

Crittenden Record-Press

No. 15

Marion, Crittenden County Kentucky, Thursday, Morning, Nov. 1 1917

Vol. XXXX

ASKS SUPPORT OF VOTERS

**John A. Stembidge Announces
For Assessor On An Independent Ticket.**

To The Voters Of Crittenden County:

In answer to the urgent solicitation of many voters throughout the county and adherents of all parties, I have decided to enter the race for County Assessor, and the petition to that effect signed by the requisite number of voters has already been filed in the Crittenden County court clerk's office to have my name placed upon the ballot as an independent candidate.

The new Revenue law imposes heavy duties upon the Assessor, and it is very important to the people that they elect a man capable and willing to perform those duties in a fair spirit. My friends and acquaintances throughout the county are convinced that I am capable and qualified. I will be glad if those who do not know me will make inquiry among my acquaintances, and upon their judgment I am willing to have the people settle the matter at the coming November election.

In the few weeks between now and the election it will be impossible for me to see many of you in person but assuring you of my appreciation for all of the help that may be extended to me, and promising you a faithful discharge of the office, I am,

Respectfully,
John A. Stembidge.

Rural Carrier Examination

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for the county of Caldwell Ky., to be held on Nov. 24, 1917 at Princeton, Ky., to fill the position of rural carrier at Fredonia, Ky., and vacancies that may later occur on rural routes from other post offices in the above mentioned county. The examination will be open only to male citizens who are actually domiciled in the territory of a post office in the county and who meet the requirements set forth in Form No. 1977. This form and application blanks may be obtained from the offices mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C. Applications should be forwarded to the Commission at Washington at the earliest practicable date.

Three Days Of Grace

On October bargain rates are allowed by the Evansville Courier at request of many people—Nov. 1, 2, 3. If you have not subscribed you must do so before Saturday midnight, when books close. Last chance to secure this great newspaper at October bargain rate of \$4.00 daily by mail one year, \$6.00 daily and Sunday.

Hand your subscription to this newspaper or your postmaster or mail to The Evansville Courier.

Weather Forecast.

For the week beginning Sunday Oct. 28, 1917. For Ohio Valley and Tennessee:—Short period rain about Tuesday. Fair and colder thereafter.

IN SOCIETY

In Honor of Miss Madeline, Jenkins who was married to Mr. Bruce A. Babb on Tuesday Oct. 30th, Miss Frances Blue entertained with a Japanese luncheon Friday Oct., 26th at one o'clock.

A large open Japanese parol was suspended from the ceiling just above the table, with small parols hanging from it. A vase with yellow chrysanthemums formed the centerpiece, and seated under the blossoms were miniature Jap. dolls. The place cards were hand painted Japanese scenes, tiny Japs' umbrellas were the favors.

A delightful six course luncheon was served to, Misses Madeline Jenkins, Kate Yates, Nannie Rochester, Susie Boston, Kit Yandell, Frances Blue, Misses, Paul Adams, Maurie Nunn.

On Thursday afternoon Oct. 25 Miss Susie Boston and Mrs. Maurie Nunn delightfully entertained five tables of bridge in honor of Miss Madeline Jenkins. The home of Mrs. Nunn was attractively decorated in Autumn leaves and pumpkins. The green potted ferns were used throughout the living room and dining room, draped in pumpkin yellow and black crepe paper. The tables napkins were decorated to carry out the Halloween idea. Weird Music was played on the victrola throughout the afternoon.

A two course menu was served the ice course being ice cream pumpkins. Miss Boston and Mrs. Nunn's Hospitality included besides the guests of Honor, Misses, Nannie Rochester, Gwendoline Haynes, Ruth Croft, Ruth Flanary, Virginia Blue, Kate Yates, Linda Jenkins, Frances Blue, Katherine Yandell, Kittie Gray, Della Barnes.

Mesdames, J. B. White, W. V. Tucker, Wm. C. Cross, Wm. Barnett, J. Press Guess, Douglas Carnahan, Paul Adams, Mrs. W. V. Haynes.



WEEKS TO CHRISTMAS
Time to Think About Your Christmas Shopping!

Take Notice.

There is an ordinance against these cutouts and cars keeping up such a noise, also running with out lights. This is the last notice, so if you don't want to pay a fine you had better heed this notice.

This Means All.

G. E. Boston,
City Marshal.

DEATHS

A message was received here by Mr. George P. Roberts Friday night at midnight bringing the news that his father Col. D. C. Roberts had died there in the Walker Sanitarium at 11:30 o'clock. Mr. Roberts left here Saturday morning and went to Evansville to have the remains prepared for burial and brought here. He returned with the remains Sunday morning accompanied by Mr. Sam Gugenheim who went with him.

The funeral which was announced for two o'clock was postponed until 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon to give time for the arrival of Col. Roberts daughter, Mrs. Kimpton of Chicago and her daughter Miss Marjorie, they having left Chicago on the first train after being advised of the death.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. Henry V. Escott at the residence after which the remains took charge of the services and conducted a Masonic burial, which was not concluded until dusk.

There were many beautiful floral offerings from friends here and from many parts of the county where the deceased was known. The death of Col. Dewitt Clinton Roberts removes from the active walks of life one of the brightest minds and ablest writers it has ever been our privilege to know. He had been in the sanitarium for many weary months, since the attack of partial paralysis 2 years ago under a trained nurse and skilled specialists and was hopeful to the last that he would recover his lost strength and be his olden self again.

He had every care and attention which his son could bestow, while here at the Roberts home, and when in Evansville. He spent some time last year with his daughter Mrs. Kimpton in Chicago and she gave him a daughter's loving care but he did not rally permanently but maintained vitality and interest in affairs which was the wonder of all his friends. Only last week an article he wrote appeared in these columns and within a fortnight he had written a letter pertaining to an invention of his for which patents are now pending in the patent office at Washington.

The deceased was a member of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church in Chicago, where he and his family resided for 25 years or more and where he was connected with the "Chicago Daily Times and The Globe, and was a very able writer.

He came here 15 years ago and was instrumental in opening up the vast mineral deposits here and did as much as any one man to interest capital in this field.

Dewitt Clinton Roberts was born at Chateau, Gay County, N. Y., Jan. 5th, 1844, and died Oct. 26th, 1917, in his 74 year. He was married May 5th, 1866, to Miss Rebecca W. Shaw of Cape Cod, Mass., she preceded him to the grave 2 years ago.

He is survived by 2 daughters Mrs. E. G. Kimpton of Chicago and Mrs. Angus S. Williams of Wilbur, Wash., one son George P. Roberts of this city. There are nine grandchildren.

One of the saddest deaths to occur in many years in this vicinity, was that of Mrs. Lockie

NEW POSTAL RATES EFFECTIVE NOV. 2

Three Cents on Letters And Two Cents on Post Cards. Look Over The Ruling.

New postal rates will go into effect next Friday, Nov. 2, and the following features should be noted by patrons of the post-office:

Letters and other first class matter (except drop letters and postals and post cards) will be subject to postage at the rate of three cents for each ounce or fraction thereof, which should be fully prepaid. If less than three cents is prepaid on a letter, or other first class matter, it shall be returned to the sender, if known, for the deficit postage. If the sender is not known, it shall be prepaid at least two cents, beater with the deficit postage and dispatched to its destination for collection of the amount due upon the delivery to the address.

The rate on drop letters on and after Nov. 2 will be two cents an ounce. This applies to all letters mailed for delivery by the city, rural or other carriers of such office. The two cent drop letter rate also applies to offices which have no carrier system.

Post cards or private mailing cards, bearing written messages, will also be subject to two cent postage each.

Stop, Look And Listen.

Special sale on for Children's hats, and special bargains in ladies and misses hats, beginning November 3rd. Bargains in all lines.

Moore & Pickens.

The Greater Need.

"I am very busy," said the inventor, "devising a range finder which—" "Good Lord, man," said the suburbanite, "what a waste of time. What the world needs is not a range finder but a cock finder that will stay when found by the ranges already located."

SWEET CLOVER SEED.

Large white variety, 12 1/2 cents per pound. H. N. Lamb, 104 2nd Tribune, Ky.

Lorraine Hillyard, the girl wife of Prof. Fred Hillyard, and the daughter of W. K. Powell and wife, of Repton.

She was stricken with peritonitis soon after the birth on Oct. 12th, of her little son, Robert, and had never rallied, and passed away Thursday evening, Oct. 25th, at seven o'clock, in her 21st year. She has been left by the stroke as a Christmas gift for her parents in 1916.

Her father, husband, son, and parents, she is survived by two brothers, Prof. Kenna Powell, who is one of the county's valued teachers; and Theodore, who is a student at the University of Kentucky; and by three sisters, Miss Dorey, who is at home, Mrs. Bernice Spence, of Repton, Ky., and Mrs. Talmage Mattingly, of Clay, Ky.

Four years ago under the preaching of Rev. B. F. Hyde, at Repton, she professed faith in Christ and joined the Baptist church of which she lived a consistent member the remainder of her life.

Her family have the sympathy of all, in the sadness at her untimely death.

KOON'S KEN- TUCKY KOMPANY

**Komrades Kompliment Him Highly
As to Deportment at Camp
Zachary Taylor.**

Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.,
October 29, 1917.

A few same and sensible reasons why the voters of Crittenden and Livingston County should see that Duron Koon goes to the next Kentucky Legislature.

It is a foregone conclusion that our home people will honor our soldier boys after the war with county, state and national offices, but there is no reason why they should wait until the war is finished to do this when they have the chance, as they now have, of sending a man to the Kentucky legislature a few days of each year, and allowing him to fight his Country's battles during the remainder of the time. The man who asks this favor of the people of these two counties made an honorable fight for the nomination and won it. He was drafted to fight for the protection of the home folks and went to war with a smile upon his face asking no favors of the County Exemption Board, surely he could be expected to make no greater sacrifices, than this. He will render the same kind of services in making laws for his people that he has in fighting the battles of his country.

A man can only be judged by his actions and not by his promises. No man of the 75th., and 80th., Companies, will say that Koon loafs on his job of learning how to fight for the protection of our country, his superior officers will commend him upon actions during the short time that he has been here. He volunteered to assist in teaching the illiterates of Camp Zachary Taylor. For this work he receives no pay and asks none. He gives an hour of his resting time four days of each week to this kindly work. He drills as long as any man of the company in the day time and receives no favors from any one, surely his actions deserve the kindly attention of any man back home be he either Democrat or Republican, let his rank be what it may.

Koon asks of no man back home that which he has not already given a hundred fold in return. He only believes that he can better serve the State by having help in defending it, could he be elected by the vote of his comrades of the 75th., and 80th., Companies, his election would be by acclamation, for the voters are the people in our country and Koon. He makes no charges against his opponent for he believes that the law of the country has passed and that no patriotic man would allow himself to be submerged in attempting to dig up a heretofore part of a deluge into the muddy skele on of any man.

The above letter was written by a committee representing the Livingston and Crittenden county soldier boys of Camp Taylor.

R. A. Lynch, C. V. Sherer, F. C. Newcom, M. B. Walker, D. O. Mathews, L. E. Mayes, G. S. Robertson, C. E. Threlkeld, W. H. Martin, Albert Lane, W. S. Farley, Harry E. Powell and James H. Snow.

NOTABLE NUPTIALS CONSUMATED

**Babb-Jenkins Marriage Tuesday
Afternoon At Southern Pres-
byterian Church.**

The marriage of Miss Madeleine Jenkins daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Jenkins of this city, to Mr. Bruce Babb of Hodgenville Ky., was solemnized at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon October, 30th at the Southern Presbyterian church by her pastor Rev. H. V. Escott in a beautiful and impressive ceremony, in the presence of an audience of friends of the contracting parties which taxed the capacity of the cosy little church. The interior of the edifice had been transformed into a scene of bewildering beauty by the deft hands of friends and chums of the bride with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Adams as the designers. The colors were white and gold; palms, ferns, and evergreens were banded at the altar in great profusion. A golden yellow pillow of satin was in position in front of the minister on which the bride and groom knelt in prayer. On either side were columns topped with vases of immense yellow chrysanthemums. The windows were darkened by banks of golden autumn twigs taken from native trees in the grounds surrounding the bride's home. It was not an elaborate wedding, as the bride preferred the simple form, as her brother Robert who recently volunteered in the U. S. navy could not attend, and that was the cause for an element of sadness which forestalled all desire for display. There were no bridesmaids or groomsmen, Miss Linda Jenkins was maid of honor and walked in front of the bride who leaned on the arm of her father who gave her away as the groom and his best man Mr. A. A. Orender of Bai alo met them in front of the altar. The bridal march was exquisitely rendered on the Vocalion by Miss Sallie Woods who assisted by Mr. Medley Cannon on the Cello had entertained the assembling audience. The bride was gowned in a traveling costume of brown chiffon broadcloth with hat, gloves, and shoes to harmonize and carried a white prayer book instead of the usual brides roses. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Babb departed on the north bound train at 3 o'clock for Chicago and New York on a two weeks bridal trip after which they will go to Hodgenville to reside.

The groom is one of the proprietors and is manager of the LaRue Drug Company and is well pleased with his location and prospects. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Babb of this city and is a self made man and finished his education on money loaned him when a young man by one of Marion's philanthropists Mr. Sam Gugenheim. All of which he appreciated and repaid with interest when he attained manhood and was earning a salary. He has exemplary habits and his loyalty to his parents and brothers and sister has been noticeable and commendable. He has many staunch friends here as well as in his new home as evidenced by the many tokens of friendship sent in honor of his marriage. The bride who is the first born of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Jenkins was born in Henderson, Ky.

(continued on page 5, 4th column)

"Aye! Well and good! But even she dare not disobey the rule. Khinjan was there before she came, and the rule was there from the beginning, when the first men found the caves! Some—hundreds—have gained admission, lacking the right. But who ever saw them again? Allah! I, for one, would not chance it!"

"Thou and I are two men!" answered King. "I shall see the caves!"

"Aye! But listen! How many Indian servants of the British Raj have set out to see the caves? Many, many—very many! Some, having got by Khinjan, entered the caves. None ever came out again!"

"Then, what is my case to thee?" King asked him. "If I cannot come out again and there is a secret, then the secret will be kept, and what is the trouble?"

"I love thee," the Afridi answered simply. "Thou art a man after mine own heart. Turn! Go back before it is too late!"

King shook his head.

"I was in Khinjan once before, my friend! I know the rule! I failed to reach the caves that other time because I had no witnesses to swear they had seen me slay a man in the teeth of written law. I know!"

"Who saw thee this time?" Ismail asked, and began to cackle with the cruel humor of the "Hills," that sees amusement in a man's undoing, or in the destruction of his plans. "Be warned and go back!"

"Come with me, then."

"Nay, I am her man. She waits for me!"

"I imagine she waits for me!" laughed King. "Forward! We have rested in this place long enough!"

It was ten of a blazing forenoon, and the sun had heated up the rocks until it was pain to walk on them and agony to sit, when they topped the last escarpment and came in sight of Khinjan's walls, across a mile-wide rocky ravine—Khinjan, the unregenerate, that has no other human habitation within a march because none dare build.

It was midday when last they stood on bottom and swayed like men in a dream, fingering their bruises and sorely able for the heat haze to see the tangled mass of stone towers and mud-and-stone walls that faced them, a mile away. They were nearly across the valley, hunting for shadow where none was to be found, when a shot saluted brought them up all-standing in a cluster. Six or eight nickel-coated bullets splattered on the rocks close by, and one so narrowly missed King that he could feel its wind.

Up went all their hands together, and they held them so until they ached. Nothing whatever happened. Their arms ceased aching and grew numb.

They advanced another two hundred yards and another volley rattled among the rocks on either hand, frightening one of the mules so that it stumbled and fell and had to be helped up again. When that was done, and the mule stood trembling, they all faced the wall. But they were too weary to hold their hands up any more. Thirst had begun to exercise its sway. One of the men was half delirious.

"Who are ye?" howled a human being, whose voice was so like a wolf's that the words at first had no meaning.



"Who Are You?" Howled a Human Being, Whose Voice Was So Like a Wolf's That the Words at First Had No Meaning.

He peered over the parapet, a hundred feet above, with his head so swathed in dirty linen that he looked like a bandaged corpse.

"What will ye? Who comes uninvited into Khinjan?"

King beheld him of Yasmint's tailman. He held it up, and the gold band glinted in the sun. Yet, although a Hillman's eyes are keener than an eagle's, he did not believe the thing could be recognized at that angle, and from that distance. Another thought suggested itself to him. He turned his head and caught Ismail in the act of signaling with both hands.

"We may come!" howled the watchman on the parapet, disappearing instantly.

King trembled—perhaps as a race-horse trembles at the starting gate, though he was weary enough to tremble from fatigue. But that passed. He was all in hand when he led his men up over a rough stone causeway to a door in the bottom of a high battlemented wall and waited for somebody to open it.

The great teak door looked as if it had been stolen from some Hindu temple, and he wondered how and when they could have brought it there across those savage intervening miles. High above the door was a ledge of rock

that crossed the wall, with a parapet upon it, pierced for rifle fire.

As they approached a thought came to him, not unlike King's own, as he looked above the parapet on the ledge and a voice he recognized hailed him, good-humoredly.

"Salaam aleikoun!"

"And upon thee be peace!" King answered in the Pashtu tongue, for the "Hills" are polite, whatever the other principles.

Rewa Gunga's face beamed down on him, wreathed in smiles that seemed to include mockery as well as triumph. Looking up at him at an angle that made his neck ache and dazzled his eyes, King could not be sure, but it seemed to him that the smile said, "Here you are, my man, and aren't you in for it?" He more than half suspected he was intended to understand that. But the Rangar's conversation took another line.

"By jove!" he chuckled. "She expected you. She guessed you are a bound who can hunt well on a dry scent, and she dared bet you will come in spite of all odds! But she didn't expect you in Rangar dress! No, by jove! You jolly well will take the wind out of her sails!"

King made no answer. For one thing, the word "bound," even in English, is not essentially a compliment. But he had a better reason than that.

"Did you find the way easily?" the Rangar asked; but King kept silence.

"Is he parched? Have they cut his tongue out on the road?"

That question was in Pashtu, directed at Ismail and the others, but King answered it.

"Oh, as for that," he said, salaaming again in the fastidious manner of a native gentleman. "I know no other tongue than Pashtu and my own Rasthali. My name is Kurram Khan. I ask admittance."

He held up his wrist to show the gold bracelet, and high over his head the Rangar laughed like a bell.

"Shabash!" he laughed. "Well done! Enter, Kurram Khan, and be welcome, thou and thy men. Be welcome in her name!"

Somebody pulled a rope and the door yawned wide, giving on a kind of courtyard whose high walls allowed no view of anything but not blue sky. Through a gap under an arch in a far corner of the courtyard came a one-eyed, lean-looking villain in Afridi dress who leaned on a long gun and stared at them under his hand. After a leisurely consideration of them he rubbed his nose slowly with one finger, spat contemptuously, and then used he flinger to beckon them, croaking it queerly and turning on his heel. He did not say one word.

King led the way after him on foot, for even in the "Hills" where cruelty is a virtue, a man may be excused, on economic grounds, for showing mercy to his beast. His men tugged the weary animals along behind him, through the gap under the arch and along an almost interminable, smelly maze of alleys whose sides were the walls of square stone towers, or sometimes of mud-and-stone-walled compounds, and here and there of sheer, jagged cliff. Like Old Jerusalem, the place could have contained a civil war of a hundred factions, and still have opposed stout resistance to an outside army.

Alley gave on to courtyard, and filthy square to alley, until unexpectedly at last a seemingly blind passage turned sharply and opened on a straight street, of fair width, and more than half a mile long. It is marked "Street of the Dwellings" on the secret army maps, and it has been burned so often by Khinjan rioters, as well as by expeditions out of India, that a man who goes on a long journey never expects to find it the same on his return.

It was lined on either hand with motley dwellings, out of which a motley crowd of people swarmed to stare at King and his men. There were Hindus—sycophants, keepers of accounts and writers to the chiefs (since literacy is at a premium in these parts). In proof of Khinjan's catholic taste and indiscriminate villainy, there were women of nearly every Indian breed and caste, many of them stolen into shameful slavery, but some of them there from choice. And there were little children—little naked brats with round drum tummies, who squealed and shrilled and stared with bold eyes.

Perhaps a thousand souls came out to watch, all told. Not an eye of them all missed the government marks on King's trappings, or the government brand on the mules, and after a minute or two, when the procession was halfway down the street, a man reproved a child who had thrown a stone, and he was backed up by the others. They classified King correctly, exactly as he meant they should. As a hakim—a man of medicine—he could fill a long felt want; but by the brand on his accoutrements he wanted an openly avowed soldier, and that made him a brother in crime. Somebody cuffed the next child who picked up a stone.

He knew the street of old, although it had changed perhaps a dozen times since he had seen it. It was a dead-end street, and at the end of it, just as on his previous visit, there stood a stone mosque, whose roof leaned back at a steep angle against the mountainside. It was a famous mosque in its way, for the red sheet of the Prophet is known to hang in it, preserved against the ravages of time and the touch of infidels by priceless Afghan rugs before and behind, so that it hangs like a great thin sandwich before the rear stone wall. King had seen it.

Toward the mosque the way of a Hindu temple, and he wondered how and when they could have brought it there across those savage intervening miles. High above the door was a ledge of rock

three times with his gun butt, that was a strange proceeding, to say the least, in a land where the mosque is public resting place for homeless ones, and all the "faithful" have a right to enter.

A mullah, shaven like a mummy for some unaccountable reason—even his eyebrows and eyelashes had been removed—pushed his bare head through the door and blinked at them. There was some whispering and more staring, and at last the mullah turned his back.

The door slammed. The one-eyed guide grounded his gun-butt on the stone, and the procession waited, watched by the crowd that had lost its interest sufficiently to talk and joke.

In two minutes the mullah returned and threw a mat over the threshold. It turned out to be the end of a long narrow strip that he kicked and unrolled in front of him all across the floor of the mosque. After that it was not so astonishing that the horses and mules were allowed to enter.

"Which proves I was right after all!" murmured King to himself.

In a steel box at Simla is a memorandum, made after his former visit to the place, to the effect that the entrance into Khinjan caves might possibly be inside the mosque. Nobody had believed it likely, and he had not more than half favored it himself; but it is good, even when the next step may lead into a death-trap, to see one's first opinions confirmed.

He nodded to himself as the outer door slammed shut behind them, for that was another most unusual circumstance.

A faint light shone through slitlike windows, changing darkness into gloom, and little more than vaguely hinting at the Prophet's bed sheet. But for a section of white wall to either side of it, the relic might have seemed part of the shadows. The mullah stood with his back to it and beckoned King nearer. He approached until he could see the pattern on the covering rugs, and the pink rims round the mullah's lashes eyes.

"What is thy desire?" the mullah asked—as a wolf might ask what a lamb wants.

"Admittance with her!" King answered, and showed the gold bracelet on his wrist.

The red eyelids of the mullah blinked a time or two, and though he did not salute the bracelet, as others had invariably done, his manner underwent a perceptible change.

"That is proof that she knows thee. What is thy name?"

"Kurram Khan, hakim."

"We need thee in Khinjan caves! But none enter who have not earned right to enter! There is but one key. Name it!"

King drew in his breath. He had hoped Yasmint's tailman would prove



"I Slew an Englishman!"

to be key enough. The nails of his left hand nearly pierced the palm, but he smiled pleasantly.

"He who would enter must slay a man before witnesses in the teeth of written law!" he said.

"And thou?"

"I slew an Englishman!" The boast made his blood run cold, but his expression was one of sinful pride.

"Whom? When? Where?"

"Atheistan King—a British officer—sent on his way to those 'Hills' to spy!"

It was like having spells cast on himself to order!

"Where is his body?"

"Ask the cultures! Ask the kites!"

"And thy witnesses?"

Hoping against hope, King turned and waved his hand. As he did so, being quick-eyed, he saw Ismail drive an elbow home into Darya Khan's ribs, and caught a quick interchange of whispers.

"These men are all known to me," said the mullah. "They have right to enter here. They have right to testify. Did ye see him slay his man?"

"Aye!" lied Ismail, prompt as a cat on a mat.

"Aye!" lied Darya Khan, fearful of Ismail's elbow.

"Then enter!" said the priest resignedly, as one who admits a commitment against his better judgment.

He turned his back on them so as to face the Prophet's bed sheet and the rear wall, and in that minute a hairy hand gripped King's arm from behind, and Ismail's voice hissed hot-breathed in his ear.

"Ready of tongue! Ready of wit! Who told thee I would lie to save thy

skin? Be thy kismet as thy courage, then—but I am here, not thy man! Hers, thou light of life—though God knows I love thee!"

The mullah seized the Prophet's bed sheet and its covering rugs in both hands, with about as much reverence as salesmen show for what they keep in stock. The whole lot slid to one side by means of noisy rings on a rod, and a wall lay bare, built of crudely cut but well laid blocks. It appeared to reach unbroken across the whole width of the mosque's interior.

On the floor lay a mallet, a peculiar thing of bronze, cast in one piece, handle and all. The mullah took it in his hand and struck the stone floor sharply once—then twice again—then three times—then a dozen times in quick succession. The floor rang hollow at that spot.

After about a minute there came one answering hammer stroke from beyond the wall. Then the mullah laid the mallet down and though King ached to pick it up and examine it he did not dare. His business was to attract as little attention to himself as possible; and to that end he folded his hands and looked reverent, as if entering some Mecca of his dreams. Through his horn-rimmed spectacles his eyes looked far away and dreamy. But it would have been a mistake to suppose that a detail was escaping him.

The irregular lines in the masonry began to be more pronounced. All at once the wall shook and they gasped by an inch or two, as happens when an earthquake has shaken buildings without bringing anything down. Then an irregular section of wall began to move quite smoothly away from in front of him, leaving a gap through which eight men abreast could have marched—a tunnel, split in two to right and left. Judging by the angle of the two divisions they became one again before going very far.

The mullah stood aside and motioned King to enter. But the one-eyed thrust himself between Darya Khan and Ismail, pushed King aside and took the lead.

"Nay!" he said, "I am responsible to her!"

It was the first time he had spoken and he appeared to resent the waste of words.

The tunnel was placed in twenty places in the roof of the cave; a score of men with enough ammunition could have held it forever against an army. The guide led, and King followed him, filled with curiosity.

"Many have entered!" sang the mullah in a sing-song chant. "More have sought to enter! Some who remained without were wisest! I count them! I keep count! Many went in! Not all came out again by this road!"

"Lead along, Charon!" King grinned. He needed some sort of pleasantry to steady his nerves. But, even so, he wondered what the nerves of India would be like if her millions knew of this place.

CHAPTER XI.

The gap closed up behind them and the tunnel began to echo weirdly. Over their heads, at irregular intervals, there were holes that if they led as King presumed into caves above, left not an inch of all the long passage that could not have been swept by rifle fire. It was impregnable; for no artillery heavy enough to pound the mountain into pieces could ever be dragged within range. Whatever hiding place this entrance guarded could be held forever, given food and cartridges!

The tunnel wound to right and left like a snake, growing lighter and lighter after each bend; and soon their own tin began to be swallowed in a greater one that entered from the farther end. After two sharp turns they came out unexpectedly into the glare of blue day, nearly stunned by light and sound. A roar came up from below like that of an ocean in the grip of a typhoon.

When his wits recovered from the shock, King struggled with a wild desire to yell, for before him was what no servant of British India had ever seen and lived to tell about, and that is an experience more potent than unbroken ruin.

They had emerged from a round-mouthed tunnel—it looked already like a rabbit hole, so huge was the cliff behind—on to a ledge of rock that formed a sort of road along one side of a mile-wide chasm. Above him, it seemed a mile up, was blue sky, to which limestone walls ran sheer, with scarcely a foothold that could be seen. Beneath, so deep that eyes could not guess how deep, yawned the stained gorge of the underworld, many-colored, smooth and wet.

And out of a great, jagged slit in the side of the cliff, perhaps a thousand feet below them, there poured down thunderous dimness a waterfall whose breadth seemed not less than half a mile. It spouted seventy or eighty yards before it began to curve, and its din was like the voice of all creation.

Ismail came and stood by King in silence, taking his hand, as a little child might, and stooped and picked up a stone and tossed it over.

"Ione!" he said simply. "That down there is Earth's Drink!"

"And this is the 'Heart of the Hills' men boast about?"

"Nay! It is not!" snapped Ismail.

"Then, where—?"

But the one-eyed guide beckoned impatiently, and King led the way after him, staring as hakim or prisoner or any man had right to do on first admission to such wonders. Not to have stared would have been to proclaim himself an idiot.

They soon began to pass the mouths of caves. Some were above the road,

now and then at crazy heights above it, reached by artificial steps! "Out of the stone. Others were below, reached from the road by means of ladders, that trembled and swayed over the dizzying waterfall. Most of the caves were inhabited, for armed men and women came to their entrances to stare.

Ears grew accustomed to the sound of water sooner than to almost anything. It was not long before King's feet following, and the shod click of the mule. He could hear when Ismail whispered:

"Be brave, little hakim! She loves fearless men!"

At last the guide halted, in the middle of a short steep slope where the path was less than six feet wide and a narrow cave mouth gave directly onto it.

"Be content to rest here!" he said, pointing.

"Thy cave?" asked King.

"Nay. God's! I am the caretaker!"

The "Hills" are very pious and polite, between the acts of robbing and shedding blood.

"Allah, then, reward thee, brother!" answered King. "Allah give sight to thy blind eye! Allah give thee children! Allah give thee peace, and to all thy house!"

The guide salaamed, half-mockingly, half-wondering at such eloquence, paused in the passage to point into the side caves that debouched to either hand, turned on his heel and stalked out of the cavern. It was the last King ever saw of him.

King turned back and looked into the other caves—saw the weary horse and mule fed, watered and bedded down—took note of the running water that rushed out of a rock fissure and gurgled out of sight down another one—examined the servants' cave and saw that they had been amply provided with blankets. There was nothing lacking that the most exacting traveler could have demanded at such a distance from civilization. There was more than the most exacting would have dared expect.

"Ismail!" he shouted, and jumped at the revolver-crackle echo of his voice. Ismail came running.

"Make the men carry the mule's packs into this cave. You and Darya Khan stay here and help me open them. Remember, ye are both assistants of Kurram Khan, the hakim!"

"They will laugh at us! They will laugh at us!" cackled Ismail, but he hurried to obey, while King wondered who would laugh.

Within an hour a delegation came from, no less a person than Yasmint herself, bearing her compliments, and hot food savory enough to make a brass idol's mouth water. By this time King had his sets of surgical instruments and drugs and bandages all laid out on one of the beds and covered from view by a blanket.

It was only one more proof of the British army's everlasting luck that one of the men, who set the great brass dish of food on the floor near King, had a swollen cheek, and that he should touch the swelling clumsily as



"Does It Pain Thee, Brother?" Asked Kurram Khan, the Hakim.

he lifted his hand to shake back a lock of greasy hair. There followed an oath like flint struck on steel ten times in rapid succession.

"Does it pain thee, brother?" asked Kurram Khan the hakim.

"Are there devils in Tophet? Fire and my veins are one!"

The man did not notice the eagerness beaming out of King's horn-rimmed spectacles, but Ismail did; it seemed to him time to prove his virtues as assistant.

"This is the famous hakim Kurram Khan," he boasted. "He can cure anything, and for a very little fee!"

The man looked incredulous, but King drew the covering from his row of instruments and bottles.

"Take a chance!" he advised. "None but the brave wins anything!"

Ismail and Darya Khan were new to the business and enthusiastic. They had the man down, held tight on the floor to the huge amusement of the rest, before he could even protest; and his howls of rage did him no good, for Ismail drove the hilt of a knife between his open jaws to keep them open.

A very large proportion of King's stores consisted of morphia and cocaine. He injected enough cocaine to deaden the man's nerves, and allowed it time to work. Then he drew out three back teeth in quick succession, to make sure he had the right one.

Ismail let the victim cry, and Darya

Khan gave him water in a brass cup. Utterly without pain for the first time for days, the man was as grateful as a wolf freed from a trap.

"Are there any others in pain in Khinjan?" King asked him.

"Listen to him! What is Khinjan? Is there one man without a wound or a sore or a scar or a sickness?"

"Then, tell them," said King.

The man laughed.

"When I show my jaw, there will be a fight to be first! Make ready, hakim! I go!"

King sat down to eat, but he had not finished his meal—he had made the last little heap of rice into a ball with his fingers, native style, and was mopping up the last of the curried gravy with it—when the advance guard of the lame and the halt and the sick made its appearance. The cave's entrance became jammed with them, and no riot ever made more noise.

"Hakim! Ho, hakim! Where is the hakim who draws teeth? Where is the man who knows yunani?"

Ten men burst down the passage all together, all clamoring, and one man wasted no time at all but began to tear away bloody bandages to show his wound. King rolled up his sleeves and began, so that eagerness gave place to wonder. The desperate need of winning his first trick, made him horror-proof; and nobody waiting for the next turn was troubled because the man under the knife screamed a little or bled more than usual.

When they died—and more than one did die—men carried them out and flung them over the precipice into the waterfall below.

Ismail and Darya Khan became choosers of the victims. They seized a man, laid him on the bed, tore off his disgusting bandages and held their breath until the awful resulting stench had more or less dispersed. Then King would probe or lance or bandage as he saw fit, using anesthetics when he must, but managing mostly without them.

They almost flung money at him. He tossed money and clothes and every other thing they gave him into a corner at the back of the cave, and nobody tried to steal them back, although a man suspected of honesty in that company would have been tortured to death as an heretic and would have had no sympathy.

For hour after gruesome hour, he tolled over wounds and sores such as only battles and evil living can produce, until men began to come at last with fresh wounds, all caused by bullets, wrapped in bandages on which the blood had caked but had not grown foul.

"There has been fighting in the Khyber," somebody informed him, and he stopped with lancet in midair to listen, scanning a hundred faces swiftly in the smoky lamplight. There were ten men who held lamps for him, one of them a newcomer, and it was he who spoke.

"Fighting in the Khyber! Aye! We were a little lashed, but we drove them back into their fort! Aye! we slew many!"

"Not a jihad yet?" King asked, as if the world might be coming to an end. The words were started out of him. Under other circumstances he would never have asked that question so directly; but he had lost reckoning of everything but these poor devils' dreadful need of doctoring, and he was like a man roused out of a dream. If a holy war had been proclaimed already, then he was engaged on a forlorn hope. But the man laughed at him.

"Nay, not yet. Bull-with-a-beard holds back yet. This was a little fight. The jihad shall come later!"

"And who is 'Bull-with-a-beard'?" King wondered; but he did not ask that question because his wits were awake again. It pays not to be in too much of a hurry to know things in the "Hills."

As it happened, he asked no more questions, for there came a shout at the cave entrance whose purport he did not catch, and within five minutes after that, without a word of explanation, the cave was left empty of all except his own five men. They carried away the men too sick to walk and vanished, snatching the last man away almost before King's fingers had finished tying the bandage on his wound.

"Why is that?" he asked Ismail.

"Why did they go? Who shouted?"

"It is night," Ismail answered. "It was time."

King stared at him. He had not realized until then that without aid of the lamps he could not see his own hand held out in front of him; his eyes had grown used to the gloom, like those of the surgeons in the sick-bays below the waterline in Nelson's fleet.

"But who shouted?"

"Who knows? There is only one here who gives orders. We are many who obey," said Ismail.

"Whose men were the last ones?" King asked him, trying a new line.

"Bull-with-a-beard's."

"And whose man art thou, Ismail?"

The Afridi hesitated, and when he spoke at last there was not quite the same assurance in his voice as once there had been.

"I am hers! Be thou hers, too! But it is night. Sleep against the tell tomorrow. There be many sick in Khinjan."

King made a little effort to clean the cave, but the task was hopeless. For one thing he was so weary that his very bones were water. He appointed two-hour watches, to relieve one another until dawn, and flung himself on a clean bed. He was asleep before his head had met the pillow; and for all he knew to the contrary he dreamed of Yasmint all night long.

It seemed to him that she came into the cave—she, the woman of the faded photograph the general had given him in Peshawar—and that the cave be-



E. L. Harpending, Notary Public

Lost pair of Glasses double vision, on road from Crooked Creek church to Mari-n. Finder please return to me. Rev. U. G. Hughes.

Go to George W. Stone for your glasses in rims or rimless, any kind you want. His low prices will surprise you. Office hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5 on Mondays and Saturdays. Other week days in the afternoon only. Office lower floor of Press Bldg.

Mrs. J. C. Brown of Crittenden had a very severe attack of appendicitis and has been real sick since Friday. She was taken to Evansville this week for an operation.

John V. Hughes of Camp Paul Jones at Great Lakes Ill. arrived Friday for a fifteen days furlough. John has gained 15 pounds in weight and will make a handsome soldier.

Haynes & Taylor pays (or pay) the cost of a trial by refunding your money if Hyomei fails to relieve that cough or cold you have.

Mrs. Pearl James and her sister Miss Thelma, and her brother Ollie Rice all of Paducah were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rice on the Fredonia road for the week end.

Miss Mary Elizabeth McAdams left Tuesday for Louisville where she will be operated on and her adenoids removed, after which she will go to Ashland, Ky., to visit her uncle Jack Lawson and Mrs. Lawson.

Mrs. Sam Gugenheim has returned from Memphis where she was the guest of Mesdams B. J. Hartfield and Morris Clark.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Brings back the energy if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

Mrs. Rose Mayes of Caldwell Springs, was in the city accompanied by Miss Franke Matthews Thursday, while here they visited Mrs. Maggie Owen and daughter out on Morganfield street.

Rev. W. B. Yates returned last week from an evangelistic trip to Flemingsburg Ky., Greenville Tenn., at each of which places he assisted in conducting revivals.

J. H. Stanley and his estimable family left Thursday for Quanah, Texas to reside. They went south on account of health and we hope they may all be restored.

Revival begins Saturday Nov. 10, for two weeks at Mt. Zion Church, James Renfro pastor. Everybody welcome.

Mrs. George M. Eady and her daughters Misses Francis and Virginia Nunn have returned to their home in Louisville, after an extended visit with Mrs. W. O. Tucker and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Nunn and other relatives. Mrs. Eady was the recipient of many social functions during her stay here. Mr. Eady is superintending construction of Aerial Cantonment at Lake Charles, La.

M. H. Cannon of Bowling Green arrived Sunday to visit his parents and to attend the Babb-Jenkins nuptials Tuesday

Mrs. Noah Fox, an old citizen of this county who lives with Dimpsey Kemp and family in Missouri, arrived here Sunday afternoon enroute to Iron Hill section to attend her son, Hamp Fox, who is critically ill.

H. F. Hammock the popular salesman for Belknap Hardware Co., who spent the week end with his family, left Monday for Mayfield Ky.

L. J. Allison of Johnson City Tenn., arrived last week and is the guest of his sister Mrs. Winfield Hughes on the Piney road.

Allen Young of West Va., was here last week on a visit to his many school day friends and to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos W. Young near Mexico. He now has a fine position with a big coal company.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Durham and daughter Lois, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ward motored to Clay Sunday in Mr. Durham's car.

Mr. Durham had the misfortune to break his arm, Monday while cranking his car.

Stugis News Democrat.

Maxey Jackson son of the late Frank Jackson and grand son of aunt Sarah Travis the colored octogenarian, visited her and his step mother Ida Belle McCain and other relatives here last week. Maxey has completed his education at colleges in New York and Washington and now has an army position and is stationed at Chillicothe, Ohio, for which point he departed Saturday morning.

Mayor Frank Dodge Honored.

Governor Stanley has honored the head of our city government by sending him his commission as delegate from the State of Kentucky to the "World's Purity Federation," which convenes in Louisville, Nov. 8th, for a week's meeting. This is a compliment of which Mr. Dodge should feel proud. The Governor's letter follows:

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 29, 1917.
Mr. Frank Dodge,
Marion, Ky.

My dear Sir:
The World's Purity Federation holds its next annual convention at Louisville, Ky., on Nov. 8th, to 14th, inclusive. I am advised that delegates from all parts of the United States and the Dominion of Canada will attend this great gathering.

I have been requested to appoint a number of delegates from the State of Kentucky for that occasion. Appreciating your vital interest in the moral and spiritual betterment of your countrymen and feeling that you will most creditably represent this Commonwealth, I have this day enclosed to you a commission designating you as a delegate to this body. I sincerely hope you will find it convenient to attend.

With kindest regards,
I remain, yours very truly
A. O. STANLEY.

Depressing Thought.
Whenever anything we have been thinking of buying is really marked down in price, the announcement is accompanied by the depressing information that this sale is strictly cash.—Ohio State Journal.

Big Hog And Cattle Sale

To be held at Fredonia Saturday November 3, 1917, consisting of 50 head of Registered Duroc Jerseys bred sows and boars. Registered and grade Hereford and Short Horn cattle, mostly bulls and heifers, several Jersey milch cows and heifers.

This stock will be consigned by R. J. Rice, Chas. Wilson, Jr, R. L. Beck, T. Y. Ordway, G. W. Hill and others. Come and buy some good breeding stock.

SPECIAL! SPECIAL!

Girls' Literary Society Program Next Friday Afternoon, Nov. 2nd.
"Hawaiian Musical."

Orchestra—"Hawaiian Dreams."
Talk—"The Hawaiian People."
Female Quartet—"They're Wearing Them Higher in Hawaii."
(in costume.)
Talk—"Talent of the Hawaiians."
Chorus—"O'Brien is Trying to Learn to Talk Hawaii."
(in costume.)
Instrumental Quartet—"Hawaiian Butterfly."
Female Quartet—"Yacky, Hacky, Wicky, Wacky, Woo."
Chorus—"Yacky Heola Hickie Dula."
Orchestra—"Aloha Oe."

Preparedness.

This is the slogan of the wise man. Stock are continually exposed to cuts, wounds, scratches, etc. The man who is prepared has his healing remedy on hand to stop all chances of blood poison. Farris' Healing remedy is Highly Antiseptic. It is economical. One 50c bottle makes \$2.00 worth of healing oil or ointment. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.—Jas. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 31.—That the food economy practiced by the housewives of Kentucky will not be in vain so far as the co-operation of the army is concerned is assured in a letter from the commander of Camp Zachary Taylor here made public today by F. M. Sackett, Federal Food Administrator for Kentucky. This letter shows that the army training camps are doing everything science can suggest to prevent waste in the feeding of hundreds of thousands of men. The letter follows:

Headquarters 84th Division,
Camp Zachary Taylor,
Kentucky,
October 29, 1917.

Mr. F. M. Sackett,
Food Administrator for Kentucky,
Speed Bldg.,
Louisville, Ky.

My dear Mr. Sackett:
Knowing of the vital conservation and economic use of food, I am writing to say that I am quite encouraged in results obtained along this line at Camp Zachary Taylor.

When I first came here this matter was taken up and it was impressed upon subalterns to thoroughly instruct their cooks and dining-room help as to the necessity of preventing waste and as to the methods of securing this result. Since that time, in daily inspections of the camp, I have taken pains to inspect the garbage cans and as-

sure myself, through this means and others, that the orders are being carried out.

From these inspections it is evident that we are succeeding in preventing waste at this camp, and I am writing to inform you that you may know at first hand the facts in the case.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) HARRY HALE,
Major General, N. A.

Mr. Sackett also reiterated today his denial of any intention on the part of the government to restrict or confiscate supplies of canned goods in the hands of the citizens. He issued the following statement:

"There is absolutely no truth in the story that is being given circulation, by persons unfriendly to their country's cause, that signers of the Food Conservation Pledge Cards this week are in danger of having part of their canned goods confiscated by the Government. This rumor has been repeatedly denied by the Food Administration, but apparently it persists. It is pro-German propaganda, and persons circulating it are giving aid and comfort to the cause of America's enemies."

"F. M. SACKETT,
Federal Food Adm'r., Kentucky."

son where her parents lived when first married, she moved to Chicago with them and later to Eddyville. The family located here in 1903 and have since resided here and she has been her father's assistant in the clerical department of this paper and of the Electric Light Co., and was accurate and dependable at all times.

She finished her education at Cox College, at College Park a suburb of Atlanta, Ga., and later attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and is a gifted flutist. She will be greatly missed in the home circle where she is a valued member in the household duties and in the care of her little brother who is devoted to her. She is loved and esteemed in which she is held by every one who is acquainted with her many useful and beautiful gifts sent by friends here and from many other parts of the United States, some coming from California, Georgia, Alabama, Missouri, Tennessee, Texas, Washington and from many cities and towns in Kentucky.

Opossum Supper Great Success

The opossum supper, with Miss Iris Guess as "chef," given by the Red Cross was a success in every way.

The "eats" which consisted of opossum and baked potatoes, chicken, salmon salad, fruit salad, olives, pickles, celery, hot biscuit, coffee, and pie were delightful. Each was bountifully served and only those who partook of this sumptuous supper can really appreciate what our girls can do when it comes to cooking and serving.

An excellent program was given by the young people of the town and High School. The girls quartette and male quartette each give some splendid selections. The double quartette give an enjoyable number also. Musical readings and other readings were given by Prof. Franklin and Misses Hardy and Shutte-worth.

Every one had a splendid time and we think the girls have found, that not only "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; but the way to help our boys and others who have gone to the front, is the way to a man's pocketbook is through his stomach."

We do not know the amount that was took in but feel sure that it was a good sum.

Duron Koon Here

Duron Koon, Democrat nominee for the Legislature arrived here Wednesday morning from Camp Zachary Taylor. He is home on a furlough to see the voters and will see as many as possible before the election next Tuesday. There is no doubt of his being able to serve when elected, and his friends are doing all they can to refute the impression which is out in some localities that he could not serve.

Miss Katherine Yandell was hostess Monday evening, at a Hallowe'en party at her home on Belleville street in honor of Miss Jenkins, the bride to be. The decorations consisted of Hallowe'en suggestions artistically arranged throughout the entire house. A delightful three course luncheon was served.

Those who enjoyed the party were—Misses Madeleine Jenkins, Linda Jenkins, Fannie Blue, Katherine Yates, Susie Boston, Nannie Rochester, Sallie Woods, Virginia Blue, Messrs. Bruce Babb, Oirender, Virgil Threlkell, Medly Cannon, John Belamy, Bob Cook, Messrs. and Mesdams, Paul Adams and Maurie Nunn.

Hat sale, nice black velvet sailors 99 cents, nice large felts at 99 cents. White felts 49 cts. Bargains of all kinds at Lottie Tinsley Terry's. Come early get choice.

Bargains in suits, cloaks, shirt waist at Lottie Tinsley Terry.

Revival Meeting at First Presbyterian Church.

A protracted meeting will begin next Sunday, Nov., 4th at First Presbyterian church. The pastor, Rev. Henry V. Eacott will conduct the service Sunday, Rev. E. E. Smith of Owensboro, will arrive Monday, Nov. 5th and preach that evening and thereafter every afternoon at 2 o'clock and evening at 7 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 30c.

In Praise of Work.

Work is the salvation of the race. Without it we should be savages. When a man is too old for work, his usefulness in this world is practically at an end. Work is a good, old-time word, conceived in honesty of purpose. Work drives the devil away. All honor to the working man and sorrow for the working man who is ashamed of his title.—Pittsfield Eagle.

WAR TALKS

By UNCLE DAN

Number Four

Military Training Necessary for Safety and Defense.

"Say, Uncle Dan," said Billie, "Jim-mie and I have been looking up about war in the encyclopedia at school. We found that in the war between Germany and France in 1870-71, Germany lost in killed and wounded 28,000 soldiers while France lost about six times as many, and besides that, she lost every battle. We asked Professor Slocum why this was. He said that the German army was highly trained and ably commanded, while the French soldiers were poorly trained; and that their war department was honey-combed with jealousy and politics; that the officers were not much good, and that's why France lost the war and so many men. What do you think about it, Uncle Dan?"

"Well," said Uncle Dan, "Professor Slocum is right. By inefficiency France lost that war, together with two of her best provinces—Alsace and Lorraine—and had to pay a billion dollars indemnity money. France today learned her lesson by that sad experience, so she put in universal military training, and as a result, her soldiers now know how to fight and how to protect themselves. They are losing less men in the war than the Germans. France also put politics out of her war department, so that expert authority, instead of bureaucratic stupidity, now directs the army. The result is, France has one of the best and most efficient armies ever assembled, and this shows what thorough training and good leadership mean in warfare. This saved France in this crisis, as well as the liberties of the world."

"As war is now conducted, there is no place for an untrained man. A body of 10,000 well trained soldiers properly handled could defeat five times their number of raw recruits and do it every time with comparatively small loss to themselves. Proper training alone will reduce the death and casualty rate one-third of what it otherwise would be, and right here is an unanswerable argument for universal military training."

"Our government has no moral right to force her men into war service without properly training them for it. To do so is simply murder, hence the frantic effort that is now being made to give her soldiers some training before they are sent to the front. If we are to win this war, it will take trained men to do it, and it will take trained men to win any other war that may come upon us in the future. If we must fight, let us fight to win and not to lose."

"That's the stuff," said Billie. Continuing, Uncle Dan said: "Our government has expended about \$300,000,000 to put up cantonments and training stations in order to train the men called by the selective draft. When these men are trained the training stations should be immediately filled with younger men, say those in their nineteenth year, to receive six months of intensive military training along the lines of the Chamberlain bill. This will be of immeasurable benefit to them individually. It will do them more good than any other two years of their whole life; it will make them strong, manly, self-reliant, quick to see and quick to act; it will equip them for a successful life. In short, it will rebuild American manhood and will also give the government a body of trained men to draw from in case it is necessary to defend our flag and country. We must settle this question of universal military training immediately, otherwise these training camps may be demolished. The adoption of universal military training will be notice to the world that from then on we will be prepared to defend ourselves promptly and efficiently, and this will do more to keep us out of war in the future than anything else we could do."

"Do you think, brother," said Mrs. Graham, "that there will ever be another war?"

"I have no doubt about it," said Uncle Dan. "So long as men are selfish, so long as nations are ambitious to acquire territory, so long as population presses and demands more room, so long as there remains a scramble for world trade—so long wars will be. When the time comes that we reach the high plane for which we hope and dream, when all will recognize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, then, and then only, will wars cease. When that day comes doors will need no locks, banks will need no vaults to protect their treasures, but that day is a long way off."

"The only safe and sane plan is to be able to defend ourselves at all times. Therefore, every citizen should insist that senators and congressmen shall provide for universal military training, so that never again shall the country be caught so completely unready as this war found us. Fortunately, in this case, our enemy has been held back, so we have had a few months in which to prepare. This advantage probably will never come again. It is however our salvation today."

"Because she was ready, Switzerland is an island of peace in a sea of war. Safety first is good, but safety always is better. In strength there is safety. You never saw a tin can tied to the tail of a bulldog. There is a reason."

The County Fair has been called off on account of the cold weather and also on account of the Fredonia farmers stock sale to be held on same date.

**J. Robt. Bird,
County Agent.**

VOTE FOR THE CONSOLIDATION OF DUAL PHONE SYSTEMS

The voters of this county, in common with voters all over the state, will find on their ballots at the coming November election, the line for ratification of the constitutional amendment passed by the last legislature, providing that telephone lines in Kentucky may absorb other telephone lines, for the purpose of eliminating the double system of phones wherever it is deemed advisable. First, public endorsement of the amendment has come from the Frankfort Chamber of Commerce, and similar commercial bodies all over the state are taking up the matter in the hope of securing a big affirmative vote. There is so little argument to be presented against ratification of the amendment that such efforts are being made for fear that the voters may neglect to vote on it, rather than for fear of any substantial opposition. The dual system of telephones is not feasible. It is expensive and annoying and absolutely destructive to the proper functioning of the long distance system. It forces business houses to keep two telephone rents going, and puts people who have only the one line out of touch with those who have the other, whereas the prime purpose of the telephone is to knit communities and territories together by means of its facilities. The legislature was quick to realize the need of removing present restrictions which prohibit the absorbing of competing lines, and it is impossible to conceive of the people opposing the idea.

The amendment passed by the Senate with only one dissenting vote and encountered no opposition whatever in the House. The representatives of both parties recognized that only by means of this amendment to the Constitution could the state be saved the annoyance and expense of two telephone systems in the same community.

Some of the larger cities, particularly Cincinnati, New York and Washington, early recognized that two telephone systems were an unnecessary burden on the community and never granted to more than one company a franchise for a telephone system, with the result that every telephone user in each of these cities is in direct communication with every other subscriber.

In Kentucky, in the early stages of the development of the telephone business, numerous small companies were organized. They did not connect, different kinds of equipment were used and the standard of maintenance was not universal, which retarded the advancement of telephone development in keeping with other states more progressive. Nearly every community in Kentucky has, at some time in its history, experienced a telephone war that engendered hard feelings, as each side had its partisans, and the public has been deprived of the convenience and economy that one telephone system affords.

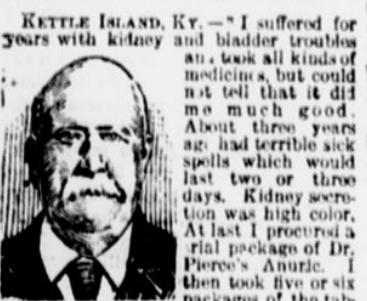
The public interest is thoroughly protected under the proposed constitutional amendment, as no purchase can be made without the consent of the city council. The passage of the bill providing for the constitutional amendment and the practically unanimous vote it received in the General Assembly is evidence that it was passed in response to a wide-spread and popular demand for relief from present telephone conditions.—Paducah (Ky.) Evening Sun.

Killed by Poisons

All scientists agree that poisonous products in the blood are eliminated by the kidneys and liver. The kidneys act as a kind of filter for these products. When the kidneys are changed or degenerated, by disease or old age, then these poisons are retained in the body. If we wish to prevent old age coming on too soon, or if we want to increase our chances for a long life, Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., says that you should drink plenty of water daily between meals to flush the kidneys. Then procure at your nearest drug store Anuric. This Anuric drives the uric acid out. Scientists have learned that in gout, also rheumatism, poisonous uric acid crystals are deposited in or about the joints, in the muscles—where inflammation is set up.

If we wish to keep our kidneys in the best condition a diet of milk and vegetables, with only little meat once a day, is the most suitable. Drink plenty of pure water, take Anuric (double strength) three times a day for a month. Anuric is many times more potent than lithia.

Send Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., ten cents for trial package of anuric.



KETTLE ISLAND, Ky.—"I suffered for years with kidney and bladder troubles and took all kinds of medicine, but could not tell that it did me much good. About three years ago, I had terrible sick spells which would last two or three days. Kidney secretion was high color. At last I procured a trial package of Dr. Pierce's Anuric. I then took five or six packages of the tablets and can truthfully say they did me more good than all the other medicines. I feel much improved in every way. I want sufferers from kidney troubles to try Anuric and learn for themselves its merits."—A. J. BAILEY.

Isn't it so?

A husband usually hangs around the house too much or not enough to satisfy his wife.

SUFFERING FROM COLD

If you shiver in frosty weather, if you have cold hands and feet, if colds are stubborn and frequent, then your blood may be thin and impoverished.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has been correcting this condition for nearly fifty years. It possesses rare powers for creating natural body warmth, for charging summer blood with winter richness and strengthening both throat and lungs.

The Norwegian cod liver oil in Scott's Emulsion is now refined in our own American laboratories which makes it pure and palatable. Scott & Borne, Bloomfield, N. J. 17-12

Democratic Ticket.

For Senator in the 4th district Crittenden, Caldwell and Webster counties.—C. S. Nunn, of Marion.

For Representative of Crittenden and Livingston districts.—Duron Koon, of Dycusburg.

For County Attorney—Trice Bennett, of Marion.

For Sheriff—John H. Nimmo.

For Jailor—Chas. W. Love.

Republican Ticket.

For Senator in the 4th district Crittenden, Caldwell and Webster Counties.—W. J. Deboe of Marion.

For Representative of Crittenden and Livingston district.—W. F. Paris, of Lola.

For County Judge—Robert L. Moore.

For Sheriff—V. O. Chandler.

For County Court Clerk—L. E. Guess.

For County Attorney—John A. Moore.

For Superintendent—James L. F. Paris.

For Jailor W. E. Belt.

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA
A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE
CATHARTIC AND LIVER TONIC

LAX-FOS is not a Secret or Patent Medicine but is composed of the following old-fashioned roots and herbs:
CASCARA BARK
BLUE FLAG ROOT
RHUBARB ROOT
BLACK ROOT
MAY APPLE ROOT
SENNA LEAVES
AND PEPSIN

LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by the addition of these digestive ingredients making it better than ordinary Cascara and thus the combination acts as a stimulating laxative and cathartic but also as a digestive and liver tonic. Laxatives are weak, but LAX-FOS combines strength with palatability, acts on the bowels and does not gripe or disturb the stomach. One bottle will prove LAX-FOS is invaluable for Constipation, indigestion or Torpid Liver. Price 50c.

Darkest Africa.

Nearly one-fourth of the earth's land surface is comprised within the continent of Africa, and it is as far around the coast of Africa as it is around the world. Every eighth person of the world's population lives in the dark continent. The blacks double their number every forty years and the whites every eight years. There 843 languages and dialects spoken and 1,000 tribes of Africa, but only one of them written.—C. A. HUGHES.

The name "Chills" was given to the ill-effects of the malarial fevers of North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia, from the fact that they do most of their work at night, on account of the danger attending it during the daytime.

THE MANLY MAN

The world has room for the manly man with the spirit of manly cheer; The world delights in the man who smiles when his eyes keep back the tear; It loves the man who, when things go wrong, can make his place and stand With his face to the fight and his eyes to the light, and toil with willing hand. The manly man is the country's need, and the moment's need forsooth, With a heart that beats to the pulsing tread of the allied leagues of truth; The world is his, and it waits for him and it leaps to hear the ring Of the blows he strikes and the wheels he turns and the hammers he dares to swing.

It takes the forward look in his face, the poise of his noble head, And the onward lunge of his tireless will and the sweep of his dauntless tread. Hurrah for the manly man who comes with sunlight on his face, And the strength to do and the will to dare and the courage to find his place! The world delights in the manly man, and the weak and evil flee When the manly man goes forth to hold his own on land or sea.

—Selectes

Many Advantages Found to Result from the Daylight Saving Plan

By Representative William P. Borland of Missouri.

Credit for the discovery of the principle of daylight saving must be given to the late William Willett, the noted scientist of England. He was accustomed to take an early morning ride in the parks of London, and conceived the idea that in the summer season, between the vernal equinox and the autumnal equinox, the sun rose from three to four hours before the usual opening of the business day. This had the effect of projecting the business day into the late afternoon and the hours of leisure and recreation into the night. In other words, a great portion of the sunlight hours of the day were actually wasted.

In casting about for some method by which this evil could be corrected, he became convinced at once that it could not be done by individual effort. There must be some way of changing simultaneously and uniformly the habits of the entire community. He hit upon the method of advancing the hands of the clock one hour during the summer months.

While Mr. Willett was extremely industrious and somewhat successful in placing his views before the British public, and while bills were introduced in parliament each session, beginning as early as 1908, no tangible result could be accomplished until the pressure of war made the change imperative. The plan originated in England, but it was first actually adopted by Germany, where it went into force April 30, 1916. Germany was immediately followed by Austria-Hungary and Holland. In these countries the law began its operation simultaneously on April 30, 1916. Denmark followed on May 15, 1916; Great Britain on May 21, 1916; Norway on May 22, 1916; Italy on June 3, 1916; France on June 14, 1916; Portugal on June 18, 1916.

The business public and wage earners of Great Britain welcome the change in the law, and after a full year's experience with it there are only two lines of business which are affected adversely in the slightest degree. One is the business of artificial lighting and the other is that of the public houses. As to the gas and electric companies, they are confronted with a shortage of fuel, congestion of transportation and high prices of supplies, which makes them quite willing to reduce their output. The public houses complain that the hour which they lose at night on closing time is not compensated in their line of business by the hour gained in the morning. With these two exceptions, according to the report of the British commission, the beneficial results have been universal.

Among the many advantages are the reduction of the amount of artificial lighting with an enormous saving of public and private expense; a reduction of the consumption of coal for light and power, and the consequent relief upon the congestion of transportation; an increase of efficiency in the productive power of the nation; a lessening of eye strain; an increase of outdoor life, with enlarged opportunities for athletics, for home gardening, for walking, driving and motoring, for military training and for the use of public parks and playgrounds; a general improvement in sanitation and health; a greater participation by citizens in public affairs and a reduced expenditure for indoor amusements. The indirect effect upon public morals has been noticeable. Wholesome outdoor life has taken the place of artificial indoor life.

Cheering Someone On

Don't you mind about the triumphs,
Don't you worry after fame;
Don't you grieve about succeeding,
Let the future guard your name.
All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when wealth is gone;
Just be glad that you are living,
And keep cheering someone on.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms,
Let your comrades wear the crown;
Never mind the little setbacks,
Nor the blows that knock you down.
You'll be there when they're forgotten,
You'll be glad with youth and dawn.
If you just forget your troubles
And keep cheering someone on.

There's a lot of sorrow round you,
Lots of loneliness and tears;
Lots of heartaches and of worry
Through the shadows of the years,
And the world needs more than tri-
umphs;

More than all the swords we've
drawn,
It is hungering for the fellow
Who keeps cheering others on
—Baltimore Sun.



ATEXAS WONDER cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures catarrhs, weak and lame backs, rheumatisms, and all irregularities of the urinary and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, write to ATEXAS WONDER, 1111 Broadway, New York City, for a free literature.

Too Harsh.

"Oh, doctor! I do hope you'll let father smoke again soon. We simply can't get a cent out of him!"—Judge.

Hughes Chill Tonic

Palatable

Better than Calomel and Quinine Contains no arsenic

The Old Reliable

Excellent General Tonic

As well as a remedy for chills and fevers, malarial fevers, swamp fevers and bilious fevers. Just what you need at this season.

Mild Laxative, Nervous Sedative, Splendid Tonic

Try it. Don't take any substitute

Druggists 50c and \$1.00 a bottle

Prepared by

Robinson-Pettit Company,

Incorporated,

Weston in The Lead.

Weston won the long blue ribbon again this year, for having the best general exhibit, won first place; Post Oak came second.

Below are the number of ribbons won:

	Blue	Red
Weston	20	7
Oakland	15	7
Hood's Creek	7	2
Applegate	3	9
Walnut Grove	3	2
Seminary	1	6
Post Oak	1	4
Moore	1	0

Bad Stomachs Business Failures

In this day of high efficiency more failures are due to disordered stomachs than to any other cause. Nothing undermines the body and mind so quickly as Stomach Trouble. It saps the energy and reduces ambition and vitality to a slow ebb. Cathartics frequently aggravate the trouble. Overcome quickly your Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble with Mayr's Wonderful Remedy, as it reaches the seat of the disease. Millions have been restored by it. Let one dose of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy convince you today. For sale by Haynes & Taylor.

Kicked Through Plate Glass

Window And Killed

Globe, Ariz., Oct. 16.—Judge John McBride of Phoenix, 62 years of age, federal mediator in the Globe-Miami copper strike troubles and the only ex-president of the American Federation of Labor, was killed today when run-away horse kicked him through the plate front of a store. He bled to death from several severed arteries soon after being taken to a hospital.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's.

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

Lost Jewel Found In

Stomach Of Fish

Danville, Ill., Oct. 23.—That truth is stranger than fiction was demonstrated at Hoopes-ton when Hay Tilton, a young farmer, received a letter from Peoria, saying a diamond ring valued at \$250.00 had been found in the stomach of a fish which had been caught in the Illinois river.

In July Tilton was at Peoria, and while rowing on the river the ring dropped off his finger. He never expected to see it again and was much surprised to receive the letter. The writer said he caught the fish and while dressing it saw something bright fall out of the stomach. He also said he would be glad to send the ring to Hoopes-ton if Tilton would send the reward offered in a Peoria newspaper. The owner sent the check to the Peoria man.

A Year Of Cheer

A lot of good fortune is in store for those families who are on The Youth's Companion subscription list for 1918—a year of cheer.

There will be 12 glorious serial or group stories, ranging from a girls' war story by Grace S. Richmond and Indian adventures by James Willard Schultz, to the unrivaled tales of former days by C. A. Stephens.

The charm of Companion stories lies in the fact that whether they are especially written for boys or for girls, everyone enjoys them to the full. Then there are special pages for the Family, Boys, Girls, and even for little children—while the Editorial Page, Current Events and a Doctor's Corner supply all the requirements of the family for good reading. And this particular feast can come from no other source.

The Companion alone is \$2.00 but by special arrangement new subscribers for The Companion

can also, by adding only 25 cents have McCall's Magazine for 1918 both publications for only \$2.25.

This two-at-one-price offer includes:

1. The Youth's Companion—25 issues in 1918.
2. All remaining 1917 issues of The Companion free.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1918.
4. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers in 1918.—All for only \$2.25.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Commonwealth Ave Boston Mass
New subscriptions received at this office.

FORD'S FERRY

(delayed from last week.)

Seldon Ainsworth, a prominent citizen of this neighborhood, has recently returned home from a visit to Camp Zachary Taylor where he enjoyed the privilege of seeing thousands of the young American recruits go through their training exercises. Mr. Ainsworth seen a great many of the Crittenden county boys during his trip, and he reports that they are in excellent spirits and progressing nicely in their training.

Jimmy Rakin, of this place, and Miss May McDowell, of Cave-in-Rock, Ill., have recently been united in the holy bonds of matrimony. These two young people have been sweethearts for a long time and their marriage did not cause any great surprise among their friends and acquaintances. The bride is a splendid young lady of estimable character, and Jimmy is to be congratulated for winning the heart and hand of one so worthy. The groom is a young man of exceptional intelligence, whose politeness and good manners have won him a large number of friends during the many years in which he has lived in old Crittenden.

Finis Hughes, a bright and energetic young man who was born and raised about two miles from Ford's Ferry, and who volunteered into the United States army last spring, has recently informed his friends and relatives that he is now a member of Pershing's immortal army, which has gone across the waters to assist in the noble work of suppressing Prussian barbarism. Finis belongs to the heavy artillery and he has written many interesting things about the giant guns which he is helping to operate and which will eventually participate in the task of pounding the foe into submission.

The new schoolhouse at Possum Ridge has recently been completed after several weeks of busy work on the part of the carpenters who constructed and erected the new building. The gentlemen who did the work should be congratulated on account of the artistic beauty and splendid appearance of the house which has been modeled along the lat and most approved designs. The old school building at Possum Ridge has been a laughing stock for many years on account of its smallness and somewhat dilapidated appearance but it is certainly a fact that a large number of splendid entertainments have been held at that place and the crowds which have gathered in the old school house have some times been so large that the people were packed together like sardines. The new house which has recently been erected is one of the nicest and best looking school buildings which can be found in any of the rural districts throughout the county.

Keeping Yourself Well

That Lingering Cold

is a steady drain on your physical stamina. It impoverishes the blood, distresses the digestion, and exhausts your vigor. It affords a fertile field for serious infection and is likely to become chronic.

You Needn't Suffer

from it if you will take Peruna and use prudence in avoiding exposure. Peruna clears up catarrhal conditions. Thousands have proved this to any fair person. Get a box of the tablets today—prove it yourself. Many prefer the liquid form. Both are good.

At your druggist. THE PERUNA COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio.

FOOD PLEDGE IMPORTANT FACTOR IN WINNING WAR, SAYS SACKETT

Federal Food Administrator for Kentucky Explains Reasons for Card Campaign Next Week

To the Housekeepers of Kentucky:

DURING the week beginning Sunday, October 28th, a campaign will be conducted in all parts of the United States for signatures for the Food Conservation Pledge prepared by Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, the National Food Administrator.

The canvass will be made during the week in question by the patriotic women who have joined the organization of the Food Conservation Division of the Council of Defense in each county of the State, and the object of this address of the Federal Food Administrator for Kentucky is to explain exactly what will be asked of the housekeepers of the State of Kentucky, why it is asked and what may be accomplished for our country and ourselves.

We wish to say at the outset that the campaign is city wide, statewide and nationwide. No sectarian or denominational lines are involved. The campaign is endorsed by the congressmen of all the churches of the state, by our leading professional and business men, by all who understand the importance of food conservation as a factor in winning the war.

Form of Pledge.

It is best to state exactly what will be asked by the canvassers of the housekeepers of Kentucky. They will be asked first to sign the Pledge Card of the United States Food Administration. What does that card bind the housekeeper to? Here it is, so all may judge for themselves.

To the Food Administrator:

I am glad to join you in the service of food conservation for our nation, and I hereby accept membership in the United States Food Administration, pledging myself to carry out the directions and advice of the Food Administrator in my home, insofar as my circumstances permit.

This is the pledge and the entire pledge. There are no dues of membership. Signers will then be asked to hang in the front windows of their homes cards bearing the shield of the United States in colors attesting the fact that they are members of the organization.

What the Pledge Means.

It is wise, we think, to say a few words in regard to the pledge. It means no more and no less than it reads. It will be observed that signers of the pledge are not asked to bind themselves to any particular things. They are not asked at this time to promise to observe meatless days or to abstain from using any particular kind of food. They simply agree to carry out the directions and advice of the Food Administrator "insofar as their circumstances permit." We are aware that conditions differ in different homes, that what is only a sacrifice to one may, under unusual circumstances, be an impossibility to another. Therefore the qualifying clause "insofar as my circumstances permit" appears in the pledge.

This qualifying clause brings the execution of the Food Administrator's advice down to the individual conscience of the housekeeper who signs the pledge. It is not expected that because of this qualification the pledge will go as nothing. It is, in fact, our hope and belief that those who sign this pledge will consider themselves units in a great army of American housekeepers who propose to serve their country and themselves by following as closely as may be possible the directions and advice of the Food Administrator, knowing as we do that those directions will be reasonable.

It seems hardly necessary for us here again to contradict the foolish rumors that have been circulated that it is the plan of the Food Administration to seize food found in private homes. No such thing was ever contemplated and will not be contemplated. Such a report is enemy propaganda purposely designed to defeat the objects of this great conservation movement.

Importance of the Work.

We feel that we can add little to what has already been said by the President, by Mr. Hoover, and by others qualified to speak on such subjects in regard to the importance of food conservation during the coming winter, and yet, as a housekeeper, speaking to housekeepers, I wish to say that we understand the importance of this work and believe that the housekeepers of the state will understand it.

Our country is engaged in a great war. Our sons are going out to give, if necessary, their lives for our country. These brave boys are willing to make, if necessary, the supreme sacrifice that American ideals may endure, that American homes may be kept safe from the invader. All of us have work to do at this time and the work that may be done in the individual homes of America in avoiding waste and saving food may prove not the least effective move in winning the war.

Kentucky goes into the present winter in some ways well prepared. Employment is general, but prices are very high. The less that is wasted in the average household the less will have to be bought. The prices of foodstuffs offer an inducement to prudence, but unless there is organization and cooperation, the food that is saved in one home will be wasted in another.

Real Emergency Exists.

The men who are patriotically working in Washington for the country and in charge of this mobilization movement of our food know that a real emergency exists. The 1916 harvest left us no surplus. The 1917 harvest is in and they can count on the food that can be used for ourselves, for the allied nations and for our men at the fighting front. They know that if the same prodigality in the waste of food continues in America, if the same bounteous hospitality and lavish use is maintained in our own homes, there will not be sufficient available to maintain the armies who are fighting our battles on the western front of Europe.

They do know, however, that if there begins at once a concerted movement in all American homes to eliminate all unnecessary waste, a movement to follow the advice of the Food Administrator for the substitution of some foods for others which we are short, that the cumulative effect of that movement, covering throughout the country 23,000,000 American homes, will provide during the coming winter the food that will be necessary for us to export, in order to keep the civilian populations of France and England supplied, the armies upon the battle line and the wonderful army now being prepared by the United States, in their best fighting condition.

It is a real emergency in which they appeal to us, an emergency which can be met in no other way, and they are making this call to the women of America to look upon this matter in all seriousness and to be assured that the sacrifices they will make during this coming winter will provide the food which the President of the United States has said is one of the three great elements necessary to winning the war.

No suggestions will be issued that are not felt by those in authority to be extremely necessary, but they do hope that the people of America will respond to these suggestions as patriots determined to do their bit for the cause of civilization throughout the world and the maintenance of democracy.

F. M. SACKETT,
Federal Food Administrator for Kentucky.



F. M. Sackett.

THIS DOG HAS SOME TALE; WE'LL TELL IT

Leaves Goat Raiser Nothing to Do but Market Animals and Collect Money.

Portland, Ore.—F. A. Pierce, a goat raiser of Canyonville, Ore., has little to do except market his goats and collect the money. His collie dog "Shep" does all the work and shoulders the responsibility of herding and protecting the animals.

"Shep" has a method all his own in taking care of his charges. Instead of driving them, "Shep" leads the goats. At sunrise "Shep" is stirring around trying to get someone to open the gates. After that he starts



"Shep" Has a Method All His Own.

off for the mountain pastures with his flock scampering along behind. All day he leads them to the choicest spots for feeding.

Late in the afternoon "Shep" gives the signal and the procession starts for home. If he arrives before the children of the household have come home from school, "Shep" leaves the goats at the gate and rushes to the schoolhouse to notify the children that it's time to open the gates.

If molested by animals or strangers the goats run to "Shep" for protection.

Pierce, with the aid of "Shep," raised the champion goat exhibited at the San Francisco exposition. The animal's hair measured 41½ inches long.

SKULL SO HARD THAT IT FLATTENED BULLET

Atlanta, Ga.—Harriet Owing, nine-year-old negro girl, would be safe at the front without a steel helmet. Hospital doctors extracted a bullet from her forehead which had not penetrated the skull. The bullet was a ".22" and was mashed perfectly flat. It had been a stray shot. The girl at once returned to her home.

43 YEARS OF LIFE IN JAIL

When Old Man Returned to Home Town in Kentucky No One Knew Him.

Owensboro, Ky.—After 43 years spent in the Arkansas penitentiary at Little Rock, Joseph F. Jones has returned here to pick up the thread of life that was broken when he was sent to prison.

When a young man Jones went to Arkansas to work on a farm. He met and loved the daughter of the farmer who employed him. The girl had another admirer, who was the son of a wealthy farmer. He did not relish the intrusion, quarreled with Jones and fought a knife duel with him at the gate of the girl's home. When the fight ended Jones' rival was dead.

After a hasty trial Jones was convicted of murder in the first degree and sent to prison for life. After 43 years his case was held before the governor. A pardon was granted. Old man Jones walked out of the prison. The girl for whom he had fought had never married, but she had long since been dead. Painless, Jones walked from Little Rock to Owensboro. No one remembered him. He is a stranger in his own home town.

Parson Dies as He Sounds Warning.
Amite, La.—Warning his congregation of the uncertainty of life, during a series of protracted meetings here, Rev. C. J. Burgess, a Methodist minister, fell dead in the pulpit. He had been christened, joined and was ordained a minister in the church where he died.

Boy Killed Self to Show Bravery.
Cleveland, O.—After frightening companions with a revolver, Joseph Sylom, twelve years old, placed the gun against his own head and asked if his playmates would dare him to shoot. When they laughed the boy pulled the trigger and fell dead.

KILLED MOSQUITO, BROKE HIS NOSE

Old Bergstrom Has Prospered in Alaska Despite His Many Disasters.

OFFERS NO COMPLAINT

Thinks All Accidents Are Work of Providence—Seward Physician Only Surprised When He Shows Up Intact.

Seward, Alaska.—Ole Bergstrom is an intensely religious homesteader who has lived in Alaska for twenty years or more and prospered both financially and spiritually despite the fact that the misfortunes he has endured make Job's numerous troubles trivial and inconsequential by comparison.

The whole period of Ole's residence in Alaska is plastered over with a network of overlapping and interlocking misadventures such as cloudbursts, destructive windstorms, stock diseases, depredations of wild animals and other disastrous incidents which would drive the ordinary man to distraction, but which Ole accepts without complaint and in the firm conviction that they are visitations from Providence in punishment for sins of commission or omission; although if Ole ever committed a really wrongful act in his life it is unknown to his neighbors.

Recently a mosquito perched unexpectedly on Ole's nose, whereupon a well-directed blow from his ham-like palm effectively dismembered the spirit of the mosquito, but unfortunately broke Ole's nose. Dr. J. H. Roung, the physician in attendance, says that Ole will be about his business again in a few days, but with a nose robbed of its original symmetry and a firm conviction that the peculiar misfortune was a direct rebuke from providence for his avarice—Ole having been tempted by the sinfully high prices, prevailing and prospective, to plant 20 acres of potatoes, a previously unheard of acreage in Alaska.

Bear Upon Him.

Five years ago while returning to his ranch from a trading visit to Seward Ole unexpectedly came upon a brown bear and her cub at a turn of the trail on Resurrection river and, being wise to the general habits of brown bears, knew it was folly to run, particularly as he had a heavy pack upon his back. As something just had to happen to Ole it shows lack of both understanding and imagination on the part of those neighbors who criticize his action in hurling at the mother



Came Upon a Brown Bear and Her Cub.

bear the bundle of papers he was carrying in his hand. Ole merely beat the bear in the start of the affair by a shade, for, according to his own vision, the bear was upon him before his gun was lowered from the throw.

Some time later Harry Hoben and Jim Davis came along the trail and were greatly surprised when they finally discovered that Ole's heart was still beating, and more surprised an hour later when he regained consciousness. These two good Samaritans rigged up a kind of stretcher and packed Ole into Seward to Doctor Roung's office. Doctor Roung was not surprised at Ole's arrival; never is roused when Ole arrives intact.

Possibly the most peculiar of the innumerable accidents which have befallen Ole occurred last summer on the ranch of Erik Lues. Lues was having some land cleared and Ole was on the job in pursuance of a work-swapping agreement with Neighbor Lues. When he sank his double-bitted axe in a spruce log in an effort to split it, the log did not split and the axe was so deeply imbedded that the handle was useless in removing it. Whereupon Ole picked up a club to knock it out and succeeded at the first blow. Unfortunately the axe glanced against the side of an adjacent tree, rebounded to another tree, and then bounced back to Ole, striking him on the side of the head, besides cutting him severely, again broke one of those four ribs Doctor Roung fixed after the bear episode.

FORCED TO CRIME BY FATHER'S SINS

Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Joins 'Band' of Robbers and Lands in Jail.

Fremont, O.—A girl without love in her heart is paying for the sins of her father, John Sherry, a wife slayer serving a penitentiary term.

She is Frances Sherry, sixteen year old, who came from Cleveland a month ago and who threw in her fortune with those of Stephen Narmeth and Milton Tensing. The trio then plundered many houses before arrest came. She probably will be sent to home for girl delinquents.

Frances operated with the boys at tired in boy's clothing.

Eight years ago the girl was happy in her Cleveland home with her father.



Saw Her Mother on the Floor.

er and mother. But one night the parents quarreled. The little girl lay in bed and listened. Then there was a dull thud and a woman's scream and another thud. She lay awake until daylight and then her father came in to her room and dressed her for school. She looked into the front room and saw her mother on the floor. The father had slain the aunt, too, when she came to the house.

In the days that followed she was shifted about from home to home. All love was gone from the girl's heart with her mother dead and her father in the "pen." She had loved them both. Now she is being tried as a bandit.

HIS STOMACH IS A MUSEUM

Padlock, Chain, Nails and Hooks Among Articles Swallowed by Philadelphian.

Philadelphia.—More than 450 pieces of metal, weighing three and one-half pounds and including nails, screws, tacks and safety pins, were found in Joseph Quinlan's stomach, when he was operated upon for gallstones at the Philadelphia hospital. In addition, 250 gall stones were removed.

Among the other articles found were a small padlock with a three-inch chain, a cigar cutter, tenpenny nails, 34 spoon handles, one dozen safety pins, 40 pieces of type and the same number of lead slugs, two three-inch hooks for screen doors and several American medals, coins and badges. Dr. E. L. Ellason of the hospital staff who operated on Quinlan, said he would probably survive.

GIRL ASKS MAYOR FOR "MAMMA NOT CRANKY"

New York.—"Wanted—A good mama, not cranky." This modest request comes by mail to Mayor Mitchell from "C. O. S., Tucson, Ariz."

"C. O. S." is ten years old, so, in a way, she does not need a mama. But her mother, only five, so according to the writer's way of thinking he ought to have at least a couple of parents. Here is her letter: "Dear Sir, I read your ad. in the paper. Does confer on me a favor. I am a little girl ten years old going to school. I've got a brother five years old. Pappa works so brother has only neighbors to look after him through the day. Please, Mayor Mitchell, get some good mama, Wright my Pappa. He is a good Pappa. \$5.50 per day. He is 35 years old. I like good Mama Irish-American. My mama is dead long. I would like a good Mama, not cranky. I don't like tell full name and address. Yours Respectfully, "C. O. S."

Man's Arm Nailed Up Like Basket.
Laurel, Del.—Twenty-three wire staples were driven through Fred Wilkinson's arm and clinched, while he was operating a basket machine. The man's arm was caught in the automatic nailer and it was necessary to take the machine apart to release the injured member.

RAIN SPOILS HER STAY IN WOODS

Michigan Co-Ed Fails in Her Attempt at "Mother Eve" Stunt.

ONE NIGHT ENOUGH

Starts Out to Spend Week Unclad in Wilds of Colorado—Heavy Rainstorm Makes Her Change Mind.

Denver, Col.—Miss Agnes Lowe, a beautiful co-ed from the University of Michigan, who failed in her thrilling attempt to spend a week in the Rocky Mountains National Park, at Estes Park, unclad and without food or shelter, told today how it feels to spend a night in the mountains in an altitude of 11,000 feet, with no clothing, no fire and a terrific rain and thunderstorm raging.

"My start was all right," said Miss Lowe. "It was clear and warm and beautiful when I said good-bye to my family and a few friends and plunged into the forest. The plunge consisted of running as fast as my bare feet would permit until I was well beyond any chance of being followed and sped upon by chance tourists.

"The Wild Basin country, southwest of Long's Peak, is one of the wildest spots I am sure, on the North American continent. I was headed through the worst of it—for the beautiful and almost unvisited Thunder Lake region, a land of mammoth primeval forests, stupendous peaks and placid, crystal lakes. Here no tourists were likely to bother me.

"It was miles to Thunder Lake. On the way I weaved a pair of rough sandals of grass and bark. Long before I got to Thunder Lake it had clouded up and started to pour rain. It had been raining furiously for several days through parts of that Thunder Lake country, and to save my life I couldn't find any wood that was bone dry, which was the only way I could start a fire with my Indian 'fire drill'.

"It kept on raining and raining and hunting and hunting. I had neglected all day to get anything to eat and I was desperately hungry when darkness came. Then the thunder and lightning began. I couldn't take refuge from the wet and cold under trees because there was danger of being struck by lightning. So I had to lay flat on the open ground and face it.

"It was a bitter cold night—for you must remember I had almost nothing over my body. I shivered and shook



It Kept on Raining and Raining.

for hours and hours. I learned from my father, who was a great woodsman, that shivering keeps the skin warm. That was one good lesson that helped me.

And the Flood Came.
"The storm kept up all night. And next day, except for about one hour, the rain continued to fall in torrents. I tried, wandering through the rain, to find berries. But there must be berries in the Thunder Lake region, for there were no berries on the bushes. By the middle of Monday—I had entered the forest Sunday morning—I saw I was going to be strictly up against it. I was beginning to get a bad cold. So, regardless of the laughter I would cause, I decided to give up and go back to civilization.

"It was almost dark when I stumbled onto Mrs. Babcock's cabin. She took me in and undoubtedly saved me a terrible spell of sickness from my exposure. But I'm not sure I may not tackle the adventure again. When the weather clears permanently I may go out again to be a 'Modern Eve.' I know the country better now."

Angry Bees Stung Horse to Death.
Colmar, Pa.—A swarm of bees stung to death a horse belonging to Charles Gerker of this place after a mower had cut into their nest. The bees also seriously injured the other horse in the team and stung the driver, a farm hand, so badly that he was removed to a hospital.

L. F. WATERS

Veterinarian

Office at Sisco's Livery Stable Phone 289
Prepare now and immunize your herd against black-leg and hemorrhagic septicemia in cattle; White Scours in calves; Navel ill in pigs; Cholera in hogs; Also see me about White Starfish in young chicks; Bowel ailments and blackhead in turkeys
How to Know, Prevent and Cure Quickly

To The Voters of Crittenden And Livingston Counties.

Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., Oct. 22nd, 1917.

As you all know I have been called out of the district and have been drafted into the National Army to fight for the protection of YOUR Country and mine. I am now in training at Camp Zachary Taylor laboring by the side of your own sons and brothers, to fight the common foe of all. I made no plea for exemption for I felt that the cause is a just one and that every man should do his part to make the world safe for a free Government and to perpetuate and hand down to the future generations those great principles handed to us by our forefathers.

I take this method of making an appeal to each of you; stop, think of it seriously, put yourself in my position—if it were your brother, your son or your intimate companion. IF IT WERE YOU, would you not be proud to go fight for your country if your people back home had shown their confidence in you and that they were behind you and were willing to back you up to the last notch. I assure you that nothing that you could do would be a greater honor to me than for you to elect me to the Legislature. I promise that if I am elected to this office, I will treat the office with honor and due respect. But on the other hand should you be rejected by your people and have them say, "No, we do not want to honor you with a seat in the Legislature, we want to keep that honor among ourselves; we believe that you should only protect our homes." Would you not go to the front feeling discouraged.

But allow me to say in conclusion, that I have too much confidence in the people of Crittenden and Livingston counties to believe that, that will be their decision. I believe that you are going to elect me to fight honorable office. What one among you would not covet this double honor of fighting for your country and sitting in the halls of the Kentucky Legislature, dressed in the uniform of your country. Again I ask you to consider my cause carefully and if you think me worthy of this honor I will greatly appreciate your vote and influence at the coming election. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Respectfully Submitted,
DURON KOON.

Barb Wire Cuts and Wounds

Are troublesome to cure. Get a bottle of Farris' Healing Remedy—costs 50 cents—make it at home. Heals rapidly. A sore never matters when this remedy is used. We sell it on the money back plan.—J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

2,208 Kentucky Negroes In Draft

A total of 2,208 negroes are included in Kentucky's first draft of 14,236 men. None of the negroes have yet been called into service and 2,796 white men are still at home. All told, the district boards have certified to Adj. Gen. J. Tandy Ellis 15,000 names. This embraces the excess in a majority of the counties to provide for men subsequently discharged. Out of the 120 counties the total quotas from seventeen have not yet been certified to the Adjutant General.

FOR SALE.

Two frame business houses on Main Street, in Salem, Ky. For particulars, address.

Miss Nettie Grassham,
Caddo, Okla.

Letter From a Soldier Boy.

Hattiesburg, Miss., Oct. 22, '17
Crittenden Record-Press,
Marion, Ky.

Dear Editor:—
I received the Record-Press a few days ago and sure was glad to get it. It makes me feel like I was at home. You don't know how good a soldier feels when he gets his home paper, especially the Record-Press.

We soldier boys from Marion send you our best regards and want to thank you for your space in the Press, and hope while we are getting ready to go to the front we will be remembered by the good people at home.

We all have a Testament and while we are not drilling we are

giving our attention to this little book, which I think is my best friend. It took me a long time to get on the right road; but I am living up to my little book now.

We do not hear much about the boys from home that were drafted, but hope they are enjoying good health and having a good time. The longer they stay in the army the better they will like it. They can go to church and Sunday school every Sunday and to the show twice a week. They have all kinds of reading material; in other words it is a pleasure to be in the army. The officers are willing to give the boys a chance and there is always a promotion for the boys who try.

As it is about drill time and I want to be the first to fall in line, I will close.

Truly yours, James Byford,
Co. A, 149th V. S. Inf., Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss.

AS WE GROW OLD

The kidneys should receive help.
Marion People Recommend
Doan's Kidney Pills.

The constant strain of life, is hard on the kidneys, and in later years.

The kidneys call for help.

Old backs often ache, day in and day out.

Urinary ills frequently add their weight of woe.

Give the help the kidneys need.

Aid the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills.

Marion people endorse this remedy. T. C. Guess, E. Depot St., Marion, says: "I have found Doan's Kidney Pills a splendid remedy for kidney weakness. For a long time I have been subject to backaches and at these times, my back is stiff and sore. The kidney secretions pass too frequently so that I can hardly get any sleep at night. Doan's Kidney Pills, which I get at Haynes & Taylor's drug store, never fail to give me relief and I wouldn't be without them. I think they are a fine medicine for old people."

Price 60 cents at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Guess used. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sigsbee Lowery received word recently about his father David A. Lowery painting and brightening up his new home on Walker street and came in one night recently to visit his parents, sisters, and brother, who moved to their town home from the farm recently. He rode north on Walker street and came to a pair of iron gates which he opened and rode right in saying to himself, "Dad has sure fixed up his house. Well he always was a dandy! Say what you please dad's all right."

He dismounted from his steed and hitched to one of the trees in the yard and called for some one to open the door and let him in. His father recognized his voice, opened the door of his home (which was across the street) and informed Sigsbee that he was in the wrong yard. The editor who lived there was asleep and did not hear any of the commotion and did not know any thing about it until Mr. Lowery met him next day and told him about it. The latch string was on the outside but Sigsbee didn't get hold of it.

JUST ANCE
The Sigsbee Lowery, who was painted and brightened up his new home on Walker street and came in one night recently to visit his parents, sisters, and brother, who moved to their town home from the farm recently. He rode north on Walker street and came to a pair of iron gates which he opened and rode right in saying to himself, "Dad has sure fixed up his house. Well he always was a dandy! Say what you please dad's all right."

Mrs. H. F. Hammock who spent several weeks in New York with her daughter Mrs. Helen Dixon and Mr. Dixon, returned home last week.

Winter Tourist Tickets

To the South, Southeast and Southwest via ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. at greatly reduced fares.

Good returning up to and including June 1st, 1918. Illinois Central is the most direct line to Memphis, New Orleans, and the South and Southwest and affords the most convenient schedules.

Call on ticket agents I. C. R. R. for tickets and further information or write.

G. W. Schelke,
TPA,
Evansville, Ind.

HIGH SCHOOL NEWS.

Last Friday evening the teachers of the school each received a tiny card, decorated with the emblems of Halloween bearing the following:

Where bogeys and bogles and spooks will be seen,
We'll show you a good time, one "clean" out of sight,
So join us at eight, on that mystical night.

School Auditorium, Oct., 31st 1917

Friday morning is "Surprise Day" in chapel each week, and last Friday morning most enjoyable surprises were given by pupils of the fourth and sixth grades. A splendid "Surprise Booster Program" was given by the girls of the High School in honor of the Football Team.

By mistake the following names were omitted from the High School Honor Roll—Glena Rankin, Vivian Stone, Hilda Cook, and Gladys Graves.

A Halloween Program was given by the Girls Literary Society last Friday afternoon. The members of the boy's society were invited. The program follows: Girls Quartet—Misses Sutherland, Hardy, Guess, and Yates. Origin of Halloween—Miss Forest Hammock. Duet—Messrs. Billy Joe and Ray Foster. "The Black Cat," Zula Threlkeld. Witches scene from Macbeth, "Up to Date," Witches—Misses Reed, Minner, Paris, May, Dean, Wright, and Cook. Imaginary Ghost Story—Misses Nellie Stone, Vivian Stone, Mildred Bourland, and Fannie Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Christen spent Sunday visiting relatives in Sturgis.

Don't forget the Marion Providence Football game at Maxwell Park Saturday Nov. 3rd.

The Patriotic Rally at the School Auditorium Wednesday night was well attended.

CORN WANTED.

We are in the market for snappers and shuckers corn, at market price. See us before you sell.

Marion Milling Co.,
Incorporated.

Reward Offered

Having lost my Bird Dog, a pointer white with black spots, I will pay a reward for any information to his whereabouts.

Jas. H. Orme

As One Murderer To Another.

The Sultan of Turkey has graciously conferred on the German Kaiser the diamond star of the Itfihar Order, Turkey's highest war decoration, and the Kaiser has decorated the Sultan with the star and chain of the Hohenzollern Order with diamonds.

The honors are even, the hero of the Belgian and Lusitania murders honors and is honored by the hero of Armenian massacres. No one will question the deserving of the honors or the respective fitness of the mutual donors and recipients.—Sun.

We shall come out of the war a poorer people, a more solemn people, but a people that have learned in the hardest school in the world the lessons of discipline, and of frugality and self-denial and thrift. Woman's Home Companion.

CHAPEL HILL

George Condit and wife, of Dean's neighborhood, were guests of friends and relatives here recently.

Mr. Lamb, of Crayne, attended church here Sunday. Come again, Bro. Lamb.

Miss Nellie Pogue, of Frances, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Burley Walker.

Uncle Jesse, McCaslin, of Crayne, was out to hear the big preacher Sunday.

Mrs. Minnie Humphrey, wife of Charles Humphrey, was buried in the Chapel Hill cemetery, last Thursday.

I still have some young chili dogs for sale. Wyandotte Rose Comb still at 75 cents each. I also have some good shams for sale, weight about 60 lbs.—W. H. Bigham, Phone 474.

Our fall meeting is progressing nicely. We are having some fine sermons. Our new preacher is winning the people up.

Miley Hill left a few days ago for Arkansas. Miley is a bright boy and is well-liked by those who know him. We wish him success wherever he goes.

When you feel nervous, tired, worried or depressed, get a sure sign of MOTT'S NERVE-PINE PILLS. They renew the normal vigor and make life worth living. Be sure and ask for Mott's Nerve-Pine Pills. Price 50c. • WILLIAMS MED. CO. Prop., Cleveland, Ohio

Card of Thanks.

To the many friends who extended their sympathy and ministered to the wants of our daughter, Lockie Hillyard during her two weeks of suffering and used every means in their power to alleviate her pain, we hereby tender our heartfelt thanks for such kindness shown.

May God's blessing be yours on earth, and may you wear a crown of glory with her in the upper and better world is the wish of her husband and parents.

F. H. Hillyard and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Powell.

Pie And Box Supper.

Lovers of amusement must not fail to come to the pie and box supper to be given Friday, Nov. 2nd, 1917, at 7 o'clock p. m., at Going Springs school house. An interesting program has been arranged and is as follows:

Music.
Welcome Address—Hazel James.
Duty—Luther May.
Recitation—L. A. May.
Recitation—Evelyn Terry.
Recitation—Wesfield Lamb.
Music—L. W. Jenkins.
Recitation—Hugie Simpson.
Recitation—Percy Lam.
Recitation—Franklin Simpson.
Recitation—Eva Lamb.
Debate—"Blessed Are Blessings"—A. Wm. Soe and Charles Terry. Nez, Ed Stone and Walter Simpson.
Joke Paper—E. Everett Cook.
Auction sale of boxes.

A good time is promised all who come.—IVA BIGHAM.

C. S. NUNN

Attorney at Law
MARION, KENTUCKY
Post Office Building.

WAR TALKS

By UNCLE DAN

Number Three

How War Methods Have Changed
Everybody Must Help.

"Hello, Uncle Dan, Jimmie and I have been waiting for you."

"Sorry if I have kept you long," said Uncle Dan. "Your mother has been telling me how bashful I used to be. She said if a girl spoke to me I would blush to my hair roots. Well, I reminded her of the time your father first came to see her and the joke we played on them, so I guess that will hold her for a while."

Continuing, Uncle Dan said: "You want to talk more about the war, do you? Well, war methods have undergone many changes and they are still changing. No two wars are fought alike. In early times, the weapons were stones, clubs, spears, bows and arrows, swords, etc. In this kind of warfare, victory was with the strong right arm. Men of enormous size and strength were the great warriors. The invention of gunpowder, however, has changed all this. It has enabled men to kill one another at a considerable distance, and do it wholesale. The war, as we know it now is a combination of chemicals, machinery, mathematical calculations and highly trained men. Just think of it! Airplanes, submarines, armored tanks, or caterpillars, poison gases, and curtains of fire are all used for the first time in this war and they are destructive beyond anything heretofore known."

"The methods followed by the buster and his allies are simply devilish. He must answer in history to the killing of thousands of innocent women and children. He has broken every international law and every rule of warfare; he has bombarded hospitals and undefended cities, sunk Red Cross ships on errands of mercy; he has destroyed cathedrals and priceless treasures of art that can never be replaced; he has made slaves of his prisoners; he has tried to get us into war with Japan; his emissaries have blown up our ships, burned our factories and fired our forests. He knows no mercy or honor. The most charitable view to take of this blood-thirsty tyrant is that he is crazy."

"One thing is certain," continued Uncle Dan, with great emphasis. "Our liberty, the safety of our homes and our country, and the security of the world demand the speedy and absolute overthrow of the kaiser and crushing out once and forever the reign of Prussian brutality."

"How about the German people," said Billie.

Uncle Dan replied: "The splendid German people were happy, thrifty, prosperous and contented. They have been tricked into war and made to suffer the tortures of the damned; they have been cruelly and systematically deceived. God grant that the real facts may get to them, and if they do, Lord help the kaiser!"

"Of course the allies will win," said Mrs. Graham.

"Probably so," said Uncle Dan. "But if we are to win, we must go the limit. We must check the awful destruction to shipping by the German submarines, or we may not be able to get food and supplies to our own men and to our allies; we must also put hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions, of first-class soldiers in the battle line."

"Food is the first consideration," Uncle Dan continued. "No army can hold out against hunger. It has been said that food will win the war, and this is largely true. Hence the importance of the farm in the war plans of our country."

Mrs. Graham interrupted by saying: "In view of the importance of farming, don't you think, Daniel, that the farmers ought to be exempted from war service?"

"No, a thousand times no," said Uncle Dan, striking the table so hard to emphasize his protest that he tipped over a vase of flowers. "We must have no class legislation. The duty to serve is the common duty of all, and no class must be relieved of this obligation. The question of exemption must be a personal one and decided by the facts surrounding each case. In no other way can we have a square deal, and to insure this, it is the duty of congress to pass immediately the Chamberlain bill, or some such measure, which is fair to all classes. It would settle all these questions and do it fairly. Safety now and safety hereafter demands such legislation, and let me suggest that you and your friends get busy with your congressmen and senators and urge them to prompt action."

"It is time for us to realize that we are not living in a fool's paradise; that this great country of ours cost oceans of blood and treasure and it is only due to the loyalty, sacrifice and service of our forefathers that we have a country, and it is our highest duty to preserve it unimpaired and pass it on to posterity, no matter what the cost may be. Our citizenship and their ancestors came from all parts of the world to make this country a home and enjoy its blessings and opportunities; hence, in the crisis before us, it is the duty of everyone to stand squarely back of our country and be prepared to defend the flag. Every one in this crisis is either pro-American or pro-German. Great as the country is, there is not room enough for two flags."

WAR TALKS

By UNCLE DAN

Number Two

Jimmie Collins Tells What He Saw—
What Military Training Does
for Boys.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed Billie, presenting his chum, Jimmie Collins.

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Collins," said Uncle Dan with a smile.

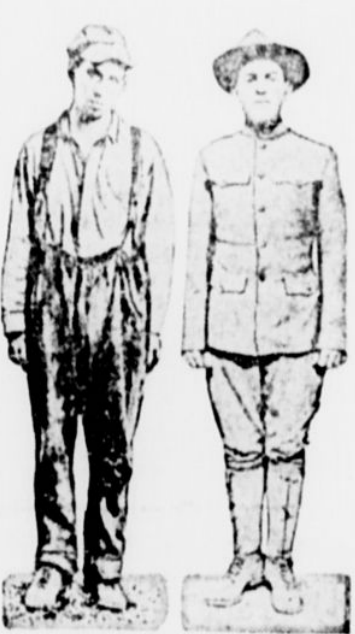
"Aw," said Billie, "Just call him Jimmie. That's the only name he knows. He's the pitcher of our baseball nine, and he's some pitcher, too. Just feel of his arm."

"Well," said Uncle Dan, feeling, "That's a mighty good arm!"

"Now, boys," said Uncle Dan, "what do you want to talk about?"

"Well," said Jimmie, "I was down to Galesburg a few months ago when the boys came home from the Mexican border. They looked fine. Everybody was surprised to see how straight they stood and how manly they were. The boys seemed proud to wear the uniform. I tell you their muscles were as hard as nails. I heard Banker Haskett say that the training and discipline the boys had had was exactly what every boy in the country ought to have, and that now these boys could get a better job at higher pay than they could have had before. Do you think that's so, Uncle Dan?"

Uncle Dan replied: "I have a friend who employs hundreds of young men. He always gives boys having had military training the preference, he says it pays to do so. He finds they are more alert, more prompt, more courteous; they know how to carry out orders; they are quicker to think and to act than those without training. He said from his experience he believed that six or eight months of intensive military training would add at least 20 per cent to a man's earning capacity, and that it was the best investment any young man could make."



AFTER FIVE MONTHS.

The two pictures are of the same young man. The first was taken the day he enlisted and the second after he had five months' military training. His home is in North Carolina.

earning capacity, and that it was the best investment any young man could make. "Billie, if you will go up to my room and bring my small handbag, I will let you see two photographs of the same young man, showing what only five months of intensive training on the Mexican border did for him."

The bag was brought. Uncle Dan, showing the pictures, said: "Well, here they are. They tell their own story and it is a mighty interesting one. The young man, before training, was a discouraged look; he has very little of the world. There was very little in his surroundings to bring him out. When he joined the colors and Uncle Sam took him in charge, life for him took on a new meaning. He saw a chance to do something and be something. He woke up. His captain says he is twice the man he was when he joined the army. This may be one of the extreme cases," said Uncle Dan. "I can tell you, though, that war or no war, no one thing will do the young men of this nation so much good in so short a time as a few months of intensive military training. It fits a man to fight his own life battles in the business world as well as to defend his country and its flag."

"Nearly every civilized country gives its boys military training. It is compulsory. It is based upon the fact that it is the duty of everyone to help defend his country; and as war is now carried on, no one can do much unless he is trained. Also, the records show that the killed and wounded among untrained troops is nearly three times as great as it is with well-trained men who know how to fight and how to protect themselves. By this plan a nation has trained men to defend her and the individual is a stronger and better man for the training."

"If the Chamberlain bill for Military Training is passed by congress, as it ought to be, the same thing would be done for millions of other young men throughout the land. Everybody ought to demand of his congressman and senators the passage of this bill."

"All right, sir," exclaimed Jimmie, "we will see Judge Proctor, Mr. Haskett, and Professor Stoen, and the other boys."