. Ben Hyde preached here Sunday and lectured to the farmers at the school house Monday night.

Miss Florence and Tennie Riley, of Lyon county were with us Thursday.

Not one man in six, here, has corn enough to feed his stock until summer.

Hurrah for the resolution from the Applegate correspondent! There is no intimidating language in it. It is full of good reason and common sense.

We have the utmost confidence in the Committee that was appointed to sell the farmers' union pooled tobacco, and we believe it will be sold without the help of any man, who refused to pool, thus refusing to help carry the burden of his brother.

The old Record-Press always comes out with all the local news even if it has to come in double sheet with a little supplement added. This shows energy in the editor and the publishing force and willingness to please the readers instead of working only for the dollar.

With this issue we bid farewell to the good people of old Crittenden county among whom we have lived for many years. We leave with a heart full of love for all mankind. We shall never forget the kindness and courtesy extended to us and ours while living here. If we never write another line for the dear old Record-Press, we want to hear of its going on its mission of education thus making its readers better citizens and old Crittenden county the peer of any county in the state.

George Dooms of Elm Grove was a caller in this section, Saturday.

The Boys' Corn Club.

In a number of counties of this state the Boys' Corn Club has been made to mean much toward interesting the youngsters in the study and cultivation of corn. In Davies county the winner received \$365. The second prize was not reported on because of one young man's exhibit not being placed before the judges. It will be later. The boy who brought the ten best ears to the show was awarded \$45 and one J. I. Case corn planter, valued at \$35. Four hundred boys entered the contest and 65 entered exhibits. The winner raised 119 bushels on his acre, while the second was reported to have raised 116.

The boys of Davies county are entitled to no more credit than the boys of Crittenden, and we may say that our boys are entitled to far more prize money than was offered this year. There ought to be not less than \$100 offered in prizes for the coming year, and it ought to be offered by at least twenty men and women. Could not some of our enterprising merchants offer a prize to the boys who would raise the best ten ears of corn grown from an acre where a certain kind of fertilizer is used, another where certain kinds of impliments are bought, while still another when the field is partially fenced with a certain kind of fence?

Prof. Travis will be glad to take this matter up with you and the boy. Let us make our boys good farmers and keep them on the farm by such encouragement as this. Don't let all speak at once.

BAKER

After about three weeks' absence we come again, and as it is Christmas times and the weather is fine, we feel happy and gay.

Rev. Lane filled his appointment at this place Sunday.

Miss Lola Nelson returned home from Dawson, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Earl Writtenberry.

Tom Brantley was in this section Sunday.

Miss Gusta Walker was the guest of Mrs. Minnie Duncan Sunday and attended church.

Singing at Finis Chandler's last Sunday night.

Miss Ruby Moore attended church here Sunday and was the guest of Miss Florence Nelson.

Lacy Truitt and Wife passed through here Sunday en route to Repton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ham Sullivan attended church here Sunday.

Mrs. Mrs. Will Newcom has been on the sick list.

G. H. King was in Repton last Monday.

W. A. Newcom and wife were the guests of their daughter, Mrs. George Nelson Sunday.

Misses Elva Hatle and Rosa Arflack went to the singing last Sunday night.

Rev. B. H. Duncan will preach at this place 5th Sunday.

Leste Duncan, who has been very ill with typhoid fever, is reported to be better.

Miss Ina Newcom is able to be out again.

Miss Beula Nation visited her parents Sunday.

J. Arthur King was in Sullivan Sunday.

Oather Morgan has returned home Sullivan.

Prayer meeting every Saturday night.

Best wishes to Record-Press for a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

L. G. E.

Rev. James F. Price closed a meeting at Owensboro last week. This closes his revival meetings for the year. He goes to Louisville this week to attend the meeting of the Executive Committee. He will preach at Dixon next Sunday.

Crossland Murphy, who for the past three years has been at work at Rosiclare, Ill., is expected home to spend the holidays with his sister, Mrs. Ebb Gilbert, of Sheridan, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Murphy, of the Freedom section.

S. M. JENKINS.
Editor and Publisher

Entered as second class matter Feb
ruary 9th 1878 at the postoffice at
Marion, Kentucky, under the Act of
Congress of March 3, 1877.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES
50c per inch S. C. Foreign Advertising
25 per inch S. C. Home Advertising
Repeated ads one-half rate.
Metal bases only, used for Plates and
Electros.
Locals 5c per line.
Locals 10c per line in 12 point type.
Obituaries 5c per line.
Cards of Thank 5c per line.
Resolutions of respect 5c p. l.

VOTE FOR
M. O. Eskew
Candidate For
POSTMASTER
Your Vote Will Be Appreciated.

President Elect Woodrow Wil-
son arrived at New York from
Bernuda where he had been on
a rest and vacation trip since the
election. He will now go to work
building his cabinet.

Miss Helen Gould who inher-
ited \$10,000,000 from her father,
Jay Gould and has trebled
it since, being now worth \$30,
000,000 and who is 44 years of
age is to marry a railroad man
of St. Louis, Findley J. Sheph-
ard, who is 2 years her senior.
He is assistant to the president
of the Missouri Pacific system
owned by the Goulds.

Whitehaw Ried, American am-
bassador to England the past 8
years and owner of the N. Y.
Tribune, died in London, Sunday
at noon. His remains will be
brought to America on a British
war vessel loaned for the pur-
pose by King George and will be
laid to rest on his estate near
New York known as "Sleepy
Hollow." Mr. Ried, for many
years was managing Editor of
the New York Tribune.

S. D. T. A. NEWS.
BY JAMES N. BANKS.

LEARN A LESSON
FROM BRAZIL.

The Coffee Monopoly of the
world swept down on the pro-
ducers of coffee in South Amer-
ica and confiscated one or two
crops of coffee produced by the
growers of Brazil.

Then the Brazilian govern-
ment got busy. Addressing the
producers Brazil said:—"Here
dump your coffee in this big
storage government warehouse
and the government will advance
you the cost of production. Now
go home and produce another
crop of coffee and another. The
government will protect it's citi-
zens—coffee producers or other."

Then to the Coffee Trust she
said: "You want coffee, here it
is in bags by the hundreds of
thousands and the price is so and
so." The Coffee Trust paid the
price and has continued to pay
the price named by the govern-
ment of Brazil for successive
crops.

And the Coffee growers of
Brazil are prosperous and happy.
Tobacco, like coffee, is a gilt-
edge collateral.

And yet the Tobacco Monop-
oly has for ten years ruthlessly
confiscated ten successive tobac-
co crops for the growers of Ken-
tucky. And tossed growers a

price less than cost of produc-
tion.

Not a dollar of governmental
aid from the State, or United
States, to protect the tobacco
growers of Kentucky.

Nothing definite to this Mon-
daynoon as to a sale of the 1912
crop.

Members of this Association
should frame and memorize the
following letter:—

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE
AMERICAN AND IMPERIAL
TOBACCO COMPANY

The following letter will not
lack for readers after a glance
at the signature reveals the
author.

Gentlemen:— This letter is
addressed to you because you
dominate buying interests and
control the price both in America
and Great Britain.

I want to call your attention
to the fact that there are five
essential factors in the tobacco
industry, viz: the producer, the
common carrier, the manufac-
turer, the merchant, and the con-
sumer, each naturally dependent
upon the other for prosperity.

As the consumer finally pays
the whole bill, he is entitled to
receive tobacco at a reasonable
price. Inasmuch as the use of
tobacco is a voluntary luxury, I
know of no other standard to fix
as reasonable except the price
he is willing to pay for it. Since
the consumption of tobacco is
steadily increasing, I assume
that he is paying a reasonable
price. As there is no audible com-
plaint from merchants who dis-
tribute the manufactured pro-
ducts, nor from railroads, or
other transportation companies,
I assume that they are well paid
for the service they perform.

I have no words of censure or
condemnation for you because
you have organized and consoli-
dated manufacturing interests,
for, (as I see it) in no other way
can the manufacture and sale of
products be maintained on a
stable and paying basis. My in-
dictment against you is that you
have not in the past and are
not now treating the producer
fairly. Your profits are enormous
while producers are losing money
(or its equivalent) wearing out
themselves and their land with-
out receiving adequate pay. You
may pertinently ask: If this
is true, why don't they quit
growing tobacco? My answer
is that the knowledge and
equipment necessary to produce
annually one billion pounds of
tobacco is far greater than that
necessary to manufacture and dis-
tribute the products, and hence
to quit would involve enormous
financial loss in equipment, far
greater than you would incur
should you change your equip-
ment to handle grain or other
manufacturing lines.

Furthermore, we know that it
takes the larger part of a man's
life to learn to successfully grow
any line of farm products, and
if we abandon tobacco we know
that incalculable losses will in-
evitably follow our attempts to
learn other lines. Therefore "we
endure the ills that be, rather
than fly to those that we know
not of." There ought not to be
any antagonism between the
grower and the manufacturer,
and there will not be when you
pay a reasonable price for raw
tobacco.

I appeal to your sense of justice;
I appeal to your business sagaci-
ty. Will you hear and heed the
appeal of tobacco growers for a
fair share of the profits of the
tobacco industry?
LOUIS HANCOCK.

Coleman Foster and Homer
Moore, of the State College, ar-
rived Wednesday to spend the
holidays at home with their
parents.

Miss Ladie Fonville, of Mexi-
co, Mo., arrived Wednesday to
be the guest of her sister, Mrs.
J. U. Snyder, on Walker street,
during the holidays.

A Country Boy's Experience
at the Seminary.

When I came to the Seminary
I thought it was the targets
building I ever saw; it was big as
Paw's two barns and house and
smoke house to. Gracious; there
were more men there than I ever
saw at a logroaling they were
all kinder nough, and called me
brother and wanted to carry my
grip up. but I let a feller carry
my grip once from the depot and
when we were going round the
corner he got me mixed up with
the crowd and I never did find
that hotel, he was taking me to,
so I told the brother I would
carry my own clothes.

They gave me a very good
room on the second floor and
showed me how to work the ra-
diator and watter fossil. I told
him I knew all about it, but the
fact was I had never saw any
thing like em before. Well
twert long until breakfast was
ready and one brother saw me
standing near the door said come
on brother and eat. Well I went
rite in just like I knew all the
ways of the place. I watched
good many watching me but I
just walked rite on to where the
waiters showed me like I had been
round sure nough. Just as I
started to set down a young man
by moving his foot a little push-
ed my chair back and I sat down
on the floor breaking a bottle of
ink I had brought from home
thinking I could save that much
expense when I got in the city.

He asured me it was a mear ac-
cident and apologized very kind-
ly. I told him that was nothing
onlp I hated bout breaking the
bottle for I could wash the ink
out of them pants; they had
been washed before. Nearly ev-
ery body at that table laughed
but when I asked a brother what
they were laughing at he very
kindly told me they were laugh-
ing about the way one of the
brethren had answered a ques-
tion the evening before. Well I
went back to my room and was
standing at the window looking
out on Broadway street when an
automobile went by in such a
hurry I just leaned out of the
window to see if he didn't run
over somebody when some body
from an upper window poured
out a pitcher of watter that he
had left the day before and not
knowing that I was watching to
see if some precious life would
be taken by that wreckless fel-
low in the automobil, the entire
contents fell upon the back of
my head and neck; of course it
wet my collar and a good deal
went down my back; but a
brother assured me it was
the merest accident it hit me.

Well that evening I was stand-
ing on the Seminary grounds
near the side walk when one of
the brethren came along and
spoke very kind, asked me
where I was from and if I was
not a new student, and I told
him I was and he said the breth-
ren were very kind to one an-
other, and added that he had
helped a number of the brethren
out and started on, but turning
asked me if I could let him have
ten dollars as he had forgotten
his pocket book and remember-
ing since he left his room that
he wanted to get some books
down at the Baptist Book Con-
cern, and it would save his go-
ing back to his room which was
just next to mine: of course I
wanted to help do all the good I
could in the world and I told him
I would accommodate any body
much less a brother in the
Hall. Well sir, don't you think
when I came back to the hall, a
brother who saw me hand him
the money asked me what I paid
that man that money for, and I
told him the circumstances in
the case and then looking him
square in the face ask him if he
would not have done the same,
when he added that man is not a
student here, and you will never
see him money or overcoat
any more; I also let him have
my coat because he added it was

pretty cool and he had also left
his coat. Well sir I went rite in
to get ready to see about my
studies when I met a brother
who asked me if I had sent a
colored man after, my grip,
when I told him no, he then told
me one had just left my room
who said you had sent him after
it. Well I just thought I would
let the Lord have his way and I
would take what things I had
and go back home. Then I re-
membered I had dropped my
pocketbook down in my overcoat
pocket and so I was without
money and without price. Well
to make a long story short the
brethren made me up enough to
get a ticket for home. R. R.

CURIOUS BITS OF HISTORY

A NAVAL VICTORY WITHOUT
BLOODSHED.

By A. W. MACY.

In 1778 Captain Rathburne,
commanding a little American
vessel with twenty-five men and
twelve four-pound guns, swooped
down upon the island of New
Providence with its nest of To-
ries and its British garrison.
With a quick dash he landed,
seized the forts, raised the
American flag, released some
American prisoners, and cap-
tured six British vessels. A
privateer of sixteen guns lay at
anchor in the port, and a Brit-
ish sloop-of-war hovered out-
side; but they were too sur-
prised to do anything. The To-
ries armed themselves and at-
tempted to capture Rathburne
and his men, but changed their
minds when he threatened to
burn the town. He held the
place two days. Then he
spiked the guns, carried off the
arms and ammunition, burned
two of the captured ships and
sailed away with the other four.
Nor lost he a single man.

(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The friends of Mr. and Mrs.
James Clark, who live on Wilson
Hill farm, near the city limits,
will sympathize with them on
the loss of their little baby boy,
who died this morning at 4 o'-
clock, after a month's illness of
double pneumonia. The funeral
will be held this afternoon at one
o'clock at the Second Baptist
church. Interment at Pleasant
Hill cemetery.

SOMETHING FOR CHRISTMAS

While you are buying something for a Xmas present, why not make it something that not only one of the family would enjoy, but something that ALL from oldest to youngest will appreciate and not only will it be a source amusement, but a real benefit, it makes long hours short, and blue days happy ones, it is also an attraction for the HOME that nothing else



can give.

If you want something that
will do ALL this and more, let
us show you a beautiful Piano-
Player, Piano or an Organ. We
will appreciate your patronage.
Will give you as good values as
you can buy anywhere anytime.
Reasonable terms.

We will fill your order on
Short Notice, for any of the in-
struments named below:

CHICKERING,
DECKER & SON
J. & C. FISCHER

HARDMAN & PECK
KOHLER & CAMPBELL
D. SCHUBERT

THE GABLE LINE

and many others, besides the famous Auto Player. The Playotone
Pianos and other players, and a good line of Parlor Organs.

COME TO THE STEGAR BL'DG. SOUTH MAIN ST.

Yates Brothers
Marion, -- Kentucky.

THE END OF TUBERCULOSIS

Value of Suppressing It.

By DR. SIMON FLEXNER.

When it is recalled that tuber-
culosis causes about one-third of
the deaths that occur between
the ages of twenty and fifty
years it becomes at once appar-
ent what an enormous influence
the suppression of this one dis-
ease must exercise upon the de-
velopment and progress of socie-
ty. The eradication of tubercu-
losis is among the chief ends to
be accomplished by all the agen-
cies which are striving to uplift
human society and to make its
individual units more efficient
and self sustaining. Hence the
conquest of tuberculosis becomes
the proper field of endeavor for
the statesman, legislator, physi-
cian and layman.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mason of
Cave-in-Rock, Ill., arrived Wed-
nesday to visit their daughter,
Mrs. D. W. Stone. They will
visit also at Princeton and Daw-
son Springs before returning
home.

J. S. G. Green went to Fredonia
Monday, to visit his daughters
Mesdames Wigginton and Crow.
He will probably return today.

Miss Sarah Wigginton, who
was the guest of her grandfath-
er, J. S. G. Green, on west Sa-
lem street several days this and
last week, has returned home,
accompanied by her grandfather.

W. H. Black and little daugh-
ter, Ola, of Rodney section and
Arthur King of Baker were
here doing some Christmas
shopping, Wednesday.

Be Sure Your Christmas Gifts

Comes From Levi Cook.

In giving Christmas presents it is always necessary
to think what effect the name on the box will have on
the one receiving the present.

My name stands for much that is good. I have been
in this community for a great many years. I have
served you for a great many Christmas seasons.

The name of Levi Cook on a Jewelry box indicates
to the recipient that he or she has received the best in
Jewelry.

I am not only proud of my Complete Stock, but of
the unusual quality of the goods that I carry and the
fact that I am able to sell the best Jewelry the world
knows at the most reasonable price.

I am satisfied with a reasonable profit. You would
be doing yourself and your family and your friends a
great injustice if you were to ever consider the buying
of a Christmas gift without first consulting me.

Levi Cook.

Jeweler

Main st.

Marion, Ky.

YOUR LAST CHANCE

Before another issue of this paper CHRISTMAS will be past. Take advantage of the many real values we are offering when selecting presents for your relatives and friends. Get them something useful.

Now Read Carefully The Items Below

Clothing to Suit You--at the Price to Suit

When buying a suit, all you want is one that fits, is well made, out of good cloth, a suitable color and at a reasonable price. Now that's exactly what we have in clothing--suit from \$5.00 to \$16.50 and some extra values in \$8.50, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00 Suits. It will pay you to see them.

If You Want A Real Nice Set of

F U R S

Don't Fail to See Ours, We'll Save You Money

If you want to see the real "Nifty" Ties, see ours. Then take a peep at our Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Lace Collars, Bar Pins, Gold Headed Umbrellas, Silk Hose, Silk Socks, Hats, Caps, Gloves, and Mufflers, any of these are suitable for presents.

Don't forget the Boys, if they need a New Suit or Overcoat, we'll save you money if you'll only let us.

We will prove this to you if you will give us a chance. Come and bring the boys.

Shoes, Overshoes and Rubbers.

The Good Kind. If you don't want Good Shoes, come in and tell us about it. If we can't convince you that it's to your interest to buy the Best Kind, we'll try to get the other kind for you. Any way come See US about it. We want to see you.

THE COMBINATION

HIGH QUALITY
LOW PRICE

Taylor & Cannan

MASONIC CORNER

PERSONALS

E. F. W. Kaiser has returned from an extended trip to Louisville and other points in Ky.

SPECIAL.—Old news papers for sale at this office; 20 for 5cts. or 100 for 20cts while they last.

W. H. Copher the Main Street grocer who has been confined at home with rheumatism for several days is now reported better.

Mrs. Fannie Finley Terry and children of Mo., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Lucy Finley.

We have club rates on some of the leading magazines. See us for particulars.

Lamb & Taylor.

Mrs. Geo. P. Roberts was in Evansville shopping last week.

Mrs. S. Gugenheim and son Samuel spent Thursday Friday looking at old Santa Claus supplies in Evansville.

Our guaranteed Poultry Tonic makes hens lay.—Willborn Grocery Co.

Gip Peacher of Clarksville, Tenn., is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Thos. Wilborn on Walker Street.

Mrs. Lucy M. Paris has moved to Mena, Arkansas, from Green Ridge, Arkansas, and wants us to change the address of her paper.

Miss Mary Wyatt, Mrs. S. Gugenheim, and Mrs. G. P. Roberts, will leave for Florida after the holidays to spend the remainder of the winter.

Willborn's Depot Street Grocery is making reduced prices on meats, lard, flour, meal and all the staple necessities of life. Give them a trial and save money.

Charles H. Wheeler of Paris Bourbon Co. Ky., who was called here last week to see his sister Mrs. Alonzo Agee, has returned to his home in the blue grass capital.

Alonzo Agee's wife Nannie, daughter of squire H. S. Wheeler who has been quite ill with paralysis for several weeks is now improving and is thought to be on the road to recovery.

W. H. Copher went to Evansville last week to purchase his Christmas goods. He returned Friday with a car load, more or less.

Old papers for sale. 10cts per hundred. Lamb & Taylor.

Mrs. Chas. P. Browning of Rosiclare Ill. who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ada S. Cavander at her new home on North Main Street, has returned home.

DR. W. H. CRAWFORD DENTIST

All Work Guaranteed

Gas and Somnoform used for PAINLESS EXTRACTION

Office over Marion Bank

G. W. Perry who is suffering from an attack of pneumonia at his home one mile south of the city limits and has been under the care of a trained nurse and attended by Drs. Cook of Crayne and Clement of this city was reported slightly better Wednesday afternoon.

Nothing nicer for a Xmas present than a good magazine. See Lamb & Taylor.

The W. O. Tucker Furniture & Undertaking Co. has just received a new Funeral Car which is a magnificent specimen of the Cabinet workman's art.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whitney and children of Corinth, Miss., are expected to spend the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Dorr.

Call at Babb's for your Xmas Oranges, Apples, Cocoanuts and all kinds of fruits.

Miss Virginia Flanary is expected home tomorrow from Frankfort where she has been attending school and staying with her grand-parents, Judge and Mrs. T. J. Nunn.

By a typographical error last week we put the name of Miss Addie Lee Dean of St. Louis Mo. as Annie Lee which we regret. The article was sent us by Miss Addie Lee Dean of St. Louis and was highly appreciated and a most commendable and readable article.

Harry Weldon has the agency for the Koh-i-noor Laundry at Evansville, Ind., one of the best in the U. S. Give him a trial and you'll not regret it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Persons have returned from Mexico and are now at home in their cottage on South Main Street recently occupied by H. K. Masters and wife.

FOR SALE.—My property on East Depot street. —W. L. Venner.

W. T. Perry of Blackford, Ky. was called to the bed side of his brother, G. W. Perry, who was considered critically ill for several days.

Roy Eaton of Belzoni, Miss. who was called home to see her sister, Miss Burna Eaton, who had been quite ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Eaton 5 miles east of the city, has returned home leaving his sister much improved.

Go to Babb's for English Walnuts Pecans, Cream Nuts, Almonds.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED
F. W. NUNN,
DENTIST
TEL. OFFICE 50 M.
RES. 50 B. PERS. BUILDING

Mrs. Pearl Clifton of Paducah was the guest of Mrs. M. J. Clifton on North Main street last week.

Save your Laundry bundle for me, or leave it at Yates Bros. store and I'll appreciate it and give you the nicest work. —HARRY WELDON.

Mrs. J. L. Shrode and daughter of Hopkinsville, Ky., are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Doss, on Depot street.

Miss Glenn Carter of Levias was the guest of Miss Lecie LaRue at Dr. Fox's residence on South Main street, Monday.

Mrs. Rose Mayes of the Fredonia and Caldwell Springs section was the guest of Mrs. Olive Flanary, and Miss Lora Johnson on west Salem street and of Mrs. Sue W. Barnes on north College street Saturday and Sunday and returned home Monday.

Miss Bessie M. Braswell and Mr. Levi L. Clark were married at Rev. J. R. Clark's residence Sunday morning, Dec. 8th. Mr. Clark is a son of Lem Clark and is a valued employee of the Ky. flour spar Co. Miss Braswell's father also is employed there, she is a popular young lady who recently moved here.

FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN.

A Heilman steam engine, ten horse power, at my farm. S. L. SHELBY, Salem, Ky.



DOLLS, PERFUMES, JEWELRY,

Christmas Presents For Everybody.

Santa Claus surely is going to do the right thing by the people of this town this year. You would think so if you see our great holiday stock, which is now in shape for your inspection. Our stock is the most complete ever shown in this town. We have presents for everybody, no matter how young, how old. Come in and make us prove these.

5 MORE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DAYS

GIVE US A CALL
WATCH OUR WINDOWS

M. E. FOHS

LAMPS, CHINA, GLASSWARE,

TOYS, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES, HOSIERY,

J. H. Porter

Kris Kingle Klose Kutter Store

"HARVE PORTER" a name which has been the synonym of honor and integrity in the business world for a half century. I am following my father's example and am still handing out the best values obtainable in Groceries. Fruits Nuts and Candies for Christmas in abundance.

I have apples, oranges, bananas, coca-nuts and in fact every thing you can think of good to eat. Old Kris will load his sleigh at my place and make his start around Boxville and all the eastern section of the great city of Marion. Come early before the best is taken.

I have some bargains in foot wear and rubbers to close out.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



From The Big Store of

W. O. TUCKER FURNITURE CO.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

Now greets you in Xmas array with goods arranged for easy choosing. Our Holiday stock for 1912 is better selected--bigger and broader in their helpfulness than ever before. Our selections and quality are designed to meet all ideas. Inexpensive pieces are largely in evidence. If you want the choicest pieces be wise and choose before the rush is on in earnest and the selection is broken.



We Invite you to Come.
Give some of these for Christmas.

| | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|-----------------------|
| Gentleman's Writing Desk | Boys Wagons | Dining Room Furniture |
| Felt Mattresses | Chiffoniers | Baby Buggies |
| Gentleman's Chiffrobe | Morris Chairs | Ladies Music Cabinets |
| Brass or Iron Beds | Folding Beds | New Home Machines |
| Princess Dressers | Library Tables | Children's Chairs |



Headquarters For Practical Gifts

Furniture Pieces are the Most Practical

And are also the most useful and ornamental of any that can be chosen. In giving a present to one you hold in high esteem, Why not give something that is useful as well as ornamental, something that will last for years and will not be of only momentary satisfaction. Furniture pieces are the most lasting. You may go into some of the homes of this country today and find pieces of furniture that were given as Christmas gifts a century ago, yet they are "good lookers" today. In giving presents give practical ones, useful ones, and then you will be giving presents that you know will be appreciated.



Save Trouble By Trading Here at The Big Store.

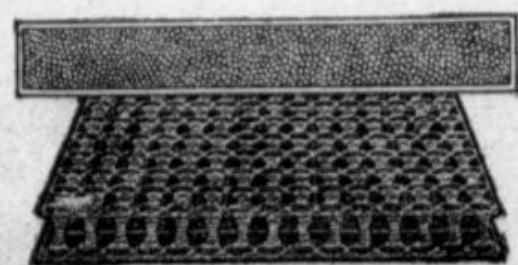


A Free Book For You

Come to our store any day this week and get a copy of "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep." This is a mighty interesting little book. Tells you lots of things about your rest that you never knew before. In it the

Foster IDEAL Spring

is described; the comfortable, hygienic Spring. This Spring will not sag or get out of shape. It will make any bed comfortable because it keeps the body in a natural, restful position, doubling the rest-value of your sleep. Come in and get a copy of the book.



They Are The Best

COME TO OUR STORE AND IT'S EASY

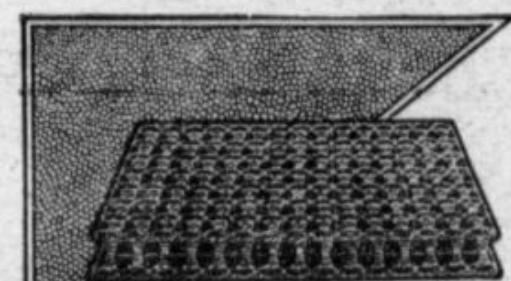
Again it is hard sometimes to know just what to give. You take several days out in thinking and possibly many more in "looking" 'round the town' instead of this come straight to

W. O. Tucker Furniture & Undertaking Co's

STORE, and your troubles will vanish as if by magic. A thousand and one things, gift pieces suitable for every one to whom you would give, will suggest themselves readily and satisfactorily settle the gift giving problem.

We Have 1,000's of Things not mentioned here

W. O. Tucker Furniture & Unt'k'g Co Marion, Ky.

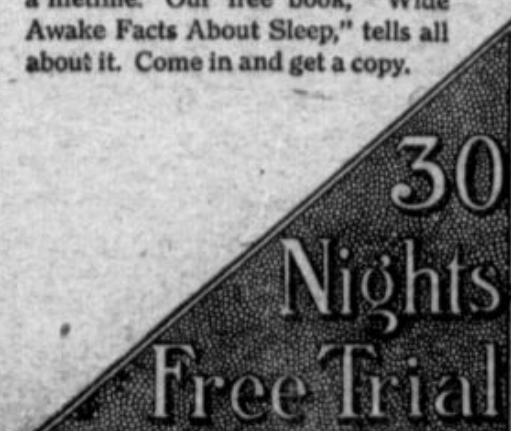


Comfort First

Easy chairs, easy couches, easy beds, easy springs—we have them all in our store. In fact every kind of furniture that will add to the comfort and beauty of your home. We handle the comfortable

Foster "IDEAL" Spring

the "easiest" Spring in existence. It keeps the body in a natural, healthful, restful position—thus overcoming one of the main causes of wakeful nights. Lasts a lifetime. Our free book, "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep," tells all about it. Come in and get a copy.



They Are The Best

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

No Alum
No Lime Phosphates

NOTE IN BOTTLE

Tells of Perils Boat Faced Before
Going Down In Lake
Michigan.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—A bottle containing the last message from the schooner Rouse Simmons, the Christmas tree ship, which, with her crew of seventeen, foundered in Lake Michigan a fortnight ago, was picked up on the beach near Sheboygan, Wis., according to a special dispatch from that city. The message was written on a sheet torn from a log book and was signed by Captain Herman Schuene-mann. It read:

"Everybody, good-by. I guess we are all through. The sea washed over deck load Thursday. During the night the small boat was washed overboard. Leaking badly. Engwald and Steve fell overboard Thursday. God help us."

COLDS GO OVER NIGHT

If your head is stuffed up and you have a hard cold you can quickly get rid of the misery.

First, look after the bowels; any good cathartic will do; then breathe Bothe's HYOMEI which promptly kills germ life and heals the membrane. Breathe HYOMEI (pronounce it High-e-me) in the daytime through the little hard rubber inhaler, and just before going to bed at night do this. Pour a scant teaspoonful of HYOMEI into a kitchen bowl of boiling water, cover head and bowl with towel and breathe for several minutes the soothing, healing vapor that arises. This treatment is also fine for sore throat and catarrh. Complete HYOMEI outfit including the inhaler, \$1.00; extra bottles if needed, 50cts. Haynes & Taylor are authorized to refund your money if dissatisfied.

PINEY CREEK

Corn is about all gathered. No tobacco sold, and not much stripped in this neighborhood.

Delmer Hunt and Miss Ethel Riley attended church at Enon, Sunday.

Henry Wiggington passed through here Sunday.

Mrs. Ellen Sigler is on the sick list this week.

Everybody in this section has a bad cold at present.

There was a spelling at Piney Fork school house Friday night. Everyone present reported a nice time.

Mrs. Lucy Crayne spent Friday with Mrs. Nora Crayne.

Not much fall plowing has been done in this section.

Lewis Guess and family spent Sunday with his father.

Aunt Kate Harris buried at Piney Fork, Thursday.

Alfred Jones, Henry Hamby and Virgil Tackwell passed

through here Sunday.

Ernest Tackwell and family visited Orville Boone and family Sunday.

Miss Ina Hill is on the sick list but is reported some better at this writing.

BANK REPORT

Report of the condition of the FARMERS BANK, doing business in the town of MARION, County of CRITTENDEN, State of KENTUCKY, at the close of business on the 26th day of Nov. 1912

| RESOURCES. | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|
| Loans and Discounts | \$ 59,681.41 |
| Overdrafts secured and Unsecured | 867.00 |
| Stocks, and Bonds other | |
| Securities | 26,977.58 |
| Due from Banks | \$20,171.26 |
| Cash on Hand | \$13,049.81 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 1,111.04 |
| TOTAL | \$ 121,858.10 |

| LIABILITIES. | |
|---|---------------------|
| Capital Stock paid in, in cash | \$ 15,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund | 2,500.00 |
| Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid | 2,111.51 |
| Deposits subject to check | \$9157.13 |
| Time deposits | \$10675.46 |
| TOTAL | \$121,858.10 |

STATE OF KENTUCKY } SCT.
COUNTY OF CRITTENDEN }

We, WM. FOWLER and E. J. HAYWARD President and Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

WM. FOWLER, President.
E. J. HAYWARD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of Dec. 1912.
My Commission expires February 5, 1916. W. E. CARNAHAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

Letters To Santa Claus.

Marion, Ky., Dec. 16, 1912.

Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl ten years old. I thought that I would write and tell you what I want for Xmas. I want a story book, horn, a big doll, baby buggy, some candy, apples, oranges, bananas and all kinds of nuts. Don't forget papa and mama and brother.

I am your little friend,
Ella Poindexter.

Dear Santa:—

I am a little boy 9 years old. I want you to bring me a little wagon, air gun, fire crackers, Roman candles, oranges, candies and nuts of all kinds. I will go to bed early and shut my eyes tight. I remain your little boy,

Rudy Poindexter,
Marion, Ky.

MRS. SARAH ROSS DEAD

She Was The Mother of Charlie Ross, Kidnapped 38 Years Ago.

Philadelphia, Dec. 18.—Mrs. Sarah Ann Ross, the mother of Charlie Ross, who was kidnapped 38 years ago, died at her home here tonight, aged 78 years. She was the widow of Christian K. Ross.

The fate of Charlie Ross, who was stolen when he was four years old, has never been learned, although numerous clues from all sections of this country and Europe were followed by detectives employed by the distracted parents.

TRUTHFUL REPORTS.

Marion Reads Them With Uncommon Interest.

A Marion citizen tells his experience in the following statement. No better evidence than this can be had. The truthful reports of friends and neighbors is the best proof in the world. Read and be convinced.

Thomas L. Hilliard, Railroad street, Marion, Ky., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills came to my relief after I had suffered great deal and had spent much money for medicines without receiving any benefit. Two years ago I had an attack of typhoid fever and upon recovering found that my kidneys were badly disordered. The pains in my back were so severe that frequently I had to leave my work and lie down for several hours. There was a constant desire to pass the kidney secretions and I was obliged to arise several times during the night. The kidney secretions were highly colored and the passages were attended with pain. I often became dizzy and spots floated before my eyes. A relative, hearing about my condition, advised me to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial. I procured a supply at Haynes & Taylor's Drug Store and they cured me in less than two months. For over two years I have had no return of my old complaint. I am bound to look upon my cure as a permanent one."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50cts. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's and take no other. d19j2.

HEBRON.

Mrs. Fred Beard has been confined to her bed several days with lagrip.

Frank McClure moved to Barnett last week.

Ed Cook was in Cave-in-Rock, Ill., Wednesday.

Walter Simpson was here last week.

Ebb Wathen was in Evansville the first of the week.

Misses Ida Winders, Stella Phillips and Ena Clark spent Sunday with Miss Ina Springs. Jesse Alvis moved to the Flannery place.

Balis Paris and family visited near Marion Sunday and Monday.

Johnnie Barger moved to Reece Underdown's last week.

Miss Addie Maynard, of Tolu, The play at the school house Friday night was well attended. About \$18.00 was realized for school improvements.

Ebb Wathen has been confined to his room several days last week, but is slowly improving now.

Misses Addie and Glen Carter and Messrs. Tom Carter and Robt. Hughes were guests of Miss Ruth Cook, Thanksgiving.

Sam Lucas has moved to the house recently vacated by Will Springs.

Mrs. Laura Williams and daughter, Mamie, spent Sunday at John Vaughn's.

Corn Market at Cave-in-Rock.

W. H. Herrin has already bought between forty and fifty thousand bushels of corn just above here at 35 to 38c, owing to market fluctuations, and is still buying.—Hardin Era.

PROTEST OVERRUED

The Board of General Appraisers Decide That Foreign Fluor Spar Must Pay the Duty.

Office of Assistant Attorney General, Dec. 11, 1912.

D. C. Roberts, Esq., Marion, Ky., Sir:—

I beg to inform you that the Board of General Appraisers has decided the case on fluor spar in favor of the United States and has over-ruled the protest of E. J. Lavino & Co. As soon as the opinion is printed I will take pleasure in sending you a copy.

I again wish to express my thanks for the assistance you rendered us during the trial of the case. Respectfully,
Wm. L. Wemple,
Assistant Attorney General.

It will be remembered that the protest against paying duty made by Lavino & Co. was on the stated ground that English Fluor Spar being made up of so many minerals was not in reality Fluor Spar and should pass the customs free. As they sold it for fluor spar and it was bought for fluor spar purposes by the steel people and as Col. Roberts at the trial testified that it was fluor spar it seemed a good deal like the landlord at breakfast trying to have his guests eat hash under the name of a plate of fish.

Notice to all Road Overseers.

Your time having expired Dec. 1st, you will please deliver all tools belonging to the county in your possession to my office in the court house at Marion, Ky. at your earliest convenience.

M. A. WILSON,
Co. Road Engineer.

Christmas Turkeys.

James and Sallie White, colored, of the Piney section brought in a wagon load of Christmas turkeys Monday and sold them on the streets at retail at 121-2 cts a lb. Those who were not already supplied purchased as long as they lasted, which was not long. This same prosperous couple brought in a similar load for Thanksgiving trade, which goes to prove they are doing their share in supplying the good things to tickle the palate of the epicure. We think they deserve credit for their enterprise.

Our stock of Confectioneries is unequalled; candies of all grades from plain stick to finest box goods. Babb Bros.

A Little Hen Sold for \$800 after Proving Herself a Busy Bird.

Springfield, Mo., Dec. 13.—"Lady Show You," a white Plymouth Rock hen that won the national egg laying contest at the state poultry station, Mountain Grove, Mo., this year, was sold here today for \$800 by J. A. Rickerdike, of Millersville, Ill. The hen has a record of laying 281 full weight eggs this year.

An Appreciative Reader.

Mr. S. M. Jenkins, Marion, Ky., Dear Sir:—

Enclosed please find check for one dollar for which please send the Record-Press to my mother Mrs. Lucy A. Greer, Fredonia, Ky., one year.

You are to be congratulated upon the splendid paper which you are getting out and I hope it will continue so.

With best wishes of the season, I am, Yours very truly,
KIRBY E. GREER,
Fredonia, Ky., Dec. 16th, 1912.

My Christmas Jewelry Delights All Buyers.....

Christmas is too near and everybody too busy for much talk. Besides—my jewelry speaks for itself and my policy of uniting quality and saving is too well known to need comment.

LEVI COOK

JEWELER

MARION,

KENTUCKY.

SAME OLD STORY

Woman Burned To Death While Starting Fire With Coal Oil.

Indianapolis, Dec. 15.—Mrs. Ivan C. Long, 32, was burned to death and her husband and two children, Russell 2, and Mildred 6, severely burned when a five-gallon can of kerosene exploded as Mrs. Long was starting a fire to-night. The little boy probably will die.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

CRITTENDEN CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

By virtue of various Judgments, and Orders, of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the November term thereof, 1912, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Monday, the 13th day of January, 1913, the following described property to wit:

One two-story concrete building, steam heated, in the town of Marion, Ky., in the business part of town, in good state of preservation, the upper story has six nice office rooms lower story suitable for any purpose for which it might be needed, and known as the Whitehouse building.

Also about 10 1/2 acres of land just outside of corporate limits of Marion and near the old Travis brick yard and known as the Jack Howerton land. This land is under a good fence and all tilable.

Also one house and lot in Marion and known as the Tom Clifton homestead, situated on Fords Ferry street within three blocks of the Court-house square. This is a six-room cottage, in fine state of preservation and beautifully located.

Also three lots in Weston, Ky., first lot contains one store building and residence known on plat of town of Weston as lot No. 30, and being the same property now occupied by Mrs. Jerry Rankin, widow of G. L. Rankin, dead. Second lot, known as the G. L. Rankin garden lot, situated just across the street from the resident lot above mentioned and shown on the town plat as lot No. 28. Third lot shown on plat as lot No. 45, and is the barn lot of G. L. Rankin, deceased, conveyed to him by James H. Lamb, on the 21st day of August, 1901.

The above property will be sold on a credit of six months.

Also one hotel building, and lot in the town of Marion, consisting of 16 rooms in good repair, two good cisterns. This property is situated in the heart of Marion, adjoining the Farmers' Bank and is an ideal location for a hotel. The size of the lot is 36x144 ft. I will sell this property on 6, 12, 18, 24 and 36 months. To satisfy a Judgment for \$3710.00 with interest from the 8th day of Oct. 1912 at the rate of 6 per cent until paid.

For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute Bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER,
Commissioner.

d19j2-9

New Nickel To Appear.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The new nickel with an artistic Indian head on the face, will be in circulation, according to the expectations of the treasury department, by February 1. Secretary MacVeagh has definitely accepted the new design. Within a few days an order will be given the mints to begin making the new coin.

MARRIAGES

Ray Daughtrey and Miss Adie Alvis.

Z. T. Terry and Mrs. Amanda Clark.

W. T. Hollomon and Miss Maud Adams.

Chas. F. Newcom and Miss Lida Culley.

Ollie Cheatham and Miss Rosa Cavins.

Sam Towery and Miss Zilpha R. Travis.

Earl Writtenberry and Miss Sarah E. Nelson.

Marvin Morton and Miss Dora Blackburn.

Loren Paris and Miss Nellie Woodall.

B. E. Butler and Miss Etta Fowler.

T. S. McMurray and Miss Sallie Fletcher.

W. L. Hamby and Mrs. Mollie E. Crider.

Virgil Y. Moore and Miss Dorothy Ina Price.

J. C. Owen and Miss Nettie Hard.

Odie Vaughn and Miss Sallie Wright.

J. Clarence Hunt and Miss Joanna Paris.

Clarence Asbridge and Miss Myrtle Travis.

Fred Harness and Miss May Harness.

T. C. Jones and Miss Eudie S. Farmer.

Chester Lindsey and Miss Cordie M. Butler.

Guthrie Gipson and Miss Nannie Turley.

Levi L. Clark and Miss Bessie M. Braswell.

W. W. McEuen and Miss Lora Holloman.

John Alvis and Miss Etta Martin.

K. S. Sale and Mrs. Nannie Main.

Louis Ramage and Miss Etta Sisco.

Marion Boy Joins Coast Artillery.

Lieutenant T. W. Carrithers, of Evansville, arrived this morning and accepted two recruits and one old soldier at the local recruiting station. William A. Reeves, 27 years old, of Gilbertsville, Ky., re-enlisted for the field artillery. He formerly served in Battery F, of the Fifth field artillery in the Philippine Islands. The recruits were Grover Thomasson, 20, of Metropolis, Ill., and Rile Horning, 21, of Marion, Ky., both for the coast artillery.—Paducah News-Democrat.

Parties who haul wood to my woodyard, should report same to this office in order to get proper credit. Several loads were delivered there recently by parties whose names I did not get, hence no credit has been given for same. Please report each time.
S. M. JENKINS.

James D. Farris, the well known Salem citizen who has been in the Pope Sanitarium in Louisville is improving sufficiently to return home for the holidays.

The Question, 'What Will You Give Him'

Of course you want to give your friend something Nice for Christmas, But you say, Well I don't know what to get.

Let Us Suggest

Buy Him something NICE and something He can GET some SERVICE out of

WE THINK EITHER OF THE NUMBERS MENTIONED BELOW NICE

We have some Nice Ties of all kinds .25c to .50

Handkerchief case, \$1.25

Combination set of Suspenders, arm bands
and sock supporters at .50c

We have Traveling Bags from \$4.00 to \$12.00

Driving Gloves at \$1.50

Dress Gloves at \$1.00

Leather Collar Bags at \$1.00

We Have Everything Suitable For Xmas Gifts For The Man

The Yates

Men's Furnishings Store.

Stegar Building

Main Street

Marion, Ky.

BETTER FARMING

Young Crittenden County Farmer
Writes An Interesting Letter
On Better Farming.

In the last 25 years the Kentucky farmers and the farmers of several of the adjoining eastern states; after having worn their soils by that obnoxious soil skimming made of, not farming but soil killing, which they have had (and is still) in operation, have turned the old rundown fields outside to wash away and have moved to the newer lands of the western states. But those that are left here have got to stay, because the western territory is all occupied, and is now going through the same process of soil robbery as this has.

Now, the question is, what are we going to do? Are we going to set down in the easy rocking chair and say by our actions if not by words, let'er go Bill, maybe it'll keep me until I die and that is all I am a looking for? I hope not. We cannot afford it, the world has not come to an end yet, and you are not gone yet, and after you quit the walks of man your posterity steps right into your shoes surely you don't want to leave the soil with them in a poorer condition than it was left to you, you say the land is nearly worn out and is getting worse all the time. (True enough it is) then if you can scarcely make a living now, what is the rising generation going to do? You had just as well begin to improve the land as they when they take possession.

The land in Germany has been tilled for thousands of years and has been worn out just like our soil is today, but it produces more wheat per acre today than ever before. Why? Because they realize that something had to be done, and they began to test the soil and experimenting upon it, and discovered the lacking parts, and when the necessary ingredients were added the soil was more than restored to its original fertility.

Unless the farmers of our country wake up to their sense of duty, and become enthusiastic and better interested about farming and the right modes of farming and begin to realize that it is the prettiest, pleasantest and most desirable occupation of all mankind, and begin to improve their lands they will soon have to quit for the soil will be more productive.

Now it remains for us to decide whether we will improve our land or not.

If he, who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor, then he who reduces the fertility of the soil so that only one ear of corn grows where two have been growing before is a public curse.

Agriculture is the fundamental supporter of the American nation and soil fertility is the absolute support of agriculture.

Without agriculture America can do nothing. All other industries are directly or indirectly, absolutely dependent on agriculture for their continued existence.

The soil has two distinct functions to perform in crop production. First, the soil must furnish a home for the plant where the roots can penetrate the earth upon which the plant must stand. Second, the soil must furnish plant food or nourishment and maturing of the plant.

To improve the physical conditions of the soil is to improve the home of the plant, while to add to the soil or to liberate from the soil fertilizing materials, is to increase the available supply of plant food.

One soil may furnish an excellent home for the plant, but a very insufficient supply of plant food; while another soil may contain abundance of plant food, but the physical conditions, such as improper drainage, or inadequate aeration, may be such as to make an unfit lodging place for the plant.

There are six essential and positive factors in crop production, —1, the seed; 2, the home or lodging place; 3, moisture; 4, heat; 5, light; 6, plant food. Good seed is exceedingly important and the quality of the seed selected and planted is largely under the control of the farmers.

Light is a factor over which man has no direct control, but he has full control over some negative factors such as weeds which if allowed to grow, might largely prevent the light from reaching the growing plant.

When oats or wheat are sown with clover they very often grow so rank that the young clover is injured to some extent, by shutting out the light, also by robbing the clover plant of moisture and plant food.

To avoid these injuries or difficulties, the clover should be started with a light seeding of wheat, or oats preferable, planted by drills, running north and south, which will prevent the strong noonday light to reach the clover plant.

The least understood, and most neglected essential factor in crop production is plant food.

Food of required kind and insufficient quantity is as necessary for plants as animals.

There are ten essential plant food elements, but we will only mention five of the most important ones and soils are frequently found which are deficient in one or more of these elements as to limit the yield of crops.

Nitrogen is found in the air, and can only be secured in the soil by raising of plants known as legumes, including such valuable agricultural plants as red clover, crimson clover, cow peas and some others, upon the roots of which there are little nodules in which live great number of minute organisms called "bacteria" which have the power to take nitrogen from the air as it enters the pore of the soil, and to cause this gaseous nitrogen to contend with other elements

for plant food which is then taken up by the legume its own growth.

If the element phosphorus becomes deficient in the soil, the supply can be secured only by making an actual application of some kind of material containing phosphorus.

Plant food is an absolute factor in agriculture, if it is not present in an abundance it should be supplied in the most economical and profitable manner, and that which is removed by crops, should be returned in manure or by turning under green crops, corn stalks, straw and some other rough products.

Another essential in successful farming is crop rotation, the following, if practiced, will prove to be satisfactory.

First year, Peas; (2) crimson clover; (3) corn; (4) peas, again etc. Crimson clover may be sown any time between July 15 and Oct. 12. If you fear of not

MAKE WAY



COPHER

The Main Street Grocer

FRESH OYSTERS, CELERY, MINCEMENT,
PLUMPUDDINGS, GRAPE FRUIT
APPLES, ORANGES, MALAGAS,
CURRANTS, RAISINS,
FIGS, DATES,
COCOANUTS,
ALMONDS, FILIBUTS
CREAM NUTS, PECANS, PEANUTS
ENGLISH WALNUTS, OLIVES, PEARS,
CALIFORNIA EVAPORATED PEACHES, APRICOTS,

We have Fire Works for the Children and Candies and Confections of all kinds. We can supply your table with all the dainties of the season.

COPHER
The Main Street Grocer.

WALTER JOHNSON, Grocer

We have a fine line of Xmas candies, fruits, nuts and fireworks

Bring the little folks and get your supply for the holidays.

We have every thing you need. Old Santa Claus has his headquarters at our store.

Give us a Trial for Next Year

WALTER JOHNSON, Grocer.

Bellville St.

Marion, Ky.

getting a stand, sow about three pecks of rye with eight pounds of clover seed per acre, if clover doesn't do well, you will still have the rye.

This combination affords excellent winter and early spring pasture for any kind of stock and will be found to be no disadvantage. —J. O. HORNING.

LOST LEATHER SACHEL

Containing a leather purse in which was a \$20.00 bill and 75 cents in change also a bunch of eight or more tickets from Carnahan Bros., & Dodge's, Marion, Ky. Will pay reward for its return to me or Record-Press office, LETHIA BROWN, Shady Grove, Ky.

BLOOMING ROSE

Hello, old Blooming Rose is coming to the front again

Mrs. Pearl Watson was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Byrd Little, Sunday. Lee Kemper and family were guests of her parents, Sunday.

Ira Belt and Miss Corda Mitchell went across the river Sunday and were married.

Herschell Franklin, our school teacher, went home Friday.

Albert Humphrey and Herschell Stallion were in this section Sunday.

Ira Soits filled his appointment at our church Sunday.

Miss Katie Yandell who is attending school at Mexico, Mo., arrived Wednesday to spend the holidays.

Prof. Richardson, of Buffalo, Ky., arrived Wednesday and is the guest for the holidays of his many friends here.

CURIOUS BITS OF HISTORY

A VALIANT IRISH SEA CAPTAIN.

By A. W. MACY.
On May 11, 1775, Capt. Jeremiah O'Brien, owner of a little lumber sloop, chased and captured the British war schooner Margaretta, carrying four light guns and fourteen swivel pieces. O'Brien's crew was thirty-five landmen, mostly Irish, armed with muskets, pistols, blunderbuses, axes and pitchforks. The schooner had more men than the sloop, and was a commissioned war vessel. She had been somewhat disabled in a squall, and a lucky shot from the lumber sloop killed the man at the wheel and cleared the quarter-deck. Another shot killed the British captain. O'Brien gave the order to board, and the schooner was captured after a hand-to-hand fight. About twenty men in all were killed and wounded.

(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)



What Sound Can Be More Cheerful

As Cold Winter's Closing In,
Than the Music of the Coal.
As It's Dumped into Your Bin—
The Clatter and the Patter
Of the Coal in Chuting In!

See That You Hear It
FILL UP YOUR BINS!

J. B. ASLEY. MARION, KY.