

The Crittenden Press

Volume 42.

Marion, Crittenden County, Kentucky, Friday, Dec. 12, 1919.

Number 20.

FARMERS BANK STILL IMPROVING

VENTILATING SYSTEM NOW BEING
INSTALLED BY A
DETROIT FIRM.

Also Putting in a New Vault for
Safe Deposit Boxes—Concern
is Keeping Pace with
Modern Ideas.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Press appears an up-to-the-minute ad of the Farmers Bank & Trust Co., which by the way is one of the best equipped institutions in this part of the state. It goes without saying that they believe in the Press and in everything that has to do with the best interests of Marion and Crittenden county. They have recently added a Trust department to their efficient banking department. Just now they are building their second vault, a fireproof, burglar proof, steel reinforced structure which they will equip just as soon as finished with the best safety deposit boxes to be had. This new vault will have a separate fireproof steel door and is so constructed that customers of the bank may have access to their private safety deposit boxes at any hour of the day.

The heavy plate glass windows of the bank this week were taken out and recut and then placed in movable steel casements, specially constructed for the Farmers Bank and Trust Company windows. The work was done by a Detroit firm under the supervision of an Evansville architect. The building has perhaps the best ventilating system of any building in Marion.

In their ad this week they call attention in a modest way to their growth during the last two years. We are not surprised at their steady growth when we stop to think that they are never too busy to give you the exact change you want, they never charge for cashing a check, they will give you free and expert advice on any matter dealing with their line of work. They have for their slogan "courteous, efficient and satisfactory service" every day in the year.

MISS INDIA KIRK DEAD.

About six o'clock on Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1919, Aunt India Kirk passed quietly away at the home of her sister, Mary Franklin at Levisa. Aunt India went into the smokehouse to get some soap in that terrible windstorm of the Saturday before and the smokehouse door blew against her, knocking her down and breaking her wrist near the hand. Two doctors were called and did all in their power for the stricken woman, even amputating her arm in a desperate effort to save her life, but it seemed all chances were against her. Just before they put her to sleep, friends standing near heard her say "I am almost to the river, thank God and I see my mother."

A NEW OPTOMETRIST.

Mrs. J. R. Gilchrist returned Saturday from Chicago where she has been studying Ophthalmology at McCormick Medical College. She left Marion last September and entered the school as soon as she reached Chicago. She graduated last Thursday night with high honors and will now assist Dr. Gilchrist in his work.

BROOKS FLETCHER.

Last Friday night the people of Marion had the opportunity of hearing one of the country's greatest lecturers—and ten or twenty or so availed themselves of the opportunity. To say that several hundred of our citizens missed a treat would be putting it mildly.

The subject of the lecture was "Community Deadheads" and Mr. Fletcher seems to have thoroughly analyzed the trouble of a great many communities. If this lecture could be heard by every one in this county about four times it would make a new county of Crittenden and Marion would become one of the country's famous county seats—provided the facts were allowed to sink in.

We understand that one big reason for the small attendance at the lecture was because of opposition by the head of the Marion schools. It is unfortunate if true for there is not an attraction in the whole course that is not really worth while and the Press would like to see better support given them.

COUNTY COURT MONDAY.

Monday was regular County court day and the docket was light. The will of J. M. Lamb was probated. He bequeathed all of his property, personal and real to his wife and requested that she be made the executrix and that she serve without bond and that the inventory of appraisement of his estate be made.

The new public road to run thru the farms of Henry Brown, Sam Leneave and William Porter, the petition for which has been pending for several terms was allowed and ordered opened by the court, the county appropriating and paying \$100 on the cost of same and the citizens in the neighborhood are to pay the balance and are to make the road and turn it over to the county in good condition. The old road was annulled and the hands on it and those approximate to the new road were allotted to work the new road.

The Fiscal court also had a brief session Monday for the purpose of settling with the sheriff and some other matters. This was an adjourned meeting from the regular term of the court on Dec. 2.

TRAIN SERVICE CUT.

The coal strike has played havoc with our already bottlenecked train service. Marion has only one train each way now. The trains that formerly reached Marion in the forenoon have both been taken off until further notice. This curtailment of service is a hardship on the traveling public but there is nothing to do but wait.

SURVEYORS BUSY.

The engineers who are making the survey for the new federal road are already as far west as Cloverport. They are completing the work as they go and the road will be in condition for the contractors to be let when the work is completed.

ERROR LAST WEEK.

Last week the Press stated that the declaratory contest was to be held at Repton on the night of Dec. 26th. We were misinformed as the correct date is December 13th. Everybody cordially invited to attend. No admission.

A RUNAWAY.

Guy Griffith, carrier on Route 5 out of Marion had an amusing experience a few days since. A tap came off the pole of his buggy, letting it drop down, frightening his team and they run about a mile and a half with Guy sitting back in his buggy. No damage to anything but patience.

Subscribe for The Press.

Farmers Bank & Trust Co. MARION, KY.

Our deposits two years ago today, Dec. 11, 1917, were:
\$337,069.64

Our deposits one year ago today, December 11th, 1918, were:
\$355,424.47

Our deposits today, December 11th, 1919, were:
\$399,863.37

These figures speak for themselves, they need no comment. We are proud of this record. Over two thousand satisfied customers of the Farmers Bank & Trust Co. are proud of this record.

A timely suggestion—a sensible New Years Resolution:

"I'll start 1920 right by banking the Farmers Bank & Trust Co. way, where growth comes as a result of courteous, efficient and satisfactory service.

Farmers Bank & Trust Co. Marion, Ky.

EVLYN CORINNE MOORE.

Evlyn Corinne Moore was born May 28, 1903 at Tolu, Ky. Two years ago her parents moved to Marion to give her the advantages of the school here. In Marion, as in her old home neighborhood, she soon made many friends. In disposition she was quiet and gentle, possessing those characteristics which make one a favorite among the old and the young.

She professed faith in Christ in January 1916 during a revival meeting at Tolu. She was ever a faithful attendant at church and Sunday School and took delight in doing any service, whether great or small, for the Master.

Early in the fall of 1918 Corinne had an attack of influenza which affected her lungs. She was given the best of attention and every possible effort was made by her anxious parents to bring the rose of health back to her cheeks and the laughter of healthy childhood to her voice again, but from the first the Grim Reaper seemed to be relentless in the struggle and finally as a last hope, her parents decided to take her to Arizona thinking the climate might restore her.

Soon after her arrival in the west her condition began to improve and the many friends here were glad to rejoice with the father in the news that came week after week from Mrs. Moore that Corinne was steadily improving. Then two weeks ago the father received a telegram telling him to come at once as Corinne was dangerously ill with pneumonia. The father left as soon as possible for Arizona, realizing what every moment meant in the race with death and as the train carried him across state after state friends here hoped and prayed that he might at least reach her before the end came. He was a few hours too late however. He reached Phoenix on Sunday morning but the afternoon before—Nov. 22, the death angel had come.

The remains were brought to Marion arriving here Saturday morning, November 29. The funeral services were held from the residence on Bellville street, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 30, by Rev. H. R. Short. The body was interred in the New Cemetery.

FOURTH GRADE HONOR ROLL.

Fourth grade honor roll for the Month of November in the Marion graded school. To be on the honor roll requires perfect attendance and a general average of 90%.

Erma Farmer	95	1-8
Corine Lowry	94	3-8
Corinne Eskew	94	1-2
Muriel Davidson	94	
Pickens Clark	94	
Virginia Crider	93	1-2
Isabella Hughes	90	5-8
Ruth Johnson	91	5-8
Ophelia Vick	91	1-2

THE AUCTION SALE.

Monday was a big day at the W. T. McConnell sale. A crowded house with ready buyers. Their shelves are rapidly being emptied as the sales go on from day to day. Verily it pays to advertise in the Press.

Time Extended to Churches to Work in Raising Their Quota.

To all local church organizers and interested parties:
On account of the rains, mud, etc., hindering the work of raising the Ohio River Association's part of the 75 million, time is hereby extended to all churches who have not had an opportunity to see their members and to raise the amount they can give or are expected to raise until December 21, 1919.

Each organizer is asked to hold his organization and proceed with canvassing until each individual member has been made happy by giving to our Lord's great cause. Many of the churches have gone far over their quotas and the campaign has been a blessing to those that have been touched by it. We feel reluctant to have it close until all have had an opportunity to contribute. Let us use rains, mud and such like as a challenge to our effort for victory. Don't be a Jelly and make a more determined slacker, you cannot afford it. Put your church to the front and over and join in the shouting when we have helped to do our part. I am ever, yours in Him,

H. F. GREEN, Organizer for Ohio River Association.

LIGHT FOR MARION.

Arrangements have been made by the city council with S. M. Jenkins for him to furnish light to Marion until the new company can install their new plant. And everybody is glad. A car of coal was received by Mr. Jenkins Tuesday and people needn't get nervous about lights for some time at least.

Mr. Jenkins has been very generous about running the plant much during the ordinary day light hours for the past few cloudy days. Why not have juice all the time Mr. Jenkins.

G. G. Thompson's insurance office is now located in the Concrete building.

OBITUARY.

Just as the evening shadows gathered in—Margaret (Travis) Barnes departed her life Nov. 25, 1919. She was the daughter of Thomas and Helen Travis and wife of David Barnes. Age 20 years, 8 months and 8 days.

Ina was a sweet girl and grew into a sweet womanhood.

Ina professed faith in Christ at the age of thirteen at Hillsdale in 1912.

Ina had such a sweet disposition she had won many, many friends. She was married to David Eugene Barnes August 10th, 1919.

They went to housekeeping in their newly prepared home at Mexico, Crittenden county, Ky., and lived happily together. But alas! How uncertain are our earthly plans and hopes.

Oh it is hard to give her up! It will be so lonely without her. God's will be done, not ours.

She leaves a husband, father, mother, two brothers and one sister to mourn their loss. One sister and two brothers preceded her to the grave.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. W. T. Oakley at the home of her father-in-law. The body was laid to rest in the Wheeler cemetery to await the resurrection morn. The floral offering was pretty.

May God bless her loved ones and bring them all home to meet her in the land of peace.

We shall press the golden strain
Some sweet day bye and bye
Oh our loved ones we shall meet
Join in Heaven at Jesus' feet.

A JOY RIDE.

Judge Blue, Burnett Moore and Harry Joiner attended the Donkey sale Tuesday. On their return their car became disabled and mullish or something and would not budge. So they alighted and heeled it in from Sheridan in the good old fashioned way over one of Crittenden's worst boulevards. They arrived in Marion after midnight—not as fresh as a bunch of daisies.

LETTER FROM GEN. PERSHING.

Kelsey Walker of this county received the following letter from General Pershing some weeks ago. "Now that your service with the American Expeditionary Forces is about to terminate, I can not let you go without a personal word. At the call to arms, the patriotic young manhood of America eagerly responded and became the formidable army whose decisive victories testify to its efficiency and valor. With the support of the nation firmly united to defend the cause of liberty, our army has executed the will of the people with resolute purpose. Our democracy has been tested, and the forces of autocracy have been defeated. To the glory of the citizen-soldier, our troops have faithfully fulfilled their trust, and in a succession of brilliant offensives have overcome the menace to our civilization.

As an individual, your part in the world war has been an important one in the sum total of our achievements. Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, or gallantly storming the enemy's stronghold, whether enduring the monotonous drudgery at the rear, or sustaining the fighting line at the front, each has bravely and efficiently played his part. By willing sacrifice of personal rights; by cheerful endurance of hardship and privation; by vigor, strength and indomitable will, made effective by thorough organization and cordial co-operation, you inspired the war worn allies with new life and turned the tide of threatened defeat into overwhelming victory.

With a consecrated devotion to duty and a will to conquer, you have loyally served your country. By your exemplary conduct a standard has been established and maintained never before attained by any army. With mind and body as clean and strong as the blows you delivered against the foe you are soon to return to the pursuits of peace. In leaving the scenes of your victories may I ask that you carry home your high ideals and continue to live as you have served—an honor to the principles for which you have fought and to the fallen comrades you have left behind.

It is with pride in our success that I extend to you my sincere thanks for your splendid service to the army and to the nation.

Faithfully, JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander in Chief.

CARD OF THANKS.

Words cannot express our thanks to our many kind friends and Doctors who rendered much assistance and sympathy during the recent illness and death of our dear wife and daughter.

Also we thank Bro. Oakley who brought words of comfort and cheer to us in our dark hour of sorrow and bereavement.

May God richly reward you all in the earnest prayer of
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Travis and David Barnes.

METHODIST MAKE PLANS.

Plans for the Conservation of the Centenary Campaign and the church wide revival movement were discussed at a conference at the Methodist church last Friday. Dr. J. J. Stowe of Nashville, Rev. J. B. Adams of Louisville, Rev. J. F. Baher of Morganfield and Rev. T. L. Hulise of Henderson were the speakers. A goodly number of the Methodist people of the city attended and great enthusiasm was shown.

The church has a three-star honor flag for successful work already done in the campaign and the pastor is counting large on his people rallying loyally to the follow-up work which is soon to be done. A campaign of Stewardship and Life Enrollment followed by an evangelistic campaign in the early spring are points of the program.

BIG DAY AT SEVEN SPRINGS

CLARK FAMILY HAVE REUNION
BEFORE DEPARTURE FOR
DAVENPORT, IOWA.

Many Relatives Present and an
Enjoyable Time was "Had
by All"—Clarks to Leave
for New Home Soon.

(Special correspondence to The Crittenden Press.)

On Sunday, November the 23rd, 1919, Willie Clark, wife and baby of Marion, together with their relations met at the home of Mrs. Annie Campbell, an aunt of Willie's in this vicinity to spend the day together.

This reunion was given in honor of Mr. Clark and wife as they were soon to take their departure for Davenport, Iowa.

This was indeed a happy gathering as all of Mr. Clark's aunts and uncles were present on this occasion. This happy people enjoyed themselves in social conversation for a part of the morning together with other entertainment. At 12, or near that hour a sumptuous and fine old Kentucky dinner was served by the relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Clark. This good part of the day's entertainment had been kept a secret from Mrs. Campbell until the noon hour arrived so as to surprise her also. After covers had been laid for 25 people more was yet needed. And your correspondent is unable to say the exact number but will say many more. After dinner the pictures of this people were snatched at 2:30 o'clock. After this the shade of evening was drawing to a close, this family of relatives bowed around the family hearthstone and a very impressive prayer was offered by Brother Freeman McKinney. After this each one returned to their homes feeling that they had honored each other with their presence and also had given Mrs. Campbell their respect for the opportunity of gathering at her home and partaking of those good things together. So in conclusion we will say that we bid these happy people God speed on their journey.

DEANWOOD

Mrs. Nancy J. Murray visited Mr. T. L. Walker's a few days last week.

Mr. Allie Guess left Tuesday for Providence to spend the winter.

Arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Walker on Dec. 2, a girl who has been christened Mary Kathryn.

Mr. T. L. Walker, wife and daughter Lillian visited Mr. Joe Lemon last week. Mr. Lemon has only recently returned from a hospital in Evansville where he was operated on for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Drennan were the guests of her father Mr. C. H. McConnell's Sunday.

Miss Lillian Walker spent Sunday with Misses Jessie and Dixie Travis.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Towery visited Mrs. Olivia Walker Sunday.

Mr. James Walker was the guest of Mr. Acie Walker Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Lamb spent Sunday at Mr. Lonnie Brantley's.

Miss Freddie Travis visited her mother Sunday night.

Subscribe for The Press.

The Man Who is Judiciously Insured Against Damage by the Elements



Views the fury of the storm from a different point of view than his neighbor who has been neglectful.

The Cost is Small—the Protection Absolute

MARION, KY.
Telephone 32

Bourland & Haynes
INSURANCE AGENCY
THE AGENCY THAT SERVICE BUILT

FOR SALE

196 acres in two farms, lay adjoining. Nearly all in grass, all under good fence.
No. 1—5-room house, 2 up to date stock barns, 1 concrete silo. This tract contains 100 acres
No. 2—3-room house in good repair, 130x30 stock barn in good repair, 96 acres of land.
Will sell this all together or divide to suit purchaser. Two and one half miles from Marion, Ky., on Marion and Salem road.

SEE

Herman H. Clark

TELEPHONE 34-2 1-2

ATTENTION Live Stock Shippers

To insure prompt movement of live stock from stations on the Illinois Central Railroad between Henderson, Ky., and Princeton, Ky., to LOUISVILLE, KY., arrangements have just been completed with the Illinois Central Railroad for a

**SPECIAL LIVE STOCK TRAIN
To LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK**

Train No. 391 will pick up live stock at all stations between Henderson and Princeton, arriving at Princeton at 3:30 P. M. from which point it will be handled in Saturday Live Stock Special, leaving Princeton at 4:10 P. M. and arriving at Louisville 4:30 A. M. following morning.

This service will afford the patrons of the Louisville market afternoon loading and enable them to have their stock in the market early the following morning.

Consult Railroad agents at nearest station as to exact train time and arrange to ship your live stock to

THE BOURBON STOCK YARDS

THE SOUTH'S GREATEST MARKET.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Donner

THE DOG'S PINE.

"Well, how-wow, what do you think I had to do?" asked the St. Bernard dog, named Sport.

"What did you have to do?" asked Rover, another big dog, but not as big as Sport. Rover was a collie.

"I had to do it before I came here," said Sport.

"Are you glad you came here, or didn't you mind doing what you had to do?" asked Rover.

"Yes, I'm glad I came here," said Sport, "and I'm glad that my master came, too, for I wouldn't be happy without my master no matter what I had to do. We've been together so much, in so many places, under so many different conditions—that is, we've been together in pretty places and ugly places, in big places and small places, in the real country and in the real city, in every way possible."

"And on rainy days and sunny days," said Rover.

"Of course," agreed Sport.

"What made your master come here?" asked Rover.

The dogs had made friends when they had met in the village that morning. Every one had greatly admired the big St. Bernard and they had all heard what a wonderful record he had made through his life.

"Won't you tell me some of the things you've done?" asked Rover.

"Oh, dear," said Sport, "I've done what any dog would do who had had his chances. That's all."

"But tell me," said Rover, "and then tell me what you meant when you said you had had to do something which I should think about."

"I didn't say it quite that way," said Sport. "I asked you to think or to guess what it was that I had just



"I Got a Medal."

had to do—I meant before I came down here?"

"I'll try to guess after you tell me your history," said Rover. "I won't be conceded, for we're friends."

"Well, I rescued a man and his daughter from a fire," he said. "I was quite young at the time. There was a fire in the opposite house and the firemen hadn't come and I knew the man and his daughter were inside. I had given the alarm as best I could by barking and waking up my master."

"He was quick to help me always and I knew that he would give the alarm. But I knew how I could get in the house and how one of the doors could be pushed open from the outside."

"I got the man and his daughter out—I took the daughter first, and I dragged them along with my teeth. I tore their clothes badly but that couldn't be helped."

"I got a medal for that which made my master very proud. And then I saved a little boy from drowning once and also stopped a runaway horse."

"I pulled out of the cold water a girl who was skating and who had fallen through the ice. Oh, I've done several little things like that, and I've had several medals and my picture has been in the paper and all of that."

"You're modest about it," said Rover. "You speak of those things you've done as though they were of no more signs of bravery than the cutting of a bone."

"I'm not proud of those things," said Sport, "honestly I'm not, and that isn't false modesty either. I'm glad that I happened to be the fortunate dog who could do them."

"But my master moved from the city with me lately because he wanted a place where he could play lots of golf at any time on holidays and after he got home from business, and he thought it would be nicer for me to have the country to enjoy without having to wear a muzzle."

"Muzzle?" asked Rover.

"Oh, yes; that was what I was going to make you guess," said Sport. "I will tell you though instead for I am late for dinner. I was fined for not wearing my muzzle in the city. Of course my master hadn't put it on me and he paid the fine in one way. But I carried it in my mouth to the judge when he said what it was to be. And he fined me very little for he said I had such a splendid record. Wasn't that nice of him?"

"You've had every experience," said Rover, admiringly.

Pretty Good Fellow.

Keep your body straight and apply this rule to your mental and moral life and you will be a pretty good fellow.

Breaking a Confidence.

Do not assume that you are justified in disregarding a confidence because you have pledged another not to repeat what you tell her. If your obligation to silence means so little, why assume that another girl will take it more seriously? And moreover, if you have promised not to tell something, to break the promise where one is concerned, is as out of the way as to break it fifty times over.—Clara Companion.

How "Uncle Joe" Fed the Yanks

Son of United States Senator Found France No Place for "Classy" Clothes.

ESTABLISHED FIRST K. C. HUT

Served 2,000 Cups of Chocolate Every Morning—Had Many Difficulties to Surmount and Encountered Many Exciting Experiences.

New York.—This is the story of dawn in France; of 2,000 cups of hot chocolate; of the kitchen car that supplied the chocolate; of two Tuxedos and two evening suits and of "Uncle Joe," writes Owen Conner in the New York Herald.

The dawn was not the pink sunrise of America—it was the ghastly, gray, grim break of day of gas-befouled and shell-torn battlefields. The chocolate was the morning heartener served to men on their way to face death. The kitchen car was one of the proud possessions of Knights of Columbus war workers. "Uncle Joe" was and is Joseph F. Kernan of Utica, N. Y., and the Argonne, a K. of C. secretary of personal distinction and of enviable record for service.

There is a new dawn in France, pink and rosy now. Hot chocolate figures largely in high cost of living tables. The kitchen car went down to its doom on the glorious pathway opened by the Americans to Sedan, but it didn't fall until just at the very end, after it had done "its duty noble."

"Uncle Joe" is back in America, hale and hearty, sixty years young, patrolling the Bowery looking for and finding soldiers he met on the seething rims of the cauldron of enemy hate over there. Oh, yes, by the way, the two Tuxedos and the two evening suits are here also.

Nicknamed "Uncle Joe."

He wasn't "Uncle Joe" until after he had gone to France. He loves the nickname. For it was given him by American soldiers—in fact he likes it better than any pet name ever bestowed upon him in the days he sparked the girls at old-time dances. However, I promised not to tell about that.

Mr. Kernan is the son of Francis Kernan, once United States senator from New York. He was appointed an overseas secretary by the Knights of Columbus in March, 1918. To him fell the honor of establishing the first K. of C. hut in France, in May, 1918. From the start the possibilities of service of the kitchen car appealed to his imagination and he couldn't be torn away from the front where he had a chance to work for the soldiers with the kitchen car as a base of operations. After he had opened several K. of C. huts, he went to Paris, took possession of a kitchen car and went up to Chery with it. There the Seventy-seventh division was fighting and it was the men of that division who nicknamed him "Uncle Joe." He insists that full credit must be given to Frederick Bunschauf of Louisville, Ky., and to Louis Lasage for the able and devoted assistance given by them. Here is his story as he tells it himself:

"When I started for France I was told there would be considerable 'entertaining' to be done on the other side. I realized very quickly, once I set foot in France, that the entertaining to be done was along entirely different lines than those with which I had left New York. For example, I started out with several trunks. One of them held two Tuxedo coats and two evening suits. On my arrival in France I promptly forgot all about that trunk. It didn't fit in with the scheme of things as I saw it with my own eyes. I'll tell you more about the trunk later."

"Immediately after landing I went to

Baccarat, in the Luneville sector. With me was Fred Bunschauf of Louisville, a splendidly loyal and efficient man. We opened a hut at Baccarat. Then I went to Camp Devre, known correctly as 'Mud camp.'

"Some time later I went to Paris, where I seized a K. C. kitchen car and carried it off to the front at Chery. That was the thing to do your entertaining with and I'll tell the whole wide world that a Tuxedo or an evening suit would have been as funny there as a suit of overalls at the opera."

"You see the car began work at dawn—in the summer that means four o'clock in France. We weren't allowed to build a fire before daylight—it might have aided the enemy. We got out of our bunks. Fred Bunschauf, Louis Lasage and I, at a little after three, started the fires going as soon as we could get permission and then moved the car to a point where the men going out to the trenches and the men coming back would pass each other."

"Our greatest pride was that we were able to serve and did serve 2,000 cups of hot chocolate there every morning, besides giving out cigarettes and other supplies to the soldiers. And we kept it going, too, every day."

Hard to Get Sugar.

"There were difficulties to be surmounted. The greatest of these was to obtain our own supplies of chocolate and sugar. Many times our trucks could not get through because there was so much artillery and ammunition on the move. We simply had to have the supplies for the boys. After some thought a way was worked out. The ambulances had been coming up to the front empty. They had right of way on the roads after the artillery."

"The ambulance men agreed to bring up our stuff on the trips to the firing line and they did it. Wasn't that splendid of them? All through the hours of many nights the hospital cars tore up to our headquarters, dumped our boxes of food and cigarettes and then took on the wounded men."

"We stayed with the men of the Seventy-seventh and moved when they did. That kitchen car was the apple of my eye. It did wonderful service on more than one sector. Then when the march to Sedan began we put the car in line and started with the soldiers."

"The trunk with the Tuxedo coats and the evening clothes has arrived back from France. I haven't opened it since I packed it. Somehow, I hate to think of putting aside my K. of C. uniform for such ordinary garments as silk faced Tuxedos and swallowtail coats."

"Hello, Uncle Joe! It's mighty good to see you here!"

"And it was good for me to see him, for the last time we had met he was grimy and exhausted after trench work in the Argonne."

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HAS UNIQUE



Dr. Ford A. Carpenter of Los Angeles has the distinction of filling the only position of its kind in the United States. He is head of the newly established department of meteorology and aeronautics in the Los Angeles chamber of commerce.

He resigned after 31 years in the government weather bureau service to apply his knowledge of climatic conditions to the better development of agriculture, horticulture and aerial navigation, through practical application of established facts of atmospheric conditions.

On the way the car broke down. In war anything that breaks down, you know, is shoved off the road. Only the active men and active machines are allowed place on the highways.

"Well, the car had to be pushed to one side and abandoned. I almost cried. Maybe my eyes were a little wet at that."

"The other night I went into a restaurant in New York—one of those table d'hôte places. Up to me came a well groomed, prosperous looking young chap. He slapped me on the back and said:—

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PREPARING THE LAWN FOR PRESIDENT'S CONVALESCENCE



As President Wilson is still confined to the White House and its grounds, the gardeners have done their best to make the sunny lawns pleasant for him. They are here shown planting pansies and late bulbs.

DOCTOR BELL INVENTS A WONDERFUL FLYING BOAT



Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, has invented a flying boat capable of making 71 miles an hour. The boat, which is known as the H. O. 4, is equipped with two 400-horsepower Liberty motors, and has a series of blades forward and aft, and on each side under the so-called wings. As the boat gains speed the action of the water raises it so that when traveling at 60 miles an hour it is practically clear of the water, traveling on the last set of blades. The illustration shows the boat on a trial spin, and Doctor Bell.

DOING NOBLE PEACE WORK



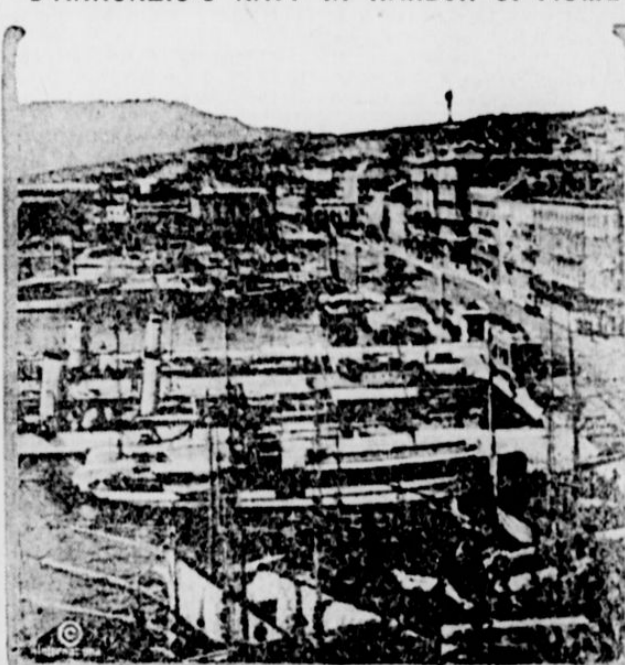
A photograph taken at the Throop Orthopedic hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., showing a little crippled child being carried, just as one would carry a big doll, by a member of the motor corps of the National League for Women's Service. Their emergency war work at an end, and the war heels of the various units being discontinued, these splendid women are devoting their energies to welfare work which, though it is unheralded and without the attendant publicity that the war work received, is none the less commendable. The objects of their work are the children who are crippled as a result of the epidemic of infantile paralysis which struck the country three years ago.

NEW PEACE WORK FOR THE BABY TANK



A baby tank was used recently to break away the wreckage caused by a terrific explosion which destroyed a gas tank of the Acme Hydro-Oxygen company, a subsidiary of Armour & Co., in Chicago, and an adjoining lard refinery.

D'ANNUNZIO'S NAVY IN HARBOR OF FIUME



Italian warships now under the command and control of Capt. Gabriele d'Annunzio, "dictator" of Fiume. The ships' officers and crews joined with the Italian troops occupying the disputed city in placing themselves under the guidance of the poet-aviator.

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WOODEN SPOIL

(Copyright, 1928, by George H. Doran Co.)

By
**VICTOR
ROUSSEAU**
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

TWO ANGRY BLUE EYES AND FLUSHED CHEEKS

Synopsis.—Hilary Askew, young American, comes into possession of the timber and other rights on a considerable section of wooded land in Quebec—the Rosny seignior. Lamartine, his uncle's lawyer, tells him the property is of little value. He visits it, and finds Morris, the manager, away. From Lefe Connell, mill foreman, Askew learns his uncle has been systematically robbed. He sees trouble on all sides. Nevertheless, he refuses to sell out and decides to manage his property himself. Incidentally he catches sight of Seigneur Rosny's beautiful daughter, the center of a rascally plot.

CHAPTER II.

Lefe Connell Explains.

After breakfast the next morning Hilary hired Monsieur Tremblay's buggy and started out with Lefe, with the intention of covering a portion of the limits and seeing the operations of the jobbers; he also meant to keep his eyes open as to the nature of the timber.

The buggy surmounted a hill, and another hill appeared in the distance. Here and there, scattered along the roadside, were solitary cabins, with little patches of cultivated ground about them.

"And on the right of the road is the Ste. Marie territory," asked Hilary.

"Yep, Mr. Askew. The two runs neck and neck back into them mountains. We turn off presently. We haven't touched this district yet."

Hilary noted the first growth spruce along the banks. "Why don't we cut this, anyway, if the rest is mainly fir?" he asked. "There's enough lumber here to fill our dam instead of the Ste. Marie company's logs."

Lefe answered volubly, but did not meet Hilary's eyes.

"You see, Mr. Askew," he began to explain, "this is a good deal of fir on our property, and what pine and spruce there is a smallish. There was a big fire over this district fifteen years or so ago. Now Mr. Morris calculates that if we go slow for a while and give the trees a chance to grow, they'll be worth twice as much in a few years. We're developing the property slowly, Mr. Askew."

Hilary's hand fell on Lefe's shoulder. "Connell," he said, "I brought you up here with me to learn the truth from you. You're going to sign on with Mr. Morris. Now tell me the facts about all this."

Lefe stammered and hung his head like a schoolboy caught in wrong doing. But Hilary's hand was gripping his shoulder, and at last Lefe raised his head and looked straight at Hilary.

"If I thought you'd stick here," he said, "I guess I'd back you to the hilt. But you'll never stand for Mr. Boniface, Mr. Askew. They're so infernally slow here, they ain't got human ways, sir. And they're crooked. I thought, when I heard you was coming, you'd be like Mr. Morris—I mean, wise to the game—but you ain't. I guess most business is crooked everywhere, but here it's crooked all through. You'll be selling out to Mr. Brouseau in a month's time, and that'll be my finish."

"You're dead wrong, Connell," answered Hilary. "I like the looks of this country, and I'm here to stay. Now suppose you forget about Mr. Brouseau for a while and consider yourself to be what you are, my paid employee. And you can count on my standing by you."

He held his hand out. For a moment Lefe Connell's keen gray eyes met his searching inquiry; then he took Hilary's hand and wrung it.

"I believe you mean what you say, Mr. Askew," he returned. "And you can reckon on me so far as my duty goes."

"I suppose that tale about the Rosny seignior being nothing but fir is a lie, Connell?" asked Hilary presently, as the pony ambled through a valley overgrown with red pine.

"Mostly," said Lefe. "There is a deal of fir, but there's enough spruce and pine to make the concession pay. If Mr. Morris wanted it to."

"So Morris has been playing double?" Lefe nodded. "You see, Mr. Askew, it's this way," he said. "When Morris came up here I believe he meant to run straight. But he'd been a lumber man in a small way in Ontario, and he wasn't used to the game as it's played here. Here it's graft, and it's never been nothing else. So when Morris found your uncle didn't know nothing about the business, and left it in his hands, he naturally fell for the game Brouseau was playing."

"Brouseau is the big man up here, and he'd had his eye on the Rosny seignior for a long time. He wanted to buy, but Rosny was sore on him, and he closed the deal with your uncle instead. But afterward Brouseau got the mortgage on the Chateau and the little bit of land round it, to keep hold on Rosny."

"Well, the Rosny seignior is the only piece of freehold up this way. Beyond it's government land, and all round it's government land. Brouseau started in to squeeze your uncle out, and Morris went with him. He played double as you were saying, Mr. Askew. The point of the whole game was to freeze out your uncle and get the property for a sale. That's how it stands. Here we turn off into Mr. Leblanc's lease."

"Who's he?"

"Your chum jobber," said Lefe. "The buggy turned off through the forest along a new road. Here was some splendid timber, black and white spruce and tall white pine. The sound of axes began to be audible, and presently they reached a clearing, in which a number of frame shacks were under construction. Superintending the work was a tall, rather fair man of about forty years, with a cast in one eye; and with him was a short, thickset

man of great muscular power. The two looked up as the buggy approached, and the short man scowled.

"This is Mr. Leblanc," said Lefe. "Mr. Leblanc, this is Mr. Askew, the owner."

Leblanc put out his hand limply, but Hilary, nettled by his manner, did not take it.

"Mr. Leblanc is clearing a camp for his next year's lease," continued Lefe. "But the lease is not signed?" asked Hilary.

"It will be signed in October," answered Leblanc. "I have arranged with Monsieur Morris."

"You'll make your arrangements with me in future," said Hilary. "If the price is satisfactory, you can have this tract."

Leblanc stared at him insolently with his good eye, the other fixing a tree on Hilary's right. "I work for Mr. Morris. I make arrangements with him," he answered.

"See here, Leblanc, you didn't catch who this gentleman is," said Lefe. "This is Mr. Askew, the nephew of the late Mr. Askew. He has come into the property. He's boss. You get me, don't you, Leblanc?"

Leblanc shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, yes, I understand," he answered, and turning without another word, walked back toward the lumbermen, accompanied by the short man, who was chuckling maliciously at Hilary's discomfiture.

Hilary flushed, but Lefe laid his hand on his wrist, closing the fingers about it with a viselike grip.

"Steady, Mr. Askew. Don't let those fellows get you riled," he said. "If you're coming into this game it means steady work. You've got to hold back and hold back, until you've got things ready."

They re-entered the buggy and, turning the horse, drove back.

Presently Hilary cooled down. "Who was the little man?" he asked.

"That's Pierre something-or-other. Black Pierre, he's called. He's Brouseau's chief crook. He's a trouble-some man, Mr. Hilary. He'll bear watching."

"Well, fire him first thing," said Hilary.

"Why, he ain't hired by us," answered Lefe.

"Then what in thunder is he doing on my concession, talking to my chief jobber?"

"Well, there ain't no law against it," said Lefe, with a humorous look on his face. "I guess them two are pretty thick together."

"You see, Mr. Askew, it's this way," he went on. "If you're going to clear up this mess, it ain't a bit of good going for the little fellows. They're the tail that Brouseau wants. Once you get Brouseau's hand out of your pie, the others follow him. When Pierre sees there ain't no more pickings out of the Ste. Boniface land he'll go back to the smuggling business."

"Brandy-smuggling?"

"Yes, he's the bad man of Ste. Marie. He runs cargoes of gin and brandy ashore from the south coast, and there's never been a revenue officer in this district within human memory, nor would one dare to show his face here. Say, I'll take you through Ste. Marie on the way back to the mill."

They had reached the main road again; they went on a little way and then turned westward over a rough track through a burned-over district densely covered with fireweed and white starved asters. Soon another rig appeared before them, topping the hill. Lefe pulled in as it approached.

"Bonjour, Father Lucy," he called to the elderly priest, who sat inside. "This gentleman is Mr. Askew, the new owner of the Rosny concession. He's old Mr. Askew's nephew."

The cure looked Hilary over, then he leaned forward and extended his hand, which Hilary grasped.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Askew," he said. "I hope we shall become friends. Like Mr. Lefe here, an' not quarrel so much."

"Ah, Father Lucy, you make me tired sometimes," said Lefe. "What in thunder's the use of praying for rain when the forests are burning. Instead of getting busy and putting out the fire?"

"Mr. Lefe, there is many thing you do not understand," said the cure, patting the Yankee on the shoulder benevolently. "Mr. Lefe is true fellow," he added to Hilary. "But he want to go too quick all the time."

It was evident to Hilary that the two were fast friends. Father Lucien clucked to his pony, took off his hat with a flourish, and resumed his journey.

"Father Lucy's a good sort," muttered Lefe, "but he makes me tired sometimes. Slow as the devil, Mr. Askew. And yet, now I come to think of it, he does get results in his own time. He ain't equal to cleaning up Ste. Marie, though."

After a pause he added: "Sometimes I've thought that Father Lucy had something up his sleeve about Ste. Marie after all."

An hour's drive brought them within sight of the village. Ste. Marie was almost a replica of St. Boniface, clustered almost with the same shacks, clustered about the brick offices of the company.

"Not much to see now," said Lefe. "But on pay night it's fierce, Mr. Askew. I guess this place is a real hell."

"Rowdy, Connell, you mean?"

"I didn't mean that, Mr. Askew. It's that, God knows; but what I meant by hell was a place where everybody's a law to himself with nothing to restrain him. A place where everybody does what he wants to do. That's my idea of hell, sir."

The road wound along the shore. Presently St. Boniface came into sight. "I think I'll go into the office, Connell," said Hilary.

"I guess you'll have to break it open, then," said Lefe. "Mr. Morris took the keys with him."

"When's he coming back?"

"We were expecting him on the boat this afternoon."

Hilary considered for a moment. "I'll wait till tomorrow, then," he said. "Hello, Monsieur Baptiste!"

The little senior and timekeeper was hurrying toward the buggy. "Monsieur!" he gasped. "Monsieur Askew, yesterday I did not know who you were. Excuse!"

"That's all right, Baptiste," answered Hilary. "Just remember that I'm running things here now, that's all. And, by the way, that order about trespassers and visitors is at an end. There's going to be nothing done here that'll be afraid of people finding out. Got it?"

Jean-Marie Baptiste evidently had got it, for he looked almost terrified. He touched his hat and withdrew with a sort of shuffling bow.

"You certainly do have the knack of putting things across, Mr. Askew," said Lefe admiringly. "I guess you're ready to go back to the hotel. Wait. There's old Dupont, the captain of the lumber schooner. I guess you'll want to meet him?"

"I suppose so," said Hilary.

Dupont came toward the rig, accompanied by the timekeeper. The captain was a tall old man of about sixty years, with a gray beard, a weather-beaten face, and pale gray eyes that seemed to burn with some consuming fire. His look, as he turned to Hilary, was so searching, and so inscrutable, and so momentarily hostile, that Hilary felt uncomfortable.

There was a history behind that penetrating stare—a history and a hate. But after a moment's examination of Hilary's face a smile seemed to come over the old man's eyes. Whatever the reason for his strange gaze, Dupont was satisfied. He stood by Lefe, and Jean-Baptiste translated.

"The captain says the schooner's full," he said. "He want to start for Quebec on tonight's tide."

"Tell him to speak to Mr. Askew here," answered Lefe. "Say that Mr. Askew's in charge."

The timekeeper translated back into the French. A smile flickered upon Dupont's face. He shook his head and answered.

"He says he's got to have Mr. Morris' orders," said Baptiste.

Lefe turned to Hilary, who took up the conversation. "Ask him if he doesn't understand what I am here for," he suggested.

Dupont was impregnable in his position. He had lumber from both concessions, and Mr. Morris was in charge of both. What orders had been left with reference to his freight?

Lefe was pleased and surprised at the way Hilary took it. But Hilary had learned a good deal during that morning.

"That sounds reasonable," he said. "Give him Mr. Morris' orders, Connell, whatever they are." And, when the matter had been settled, he added: "You were dead right, Connell. We're got to settle with the big fellows first."

He dropped Lefe at the mill and drove slowly homeward across the bridge, thinking hard. There would probably be no trouble with Leblanc after he had shown that he was master. And Lefe would be a pillar of strength. Hilary had instinctive faith in the slow-speaking Yankee.

"I must get little Baptiste on our side, too," he said aloud, as the buggy topped the hill beyond the bridge; and

lop for Monsieur Tremblay's stables. But before the final descent was reached Hilary was laughing. Somehow the girl's hostility seemed to add a zest to the game.

"I don't know that I'll be so very diplomatic with Brouseau after all," said Hilary, as he drew rein at the stable entrance.

CHAPTER III.

Hilary Talks Business.

Hilary was smoking on the porch the next morning, formulating his plans, when he heard the bell on the side of the telephone box begin to ring clangorously. Then Monsieur Tremblay came out and made it clear to Hilary that he was wanted.

It was Lefe Connell calling.

"Say, Mr. Askew," he said, "I'm phoning you from my boarding place. They came back yesterday afternoon; the boat was late; maybe you didn't know. They've been cross-questioning me and Baptiste all the morning. Brouseau's just left, and Morris has ordered the storekeeper's rig to drive over to you in an hour's time."

"Thanks, Connell," said Hilary. "I'm much obliged. I'm coming over."

He reached the office just in time to see Morris emerge toward a buggy which was drawn up before the door. Morris looked plainly disconcerted to see him.

He was an older man than Hilary had expected to meet. He seemed well on the shady side of fifty. He had elusive gray eyes, a prominent but ill-defined nose, and a heavy, threatening mustache. It was a type Hilary knew intimately: The crooked business go-between.

"Mr. Morris, I think," he said, descending and doing the pony to the hitching post in front of the building.

Morris held out his hand, which Hilary took, with no great cordiality. "I came back last night and heard you were here, Mr. Askew," he said. "I was just coming over to see you."

"I heard you were here," said Hilary. "I came to see you and talk things over."

Morris, recognizing the situation, accepted it and turning back, pulled the key out of his pocket and opened the office door. Hilary sat down at the desk nearest the window, from which he could see the endless line of logs ascending the cogged chain that drew them into the mill flume.

Morris took a box of cigars from his desk drawer and offered it to Hilary, who declined. Morris chose one and, biting off the end, lit it. Hilary could see that his hand trembled a little.

"Well, sir," he said, seating himself, "this is the last place in the world where I should have expected to see you. I have just heard from Mr. Lamartine that you intended to pay a visit to Quebec, but that letter was written some days ago. You didn't see him?"

Two days before Hilary would have jumped at the bait, would have shown his resentment of the lie, declared his hostility, and given Morris his cue. Now he only smiled pleasantly.

"Yes, I saw him," he answered. "He tried to dissuade me from coming up here, but I wanted to see the property."

"If you had let me know," said Morris, "I could have made arrangements. You have come in the slackest month of the year. There is very little to show you. But I shall arrange to take you all over the concession. I suppose you'll be staying long enough to do some fishing, Mr. Askew? There are some fine trout lakes a few miles to the north. We might make a day's trip of it."

His sentences were not continuous. There was a considerable pause after each, long enough to allow Hilary to reply. If Hilary's silence had aroused respect in the mind of Lamartine, they aroused positive fear in that of Morris.

Hilary came to the point. "I have come here to assume charge, Mr. Morris," he said. "Please let me see the map and books."

Morris wiped his forehead with a handkerchief which he took from his desk. "That's—that's a sudden decision, Mr. Askew," he said, trying to smile.

"My decisions are always sudden," said Hilary. "Of course I know nothing of your affairs or circumstances, Mr. Askew," he said, with a tone of agreement, "but if you intend to take charge immediately, in this impulsive way, that means that I must step out. The concession is not a paying proposition, as you are probably aware, but your uncle was satisfied with my management."

"I have not expressed dissatisfaction yet," answered Hilary. "Please let me see—"

"My suggestion," interrupted Morris, "is merely that you hold over your decision until we can go into the books together. Frankly, if I were you I should try to sell. It was my advice to your uncle, but he was a little obstinate about confessing to an error in judgment, Mr. Askew."

"Before I see the books," said Hilary, "I have a question to ask you. Are you not associated with the Ste. Marie company?"

"I have not the books," said Hilary. He hated directness as much as Lamartine. "I certainly am," he said, "but—"

"Another question. How do you reconcile that with your duties as manager of my concession?"

"Now, my dear sir," protested Morris, raising his finger, "if that is your grievance it is an unjustifiable one. There is nothing in my duties here incompatible with my having other interests. I think you will find that I have not neglected my obligations to your late uncle. As for the Ste. Marie

company, the fact that it is adjacent makes it easy for me to devote a little time to it, so far as I can spare it from my duty here. The two companies are not in conflict, Mr. Askew. Quite the contrary. What helps one, helps the other."

"Quite so," said Hilary. "I don't dispute that you have had a right to engage in other interests. But how about their use of my mill?"

"At a sum, Mr. Askew, which makes quite a little showing on the credit side of our ledgers. We can't afford to throw money away, and our cuttings are not large enough for the one to interfere with the other."

"You mean the timber is bad?"

"Damn bad," said Morris. "Gummy fir, Mr. Askew. What little spruce there is I've been holding to make a show in case we decide to sell."

"That sounds plausible," said Hilary; and then he shot his bolt. "Why does the Ste. Marie company wish to purchase this gummy fir of ours?" he asked.

Morris rose up, trembling with anger that was only half feigned.

"I see you have suspicions of my good faith, Mr. Askew," he said indignantly. "That is the only possible interpretation I can put upon your question."

"If you will answer it, we can interpret it together later."

"I am not prepared to answer it off-hand. Many companies would like to get our property. The Ste. Marie company may or may not have that intention. I should no more think of disclosing the Ste. Marie's plans to you than I should think of disclosing your plans to the Ste. Marie."

"May I have the books and map of the seignior limits and leased tracts, Mr. Morris?" asked Hilary.

"If you think my services are worthless I have no desire to retain my position here."

Hilary rose, crossed to Morris' desk, and tapped the roll top. "I suppose you do not refuse to produce them?" he asked.

Morris took a key from his waistcoat pocket with fingers that could hardly find it. He inserted it after two failures, snapped back the lock, and threw the top open, revealing the books heaped together, as if they had just been under examination. "Go through them by all means, if you think you've been swindled," he cried. He flung another key on the desk. "This is the key to the office," he said. "The other desk contains my private papers."

"The map, Mr. Morris?"

"The seignior is bounded on the west by the Rocky river. It is a straight concession of eighty-five thousand, five hundred odd arpents, with three sides approximately equal. If you want a map you'll have to go to the government. Mr. Lamartine has the legal documents."

There must be a map," said Hilary quietly.

"It isn't drawn to scale. You'll find a rough plan of the leases among those papers." He moved toward the door, laid his hand on the handle, cleared his throat and looked back.

"I have only to say that my yearly contract expires on October first," he said. "If you wish to renew it I shall expect adequate notice."

Hilary looked up from the books. "You may regard it as terminating on October first, then," he answered. "If I wish to renew it I shall let you know when I have looked into these."

This time Morris' anger was quite unfeigned. You can accept my resignation now," he shouted. "Do you think I am the man to accept dismissal at the hands of a young American greenhorn like you? Why, I've thrown away thousands trying to develop this rotten proposition of your uncle's, out of friendship for him! And what do you think you're going to make out of the concession? You can't speak the language, you can't get along with the people, you know nothing of the Cana-

OWE APPLE TREES TO FRANCE

Canadians Got Their First Shoots From a Nobleman Who Was Associated With Champlain.

It was from France that apple trees were first brought to Canada. A French nobleman named De Monts was associated with Samuel de Champlain in France's earliest colonizing projects in part of North America. Their first colony was planted on the rocky island of St. Croix, now Doucette's or Neutral Island, at the mouth of the River St. Croix, which forms part of the present boundary between New Brunswick and the state of Maine. After spending there the winter of 1604-05, the colonists removed to Port Royal, now Annapolis, Nova Scotia. The colonists were getting a foothold when their charter was revoked by the king of France in 1607, and the enterprise came to an end. However, in the following year Champlain founded Quebec, and shortly afterwards De Monts sent out to Champlain some young apple trees. They were planted and grew well. Such was the beginning of apple-growing in Canada. Twenty years after apple trees were introduced into that part of ancient Acadia that now forms the province of Nova Scotia.

Steam Tonnage of United States. Steamships under the American flag now comprise 24.8 per cent of the steam tonnage of the world, the United States shipping board recently announced.

Today this nation has more shipbuilders, more shipyards, more shipways, more vessels under construction and is turning them out more rapidly and in greater numbers than the present issue from all the shipyards of all the world, the statement says.

lian lumber business. You'll be bankrupt inside of six months and glad to sell out for a song. That's all I have to say to you, except that I'm resigning and not discharged, and if you say I'm discharged I'll sue you for libel in the Quebec courts."

He opened the door, but Hilary called to him. "One moment, Mr. Morris," he said.

Morris turned and looked at him uncertainly. He was ready to accept any extension of the olive branch.

"Take your cigars," said Hilary, opening the drawer and bringing out the box.

Mr. Morris turned purple, snorted, then snatched up the box and made his exit.

Apparently he wished to convey the impression of a furious quarrel with a less humiliating ending, for Hilary heard him shouting angrily outside. Through the window he saw Jean Baptiste come running up to him. There came, later, the confused sound of many voices in consultation. But Hilary turned his attention to the books.

The deficit for the half-year had been eight thousand dollars. That much Lamartine's papers had shown, and Hilary could find no fault with the statement. It was, of course, impossible to arrive at any discovery without experience of the practical working of the concession, and Hilary quickly realized that little was to be obtained by a prolonged scrutiny. There was, however, a considerable expenditure for provisions at the Ste. Marie company's store, which he assumed to be the store on the property. In view of an item on the credit side for the lease of a building. There, at any rate, Morris' dishonesty was manifest. Hilary closed the books. He would discharge no man for insolence, but he felt that Morris was entitled to no more than his salary until October.

Having closed the desk, he looked about the office. A door led into an extension of the two-story building.

"And if you say I'm Discharged I'll Sue You for Libel in the Quebec Courts."

He found that the key to the outer door fitted this, and, opening it, entered a very comfortable little living room, with a small kitchen at the back. A stairway at the back of the house, built on the outside, evidently led into the bedrooms. He decided to take over Morris' quarters for his personal use.

He had just returned into the office and put on his hat preparatory to leaving when there came a tap at the door. The frightened face of Jean-Marie Baptiste looked in.

"Monsieur Morris has raised his—," said the scaler.

"How's that?"

"Everybody is discharged—everybody what works for the Ste. Boniface company. Only the Ste. Marie men stay. They are very angry. They say they could have got work on the south shore for winter, but now too late maybe."

"Go and tell the hands nobody is discharged—yet," answered Hilary. "Can't you get it through your head that I'm in charge here?"

How an American meets trouble half way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Emulating the Lark. Lectured for lying about late, the farmer's boy promised that in future he would "be up with the lark."

The next morning the old farmer came in from his milking and found his son sitting on the stile and singing as blithely as though there was no such thing as work.

"Why, you young rascal," said his exasperated sire, "this is worse than sleeping. What do you mean by loafing on that stile and singing at the top of your voice?"

The lad grinned.

"Why, dad, you told me to be like the lark, and that's all he does when he gets up early."

Flippancy Loses. John D. Rockefeller Jr., in a Y. M. C. A. address on salesmanship cautioned his young auditors against flippancy.

"

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

Marion, Ky., Dec. 12, 1919.

W. F. and W. P. HOGARD,
Editors and Publishers.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$1.50 per year cash in advance.

OAK HALL

(Too late for last week.)

Corn gathering is the order of the day in this section.

Several from this neighborhood have been attending the meeting at Crooked Creek.

Barney Claghorn and Johnson Postlethweight, teachers of lower Crittenden, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Mr. Allie VanHooser had the misfortune of having his buggy torn up while passing through this neighborhood last week.

REPTON

Here we come again after an absence of two years.

It has been quite a wintry week and has delayed the farmers in the gathering of their corn, which has been considerably damaged by the wet weather.

Play Richardson has purchased a new car.

Mr. D. Perry has accepted a position in Evansville, Ind.

Rev. Barnes filled his regular appointment at Repton Sunday.

The declamatory contest of Division No. 3 will be held at Repton Saturday night, Dec. 13th. Everybody invited.

Henry Summers has his new cottage almost completed and expects to occupy it in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Howerton and son have gone to Florida to spend the winter.

Miss Alta Johnson spent a few days last week with relatives in Webster county.

Play Richardson and Miss Delpha McDowell motored to Marion Sunday afternoon.

LEVIAS

Mrs. Line Davidson, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Susie McKinney, was the guest Sunday night of Mrs. Martha Franks and daughter.

Mrs. Bet Hodge was called to the bedside of her sister, India Kirk last week. She came Monday night.

Clarence Batman returned to his camp near Atlanta, Ga., last Tuesday. His wife went to Detroit, Mich. to remain with his brother Eugene and sister Bessie Mitchell until Clarence gets his discharge.

Mesdames Lena Franklin and Della LaRue were guests Friday of Mrs. Martha Franks.

After spending several days visiting relatives here, Mrs. Dona Snyder returned to her home Sunday, near Tolu.

Aunt India Kirk was buried at Union cemetery Wednesday of last week. Owing to the inclement weather Rev. T. C. Carter preached her funeral at the home of her sister Mary Franklin, where she had made her home for the past twenty six years. She was a member of Union church.

Mr. and Mrs. George McKinney were guests Friday of last week of their daughter Mrs. Mary Stallions near Salem.

Mesdames Mary Franklin and sister Bet Hodge spent the week end with Mrs. Ada Watson.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Hitchcock

TRIBUNE

Prayer meeting every Sunday night and Sunday School every Sunday afternoon.

Misses Hazel James and Laurene Guess were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Guess last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lemon, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lamb and their son Lee, and Maurice Heming of the Medical corps of the U. S. army were the guests of Mrs. Mary M. Stone Sunday.

Miss Grace Lemon was the guest of Miss Lena McChesney Sunday.

Mr. Leonard Hunt and family of this section will move to Marion in the near future.

Miss Lonnie Jenkins visited Miss Lena McChesney last Friday.

WANTED—
TRACTOR AGENT

We want a real live man in this county to handle the best selling small machine on the market. The coming year promises to be the best in the history of the tractor industry. Write us in detail, stating why you are the man for your home county.

OWENSBORO TRACTOR
& IMPLEMENT CO.

Owensboro - - Kentucky

CHURCHES

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.

9:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Sermon by pastor.
6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
7:00 p. m.—Sermon by pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.

SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN.

9:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Sermon by pastor.
7:00 p. m.—Sermon by pastor.

SECOND BAPTIST.

9:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

METHODIST.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Sermon by pastor.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:00 p. m.—Sermon by pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Sermon by pastor.
Special music.
6:00 p. m.—B. Y. P. U.
7:00 p. m.—Sermon by pastor.

TWO STORIES OF ST. GEORGE

One Recounts His Slaying of the Dragon and the Other Makes Him Christian Martyr.

St. George, a noble Christian youth of Cappadocia, so the legend runs, in the full panoply of a knight, with a red cross on his shield, was riding forth one day to join his legion when he came to a city the inhabitants of which were being gradually destroyed by a terrible monster. The king's daughter was about to be offered as a sacrifice to appease the creature and the princess was going weeping to her fate when St. George spurred his horse forward and pinned the dragon to the ground with his lance. This is the picture one usually sees of St. George and it decorates one of the coins of England. Legend aside, St. George is believed to have been a Christian martyr who suffered under Diocletian in the year 290. Old chronicles state that St. George helped the English forces in one of the crusades. Edward III was the first to invoke his aid when at the siege of Calais he cried, "Ha! St. Edward, Ha! St. George." As the result was a crushing victory St. George was adopted as the patron saint of England and the red cross on his shield was placed in the "union jack."

TEST OF TRUE LOVE

She—Would you cheerfully walk ten miles for the sake of seeing me?
He—Er—well—of course, love.
She—I'm so glad, because I have just heard your last car go.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

MINERAL OUTPUT OF ONTARIO.

The Canadian government's report on the mineral output in the province of Ontario says that the cessation of hostilities affected mining the first quarter of 1919. The output of nickel matte, the most important of all Ontario's mineral wealth for war purposes, reached in the first three months of 1918 a total of 9,677 tons, but in the corresponding months of 1919 it had dropped to 5,610 tons, while the value of the output fell from \$5,806,200 to \$2,692,000. The falling off was not confined to the nickel mines, however, for copper, gold and silver show a reduction, both in production and in value. Small increases are shown in some of the secondary minerals, but the aggregate for the quarter of all metalliferous mines is over \$4,000,000 below the 1918 figures. During the war exceptionally high prices for molybdenite used in the manufacture of high speed tool machinery encouraged its production in Ontario.

HIS ARGUMENT.

"Hey, wotcher doing. Stealing a ride?"
"Ain't the railroads being run by the government?" demanded the tramp.
"Yes."

"Then stealing a ride is merely a political crime, and political crimes don't go in this kentry."—Kansas City Journal.

BELMONT.

Allen Crider and wife finished moving to Marion Friday.

Will Crayne is making good progress in the building of his new residence.

Hog killing has been the order of the day.

Hughes James has sold his farm to Pete Paris and has purchased the store lot and place at Piney Fork from Sherman Crayne and is building a store and residence.

Mrs. Nellie Bugg has been on the sick list the past week.

Talmadge Hill and family spent Thanksgiving with relatives and friends in Marion.

Louis A. Guess was in Providence a few days last week.

Mrs. Herman Brown and children spent Sunday the guest of James Bugg and wife.

Why We Recommend the Parker Fountain Pen.

Reason No. 5—
Because we know that your hand can be guided exactly by the great range of the Parker styles and pen points.

PINEY CREEK.

Mrs. Nora Crayne visited at the J. M. Andrews home recently.

Mr. Gilbert Campbell went to Marion one day last week.

There was a pie supper at Lone Star school house one night last week.

Little Mr. Hester Hunt visited his father last Friday.

Victor Hunt and Cecil Sigler visited Frank Hunt Sunday.

Mr. John Hunt visited his sister, Mrs. J. R. Sigler Sunday.

Hobart Campbell visited Mr. Gilbert Campbell Saturday night.

There will be prayer meeting every Sunday night at Piney Creek.

Well there is still no sugar to be had around here.



We can take care of the little tots here at this big, modern drug store as well as we can the older folks.

While the line of dolls, etc. that we show for the youngsters is not as large as in former years—you will find the same quality of merchandise and the same kind of store service and the same willingness to please that this store has always displayed.

Come in to see what we are showing for the Holiday trade—we will be glad to see you—and you might be glad that you came.

We are rather proud of our showing of books and fancy stationery. For the ladies we have fancy perfumery and other conceits. And don't forget father—why not a box of cigars—there is not a better place to buy them anywhere.

J. H. ORME
DRUGGIST

"All that the Name Implies."

FIRE INSURANCE

IN COMPANIES THAT SETTLE
WHEN A LOSS OCCURS
WHY TAKE CHANCES?

Farm Home Insurance a Specialty

Crider & Woods Co.

MISS NELLE WALKER

C. W. LAMB

DUNN & GREGORY
FREDONIA, KY.

FURNITURE DEALERS AND UNDERTAKERS

We have just received a new line of
Brass and Wood Beds, Davenettes
and Rugs

Our Prices are right

Don't forget to see our line of Holiday Goods

Drums, Trunks, Horses, and Xmas
Tree Decorations

and holiday goods of all kinds.

DUNN & GREGORY, Fredonia, Ky.
Headquarters for the Season's Gift GoodsPE-RU-NA
Made Me a Well ManMr. Louis Young, 1652
Clifford St., Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"I suffered for thirty years with chronic bowel trouble, stomach trouble and hemorrhages of the bowels. We bought a bottle of Peru and I took it faithfully, and I began to feel better. My wife persuaded me to continue, and I took it for some time as directed. Now I am a well man."

Suffered thirty years with stomach trouble and hemorrhages of the bowels.

Liquid or Tablet Form

CORD WOOD
WANTED!

AT

Kentucky Fluor Spar Mines.
For prices apply at office.

KENTUCKY FLUOR SPAR CO.

Incorporated

NOTICE ABOUT COAL!

Due to the fact that we are required to pay CASH for all COAL received from the Fuel Administration, we are compelled to put our business on a STRICTLY CASH BASIS.

SO REMEMBER that when you ORDER COAL in the future the ORDER MUST be ACCOMPANIED WITH THE CASH or must be PAID for WHEN DELIVERED.

So please remember and have money ready when coal is delivered.

We are as ever,

MAURIE NUNN COAL COMPANY.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national
joy smoke
makes a whale
of a cigarette!

YOU certainly get yours when you lay your smokecards on the table, call for a tidy red tin or a tippy red bag of Prince Albert and roll a makin's cigarette! You'll want to hire a statistical bureau to keep count of your smokestunts! Why, you never dreamed of the sport that lies awaiting your call in a home rolled cigarette when it's P. A. for the pecking!

Talk about flavor! Man, man, you haven't got the listen of half your smokecareer until you know what rolling 'em with P. A. can do for your contentment! And, back of P. A.'s flavor, and rare fragrance—proofs of Prince Albert's quality—stands our exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch! With P. A. your smokesong in a makin's cigarette will outlast any phonograph record you ever heard! Prince Albert is a cinch to roll. It's crimp cut and stays put like a regular pal!

Prince Albert upsets any notion you ever had as to how delightful a jimmy pipe can be! It is the tobacco that has made three men smoke pipes where one was smoked before. It has won men all over the nation to the joys of smoking.

J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



D. O. CARNAHAN

Dry Goods, Shoes, Notions, Holiday Merchandise

Early Shoppers Get Best Selections.



CHRISTMAS HEADQUARTERS



Kid Gloves

Ladies' Kid Gloves in Silk Gloves in black, white and gray at moderate prices. They make a nice Xmas present.

Highest qualities at lowest prices in all the most attractive and elegant Silks, Serges, Tricotines, Suitings, Ottomans, Poplins and other Dress Fabrics. Everything imaginable in each line of these.

I have just received over 100 dozen handkerchiefs of all kinds. Silks and Crepe de Chine both in ladies' and men's. Fancy boxes of handkerchiefs make excellent presents. All these at quick selling prices. If you want to buy we have the best selection.

HOSIERY

makes a desirable gift. Ladies' and Men's Silk hosiery from .50 to \$5.00 pr.



SHOES --- MEN'S, WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S

Ladies' shoes in black and chocolate. All the new styles and lasts. Men's shoes for work and dress wear. The famous "Billiken" for Children. Satisfaction guaranteed with every pair. We ask you to give us a trial. Our shoes have quality, style and that spells economy.



Special price on men's jeans pants, \$2.50 while they last. Come early.

SWEATERS

Children's from 75c to 3.50
Ladies' from \$2.00 to \$12.00
Men's from \$1.25 to \$12.00
Style and Service in Each Garment.

RUBBER BOOTS, Rubber Shoes, Overshoes for all the family. Reasonable prices are quoted on each kind.

CHILDREN'S KID GLOVES, also Cloth and Jersey Gloves.

A FINE ASSORTMENT of Men's Dress and Work Gloves at prices you can't keep from buying.

UNDERWEAR for All. The Haynes Unions for Men. Heavy fleeced two piece suits. Ivanhoe Mills Union Suits for Ladies. Also have it in the 2-piece garments. All kinds for boys and girls—even the little tots.

DON'T FORGET I WILL TAKE YOUR COUNTY WARRANT in trade or pay cash at small discount. Bring me your claims—none too large nor too small for me to handle.

Temporary Quarters: Old Ford Garage Building, North Main Street

STRAND THEATRE

Friday
Sessue Hayakawa

"HIDDEN PEARLS"

Love at first sight, the instinct of race, gorgeous settings in Hawaii, and the masterly inclination of Sessue Hayakawa vie with each other for your attention. Don't miss this great picture. —Gaumont News.

Saturday
Mary Pickford
IN
"MAM LISS"

A beautiful love theme woven round the brawny days of the California Gold Rush affords "Our Mary" a chance to entertain you as she never did before. Story by Bret Harte.

Tuesday
Douglas Fairbanks
IN
"Manhattan Madness"

"Manhattan Madness" is a whirlpool of Fairbanks' thrills, a gusher of golden smiles. There's a pretty girl that Douglas is after, and he doesn't stop at anything to get her.

ALSO
"TIGER'S TRAIL"

Thursday
"The Auction Block"

From REX BEACH Famous Novel. A special feature
15 and 25 cents

SHOWS BEGIN AT 7:15 PROMPTLY.

UNINTERRUPTED ROMANCE.

"And Nora's gone?" said Mr. Dubwaite.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dubwaite, sadly.

"I hoped, after she got to be so friendly with our ice man that she would stay with us a while."

"She has merely gone over into the next block. She hasn't moved out of his territory."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

TALKED OUT.

Mrs. Flatbush—Has your husband started on his garden work.

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Oh, yes. Why, he came home from the club today awful tired.

Mrs. Flatbush—How could he get tired doing anything about his garden at the club?

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Why, his jaw ached something awful.—Yonkers Statesman.

NOTICE.

To Whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given to the public and to all persons whomsoever, that I, S. R. Grimes, of Crittenden County, Kentucky, whose Post Office address is Fredonia, Kentucky, Route 2, Box 68, have this day emancipated and set free my son,

Hulin H. Grimes, who is now past nineteen years old. Hereafter my said son is permitted to contract and be contracted with, and to trade and be traded with, that too, in his own right and stead, and as though he were twenty-one years old. And shall from this time own and control his property and be liable for his contracts. Hereafter I shall not be responsible in any way or manner for any of the acts or dealings of my said son, and shall not be in any way or wise responsible for any of his liabilities. It being my will and desire that from this time, he shall be free to do and trade as he sees fit. Witness my hand this 9th day of December, 1919.

S. R. GRIMES
State of Kentucky,
Crittenden County, ss.

Personally appeared before me S. R. Grimes, who acknowledged the above and foregoing writing to be his voluntary act and deed for the purposes therein stated.

In witness y hand this 9th day of December, 1919.

NELLE WALKER,
Notary Public.

My Commission expires January 11th, 1920.

THE BORED SOLDIER.

Pretty Girl (to soldier just discharged from hospital)—And how did you feel when the bullet went through your arm?

"Well, I felt distinctly bored, don't you know?"—London Tit-Bits.

MILD INDEED.

Wife—What a mild winter we had, dear.

Husband—Yes, love. We haven't had over three fights a week since Christmas—on an average.

THE LAST RESORT.

"There is yet hope."

"What is it?"

"Why, you know, the doctors say there is auto-intoxication."

18-4

CASH WITH ORDERS FOR COAL

The Railroad Co. requires Cash or a Certified Check for Coal and Freight before allowing us to begin delivering. Consequently, we are forced to demand Cash with all orders for coal without any discrimination

We are certainly in earnest. We mean what we say.

Yours Earnestly,
CITY COAL & TRANSFER CO.

Local News

—Henry Deamer of Crayne attended county court Monday and bought a peck of Matchless coffee at R. F. Wheeler's.

Mrs. C. B. Hall and Mrs. Guy Lamb were in Evansville Friday and Saturday of last week shopping.

—George King of Nunn was in the city Monday. While here he went to Wheeler's and bought 3 pecks of Matchless brand coffee. George has been using that brand all fall and knows a good thing when he sees it.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Clark and baby left Friday of last week for Davenport, Iowa, where they intend to make their home.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will please come and settle with us on or before Jan. 1st, 1920. CARLTON & SON, Crayne, Ky.

—Ray Crayne of Shady Grove knows a good thing when he sees it. got a half bushel of Matchless coffee at Wheeler's Monday.

Miss Hattie Holder visited friends in Paducah last week.

—Frank Summerville of Mattoon, attended court Monday. He got a peck of coffee at Wheeler's while here.

Judge Northern of Hopkinsville was in town on business a few days last week.

Jim Lynch bought a peck of coffee at Wheeler's Monday.

Mr. G. B. Dunmore made a business trip to Cincinnati last week.

—J. R. Brantley of Weston bought a peck of Matchless brand coffee 2 months ago. He went to Wheeler's Monday and took home a half bushel.

We will begin our business on a strictly cash basis Jan. 1st, 1920. CARLTON & SON Crayne, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Reed and little son James of Clay are guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. C. McConnell.

—W. H. Gilliland of near Salem got his second peck of coffee at Wheeler's Monday.

James Homer Moore has returned from a business trip to Hopkinsville.

—C. A. Loftes of Mexico came to court Monday and went to Wheeler for his peck of coffee.

Roy Travis of Evansville spent a few days last week with his parents Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Travis.

—Jim Cannan of Piney Creek was shaking hands with friends Monday. While here he went to Wheeler's for his peck of coffee.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvie Allen, of the Crayne section were in town Monday.

—Asa Coffee got a peck of Matchless coffee at Wheeler's Monday.

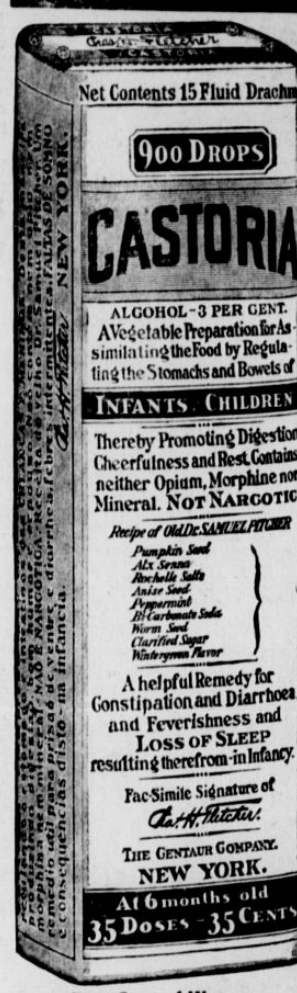
George Cruce of Crayne attended court here Monday.

—Claude Nelson of Mattoon while attending to other business in Marion took time to step into Wheeler's and get a half bushel of Matchless brand coffee.

R. M. James was in town Monday.

Mrs. D. E. Gilliland returned last week from Mississippi where she had been visiting her sons, Clyde and Clarence.

—If you need an auctioneer, call or write Byrd M. Guess, Fredonia, Ky. For reference call Fredonia Valley Bank. I also have some real Jersey cows for sale.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

LAMB'S SCHOOL HOUSE

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Asher of Hood were in Marion Monday.

Lester Corley was in Marion last Wednesday.

Robert L. Gahagen of Greens Chapel was in our community Friday.

Mrs. Margaret Towery is very ill at this writing.

Alford McDowell and John L. Wood went to Repton Tuesday.

(Too late for last week.)

Martin Sutton and family were the guests of Mrs. Harvey Porter, in Marion Monday.

Mrs. Belire Guess of Tribune was the guest Monday of her grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Towery.

W. B. Warren and Dennis Brown were in Marion Monday on business.

Ray Gregory, Hub Imboden and Charles Utterback were in Providence Monday.

J. H. Beckner was in Providence Tuesday.

W. B. Warren was the guest of John P. VanHooser and family of Clay Friday and Saturday.

DEANWOOD

(Too late for last week.)

Miss Dixie Travis visited her grandfather J. M. Travis Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Walker and sons, Mr. Isam Morse and Miss Carrie Morse spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Ida Morse.

Mr. Cobe McConnell and family and Mr. Nat Sutton visited Mr. M. V. Sutton's recently.

Messrs. Maurice Horning and James Walker were the guests of T. L. Walker's Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Roberts visited Mr. Acie Walker's last week.

Misses Freddie Travis and Wilma Walker were the guests of Misses Jessie and Dixie Travis the 27th.

Some from here attended the Thanksgiving services at Hillsdale.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Lamb visited Mr. W. L. Wilson's Sunday.

Mr. John Corley was the guest of W. M. Walker's Sunday.

Mr. Jesse Wilson visited Mr. A. C. Walker Saturday night.

DO YOUR Holiday Shopping IN FREDONIA

We now have on display a big line of Toys of all kinds, also boys wagons, coasters, rocking horses, dolls, guns, toilet sets, stationery, silverware, cutlery, manicure sets, glassware, toilet articles and every thing that is suitable for a Christmas present for young and old. Come see us before the best things are gone.

Our stocks in the Hardware line is always complete and up-to-the-minute.

J. E. HILLYARD
FREDONIA, KY.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Furs, Hides, Goat Skins!

Ship us your furs, hides and goat skins. We will pay you the highest market prices for them. Quick returns—your check by return mail.

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST AND SHIPPING TAGS

WESTERN HIDE & FUR CO.

LITTLE ROCK

ARKANSAS

Not Much Credit Coming to Them, Jud Tunkins says he knows two men, and maybe three, who bragged about not being profiteers, simply because they never had a good chance.

TORTURED TEXAS WOMAN WRITES

Standing On Her Feet Torture to This Lady. Had to Ride Everywhere She Went, Until Cardui Brought Relief.

McKinney, Texas.—Mrs. A. B. Stovall, of this place, writes: "Some time ago I was in a critical condition. We only lived two squares from town, yet I wasn't able to walk the two squares.

I had to ride everywhere I went and suffered at that, but not so much as when I tried to walk. Standing on my feet was torture.

My greatest suffering was in my right side. It was so sore and I felt if I stepped down or jarred myself the least bit I could not stand it—so just walked mostly tiptoe. This kept up until I was just about discouraged and decided I had best try something else.

Someone told me of Cardui, and where it had benefited cases similar to mine. I felt at least it would not hurt to give it a trial.

After my first bottle I felt better—there was less pain and soreness in my side.

After my third bottle of Cardui I was well and have been ever since." Cardui may be just what you need. Try it.—Adv.

BOSTON'S OLD STATE HOUSE

Famous Building, Restored by Patriotic Society, Is Now Preserved as a Revolutionary Relic.

The old State house in Boston was erected in 1748. In early days the first floor was used as the Merchant's exchange, and the second story as the meeting place of the governors of the province and the royal council. A few feet from the eastern porch occurred the Boston massacre on March 5, 1770; in 1780 Washington reviewed from this building a procession in his honor, and in 1835 William Lloyd Garrison took refuge there to escape from the mob that had broken up an anti-slavery meeting and threatened his life. In later years the building was turned into business offices and was so much altered, inside and outside, as almost to destroy the original architectural effect. In 1881 it was restored by the city at the request of the public-spirited citizens, and is now in the custody of the Bostonian society, which occupies it. The rooms, including the old council chamber and hall of representatives, contain a collection of relics and paintings of revolutionary times.

Sure to Miss It.

Mr. Styles—Wasn't that Mrs. Miles that just called?

Mrs. Styles—Yes, it was; and I'm waiting to see if she comes back.

"What would bring her back?"

"Why, she left her chewing-gum under the arm of one of the parlor chairs!"

Quick Change Artist.

Our idea of an independent man is one who can pin up the baby's outfit as quick as he can change tires on his motorcar.—Dallas News.

It's the wise housewife who serves

Postum Cereal

instead of coffee. For where coffee sometimes disagrees and leaves harmful after-effects, Postum is an absolutely healthful cereal drink. Made of roasted wheat blended with a wee bit of molasses.

The extraordinary flavor of this beverage resembles that of the finest coffee—pleasing to particular tastes.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.

Made by
Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Michigan

The KITCHEN CABINET

You poor, despised, humble plant! Why is it some will never grant Your many virtues, tho' they can't Forget your smell? Your uncomplaining, patient mien Has touched my heart with sorrow Keen: The tears I've shed o'er you, I wean, Would fill a well!

THE ONION.

The odoriferous bulb is one of our choice flavored vegetables and a touch of onion in many dishes gives just the appetizing flavor needed. The onion is also wholesome served as a main dish.

Onions With Cheese.—Cook until tender a half dozen even-sized onions. Drain and place a layer in a buttered baking dish, cover with a well-seasoned white sauce and sprinkle generously with a rich strong cheese. Cover with another layer of onions and sauce and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake until the crumbs are brown. The secret of this delicious dish is having the cheese between the layers protected from the heat, but hot enough to melt it.

Cream of Onion Soup.—Heat a quart of milk, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour cooked together and two cupfuls of cooked onions. Mash and put through a puree strainer. Season with salt, cayenne and sprinkle with minced parsley and a bit of grated cheese.

Onion Sandwich.—Chop a half cupful of Spanish onion, add olive oil, salt, pepper, vinegar and mix to the consistency for spreading. Place on well-buttered slices of bread and serve for lunch Sunday night, after church.

One avoids going abroad among people after eating fresh onions. When it is necessary eat a sprig of parsley which will absorb the odor to a great extent.

Onion Salad.—Slice a Spanish onion quite thin, cover with French dressing, adding a teaspoonful of tomato catsup, salt and cayenne to the oil and vinegar. Sprinkle with minced parsley and serve. One large onion will serve several.

During the "flu" epidemic physicians, who were most successful, used a chopped onion poultice on the chest of the patient—a remedy most effective but not especially pleasant to take.

Onion syrup made by baking onions and sugar is one of the best of cough cures.

The fragrance of a thought may be as subtle and subtle guide As still as violets by the brook— A thing too rare to set in books. Or cage in rhyme.—Richard E. Day.

EASY LUNCHEON DISHES.

A dish or luncheon which is not too hearty but sufficiently sustaining will be found in the following:

Curried Salmon.—Chop a small onion fine and fry brown in one tablespoonful of butter. Mix one teaspoonful of curry powder with one tablespoonful of flour and a pinch of salt. Stir into the butter. Add slowly one cupful of hot water, stirring briskly. When the sauce is thick add one cupful of flaked salmon and cook until the whole is thoroughly hot.

Salt Fish Hash.—Use salt mackerel, herring or codfish left from breakfast. Mix with an equal quantity of cold mashed potato and warm in the frying pan with a little butter, adding a bit of grated onion for seasoning. The fish and potato may be made into flat cakes and fried brown in butter, or the hash may be baked in ramekins, filled two-thirds full and an egg broken into each dish. Bake in a hot oven until the egg is set.

Breaded Tongue.—Slice cold cooked tongue very thin; dip the slices in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs and cook in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

Stew of Oysters and Celery.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of beef extract in two cupfuls of boiling water. Add two cupfuls of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper and mace for seasoning. Add a cupful of finely cut celery and simmer until the celery is tender. Add a cupful of oysters, parboiled in their own liquor, and half a cupful of cracker crumbs. Bring to a boil and serve at once.

Baked Sardines.—Skin twelve large sardines; bring to a boil in a little water, reserving the oil which was drained from the fish. Add a cupful of water, a teaspoonful each of Worcestershire, mace mustard and vinegar, with salt and pepper to taste. Arrange the fish on a platter which will bear the heat of the oven, and bake. When the sauce is boiling hot add a beaten egg yolk and stir until thick. Pour the sauce over the fish and serve at once.

Unusual Preservative.

The leaves of the fern plant, which grows almost everywhere, are excellent preservatives for picking food, fruit and even meat. Potatoes packed in fern leaves are as fresh in the springtime as when they were first dug in the winter.

Ingenuous Picture.

There is in one of the continental picture galleries a painting entitled "Cloudland." At first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive dash of confused color, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it, it proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's "Madonna San Sisto."

Largest Deer Park.

Copenhagen has the largest enclosed deer park of any city in the world. Its area is about 4,200 acres.

A LAST WORD ABOUT CHILDREN'S CLOTHES



"Flats" is written by the manufacturers of children's clothes, so far as the winter season's offerings are concerned. They must busy themselves now for spring, even though winter has just begun, and have ready in January dresses, made of cotton materials, because the new cotton fabrics are put on display at that time. January brings a demand for styles as well as materials, and for ready-made children's clothes. Foresighted mothers prefer to get the children's spring sewing out of the way early and the first two months in the year find them engaged with children's clothes, and undermuskings—events which the stores all over the country prepare for. Therefore the little coat for a kindergarten and the woolen dress for a little school girl, presented here, make their bow and then their exit, the last to join a host of winter companions. Their places are soon to be filled by hurling of spring—frocks of gingham, chambray and the like.

A heavy, double-weave cloth, plain on one side and plaid on the other, is the sort of material to choose for a warm school coat like that shown in the picture. It is equal to all requirements of its little wearer, with its pretty collar of heavier plush and buttons and pocket flaps to match. And the same thing is true of the hat of castor clipped beaver, worn with it. Serge tricot or any good wool material is used for dresses like that at the right of the picture. It has a plaid skirt joined to a body that opens at the left front, and fastens with loops over round buttons covered with the cloth. A soft belt of the material has diagonal slits in it at the front that open into small, square pockets suspended from the under side. These pockets are bound with a fancy silk braid, and the same braid appears as a band on the sleeves and in a neck decoration. Altogether this little dress bespeaks careful attention on the part of an expert designer and the very clever management of the pockets is enough to make any small girl determine to wear it every day—or until something else equally unsual and pretty fills her soul with satisfaction.

Surface Treatment of Macadam Road With Bituminous Material and Stone Chips. A road of this width, so that the material may be poured in a broad, flat stream. If a large amount of work is to be done, a specially designed pouring can may be purchased of dealers in road equipment. Care should be taken to have an even distribution, and the quantity applied should be approximately one-half gallon to a square yard of road surface. After applying the bituminous material, clean gravel or stone chips should be spread evenly over the surface, and if possible, rolled with a lawn or field roller. Where gravel or chips are not available, clean, coarse sand will serve as covering material. It should be spread in sufficient quantity to prevent the bituminous material from adhering to tires of passing vehicles. Attention is called to the fact that this treatment should not be made where drainage from the stables or barns will flow over it. Where mudholes are likely to form around hitching posts or at stable entrances, if a more durable pavement is desired, a section of concrete slab should be laid.

RIBBONS FORECAST CHRISTMAS TIME



"Like bees about the honeysuckle," women have begun to swarm about the ribbon counters in the big stores, where there are so many beautiful dress accessories on display. Christmas time is harvest time for the ribbon department and already the stores are showing enticing articles made of ribbons in order to point the way to using them. There are whole flocks of gay ribbon hair bows for the younger generation, and there are dance caps and breakfast caps for young and old, colorful flowers and bouquets, innumerable bags for all sorts of purposes and lovely girdles and sashes. Vestees and hat crowns suggest uses for the richest brocaded ribbons and many shopping bags are made of these.

Ribbons for lingerie have a story of their own which is important to know at Christmas time as they furnish the most acceptable and least costly of ribbon gifts. And there are the pretty neckwear fancies and the house-furnishing pieces, all meriting attention of the Christmas shopper.

But it is not possible to describe all of these ribbon articles at one time. In the group of dress accessories shown here there appear three corsage ornaments, a dance cap and a party bag, any one of them a gift that any woman will enjoy. Of the corsage ornaments one is a rose made of dark red satin ribbon; the other rose is of velvet ribbon in rose pink and the small cluster of little roses in several light colors forms a little bouquet that will find a place for itself in many toilettes. The dance cap is not difficult to make. Millinery wire and the advice of the milliner are needed for it and are usually forthcoming when the materials are bought. Narrow satin or taffeta ribbon, gathered with scant fullness along one edge, is sewed in rows to form the crown. Taffeta has stiffness enough to stand up well enough, but satin may need a supporting crown of crinoline. The trim—a scant fringe of gold or silver lace—and the crown are sewed to a silk-covered bonnet wire that encircles the head, and a very fine silk-covered wire is run in the lace fringe near its edge. A small spray of ribbon or millinery flowers and a little cap of the lace falling at the back complete this fascinating dance cap.

Ribbons, wide and narrow, with lace and net are used for breakfast caps and they are used, ordinarily, no wire support. Small chiffon or ribbon flowers, rosettes, bows and ends embellish them.

To make ribbon roses one must have heavy wire for the stems and millinery foliage. The petals of ribbon are wound to the stems with tie-wire and the stems finally wound with narrow green ribbon.

Bonnet of Long Ago. A quaint blue-taffeta bonnet and delicately patterned gray-lace veil, caught with exquisite pink roses in front, its looped ends mingled with a gold-edged blue ribbon in back, is inspiration enough to tempt the most uninitiated to go and do likewise with one's poke hat of a year ago. Perhaps a long-unused lace veil may be pressed into service. The most forlorn of last year's hats would become a thing of grace and beauty if the old-style brim were concealed under a bias strip of gathered velvet and trimmed with stiff loops jutting out beyond the edge.

Headresses Again. Headresses are back in favor and many and intricate are some of those seen. The band of ribbon, silk, pearls, or even the spangles worn around the head over the eyebrows seem most universally becoming. With feathers, paradise or ostrich, tucked in at a becoming place and angle, these hair ornaments may be as simple or gorgeous as the individual desires.

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

ENTRANCE ROADS FOR FARMS

Engineers of Bureau of Public Roads Give Advice on Application of Bituminous Material.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Owners of large farms and rural estates seeking a more satisfactory type of entrance road have applied to the bureau of public roads of the United States department of agriculture for advice regarding the application of bituminous material on main entrance and much-traveled farm lanes.

The bureau's engineers point out that such applications may be made successfully on any farm road which has already been constructed of stone, gravel, or other similar material, and is in a thoroughly compacted and reasonably smooth condition. A coal-tar preparation applied cold, or an asphaltic oil, can be used and if applied by the farm employees, the cost should not exceed seven or eight cents a square yard for materials. The compacted gravel or stone road should be thoroughly cleaned of dust and the bitumen applied with ordinary sprinkling pots from which the perforated nozzle has been removed and the spout carefully flattened into a symmetrical rectangular opening about one-quarter



Surface Treatment of Macadam Road With Bituminous Material and Stone Chips.

of an inch wide, so that the material may be poured in a broad, flat stream. If a large amount of work is to be done, a specially designed pouring can may be purchased of dealers in road equipment. Care should be taken to have an even distribution, and the quantity applied should be approximately one-half gallon to a square yard of road surface. After applying the bituminous material, clean gravel or stone chips should be spread evenly over the surface, and if possible, rolled with a lawn or field roller. Where gravel or chips are not available, clean, coarse sand will serve as covering material. It should be spread in sufficient quantity to prevent the bituminous material from adhering to tires of passing vehicles. Attention is called to the fact that this treatment should not be made where drainage from the stables or barns will flow over it. Where mudholes are likely to form around hitching posts or at stable entrances, if a more durable pavement is desired, a section of concrete slab should be laid.

ROAD OUT OF SOLID GRANITE

Will Lead From Estes Park to Glen Lake, Connecting With Lincoln Highway.

In the Rocky mountains, Colorado, aided by the federal government, is building eight miles of road out of solid granite. The road, which will lead from Estes Park in the Rockies to Glen Lake, connecting with the Lincoln highway and forming a part of the transcontinental highway, will bring Switzerland to America. The road will cost, when completed, more than \$25,000 a mile.

BIG ROAD PROGRAM PLANNED

Alabama to Issue \$25,000,000 in Bonds to Match Federal Appropriation for Highways.

Plans to issue \$25,000,000 in bonds to match a similar federal appropriation for building roads in Alabama were set on foot at a meeting of the Alabama Highway Improvement association. The project includes a three-mill levy by counties for maintenance. A constitutional amendment to authorize this project will be asked of the next legislature.

Country's Urgent Necessity.

The most urgent necessity of our country in the immediate future is good roads, permanent roads that can be used 12 months in each year.

Bond Issues Voted. Bond issues aggregating many millions of dollars for new highway construction have been voted by more than a score of states this year.

Prepare for Next Year. Now is the time to get ready for next year.

Garden Is Good Asset. A good vegetable and small fruit garden has been an excellent asset this year. There should be more home gardens.

Corn-Ear Worm. The corn-ear worm does a vast amount of injury each year to several garden and field crops.

Place for Root Crops. Put carrots and other similar root crops in dry sand for winter keeping. This will prevent wilting.

YOU WOULDN'T TRY TO TAME A WILD-CAT

Mr. Dodson Warns Against Use of Treacherous, Dangerous Calomel.

Calomel salivates! It's mercury. Calomel acts like dynamite on a sluggish liver. When calomel comes into contact with your bile it crashes into it, causing cramping and nausea.

If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic for a few cents which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel and without making you sick, just go back and get your money.

If you take calomel today you'll be sick and nauseated tomorrow; besides, it may salivate you, while if you take Dodson's Liver Tonic you will wake up feeling great, full of ambition and ready for work or play. It's harmless, pleasant and safe to give to children; they like it.—Adv.

He Should Know.

"Here's a charge for a call lasting half an hour on my telephone," said the lawyer to his wife.

"Yes, dear. That was my call. I was asking a friend of mine a question," replied the wife.

"And did it take half an hour to ask a question?"

"Yes, dear. You see, it was one of those hypothetical questions."

GIRLS! A MASS

OF WAVY, GLEAMY

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Let "Danderine" save and glorify your hair



In a few moments you can transform your plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life. Just get at any drug or toilet counter a small bottle of "Danderine" for a few cents. Then moisten a soft cloth with the Danderine and draw this through your hair taking one small strand at a time. Instantly, yes, immediately, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will be a mass, so soft, lustrous, fluffy and so easy to do up. All dust, dirt and excessive oil is removed.

Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp, check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.—Adv.

Nationalized Pharmacies a Failure.

Reports received from Europe by members of the trade in this city are said to indicate that the nationalization of pharmacies in Hungary has not come up to expectation. From statements made by state officials and by the former owners it appears that already the deficit amounts to 1,000,000 crowns. Further than this, there are many complaints about the slow and inefficient manner in which the work is being done as contrasted with the former methods in vogue.—New York Post.

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear. Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

Consolation for His Honor. Maud Muller refused the judge. "At any rate it will result in an unbroken judiciary," we remarked.

Nothing will take the fun out of a fellow quicker than for the teacher to step up behind him.

Many a girl's distant manner may be traced to the fact that she had onions for dinner.

NEGLECTING THAT COLD OR COUGH?

Why, when Dr. King's New Discovery so promptly checks it

It's natural you don't want to be careless and let that old cold or cough drag on or that new attack develop seriously. Not when you can get such a proved successful remedy as Dr. King's New Discovery.

Cold, cough, gripe, croup does not resist this standard reliever very long. Its quality is as high today as it always has been—and it's been growing steadily in popularity for more than fifty years. 60c. and \$1.20 a bottle at all druggists. Give it a trial.

Tardy Bowels, Inert Liver
They just won't let you put "pep" into your work or play. Sick headache comes from retaining waste matter and impurities in the body.

Feel right for anything—make the liver lively, the bowels function regularly, with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Smoothly yet positively they produce results that cleanse the system and make the liver and bowels respond to the demands of a strong, healthy body. Still 25c.—at all druggists. Try them tonight.

Substitute for Spoons.
"Yes," said the manager of the swell cafe, "the souvenir hunters bothered us so we had to do away with spoons."

"But suppose a diner wanted to use one in his coffee?"

"Oh, we fixed that by having the orchestra play stirring music."—Boston Evening Transcript.

CARBON!

Rid System of Clogged-up Waste and Poisons with "Cascarets."

Like carbon clogs and chokes a motor, so the excess bile in liver, and the constipated waste in the bowels, produce foggy brains, headache, sour, acid stomach, indigestion, yellow skin, sleepless nights, and bad colds.

Let gentle, harmless "Cascarets" rid the system of the acids, gases, and poisons which keep you upset.

Take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced. Cascarets never gripe, sicken, or cause inconvenience. They work while you sleep. A box of Cascarets costs so little too.—Adv.

Boon for Skaters.
To enable ice skaters to follow this popular winter pastime without fatigue, an Australian inventor has perfected a simple propeller arrangement which straps to the skater's back and is operated by several dry cells carried on his shoulder.

Cabled reports do not give further details of the invention, nor do they say if the inventor expects to apply the novel propulsion to roller skating.

INDIGESTION CAN'T STAY

Stomach Pain, Sourness, Gases, and Acidity ended with "Pape's Diapensin"

Out-of-order stomachs feel fine at once! When meals don't sit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel indigestion pain, lumps of distress in stomach, heartburn or headaches. Here is instant relief.

Just as soon as you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapensin all the dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress caused by acidity will end. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapensin always put sick, upset, acid stomachs in order at once and they cost so little at drug stores.—Adv.

Chestnut Forests Disappearing.
The great demand for chestnut lumber for railroad ties has been responsible for many chestnut forests being wiped out and more are marked for the woodman's ax. At the rate the cutting is now progressing, this species of wood will be pretty well exterminated in another decade in this vicinity. It is being protected.—Franklin (Mass.) Correspondence Boston Transcript.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.
A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschree's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Ignorance is bliss until it begins to associate with epistim.

A gossip is a person who thinks too little and talks too much.

MURINE Night and Morning, How Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they're Itchy, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine. It soothes, moistens, cures. Safe for contact. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. M. J. Murphy, Chicago.

HEALTH RESTORED
Mr. Knight Was Down With Kidney Complaint; Found Doan's the Remedy Needed.

"Kidney troubles put me in a bad way," says Thomas A. Knight, Retired Insurance Agent, 624 N. Ninth St., East St. Louis, Ill. "It came on with pain across my back and the attacks kept getting worse until I had a spell that laid me up. Morphine was the only relief I could get and I couldn't move without help. The kidney secretions were scanty, painful and filled with sediment."

"I was unable to leave the house, could not rest, and became utterly exhausted. The only way I could take care was by bolstering myself up with pillows. For three months I was in that awful condition and the doctor said I had gravel. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me back to good health and I have gained wonderfully in strength and weight."

Writes to before me, A. M. BOGMANN, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to This Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles. I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years' experience is at your service.

His Whereabouts.
"Funny thing last week; I thought my hired man had skipped out and left me," said Farmer Bentover.

"Hadn't he?" asked Farmer Blackpole.

"Nope! He went to sleep in a fence corner, and the jumpson weeds grew up and hid him."—Kansas City Star.

GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nauseous Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza. They know that a clogged up system and a lax liver favor colds, influenza and serious complications.

To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger.

Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

Doll's Eyes.
Great quantities of cherry stones are used in Germany for doll's eyes painted. Being ready-carved by nature, and of suitable shape and size, they serve the purpose admirably.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased part. There is only one way to cure Catarhal Deafness and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is absorbed through the blood in the mucous surfaces of the system. Catarhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists Sell Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sustained Metaphor.
"That cook of yours is a jewel."

"She is. And jewelry is getting more expensive all the time."

A torrid liver prevents proper food assimilation. Try our liver and stomachic Indian Vegetable Pills. They act gently. Adv.

No Stanley, a man isn't necessarily a thief because he takes a picture. He may be a photographer.

HEALTH RESTORED
Mr. Knight Was Down With Kidney Complaint; Found Doan's the Remedy Needed.

"Kidney troubles put me in a bad way," says Thomas A. Knight, Retired Insurance Agent, 624 N. Ninth St., East St. Louis, Ill. "It came on with pain across my back and the attacks kept getting worse until I had a spell that laid me up. Morphine was the only relief I could get and I couldn't move without help. The kidney secretions were scanty, painful and filled with sediment."

"I was unable to leave the house, could not rest, and became utterly exhausted. The only way I could take care was by bolstering myself up with pillows. For three months I was in that awful condition and the doctor said I had gravel. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me back to good health and I have gained wonderfully in strength and weight."

Writes to before me, A. M. BOGMANN, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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New Christian College at Stony Brook



JOHNSTON HALL, STONY BROOK



REV. DR. J.W. CARSON

EDUCATION for poor boys is the plan of a new Christian college to be opened in the fall of 1920, according to announcement by Dr. John F. Carson, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of Brooklyn, N. Y., and president of the Stony Brook assembly, a Presbyterian institution which is to Long Island what Northfield is to Massachusetts. The college is to be erected on the grounds of the assembly at Stony Brook, Long Island, and the plan is to support it by endowments from individuals and benevolent organizations.

Doctor Carson says that the time is ripe for the foundation of a high-grade college for ambitious youths who are precluded by lack of means from attending existing institutions, and he further says that the needs of the age demand that such a college for poor boys should be a Christian institution. Therefore one of the essential studies at the Stony Brook college will be that of the Bible, in which lessons the student will receive examinations and marks the same as in secular studies.

Construction of the necessary college buildings will be begun at once. These will contain class and lecture rooms and study halls. The existing buildings at Stony Brook will be utilized for college purposes until they are outgrown. These include a large auditorium which has been used for summer conferences and is suitable for a college auditorium. The two established hotels on the Stony Brook grounds, Johnston hall and Hopkinton hall, will be used as dormitories for the boys.

Stony Brook already represents an investment of \$200,000. The assembly controlling it is a Presbyterian body, but it is not intended to make the new Christian college a denominational institution. Indeed many of the summer conferences of the Stony Brook assembly have been held at the very inception been interdenominational.

Stony Brook's benevolent and educational purposes have already won substantial support from philanthropic people. Hopkins hall, one of the two large well-appointed modern hotels on the grounds, is the gift of Ferdinand T. Hopkins of Katonah, N. Y., whose portrait adorns the wall over the huge fireplace at the entrance. Johnston hall is the gift of Robert Johnston of St. Louis. There has just been added to the equipment of Stony Brook a large portion of the magnificent library of the late Judge Jesse S. Lamoreaux of Ballston Spa, N. Y., who made Stony Brook one of the residuary legatees of his large fortune.

Stony Brook was founded in the midst of the native woods of Long Island on high land whose climate will doubtless appeal to the youths attending the college, as it has appealed to the throngs that have attended the summer conferences. These conferences have demonstrated Stony Brook's success through several summers, and the officers deemed it prudent to utilize the investment and equipment.

This was one of their first reasons for seriously considering the establishment of a college.

Doctor Carson, the head of the institution, is an enthusiast for the far-reaching, civilizing effects accomplished by such institutions as Stony Brook. He had a practical hand in the beginnings at Northfield, where he used to sweep out the cottage of Winona Lake, Ind., where he was so early on the ground that he had to sleep in an old corn crib pending the construction of new buildings. Doctor Carson is a forceful and aggressive Christian minister who firmly believes that the success of the nation depends upon the American people's faith back to the simple, trusting faith of its fathers and to the undiluted Gospel of Christ.

Distinguished evangelists have had their share in the development of Stony Brook, among them Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, in whose memory there was recently dedicated a beautiful parlor leading from the Stony Brook railroad station to the auditorium. This parlor is the gift of Doctor Chapman's widow.

The Stony Brook assembly not only holds its land on the heights, but has also acquired a considerable extent of shore front on Long Island Sound not far from the village. This is an old community of expelled inhabitants who have never made an attempt at reprofessing at the expense of their hundreds of summer visitors. The neighborhood abounds in historic localities, and one of the finest examples of colonial architecture in the United States is the Presbyterian church at Smithtown, which is in a remarkable state of preservation.

The Presbyterian church is accustomed to fervent family discussion concerning the second coming of Christ, as a result of which two schools of thought have arisen, one called the pre-millennialists and the other the post-millennialists. From some who have misunderstood the facts a notion has gone abroad that Stony Brook was partial to cultivating one of these schools. Doctor Carson emphatically denies that Stony Brook is committed to either the "Pre" or the "Post." He insists that Stony Brook is a place for the open mind and free speech, and he now plans to establish its additional function as a place for free education.

Personal gain for individuals has no share in the promotion of Stony Brook. The institution has its definite Christian aims for education and Gospel evangelization stated in its charter, and if the institutions at any time departs from its original program its property legally reverts to the boards of the Presbyterian church in the United States.

The platform of principles on which Stony Brook assembly was founded and which is the basis of its articles of incorporation is as follows:

1. The divine inspiration, integrity and authority of the Bible.

2. The deity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. The need and efficacy of the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of the world.

4. The presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the work of redemption.

5. The divine institution and mission of the church.

6. The broad and binding obligation resting upon the church for the evangelization of the world.

7. The consummation of the Kingdom in the appearing of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Dr. David G. Wiley, New York city, is vice president of the Stony Brook assembly, and other officers are: Walter J. Vreeland, New York city, recording secretary; Roy M. Hart, Brooklyn, treasurer; Rev. Edward J. Hurstman, New York city, executive secretary.

Passers-By
How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings whom in passing we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of countless hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation. Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days spent in some scene which they never forget, though there they are forgot, with friends and fellow who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper in the recesses of feeling the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an earnest attachment, conceived in the fervor of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard.—Robert Southey.

Wonderful Caves
Some of the most wonderful stalagmite formations in the world are found in the caves of West Australia, an American woman traveler writes to the New York Sun. She described her visits to the Yallingup, Mammoth and Lake caves of that continent. Here, hundreds of feet underground, nature has prepared regular department stores, utilizing stalagmite and silt. In the first-named cave one sees what appears to be a regular jewelry store just inside the entrance. A little further along appears a butcher shop and a draper's store, with the stock displayed consisting of limestone and stalagmite.

Long Glides.
What is believed to be a world's record for gliding with a dead motor was accomplished at Ithaca, N. Y., by a Thomas-Morse two-seater biplane. This machine flew to the head of Cayuga lake, a distance of 35 miles, and having attained a height of 17,500 feet the pilot switched off his motor and glided to Ithaca, at which point he still had 5,000 feet altitude. If his glide had been continued it is estimated that an additional 15 miles could have been covered, making a total of 50 miles without the use of his motor. The longest glide previously recorded was that of Captain Raynham, according to Aeronautics, when he glided from Brookland to Hendon, in England, a distance of 22 miles.—Scientific American.

Time
A "light year" means the length of time measured by our years that a particular star's light takes in reaching the earth. Light travels at the rate of about 185,000 miles a second, yet even at that speed some of the fixed stars are so distant from the earth that it takes their light several years to reach us. The sun is 93,000,000 miles from the earth and its light reaches us in less than nine minutes.

Stony Brook Beach and Cliff



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Why Called Gag Law.
The so-called gag laws of the United States consist of resolutions and rules first adopted by the house of representatives in 1820, on motion of

John C. Calhoun. Congress had long been besieged by petitions from abolitionists from all over the country, and Calhoun proposed that henceforth all antislavery petitions be laid on the table without being read, printed, debated or referred. This infringement of the right of petition only increased the petition spirit of the North, and the "gag rule," as it was also called, was after a long struggle abolished in December, 1844. John Quincy Adams was its bitterest opponent and an ardent upholder of antislavery principles.

I Owe My Life to PE-RU-NA

Mr. McKinley's letter brings cheer to all who may be sufferers as he was. Read it:

"I can honestly say that I owe my life to Peru. After some of the best doctors in the country gave me up and told me I could not live another month, Peru saved me. Travelling from town to town, throughout the country and having to go into all kinds of badly heated stores and buildings, sometimes standing up for hours at a time while playing my trade as a auctioneer, it is only natural that I had colds frequently so when this would occur I paid little attention to it, until last December when I contracted a severe case, which, through neglect on my part, settled on my lungs. When almost dead, I began doctoring, but, without avail, until I secured Peru. It cured me so I cannot praise it too highly."

Mr. Samuel McKinley, 254 E. 22nd St., Kansas City, Mo. Member of the Society of U. S. Jewelry Auctioneers.

Sold Everywhere. Tablet or Liquid Form.

BURNS
"I applied Hunt's Lightning Oil on my hands after burning them severely on a hot piece of iron. They were well in THREE DAYS, thus giving me a new lease on life. The delightful healing influence of this powerful remedy is felt inside. Bounding the sharp, smarting pain that accompanies burns, scalds and cuts is merely a matter of waiting the quick part with a few drops of Hunt's Lightning Oil. Once you have become acquainted with the truly marvellous qualities of this soothing and healing remedy, you will always keep a bottle handy. Walk right into the first drug store that you come to and get a 25c or 70c bottle. A. B. Richards Medicine Company, Inc. Sherman, Texas.

MUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

SOLD FOR 50 YEARS. ALSO A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC. Sold by All Drug Stores.

For MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER.

Even the young man who is able to hold his own may prefer to hold the hand of some pretty girl.

A Feeling of Security
You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs. Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root. It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses. It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles. A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

It is easier to break a promise than it is to fracture the crust of the average boarding-house pie.

Important to Mothers
Frankly and carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Accurate Description.
"What is an Italian vendetta?"
"It is one of them neck-tied porches around the new cottages."

Flu--Grippe
The doctors say they are coming. A clean, healthy system is the best safeguard against them.

COVINGTON'S CASTOR JELLY
99% PURE CASTOR OIL
WILL KEEP YOU WELL

MILLIONS
Suffer from Acid-Stomach

Millions of people suffer every year from ailments affecting practically every part of the body, never dreaming that their ill health can be traced directly to acid-stomach. Here is the reason: poor digestion means poor nourishment of the different organs and tissues of the body. The blood is impoverished—becomes weak, thin, sluggish. Ailments of many kinds spring from such conditions. Phisians, rheumatism, indigestion, general weakness, loss of power and energy, headache, insomnia, nervousness, mental depression—any more serious ailments such as catarrh and cancer of the stomach, intestine, uterus, etc., derive of the liver, heart trouble—all of these can often be traced directly to acid-stomach. Keep a sharp lookout for the first symptoms of acid-stomach—indigestion, heartburn, belching, food repeating, that awful painful bloated feeling, and sour, gassy stomach. EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy for acid-stomach, is guaranteed to bring quick relief from these stomach ills. Make your life worth living—no more pain—no more misery—no more of that tired, listless feeling. Be well and strong. Get back your physical and mental health, your vim, vigor and vitality. You will always be weak and ailing as long as you have acid-stomach. So get rid of it now. Take EATONIC Tablets—they take acid out of your system like a magnet. You eat them like a bit of candy. Your strength and health come back. Get a box from him today and if you are not satisfied he will refund your money.

EATONIC
(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)
FRECKLES
W. R. U. S. PHARM, INC. 49-1915.

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