

# The Crittenden Press

ISSUED TWICE EVERY WEEK

Volume 43

Marion, Crittenden County, Kentucky, Friday, Sept. 17, 1920

Number 17

## ST EXTRA VOTE OFFER IN CAMPAIGN RUNS TEN DAYS ONLY

Candidates Still Putting Forth Every Effort In  
Interesting Race And Hundreds Of Sub-  
scriptions Being Added.

### THE CONTESTANTS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

Mrs. Fred Brown	Mattoon	?	?
Miss Melba Cannon	Marion	?	?
Mrs. D. O. Carnahan	Marion	?	?
Miss Luzetta Easley	Shady Grove	?	?
Miss Gladys Franks	Tolu	?	?
Mrs. Addie Maynard Lamb	Marion	?	?
Miss Nannie Moore	Sheridan	?	?
Miss Edna Morgan	Marion	?	?
Mrs. Alma Smith	Fredonia	?	?
Miss Ellen Travis	Tribune	?	?
Miss Leaffa Wilborn	Marion	?	?
Miss Atrell Vaughn	Fords Ferry	?	?
Miss Vera Young	Mexico	?	?

The close of the largest extra vote will be allowed after September 25, on Wednesday in the mammoth popularity and subscription contest now running on the Press finds all of the original entrants still putting up a hectic battle for the beautiful badge and other valuable prizes to be given away. Never before in the history of Crittenden county has so much interest been displayed in any election and the finish will no doubt prove to be the most exciting of ever before staged in this section. All candidates put forth every effort in order to get as many votes as possible before the close of the extra vote offer, and as a consequence no one was able to get a commanding lead over the rest of the field. The standing of contestants will not be published any during the campaign as this is to encourage speculation or in among the candidates, the feature the management wants to avoid. It is the purpose of the management of this contest and the Press to see to it that the candidates doing the best work shall receive the prizes and for this reason no more votes will be published in the Press until after the campaign has been declared closed, and all balloting from now on will be secret. This has been found the very best system and the publishers of the paper are determined that this campaign shall be conducted along the fairest possible lines.

**Prizes To Be Awarded Sep. 29**  
The campaign will close as the clock strikes eight on Wednesday evening September 29, closing as was first advertised in just four weeks from the opening day. Every promise has been kept and will be enforced all during the campaign as under no circumstances will this date be prolonged or extended, so each contestant must get her votes now as no extra time will be allowed. The judges appointed to count the votes will start counting immediately upon the close of the contest and the winning contestants will be awarded the prizes on the closing evening. Contestants can not overestimate the importance of the final extra vote offer as each subscription taken this week is equivalent to two subscriptions taken during the closing period, so don't become discouraged or tired at this stage of the game, but work harder each day than the day before and your reward will be greater in just two more weeks.

**Final Extra Vote Offer Closes Sep. 25**  
The last extra vote offer to be allowed during the contest will close at the close of business for the day on Saturday, September 25, and the contest will close just four days later. Up to and including this date an extra club of 25,000 votes will be given on each and every ten dollars in subscriptions turned in. This makes each subscription average practically twice as many votes as

### SEVEN SPRINGS.

Misses Young and Conway of Mexico were pleasant callers in this vicinity Saturday. Miss Young is one of the contestants in the big drive for securing subscriptions for the Crittenden Press.

Little Gladys Patton has been on the sick list for the past three weeks but is able to be up now.

Burnett Brown of near Frances has been seriously ill for two weeks.

visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McKinley at this place the first Sunday.

Mrs. Minnie McKinney and children were visiting Mrs. Green near Dycusburg Friday and Saturday.

John Patton of Mexico was in this vicinity Friday.

The people around here are making sorghum this week.

Subscribe for the Press.

## FIRE Tornado Hail and Lightning



are big destroyers. Any one of them can cause much loss to your buildings, machinery, and crops. They are liable to visit you most any time. Are you prepared for them? Can you stand the loss they would incur?

Let some good insurance company take the risk. A policy of Farm Insurance will protect you, and in case of disaster will promptly pay your loss.

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**C. G. Thompson Insurance Agency**

THE GROWING AGENCY.

CONCRETE BUILDING

MARION, KY.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of the Early Days Of Crittenden County

Written for the Press by R. C. Haynes

### EXCITING ADVENTURE ABRAM WRIGHT

Although there has always been a charm in the forest, the stream, and the "deep tangled wilderness", few people today realize the hardships privations and dangers of the sturdy pioneer settlers of our country—those hardy men and brave women who first broke the virgin soil and built their homes in the wilderness, where the wild beasts roamed at will, where might was right and the "majesty of the law" was trampled under foot by the desperado and the renegade.

Among the early settlers of what is now Crittenden county was Abram Wright. He was born in Ireland, nearly a century ago, immigrating with his parents to this country when a boy. At the age of twenty-two young Wright came to Kentucky, locating on a farm, or rather in the woods, a few miles from what is now Crittenden Springs.

At that early date the country was very thinly settled, and few people lived between that section and the Ohio River. The site where Marion now stands was nothing more than the place where two roads crossed—one road leading from old Salem to Morgantown and the other from Princeton to the Ohio River.

Whom Abram Wright married is not known to us, but as this adventure will show, she was a young woman well fitted to be the wife of the dauntless and fearless pioneer. Having pre-empted from the government a tract of land, they built their cabin home on the outskirts of a very densely wooded section, several miles in extent, subsequently known as Panther Hollow.

(Panther Hollow! Who in Crittenden county has not heard of Panther Hollow? Though since the time of which we write the woodsman's ax has been busy and today the country is dotted with farm houses and growing fields of corn and wheat and tobacco, as well as the location of a valuable spar mine, yet even twenty-five years ago it was an uninhabited wilderness of wood wherein none cared to adventure at night—which fact "looking backward", the author of these sketches recalls with discomfiture.)

Abram soon cleared a few acres of land and furnished his house with such articles of furniture as he could make himself. His land was now his soil fertile and he had little difficulty in producing what provisions he needed for his family. At night from their cabin they could hear the howls of the wolf, the cry of the wild cat and the scream of the panther. He was a typical frontiersman, strong and fearless, and she in her way, equally brave; yet sometimes, when the savage cries came wildly floating up from the dark depths of Panther Hollow she would draw nearer her husband, as if for protection.

There being no rail roads at that time, the people had difficulty in procuring such supplies as they needed, other than those they produced. It so happened on one occasion that the family were in need of salt and this could not be procured nearer than at the old Equality, in Illinois. This led to the adventure we have to relate. From bits of unwritten history, handed down from father to son and from son to grand-son, we will let Abram Wright tell his own story in his own way:

It was one morning in September that I decided to make the trip to old Equality across the river, for the salt we needed. Though the distance was some twenty miles I thought by starting early I could make the trip and back in one day. "Mama," I said to my wife as I bade her good bye, "I shall be back by sunset if nothing unexpected happens, if I should be delayed take care of yourself, don't venture from the house, and lock the doors at night, also keep your gun handy."

"Oh Abram," she replied, "I shall be safe enough, but you—Oh I fear for your safety. You know the dangers of Panther Hollow at night. Besides there are desperadoes all along the river and the roads leading to Cave-In-Rock."

"Have no fear for me mama," I said, "I'll take my gun along and old Ben will soon bring me back home safe and sound."

She kissed me good-by and I mounted my mule and rode off, my way leading down through Panther Hollow. It was, as I have said, very early, scarcely light as yet, and the dim pathway was scarcely discernible as I went on my way through the thick woods. No wind was blow-

ing and everything was still. Nothing broke the monotony of silence except the sound of old Ben's feet against the flinty roadway. The mule had struck a trot, his favorite gait, and we were making rapid progress along our way.

We had traveled thus for perhaps a mile when the mule came to a sudden halt. From behind a high clump of trees bordering the road a man stepped out before us. He was an evil looking man, wore buckskin trousers and leather jacket and carried a gun and an ugly looking knife. "Pardner," he spoke up, "whither do you go at so early an hour?"

His words were friendly enough, but his looks were sinister and threatening. I thought his purpose was probably to raise a quarrel with me and I had no desire to have any trouble with him, so I answered him evasively.

"Oh," I replied, "I'm just riding around a bit to get fresh air and to give old Ben a little exercise."

"Then why steer you toward Cave-In-Rock? Do you not mean to cross to the Illinois side? The stranger returned with an evil look.

"Well, what if I do?" I said "I am at least following my own nose and minding my own business," and I started old Ben forward and at the same time showing the intruder my gun.

"Don't be impertinent, young man," he said with a wicked smile, "I'll see you again." And stepping back he disappeared in the dense woods of Panther Hollow.

Knowing the treachery of such scoundrels as I thought this man to be, I forced old Ben into a gallop and in a short time we were miles away from the scene of our holdup. I again brought the mule to a trot and in half an hour we had left Panther Hollow behind us.

We had now emerged into the road leading to what was then Bakers Ferry. It was a more traveled thoroughfare than the one we had left, and though it was woods on both sides of the road, the growth was not so dense.

I felt relieved, as my wife intimated I well knew the character of the desperate men infesting the country along the Ohio River. Making their headquarters at Cave-In-Rock, an organized band of robbers and cut-throats had spread terror throughout the country. Travelers had been held up, robbed and murdered. Flatboats going down the river had been seized, the crews murdered, and the boats with their cargoes, run down the river to New Orleans and sold.

It is no wonder then that my wife was fearful of my safety, yet I had little fear, as such things are mostly done under the cover of darkness, while I meant to make my trip in the friendly light of day.

On down the road we went, Old Ben still in a trot. We had met no one, excepting the stranger of our holdup, and no one had overtaken us. There was evidently little traveling going on. Still on we journeyed, old Ben's ears flopping in the breeze as he trotted along. Finally after we had traveled about ten miles, we came in sight of the river. There was no town there at all, only a ferry, where the road crossed the river.

The wind had now arisen, blowing a strong gale from the west and I could see that the river was very rough. The waters seemed in turmoil. Great mountain waves, chasing each other lashed and dashed and crashed against the shore.

"Barker," I said to the ferryman, as I rode up, "Can you row me over to the Illinois side?"

"Not against those waves," he replied, looking at the surging waters of the Angry Ohio.

"It is urgent, my wife being at home alone. I will pay you double, if you take me across at once," I said, hoping to overcome the ferryman's objections.

"My boat could not withstand these waves," he replied, "we would lose our lives and your wife would probably be alone the rest of her life."

"It may be," the ferryman went on, "that by noon the wind will lie, then I can take you across."

I much regretted being away from home over night, my wife, brave as I knew her to be, there alone. But I knew of nothing else to do so I told the ferryman I would wait.

Barker was a good man. He offered me the use of his stable, and there I took old Ben that he might rest and refresh himself on a supply of hay. I removed the bridle and saddle and placed them on the floor in a corner of the stable; then not wishing to be encumbered with my gun, I laid it by their side on the floor, locked the door of the stable and returned to the river.

When I returned the wind was still blowing and the huge waves still rolling and dashing as before. On the Illinois shore the rugged cliffs of Cave-In-Rock rose high and

steep and seemed to frown gloomily across the surging waters. In the center of the towering wall of rock was an opening about twenty feet wide, and as many feet high and extending perhaps fifty feet back from the water's edge. This was Cave-In-Rock. The floor, walls and ceiling were rock, and in the center of the ceiling was another opening leading to another apartment directly above, which, it was said, had a secret exit into the hills beyond the river. It was here that for years the robbers and desperadoes of every kind had their rendezvous. It was a place well fitted for such characters. It was here that "Mike Fink," "The last of the boatmen," while drifting down the river in his boat, The Lightfoot, had his remarkable encounter with the bandits.

Looking across the river I could see no one about the cave. The place seemed deserted. The ferryman told me it would remain so until night fall, when it would suddenly present a different aspect.

The morning wore on, noon came and still the wind did not abate, a fierce gale continuing from the west. I would wait a while longer I told the ferryman. If I could get across the river by the middle of the afternoon I could reach Equality by night fall, remain there during the night and return home on the morrow, thus traveling all the way by day light.

However, the wind did not cease to blow and after waiting until the sun was perhaps two hours high, Barker told me it would be useless to wait longer.

"Well," I said, "I will have to return home and make the trip across the river another day."

The ferryman kindly went with me to the stable for old Ben. When we unlocked the door and went in we found the mule, saddle and bridle apparently undisturbed, but the gun was gone! I would have to make my way through the perilous wilds of Panther Hollow unarmed!

(To be continued.)

### FORDS FERRY.

Mr. and Mrs. Tobe James attended church at Dunn Springs Sunday.

Mrs. Desse Clement was the guest of Mrs. Cora M. Clift one day last week.

Mrs. Henry Phillips of Colon section was within our midst Saturday.

The revival meeting will begin at Dunn Springs the second Sunday in October.

Miss Mayme Hughes of Weston has recently been visiting relatives of this neighborhood.

Mrs. Sallie Alvis is having her stock barn removed from her home at Clementsburg to her farm on the Cotton Patch Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Duncan of Rodney were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tobe James of this place Saturday.

Mrs. John E. Thomas of Hebron has been visiting her sister Mrs. Henry Truitt of this place the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Newt Brewer and little grand-daughters, Pauline and Charline, attended church at Dunn Springs Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lucas visited Mrs. Lucas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Claghorn of Dean section one day last week.

Jack Alvis and mother, Mrs. Alvis, of Casad were visiting relatives in this section recently.

Frank Williams and family have recently moved from our town to the Opossum Ridge vicinity.

The Dunn Spring Cemetery is to be cleaned off Saturday September 18, come out and do your duty by the loved ones that sleep the sleep of death.

### WANTED TO PURCHASE

One hundred early hatched Rosecomb white leghorn pullets, also fifty early hatched White Wyandotte pullets. W. S. LOWERY, Marion Salem Star Route, Ky.

—We have just received a car load of 16 per cent Acid Phosphate. As is our custom, will sell at a small margin. The prospects are that wheat will be high another year and in our judgment the farmer will make no mistake in sowing an increased acreage this fall.

Marion Milling Co., Incorporated

—FOR SALE House and lot on Bellville St. Remodeled till same as new. Five rooms and hall. Good out buildings, well and cistern. Bargain if taken at once.

J. A. ELDER, Phone 259-3

## Agricultural Column

By G. M. GUMBERT

The Farm Bureau will meet Saturday, September 25, at the Court House at 1:30 p. m. All members are expected to be present to plan for a membership campaign which begins early next month. Farm Bureau members were enabled to buy their fall seeds at a big saving and are now planning for a large order for cotton seed meal and bran. The wise and progressive farmers will meet with us, get on the inside of facts and then join our organization. Don't wait until our campaign to join, because if you join now you will become a charter member and will be first on our next deal.

Be present at our next meeting to elect a new secretary. Circumstances necessitate my resigning in order that I may give more time and attention to Agriculture and Athletics in High School. I shall continue to do all that I can for the good cause and it is my ambition to engage actively in the proposed membership campaign. I sincerely believe that when we acquaint the farmers with a few facts that we will increase our membership to 200. All members should feel obligated to be present and I assure you that there will be a surprise in store for you. All farmers in the county are invited to attend our meetings.

During Teacher's Institute I made arrangements with Prof. Barnes, of our Agricultural College to give as many as eight short courses in agriculture in our four educational divisions of the county. I shall teach three of these courses and shall have supervision of the others which will be taught by qualified and experienced agricultural men. These courses will be taught at night and will consist of 24 clock hours instruction. Two nights each week will be devoted to the course until finished. The following schools have been selected as places for instruction and details may be had from the teachers of the respective schools: Heaz, Crayne, Oak Hall, Hebron, Tolu, Seminary, Bells Mines, Shady Grove, Piney, Olive Branch. The teachers of the above schools are pledged to put this work over and I believe they will do it. The teachers in the schools surrounding those above named will co-operate to give the farmers in their communities an opportunity to benefit by this instruction. The cost is insignificant and need not be more than ten cents per night. Absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be refunded. More information will be given on request. Call 186-4.

I now have 21 boys enrolled in the Agricultural course in High School. Several more have promised to come and I believe they will not break their promise. Among those expected to enter next week are: Victor Hunt, Ray Holloman, Wilbur Fritts, and Roy Allen. The courses offered this

year will include Animal Husbandry, Farm Management, Business Arithmetic, Farm Accounts and Zoology. This course is open to any person in the county over 14 years of age. Half of the students time will be devoted to Agriculture and the other half to the regular course of study. Upon the satisfactory completion of this course you will be given a diploma which will admit you to any college in Kentucky for any course. If the eligible boys in the county do not enter this course this fall, they will regret it only once but that will be always. This course is especially designed for those boys who expect to return to the farm and will be made as practicable as possible.

### A FAMILY REUNION

Hello Mr. Editor: Something good to tell you, September 12th was Aunt Alvira Wheeler's birthday. She was 86 years old, hale and hearty as a youngster.

It was a surprise dinner to her but she certainly enjoyed it to the fullest. The neighbors and relatives present numbered thirty-two. All of her children were present, Misses Cordie and Tinnie Wheeler, Mrs. Treasie Wendice, Miss Ida Wheeler, R. F. Wheeler, of Madison, and Albert Wheeler, wife and three sons, of Texas.

The big table was groaning under the load, biscuits, light bread, three kinds of pie, besides the custard, six kinds of cake, salad, fried chicken, coffee, water melon, cantaloupes, etc. All that an appetite could wish and plenty left. A most delightful day was spent. I sang a good old song after which we took our leave wishing Aunt Alvira many more happy years.

W. J. WILL

### SILKOM.

Miss Lena Franklin and Mr. Gedy Sisco, Miss Mary Watson and Mr. Hobart Belt attended Sunday school at this place Sunday.

Mr. Robert Butler, of Oklahoma, Okla., who has been visiting relatives here has returned home.

Mrs. Glen Stalyons was the guest of Miss Clement Lynn Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Clement and Ruth Lynn were in Marion Saturday.

Mrs. Martha Franks was the guest of Mrs. Laura Turner Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Lynn and son, Reginald, visited at their aunts, Mrs. Alice Hughes last Thursday.

Reginald Lynn spent one day last week with his cousin, Ornel Lynn.

Mrs. Ada Perryman and children visited last week at her mother's, Mrs. Martha Franks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLean of near Fredonia spent the week end with their sisters, Mrs. Alice Hughes and Mrs. Martha Franks.

## WORTH HATS



SINCERITY is the keynote of good taste. The quiet refinement of correct attire is instantly recognized.

Worth Hats reflect that note of sincerity which is the result of good materials, good style, and careful, intelligent workmanship.

The hat which is suitable for one man may not be suitable for another. I will not merely sell you a hat to fit your head—I will help you to select a Worth hat which will conform to your personality and represent your individuality.

**D.O. Carnahan's**  
STORE



## POWERS ENABLED TO HOLD HARDER GOODS FOR HIGHER PRICE



Wool Sorting, Inspection and Blending.

(Copyright, by American Woolen Co., Boston.)

Since the passage of the United States warehouse act in 1910, the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture, which is charged with the administration of this legislation, has received approximately 300 applications for licenses. Half of these applications were received within the past year.

The advantages that accrue from the federal licensing and bonding of warehouses storing agricultural products such as cotton, grain, wool, tobacco and flaxseed are just beginning to be fully appreciated, say specialists of the bureau of markets. A continuous educational campaign has been conducted to accomplish this result, and the bureau confidently feels that a steadily increasing number of applications will be received.

**Aids in Financing Crops.**  
The chief purpose of the act, which is not mandatory, is to establish a form of warehouse receipt that will be easily and widely negotiable as delivery orders or as collateral for loans, and therefore of definite assistance in financing crops. By licensing and bonding warehouses the integrity of the receipt is assured as evidence of the condition, quality, quantity and ownership of the products stored. These receipts are approved as collateral for loans made by the federal farm loan board; and because of the high value of the paper, bankers generally are enabled to discount their loans to greater advantage, thereby securing cheaper money, which in turn should mean reduced interest charges for the growers. It is also a fact that in insuring cotton stored in federally licensed warehouses reductions of from 10 to 25 per cent have been granted by rate-making agencies. Thus the insurance underwriters give tangible recognition to the creation of a better moral class of risk and to the value of government supervision and inspection.

## TUBERCULOSIS TESTS ARE MOST RELIABLE

Disease Is Introduced Into Herds  
in Various Ways

Animals Should Be Purchased Only  
From Doves Known to be Free  
From Allment — Community  
Pastures Are Dangerous

Here are a few ways in which tuberculosis may be introduced into a healthy herd, according to specialists of the United States department of agriculture:

By the addition of an animal that is affected with the disease; therefore animals should be purchased only from herds known to be free from tuberculosis, or from herds under supervision for the eradication of the disease.

By feeding calves with milk or other dairy products from tubercular cows; this frequently occurs where the owner purchases mixed milk from the creamery and feeds it to his calves without first making it safe by boiling or pasteurization.

By showing cattle at fairs and exhibitions. Reports have indicated that numerous herds have become infected through mingling with infected cattle at shows or by occupying infected premises.

The shipment of animals in cars which have recently carried diseased cattle and which have not been disinfected properly.

Community pastures; pastures in which tubercular cattle are allowed to graze are a source of danger.

In most cases the outward appearance of the animal bears no relation to the degree of infection. The disease frequently develops so slowly that in some cases it may be months, or even longer, before any symptoms are shown; therefore, be on the safe side and have your herd tested.

Much valuable information on the subject is contained in Farmers' Bulletin 1003, Tuberculosis in Live Stock. Copies may be had by addressing a request to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

**Not Fit for Use.**  
Wooden pails or pails in which sour, decaying materials are kept are not fit for use in feeding a pure, clean ration to young calves.

**Shelter for Calves.**  
A cheap shed of some sort furnishes excellent refuge for the young calf during the middle hours of the day.

**Poison Grasshoppers.**  
Poison bait for grasshoppers. Your district agent will tell you how to use it.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their responsibility and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them.—John Ruskin.

### A SYMPOSIUM OF SALADS.

There is never a sameness in the art of salad making, for one has an infinite variety from which to choose raw materials. Cooked food, odds and ends of leftovers which would otherwise be wasted, may go into the salad bowl and become an attractive dish, with a well-prepared and an appropriate dressing.

**Fisherman's Salad.**  
Take two pounds of cooked fish, one pound of boiled potatoes, a quarter of a head of white cabbage; season with salt and pepper. After flaking the fish and shredding the cabbage add cayenne pepper to season well, one pickled beet finely chopped, also two cucumbers. Mix all together and serve with any good salad dressing.

**Potato Salad.**  
The best potato salad is made with potatoes cooked especially for the salad and seasoned before they become cold. Boil small-sized potatoes with their skins on, peel and cut in cubes, add seasonings of salt and pepper and marinate with a thin dressing—either a cooked dressing thinned with cream or a well seasoned French dressing. Dressing them while warm sends the seasoning through them and makes a much more palatable salad. Mince onion, fresh mustard finely minced, a handful of blanched and shredded almonds and a cucumber or two will make the finest kind of a salad, providing the salad dressing is a good well seasoned one. Just before serving add the thick salad dressing and the cucumber unless kept very cold will lose its crispness.

**Simple Tomato Salad.**  
Scald and peel perfectly ripe tomatoes of uniform size. Place in a dish and cover with ice and salt for an hour to chill thoroughly. Rub a salad bowl with the cut side of a clove of garlic and arrange the crisp, tender leaves of the heart of head lettuce as a lining to the salad bowl. Arrange the tomatoes cut in quarters or if small cut in quarters without separating the pieces and pour over a good mayonnaise dressing which has been seasoned with minced onion.

**Veal Salad.**  
Cook a small piece of veal in a broth made of chicken bones and water, or cook the veal with the chicken. Let the meat cool in the broth, then cut it in small cubes; mix with celery and salad dressing and it will be hard to tell from a chicken salad.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the seal,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.  
In the full clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced or cried aloud;  
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance,  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.  
—Hendley.

### THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

If a cork is too large for the bottle in which you wish to use it, lay it sideways and roll it with a small board under all the pressure you can put upon it. This will elongate it to fit the bottle.

Ripping is an easy task if safety razors are used to do the work.

To keep the eyebrows clean and to stimulate their growth and beauty, they should be brushed gently with a soft brush night and morning. In applying any tonic or oil only the smallest amount should be used.

Chicken which will not cook tender may be made so by the addition of a teaspoonful of alcohol in the water. Vinegar will also soften the fiber of meat, a tablespoonful to the kettle of stew.

To make mint extract, pick the fresh leaves of mint, wash and dry and pack into a bottle as full as possible; cover with alcohol and let stand two weeks, then strain and bottle for future use. This is the real stuff and one need not fear to use it.

Buckles, bands and buttons of polished steel may be beautifully cleaned by covering with unsalted lime and leaving for a short time.

Rude shoes or slippers may be rubbed with emery paper and they will look like new.

Dry hair is very valuable for cleaning purposes, as is cornmeal. Rub it into fur, where the soiled spots are, rub harder, then brush off. Ermine and delicate furs are cleaned well in this way.

Velvet coat collars and collars of men's coats may be cleaned easily with cornmeal wet with gasoline and rubbed well into the pile of the velvet or collar and then brushed out. Care should be taken to keep away from all fire.

A damp cloth wrapped around the throat and covered with a dry one will relieve a sufferer from a hacking cough.

**What Caused Quaker Sounds.**  
Complaints made about a woman's club in London because of a noise of thumping on the walls that began at 7:30 every morning brought out the fact that a woman of sixty and a woman of seventy-five, trying to reduce flesh, were competing in high kicking. "I have hit the wall at four and one-half feet," said the sixty-year-old woman, "and have lost two pounds. The old lady of seventy-five has kicked seven inches higher, but I won't be beaten by her."

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham  
Donner Q. N. S.

### THE BLUE BIRD.

"Ah," said the blue bird, "you're a lucky dog, a very lucky dog, indeed."

"I am that," said Pecky who was also known as Miss Peck. Pecky was a small smooth-haired black dog and his best friend was a little boy named Charles.

"My real name, or rather I should say my first name of all was Peck-a-hoo," said Pecky. "I've been called so many things since that I consider each of them my real name. And in a way each is my real name for by each name I am called."

"But the first name of all which I was ever named, so my master and my mistress tell me and so Charles tells me, too, was Peck-a-hoo. It's a name I haven't heard for so long that I have almost forgotten it as a name of mine."

"You look so happy," said the blue bird as he looked at Pecky who was sitting on the grass. The blue bird was perched on the branch of a tree.

"Blue bird," said Pecky, "I want to ask you a question. Do you mind if I do?" he added politely.

"Not in the least," said the blue bird.

"Well," said Pecky, "I have often heard you called the blue bird and I suppose that must be your name for you always answer to it. Is it your name, is it not?"

"It is," said the blue bird. "Mr. Blue Bird is my name."

"Then," said Pecky, "you must surely explain something for me, for it is puzzling me greatly and I would like to have it explained."

"Gladly will I do so," said the blue bird.

"I have heard people speak of being blue," said Pecky. "They have talked of being discouraged and sad and such things. They have looked sad and their voices have been without laughter for a while—for all of the time in fact that they said they were blue. And when they've been discouraged and sad and such things they've said they've been blue."

"Now you are always blue and yet you are not sad. You are a blue bird and still you sing. When people are blue they do not sing, they say they feel like crying."

"You want me to explain why it is I sing though I am blue," asked the blue bird. "This is easy for me to do. I will explain it to you at once."

"Good," said Pecky.

"You see," said the blue bird, "that I am blue in color. Now when people are sad and discouraged and when they say they are blue you will notice that they are not blue in color. Their feelings, their cheerfulness has become blue but not their faces and their feathers. I didn't mean to say feathers, for, of course, they haven't feathers."

"But they do not become blue themselves in their looks, only in their feelings. So as I am blue in my looks it doesn't mean I must be in my feelings any more than they must be blue in their looks because they are blue in their feelings."

"I'm a blue bird, that is my color. I like it and I am happy. I do not feel 'And you are happy then?' asked Pecky.

"Tremendously so," said the blue bird.

"Oh, how now," said Pecky. "There comes my breakfast and my lump of sugar for dessert."

"What?" asked the blue bird.

"Of course," said Pecky, "I have a blue, and between looking blue and feeling blue there is a great difference."

Small bowl of coffee with milk and melted sugar every morning for breakfast. I may not take it quite so hot as most people but I do like coffee. I really, really do! I love it! Most Charles has had his breakfast but he brings me a lump of sugar. He never, never forgets it. It is always in his pocket. I'm not blue in my feelings, or sad, not I," ended Pecky.

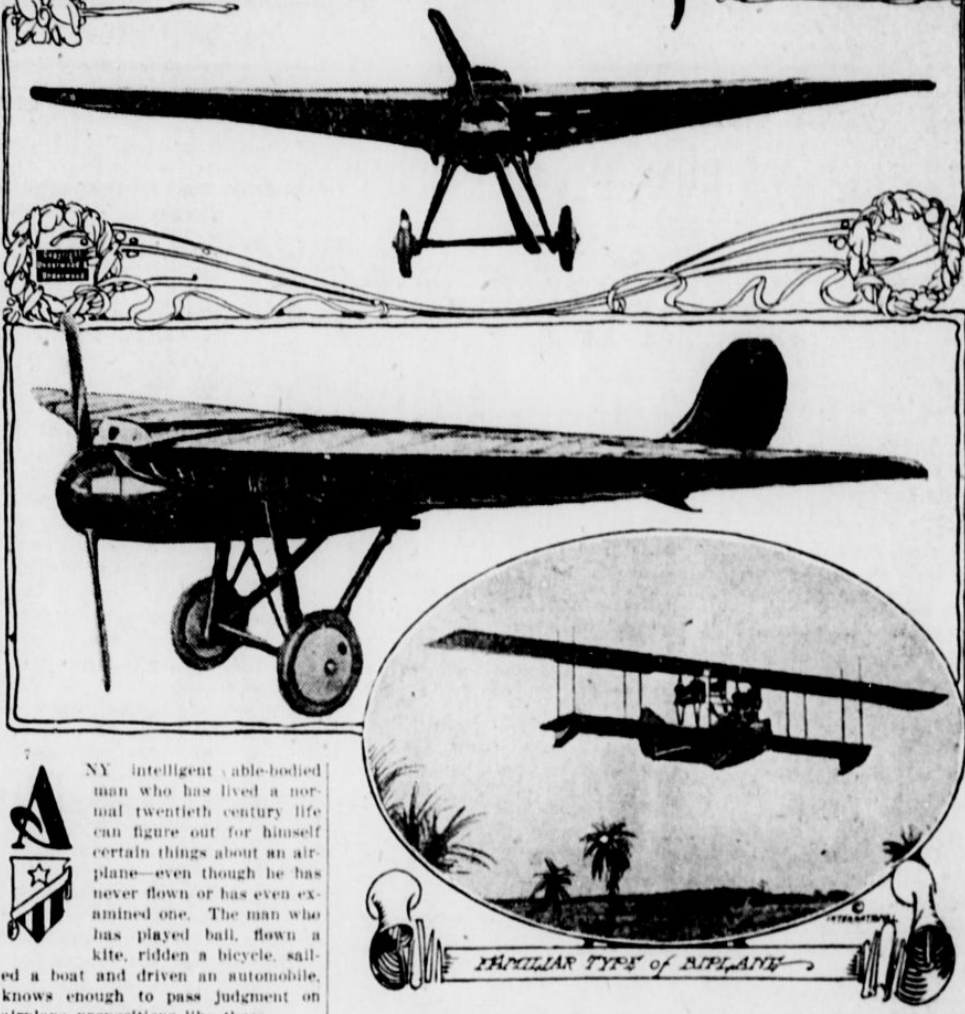
**What the Problem Was.**  
Father—Young man, why were you so late coming home from school tonight?  
Son—The teacher said she wanted me to stay about a problem.  
Father—What was the problem?  
Son—I was.

**Chance.**  
Citizen—Now that your boy is out of college, are you going to give him a chance in your business?  
Merchant—No; I'm not going to give him a chance—I'm going to take one.

**Why Carrie Invited Hazel.**  
"Now, dear," said mamma to little Carrie, who had just received a box of sweetmeats, "you must ask one of your little friends in to share your candy."  
"Well," replied Carrie, "I-I guess I'll invite Hazel. Candy makes her teeth ache and she can't eat much."

**Quite So.**  
"This is a novel proposition I have received from these publishers."  
"What is it?"  
"To write one."

## Stout Batwing : Latest in Airplanes



A SPECIAL TYPE OF AIRPLANE

NY intelligent cable-bodied man who has lived a normal twentieth century life can figure out for himself certain things about an airplane—even though he has never flown or has even examined one. The man who has played ball, flown a kite, ridden a bicycle, sailed a boat and driven an automobile, knows enough to pass judgment on airplane propositions like these:

Vibration means strain and wear and tear.  
Projections mean resistance to the air, increased vibration and reduced speed.  
Any part not a lifting surface means decrease in efficiency.

The lighter the airplane the greater the speed, with the same engine power.  
The greater the speed the greater the airplane's all-around efficiency.

So the average man will give ready assent to the proposition that a monoplane like the Stout Batwing, as pictured, is a distinct advance on the familiar biplane.

The Germans have been making exceedingly efficient airplanes along these new lines. Did they get the idea from America? Well, there has been a story that certain plans were stolen during the war. Anyway, the American Stout Batwing was secretly in process of construction during the war.

The following information concerning the Stout Batwing is sent out by the people interested in the machine. Making allowance for pardonable enthusiasm, it seems likely that it "promises to revolutionize aeronautics."

To William R. Stout, an American aeronautical engineer, formerly a member of the aircraft force in Washington, belongs the honor of producing an air machine, wholly new in its conception, that promises to revolutionize aeronautics. By a fitting coincidence Mr. Stout was materially assisted in developing his remarkable machine by Orville Wright. The new machine was one of the secrets of the war. Since perfected it is about to be flown from Detroit to New York, and its coming flight will be the first public demonstration of the new idea which seems destined to change the design and construction of the heavier than air machines.

With all the recent disclosures of the giant German monoplanes which since the armistice, it is gratifying to know that the type originated in America and was first constructed at Dayton by William R. Stout, under whose supervision the mystery ship was built.

The war department has just released disclosures of the German developments of internally-trussed wings—wings made with all the braces and strength inside so that all the parts of the wings lifted. These ships some of them with wings four feet thick, were considered by the Germans and our allies the last word in plane construction.

Details of the Stout Batwing, however, show that work was in progress on this plane early in the war period and it is even possible that photographs that disappeared from a certain portfolio in transit early in the war may have got into enemy hands.

The type is fitted to many uses. Each wing is supported on either side by nine spars, any two of which are strong enough to support the ship should the others be shot away. The longest spars, with a spread of 26 feet, weighed but seven and a half pounds and supported in test over a ton per pair without breakage. Sixty men can be supported on each wing of this machine without unduly stressing the parts, and there is no one place on the ship that can break and cause accident without there being being many others equally as strong to take its place.

With thick wings it can carry a weight equal to its own at express speeds. With wings thinned down for speed it has tested in the wind tunnel to a feasible speed of 217 miles per hour.

Wind-tunnel tests on the most recent ship show the plane to have a "ceiling" of 32,000 feet with a little 180-horsepower motor, and a climb of a mile in two and a half minutes. A speed of 150 miles an hour is possible with the same engine that in other ships gives but 70.

A 12-pound nugget is no record, but in most nuggets all is not gold that glitters; a 12 pounder of "almost pure gold" is rare. The world's record nugget came from Ballarat in 1858—2,217 ounces, worth \$5,000.

**Climbing Toward Heaven.**  
Some people can go up higher in the air than others, but, according to the experts of the medical research laboratory of the United States war department, no one who proceeds beyond a certain elevation—the critical line for him—escapes the malady known as mountain sickness. Some cannot go to an elevation of more than 10,000 feet without suffering, while a very few can venture as high as 19,000 feet. The symptoms depend not merely on the height but on the condition under which the ascent is made, especially physical exertion put forth and the rapidity of the climb. The only way that greater heights may be attained is by resorting to the scheme of carrying a supply of oxygen.

**Shallow 'Impressionists.'**  
Who hasn't seen the display of jewelry that betrays cheapness of mind and poverty of good taste? Who hasn't seen the clothes that needed a descriptive leaflet to let you know just what the thing was supposed to be? Such impressions are far from being of the kind that compel admiration. Women and girls should look well to the dressing art before they advertise themselves as candidates for home living. You can hardly blame men for rating them first in that far away, long ago clover field.

**Shallow 'Impressionists.'**  
Shallow characters try to make impressions with dress. To be able to sport something new and a few weeks ahead of the fashion seems to them most desirable. So the matter of color, design and everything else that enters into creations whose chief end is to enthrall and bewilder becomes a passion whose end is attained in the impression made. What nonsense some folk resort to to make impressions.

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# ROAD BUILDING

PUBLIC ROADS BUREAU WORK

Plans, Specifications and Estimates Are Examined and Approved in Short Period.

Over 50 per cent of all applications for federal aid are handled in the district offices of the bureau of public roads, United States department of agriculture in an average of five days; 90 per cent of them pass the chief engineer's office in Washington to final approval in four days. The plans, specifications and estimates which the states furnish and which have to be reviewed, sometimes checked, and always reported on in detail with specific recommendations, pass the district engineer's office at about the same rate as the applications and 90 per cent of them pass the district engineer's office in three and a half days. There are at present over 3,000 active federal aid projects in the United States.

The federal aid act is administered with three per cent of the appropriations and this fund is carefully controlled each month on the basis of actual performance under the law. As an illustration of efficient administration, district No. 8, with offices located in Montgomery, Alabama, cost the government \$78,547 from December, 1916, to April, 1920 inclusive. This is an average of \$1,916 per month. Reports from the district engineer for that district show that the bureau's engineering review and technical advice in connection with state projects submitted have resulted in large savings in road construction. A single case in one state was reviewed by the district engineer's office at a saving



White blocks Laid and Rammed — Maintenance Cost of This Kind of Pavement is Less Than That of Any Other Kind.

\$13,638.26. Another project was redesigned to cost \$10,000 less at the time the plans were reviewed by the bureau.

## EMPLOY CONVICTS ON ROADS

Satisfactory Results Reported From Twelve States Where Experiment Has Been Tried.

Twelve states have tried the employment of convict labor for road building thoroughly, and report that the results have been satisfactory. They are Arizona, Oklahoma, Florida, Maryland, Illinois, Louisiana, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Wyoming, Utah, Ohio and Nebraska.

Since the United States government has made its great appropriations for roads, which the states are utilizing as the federal law requires, as fast as their legislatures meet, the department of agriculture has been making a complete survey of the methods of road building in the states. Concerning the use of convict labor the conclusion from these reports is that where the convicts are well fed and housed they work well, save the state in construction costs, and therefore profit physically and mentally. —Syracuse Post Standard.

## CASH FOR IMPROVING ROADS

Total Amount for 1919 Placed at \$138,000,000 in Report by Bureau of Public Roads.

An important report, which possesses peculiar interest for all motorists, regarding good road progress during the present year, made by the bureau of public roads of the United States department of agriculture, shows that for 1919 the expenditure for hard-surfaced highways established a new record, in so far as the department's road program is concerned, the total amount being \$138,000,000. The indications are that the following year will exceed this record by a large margin, as the available funds for road expenditure by the bureau for 1920 amount to \$633,000,000.

## Money for Good Roads.

Thirty-seven states in this country have authorized the expenditure of \$5,641,729 for good roads in the next six years.

Cash for Lincoln Highway. An allotment of \$12,000,000 has been made for improvements to the Lincoln highway.

Highways Destroyed by War. More than 25,000 miles of highways were destroyed in France during the war.

Keep Up Milk Flow. To keep up the milk flow we need consider the natural requirements of the cow. She needs feed that is nutritious and plentiful and she needs comfortable conditions under which to work.

Preference to Sudan Grass. Sudan grass instead of millet, produce more and better food for most farmers because it makes palatable hay and will give three cuttings and a valuable pasture crop.

# THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

Copyright by Peter B. Kyne

## "GOD HELP YOU!"

Synopsis—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-year-old Bryce Cardigan. At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor at Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret. While Bryce is at college John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty. After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Colonel Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Colonel Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes. John Cardigan is despondent, but Bryce is full of fight. Bryce finds a burly redwood felled across his mother's grave. He goes to dinner at Pennington's on Shirley's invitation and finds the dining room paneled with burl from the tree. Bryce and Pennington discuss war, though Shirley does not leave. Bryce beats Julius Bondeen, Pennington's fighting logging boss, and forces him to confess that Pennington ordered the burl tree felled. Pennington bursts into the fight and gets hurt. Bryce stands off a gang of Pennington's lumbermen. Shirley, who sees it all, tells Bryce it must be "foolish." Bryce renews acquaintance with Moira McTavish, daughter of his drunken woods-boss.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"The thought that he so readily understood touched her; a glint of tears was in her sad eyes. He saw them and played his arms fraternally around her shoulders. 'Tut-tut, Moira! Don't cry,' he soothed her. 'I understand perfectly, and of course we'll have to do something about it. You're too fine for this.' With a sweep of his hand he indicated the camp. 'Sit down on the steps, Moira, and we'll talk it over. I really called to see your father, but I guess I don't want to see him after all—he's sick.'"

She looked at him bravely. "I didn't know you at first, Mr. Bryce. I fibbed. Father isn't sick. He's drunk."

"I thought so when I saw the logging-camp taking it easy at the logging-land. I'm terribly sorry."

"I loathe it—and I cannot leave it," she burst out vehemently. "I'm chained to my degradation. I dream dreams, and they'll never come true. I—I—oh, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Bryce, I'm so unhappy."

"So am I," he retorted. "We all get our dose of it, you know, and just at present I'm having an extra helping. It seems, you're cursed with too much imagination. Moira, I'm sorry about your father. For all his sixty years, Moira, your confounded parent

can still manhandle any man on the pay-roll, and as fast as Dad put in a new woods-boss old Mac drove him off the hill. He simply declines to be fired, and Dad's worn out and too tired to bother about his old woods-boss any more. He's been waiting until I should get back."

"I know," said Moira wearily. "No body wants to be Cardigan's woods-boss and have to fight my father to hold his job. I realize what a nuisance he has become."

Bryce chuckled. "Of course the matter simmers down to this: Dad is so fond of your father that he just hasn't got the moral courage to work him over—and now that job is up to me. Moira, I'm not going to beat about the bush with you. They tell me your father is a hopeless inebriate."

"I'm afraid he is, Mr. Bryce."

"How long has he been drinking to excess?"

"About ten years, I think. Of course, he would always take a few drinks with the men around pay-day, but after mother died, he began taking his drinks during pay-days. Then he took to going down to Sequoia on Saturday nights and coming back on the mad-train, the maddest of the lot. I suppose he was lonely, too. He didn't get real bad, however, till about two years ago."

"Well, we have to get logs to the mill, and we can't get them with old John Barleycorn for a woods-boss. Moira, so we're going to change

woods-bosses, and the new woods-boss will not be driven off the job, because I'm going to stay up here a couple of weeks and break him in myself. But how do you manage to get money to clothe yourself? Sinclair tells me Mac needs every cent of his two hundred and fifty dollars a month to enjoy himself."

"I used to steal from him," the girl admitted. "Then I grew ashamed of that, and for the past six months I've been earning my own living. Mr. Sinclair was very kind. He gave me a job waiting on table in the camp dining room. You see, I had to have something here. I couldn't leave my father. He had to have somebody to take care of him. Don't you see, Mr. Bryce?"

"Sinclair is a fuzzy old fool," Bryce declared with emphasis. "The idea of our woods-boss's daughter slinging hash to lumberjacks. Poor Moira!"

He took one of her hands in his, noting the callous spots on the plump palm, the thick finger-joints that hinted so of toll the nails had had never been manicured save by Moira herself. "Do you remember when I was a boy, Moira, how I used to come up to the logging-camp to hunt and fish? I always lived with the McTavishes then. And in September, when the huckleberries were ripe, we used to go out and pick them together. Poor Moira! Why, we're old pals, and I'll be shot if I'm going to see you suffer. Listen, Moira, I'm going to fire your father, as I've said, because he's working for old J. B. now, not the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company. I really ought to pension him after his long years in the Cardigan service, but I'll be hanged if we can afford pensions any more—partly—surely to keep a man in his home; so the best our old woods-boss gets from me is this slanty, or another like it when we move to new cuttings, and a perpetual meal-ticket for our camp dining room while the Cardigans remain in business. I'll finance him for a trip to some state institution where they sometimes reclaim such wreckage, if I don't think he's too old a dog to be taught new tricks."

"Perhaps," she suggested sadly, "you had better talk the matter over with him."

"No, I'd rather not, I'm fond of your father, Moira. He was a man when I saw him last—such a man as these woods will never see again—and I don't want to see him again until he's cold sober. I'll write him a letter. As for you, Moira, you're fired, too. I'll not have you waiting on table in my logging-camp—not by a jugful! You're to come down to Sequoia and go to work in our office. We can use you on the books, helping Sinclair, and relieve him of the task of billing, checking tallies, and looking after the pay roll. I'll pay you a hundred dollars a month, Moira. Can you get along on that?"

Her hand closed over his tightly, but she did not speak.

"All right, Moira. It's a go, then. There, there, girl, don't cry. We Cardigans had twenty-five years of faithful service from Donald McTavish before he commenced slipping; after all, we owe him something, I think."

She drew his hand suddenly to her lips and kissed it; her hot tears of joy fell on it, but her heart was too full for more words.

"Fiddle-de-dee, Moira! Buck up," he protested, hugely pleased, but embarrassed within. "The way you take this, one would think you had expected me to go back on an old pal and had been pleasantly surprised when I didn't. Chase up Moira! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll advance you two months' salary for now, you'll need a lot of clothes and things in Sequoia that you don't need here. And I'm glad I've managed to settle the McTavish hash without kicking up a row and hurting your feelings. Poor old Mac! I'm sorry I can't bear with him, but we simply have to have the logs, you know."

He rose, stooped, and pinched her ear; for had he not known her since childhood, and had they not gathered huckleberries together in the long ago? She was sister to him—just another one of his problems—and nothing more. "Report on the job as soon as possible, Moira," he called to her from the gate.

Presently, when Moira lifted her Madonna glance to the fringe of timber on the skyline, there was a new glory in her eyes; and lo, it was autumn in the woods, for over that hill Prince Charming had come to her, and life was all crimson and gold!

When the train loaded with Cardigan logs crawled in on the main track and stopped at the logging-land in Pennington's camp, the locomotive uncoupled and backed in on the siding for the purpose of kicking the caboose, in which Shirley and Colonel Pennington had ridden to the woods, out onto the main line again—owing, to a slight downhill grade, the caboose controlled by the brakeman could coast gently forward and be hooked onto the end of the log train for the return journey to Sequoia.

Throughout the afternoon Shirley, following the battle royal between Bryce and the Pennington retainers, had sat dismally in the caboose. She was prey to many conflicting emotions; but having had what her sex term "a good cry," she had to a great extent recovered her customary poise—and was busily speculating on the rapidity with which she could leave Sequoia and forget she had ever met Bryce Cardigan—when the log train rumbled into the landing and the last of the long string of trucks came to a stop directly opposite the caboose.

Shirley happened to be looking through the grimy caboose window at

that moment. On the top log of the load the object of her unhappy speculations was seated, apparently quite oblivious of the fact that he was back once more in the haunt of his enemies, although knowledge that the double-bladed ax he had so unceremoniously borrowed of Colonel Pennington was driven deep into the log beside him, with the haft convenient to his hand, probably had much to do with Bryce's air of detached indifference.

Shirley told herself that should he move, should he show the slightest disposition to raise his head and bring his eyes on a level with hers, she would dodge away from the window in time to escape his scrutiny.

She reckoned without the engine. With a smart bump it struck the caboose and shunted it briskly up the siding; at the sound of the impact Bryce raised his troubled glance just in time to see Shirley's body, yielding to the shock, sway into full view at the window.

With difficulty he suppressed a grin. "I'll bet my immortal soul she was peeking at me," he soliloquized. "Confound the luck! Another meeting this afternoon would be embarrassing."

Tactfully he resumed his study of his feet, not even looking up the side of the caboose, after gaining the main track slid gently down the slight grade and was coupled to the rear logging truck. He heard the engineer shout to the brakeman—who had ridden down from the head of the train to unlock the sliding switch and couple the caboose—to hurry up, lock the switch, and get back aboard the engine.

"Can't get this damned key to turn in the lock," the brakeman shouted presently. "Lock's rusty, and something's gone bust inside."

Minutes passed. Bryce's assumed abstraction became real, for he had many matters to occupy his busy brain, and it was impossible for him to sit idle without adverting to some of them. Presently he was subconsciously aware that the train was moving gently forward; almost immediately, it seemed to him, the long string of trucks had gathered their customary speed; and then suddenly it dawned upon Bryce that the train had started off without a single jerk—and that it was gathering headway rapidly.

He looked ahead—and his hair grew creepy at the roots. There was no locomotive attached to the train! It was running away down a two per cent grade, and because of the tremendous weight of the train, it was gathering momentum at a fearful rate.

The reason for the runaway dawned on Bryce instantly. The road, being privately owned, was, like most logging roads, neglected as to roadbed and rolling stock; also it was unmanned, and the brakeman, who also acted as switchman, had failed to set the hand-brakes on the leading truck after the engine had locked the air-brakes. As a result, during the five or six minutes required to "spot in" the caboose, and an extra minute or two lost while the brakeman struggled with the recalcitrant lock on the switch, the air had leaked away through the worn valves and rubber tubing, and the brakes had been released—so that the train, without warning, had quietly and almost noiselessly slid out of the logging-land and started on its mad career. There was nothing to do now save watch the wild runaway and pray, for of all the mad runaways in a mad world, a loaded logging train is by far the worst.

For an instant after realizing his predicament, Bryce Cardigan was tempted to jump and take his chance on a few broken bones, before the train could reach a greater speed than twenty miles an hour. His next impulse was to run forward and set the hand-brake on the leading truck, but a glance showed him that even with the train standing still he could not hope to leap from truck to truck and land on the round, freshly peeled surface of the logs without slipping, for he had no corks in his boots. And to slip now meant swift and horrible death.

Then he remembered. In the wildly rolling caboose Shirley Sumner rode with her uncle, while less than two miles ahead, the track swung in a sharp curve high up along the hillside above Mad river. Bryce knew the leading truck would never take that curve at high speed, even if the ancient rolling stock should hold together; but would shoot off at a tangent into the canyon, carrying trucks, logs, and caboose with it, rolling over and over down the hillside to the river.

"The caboose must be cut out of this runaway," Bryce soliloquized. And it must be cut out in a devil of a hurry. Here goes nothing in particular, and may God be good to my dear old man."

He jerked his axe out of the log-drove it deep into the top log toward the end, and by using the haft to cling to, crawled toward the rear of the load, and looked down at the caboose coupling. The top log was a sixteen-foot butt; the two bottom logs were eighteen-footers. With a silent prayer of thanks to Providence, Bryce slid down to the landing thus formed. He was still five feet above the coupling, however; but by leaning over the swaying, bumping edge and swinging the axe with one hand, he managed to cut through the rubber hose on the air connection.

After accomplishing this, axe in hand, he leaped down to the narrow ledge formed by the bumper in front of the caboose—driving his face into the front of the caboose; and he only grasped the steel rod leading from the brake-chains to the wheel on the roof in time to avoid falling half-stunned between the front of the ca-

boose and the rest of the logging truck. The caboose had once been a box car; hence there was no railed front platform to which Bryce might have leaped in safety. Clinging perilously on the bumper, he reached with his foot, got his toe under the lever on the side, jerked it upward, and threw the pin out of the coupling; then with his free hand he swung the axe and drove the great steel jaws of the coupling apart.

The caboose was cut out! But already the deadly curve was in sight; in two minutes the first truck would reach it; and the caboose, though cut loose, had to be stopped, else with the headway it had gathered, it, too, would follow the logging trucks to glory.

For a moment Bryce clung to the brake-rod, weak and dizzy from the effects of the blow when, leaping down from the loaded truck to the caboose bumper, his face had smashed into

the front of the caboose. His chin was bruised, skinned, and bloody; his nose had been broken, and twin rivulets of blood ran from his nostrils. He wiped it away, swung his axe, drove the blade deep into the bumper and left it there with the haft quivering; turning, he climbed swiftly up the narrow iron ladder beside the brake-rod until he reached the roof; then, still standing on the ladder, he reached the brake-wheel and drew it promptly but gradually around until the wheel-block began to bite, when he exerted his tremendous strength to the utmost and with his knees braced doggedly against the front of the caboose, held the wheel.

The brake screamed, but the speed of the caboose was not appreciably slackened. "It's had too good a start!" Bryce moaned. "The momentum is more than I can overcome. Oh, Shirley, my love! God help you!"

He cast a sudden despairing look over his shoulder downward at the coupling. He was winning, after all, for a space of six feet now yawned between the end of the logging truck and the bumper of the caboose. If he could but hold that tremendous strain on the wheel for a quarter of a mile, he might get the demon caboose under control!

After what seemed an eon of waiting, he ventured another look ahead. The rear logging-truck was a hundred yards in front of him now, and from the wheels of the caboose an odor of something burning drifted up to him. "I've got your wheels locked!" he half sobbed. "I'll hold you yet, you brute, slide! That's it! Slide, and flatten your infernal wheels. Hah! You're quitting—quitting. I'll have you in control before we reach the curve. Burn, curse you, burn!"

With a shriek of metal scraping metal, the head of the Juggernaut ahead took the curve, clung there an instant, and was catapulted out into space. Logs weighing twenty tons were flung about like kindling; one instant, Bryce could see them in the air; the next they had disappeared down the hillside. A deafening crash, a splash, a cloud of dust—

With a protesting squeal, the caboose came to the point where the logging-train had left the right of way, carrying rails and ties with it. The wheels on the side nearest the bank slid into the dirt first and plowed deep into the soil; the caboose came to an abrupt stop, trembled and rattled, overtopped its center of gravity, and fell over against the cut-bank, wearily, like a drunken hulk.

Bryce, still clinging to the brake, was fully braced for the shock and was not flung off. Calmly he descended the ladder, recovered the axe from the bumper, climbed back to the roof, tiptoed off the roof to the top of the bank and sat calmly down under a manzanita bush to await results, for he was quite confident that none of the occupants of the confounded caboose had been treated to anything worse than a wild ride and a rare fright, and he was curious to see how Shirley Sumner would behave in an emergency.

Colonel Pennington was first to emerge at the rear of the caboose. He leaped lightly down the steps, ran to the front of the car, looked down the track, and swore fearfully. Then he darted back to the rear of the caboose.

"All clear and snug as a bug under a chip, my dear," he called to Shirley. "Thank God, the caboose became un-

coupled—guess that fool brakeman forgot to drop the pin; it was the last car, and when it jumped the track and plowed into the dirt, it just naturally quit and toppled over against the bank. Come out, my dear."

Shirley came out, dry-eyed but white and trembling. The Colonel placed his arm around her, and she hid her face on his shoulder and shuddered. "There, there," he soothed her affectionately. "It's all over, my dear. All's well that ends well."

"The train," she cried in a choking voice. "Where is it?"

"In little pieces—down in Mad river."

"Bryce Cardigan," she sobbed. "I saw him—he was riding atop on the train. He—ah, God help him!"

The Colonel shook her with sudden ferocity. "Young Cardigan," he cried sharply. "Riding the logs? Are you certain?"

She nodded, and her shoulders shook pitifully.

"Then Bryce Cardigan is gone!" Pennington's pronouncement was solemn, deadly with its finality. "No man could have rolled down into Mad river with a trainload of logs and survived. The devil himself couldn't. He heaved a great sigh, and added: 'Well, that clears the atmosphere considerably, although for all his faults, I regret, for his father's sake, that this dreadful affair has happened. Well, it can't be helped, Shirley. Poor devil! For all his damnable treatment of me, I wouldn't have had this happen for a million dollars.'

Shirley burst into wild weeping. Bryce's heart leaped, for he understood the reason for her grief. She had sent him away in anger, and he had gone to his death; ergo it would be long before Shirley would forgive herself. Bryce had not intended presenting himself before her in his battered and bloody condition, but the sight of her distress now was more than he could bear. He coughed slightly, and the alert colonel glanced up at him instantly.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" the words fell from Pennington's lips with a heartiness that was almost touching. "I thought you'd gone with the train."

"Sorry to have disappointed you, old top," Bryce replied blithely, "but I'm just naturally stubborn. Too bad about the atmosphere you thought cleared a moment ago! It's clogged worse than ever now."

**Bryce turns a deaf ear to Shirley and forces the fighting.**

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**KNOW NOTHING OF DYSPEPSIA**

Eskimos Apparently Able to Digest Anything in the Form of Food, Without Cooking It.

There is at least one native race of America that is little troubled with dyspepsia. The Eskimo seems to defy all laws in this relation and to thrive He eats until he is satisfied, and it takes much to satisfy him, if, indeed, he ever is satisfied. He eats as long as there is a shred of the feast before him. His capacity is limited only by the supply.

The Eskimo, it further appears, can make no mistake in the manner of cooking his food for the very simple reason that he does not cook it. Nor, so far as the blubber or fat of the Arctic is concerned, is he worried about his manner of eating it. Indeed, he may be said not to eat it at all. He cuts it into long strips an inch wide and an inch thick and then lowers the strip down his throat as one might lower a rope into a well. Notwithstanding all this, the Eskimo does not suffer from indigestion. He can make a good meal of the flesh and skin of the walrus, provision so hard and gritty that in cutting up the animal the knife must be continually sharpened.

The teeth of a little Eskimo child will, it is said by those who know, meet in a bit of walrus skin as the teeth of one of our own children would meet in the flesh of an apple, although the hide of the walrus is from half an inch to an inch in thickness and bears considerable resemblance to the hide of an elephant. The child of the Arctic will bite it and digest it and never know what dyspepsia means.

**Influence of Lunar Cycle.** Physical and mental alternations are well marked in chronic invalids and in the insane. In the case of a sufferer from heart disease, with asthmatic symptoms, a careful record was kept of the singularly regular lunar monthly attacks. The cycle settlement of lunatics has also been studied by physicians, and in one of the investigations it was found that 40 per cent of men and 46 per cent of women in 384 asylum patients had definite periods of relapse.

The influence of the lunar cycle upon the prevalence of suicide has been observed by several investigators. More cheerful is the evidence that the phase of the moon affects the marriage rate. The rhythm of the aptitude for mental attention is a topic of great significance in the conduct of life.

**But One Way to Acquire Wealth.** Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt. —Francis Wayland.

## HAS NO PAIN

What Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound has done for Mrs. Warner.

Oonahka, Wis.—"Every month I have such pains in my back and lower part of my stomach I could not lie in bed. I suffered so it seemed as though I would die, and I was in regular either. I suffered for a year and was unfit to do my housework. I could only wash dishes once in a while. I read an advertisement of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other women and decided to try it. It surely did wonders for me. I have no pains now and I can do my housework without any trouble at all. I will always praise your medicine as I do not believe there is a doctor that can do as much good in female weakness, and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. LESTER E. WARNER, R. 1, Box 69, Oonahka, Wis.

The reason women write such letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. and tell their friends how they are helped is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives. Freed from their illness they want to pass the good news along to other suffering women that they also may be relieved.

FOR FULL AND CORRECT MEDICINAL VALUE ALWAYS

**ACCA** GENUINE ASPIRIN TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE WONDERFUL "SANTAP" GUARDS EACH TABLET AGAINST IMPURITIES

**Tan-No-More** "The Skin Beautifier."

between you and the Sun. It keeps the skin from becoming too hot and dry. It brings out the best of your skin. It is a perfect skin beautifier. It is a perfect skin beautifier. It is a perfect skin beautifier.

An evil tongue gathers the largest audience.

**99 OUT OF 100** Need Vacher-Bath at Times.

Nothing better for summer colds, hurts or itching. Keep it handy. Agents wanted where we have none. E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Adv.

We all get faded in time.

**Get Back Your Health!** Are you dragging around day after day with a dull headache? Are you tired, and lame mornings—subject to headaches, dizzy spells and sharp, stabbing pains? Then there's surely some thing wrong. Probably it's kidney weakness! Don't wait for more serious kidney trouble. Get back your health and keep it. For quick relief get plenty of sleep and exercise and use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!

**A Mississippi Case** F. LOWRY, Port Gibson, Miss., says: "My back ached and the kidney secretions were too free in passage, especially at night. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box. They helped me from the first and continued use made me feel better in every way. I have no trouble with my kidneys or back and I praise Doan's highly."

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

The next time you buy calomel ask for

**Calotabs**

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure. Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.



## LEAGUE OF NATIONS MEANS TO EACH OF US.

Dr. Frank Crane, an Eminent Preacher and Author  
Published in "Current Opinion," September, 1920.

Thus would I sum up the points in regard to the League of Nations to date:

1. It is the most important issue in the world. It is more important than any issue that has ever occurred in the history of mankind.

2. Compared with it, all economic and industrial questions are small, because, if we cannot stop war, industry will always be subject to periodic destruction.

3. Compared with it all subjects of dispute between churches and creeds are insignificant, for war is the triumph of materialism and heathenism.

4. If you are going to oppose the League of Nations to me, you must propose some other way to stop war, or I will not listen.

5. It took the most fearful war of history to induce the nations to get together and consider the League of Nations. Must we wait for another?

6. I have been a lifelong Republican, and my father was a Republican before me. Politicians who are peeved because the League was proposed by the opposite political party, or by a President they do not like, should be willing to swallow their pride and favor the League in spite of objections.

7. If they can not do this they put partisanship above humanity, and are enemies to the human race.

8. It is vastly more needful that some sort of League be formed, any sort, than that it be formed perfectly.

9. We must remember this is a new step for the nations; we must expect imperfections. All beginnings are difficult. But it is of such overwhelming importance to mankind that we ought to be very patient.

10. America started the League. It is our League. It means the Americanization of the World. For Americanization means the principle of Federation. It is the beginning of a Government of the World, on the model of the Government of the United States. Lord Birkenhead the other day said:

"The Americans created the League of Nations. It is their child. At the moment when America's power was the strongest, that trumpet note was heralded to a world broken and stricken with the sacrifice of war—an unforgettable message of idealistic hope—and for it full responsibility must be borne by the American nation."

There is no doubt that this is the belief of all Europe and Asia. Having begun this magnificent scheme, shall we scuttle it, just because of partisan quarrels at home?

11. The League is now in operation. It is not a mere proposal. Thirty-four nations responded to the appeal of America's President. Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and thirty others now belong. The thing has gone too far; we cannot stop it now.

12. If we do not join, what else can we do? Can we stay out, and remain forever isolated from the rest of the world? 13. We have to do business with other nations some way. If they are all in a League, shall we stay out, as a suspicious enemy, or an arrogant, egotistic stranger?

14. Let us look to the company we keep. These nations that have formed the League are our Allies. A little while ago we were fighting by their side for the salvation of the world. French, British and Italian blood mingled with American blood to soak the plains of Europe. Are we going to stand by our pals, or go over to the other crowd?

For if not this League, we must line up with the other. The other fellows are Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey and Mexico. They are not in the League.

Good Lord deliver us!

15. We talk of the Monroe Doctrine. We fear for our independence. We dread a Superstate that shall boss us. We denounce the League as plotting to sacrifice our nationality. Can't we stop to think about the other nations? Don't we realize that every one of them is more jealous of its own national sovereignty than we are of ours? They have been trained for centuries in national pride. And if they are willing to give up a part of their independence, for the sake of the limitless advantages of co-operation, can not we?

Not even family life is possible without mutual concession, compromise and self-sacrifice; how much less is world-life, the life of the Human Family!

16. If the United States heartily enters the League, one of the very first results will be the decrease of national armaments.

It is the huge armies and navies that keep the world poor and cause most of its suffering. Says the Bankers' Trust Company: "War creates the bulk of taxation. Outside of the maintenance of military establishment, the other expenses of government are relatively small. If a way could be found to stop war, the people would be prepared to take up enlarged plans for social betterment."

17. It is the workingmen, the poorer people, who suffer most from militarism, and would be most benefited by a League of Nations, which would relieve the world of its intolerable destruction. It is they who fight in the armies, suffer death and wounds, it is they who eventually must pay the taxes of war by their labor.

Nobody profits by war except profiteers.

18. The kind of feelings that prompt us to enter the League should be looked at and compared with the kind of feelings that oppose.

The League is Idealistic; its opposition is Materialistic. The League implies Optimism, a Belief in Humanity, a Confidence in the Honor of other nations; Its opposition implies Distrust, Suspicion, Hostility.

The League will promote Race Understanding; its opposite, Race Hates.

The League is in line with every Noble, Chivalrous, Manly sentiment; its opposition is Captious Sneering, Ungenerous.

The League proposes that the nations do business with each other as Gentlemen; without a League, we must go on as rival thieves and robbers.

The League spells Cooperation, as a world program; without the League there must be eternal cut-throat Competition.

19. Much has been made of the bugaboo that if we join the League American boys may have to be sent to Armenia, China or Africa to fight battles in which we have no concern. They may, it is true.

But without the League four million American boys had to take up arms to fight in Europe.

And without the League a similar crisis is likely to arise any day.

Would it not be better to have a few Americans in an army to help police the world, than to have the body of American manhood called on any minute to help put out a universal conflagration?

20. The whole dispute between the political parties about "reservations" to the League, and as to which foot we shall first put forward as we enter, and as to whether we shall go in under Democratic or Republican leadership, is the veriest political piffle. It stinks in the nostrils of every intelligent patriot.

21. The League of Nations means Progress, Courage, Humanity. Opposition to it means Reaction, Cowardice and Provincialism.

22. This is the real battle of Armageddon. It is of more value to the future of humanity that a League of Nations be successfully launched than that Germany be defeated. Men who move heaven and earth to keep America out of the League are far worse enemies to the race than the Kaiser ever was.

23. The League is favored by the great majority of thinkers, by Philosophers, men in Universities and Churches, by the American Federation of Labor, by writers and by all who are concerned in Public Welfare. It is opposed by one class only—

the partisan politicians and those influenced by them.

24. Every danger incurred by joining the League, and of course there are dangers, will be multiplied a hundred fold by staying out.

25. Every Religion, except the fierce heathenisms of national propaganda, has dreamed of some sort of universal peace to stop war, the most monstrous curse of mankind. Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Bahaism, all have had the dream. The League of Nations moves with the great spiritual current of humanity.

26. The fear that the League is a deep plot of Great Britain to further her own interests is utterly silly. Would not France, Italy and the other nations who have joined have more reason to fear Great Britain than we have?

27. The League of Nations is not a far off question, one of politics and diplomacy that does not concern you and me. It is of most vital, individual importance to every man, woman and child in the United States.

Does it mean nothing to you, mother, that your boy may be called out when he reaches manhood to take his post in the next world war?

Does it mean nothing to you, business man, that gigantic taxes be enforced on you to keep up a huge army and navy?

Does it mean nothing to you, workingman, that you may be used as a pawn in the next game of bloody international chess?

Does it mean nothing to you, O lover of your race, when you pray daily that wars may cease and brotherhood prevail, that at last the nations of earth are honestly trying to answer your prayer?

28. But the final, conclusive and absolutely unanswerable argument for the League of Nations is simply this:

If not this—then what?

What is the alternative?

For if there is to be no League, then we must clump back into the old order, every nation must go on arming to the teeth, tax burdens increase, and wars occur with the regularity of hell's clock strokes.

29. And, if we succeed in our noble experiment, if we establish a League of Nations, and if we disarm, think of what we can do with the enormous surplus of wealth which the race is constantly piling up, and which heretofore has been burnt up in powder! What enormous public works we can undertake! What magnificent programs of education we can set forward among the earth's backward populations. What highways and bridges, what parks and pleasures, what universities and temples, what vast commercial enterprises, what grandiose works for the betterment of mankind! Think of the staggering loads of treasure we must pour out in the next few years to pay the debts of the last world war, and shall we take no steps to prevent another?

These are some of the reasons why I do not hesitate to say that the League of Nations is of most immediate and personal concern to every one, that every one should inform himself upon it and that it is a fair test for every man, to show whether he be intelligent, progressive and humane, or uninformed, reactionary and biased.

Ex-president Taft cannot be accused of being a champion of Mr. Wilson or the Democratic party. In fact he has swallowed his convictions sufficiently to enable him to support Mr. Harding for President. He gives us, however, a clear statement upon the League of Nations. "Had I been in the Senate," he writes, "I would have voted for the League and the Treaty as submitted; and I advocate its ratification accordingly. I did not think, and do not now think, that anything in the League Covenant, as sent to the Senate, would violate the Constitution of the United States, or would involve us in wars which it would not be to the highest interest of the world and this country to suppress by universal boycott, and, if need be, by military force. Moreover, I believe that the issue of the League transcends in its importance any domestic issues and would justify and require one who believes so to ignore party ties and secure this great boon for the world and this country."

Taking a dispassionate, forward look, one's calm judgment perceives that, in some way or other, the League of Nations will continue and that the United States will go into it.

Even if there is a Republican Senate and President, the United States will have to go in for the simple reason that there will be nothing else possible to do. Intelligent Republicans realize this and making their plans as gracefully as they can after they have thrown Mr. Wilson to the wolves.

Of course, to the parties in mind, it is vastly more important to elect Republican office-holders than it is to secure the peace of the world. But having elected their candidates, they will climb into the band-wagon the best they can.

For the United States to adopt permanently the policy indicated by Hiram Johnson and William Randolph Hearst is utterly unthinkable.

### CASAD.

Roy F. Flanary left Saturday for Elkhart after having spent the summer with his grand-parents.

Watts Franklin left Sunday to re-enter Marion High School.

Lacy Cook came home from Paducah Saturday, he has been in a hospital there for some time.

Charles Edward Springs, little son of Claud Springs, has been real sick but is now improving.

Last Sunday was regular preaching at Dunn Springs.

Mr. George Byrley, an old and

respected citizen of this neighborhood, died Thursday and was buried Friday at Whites Chapel.

Mrs. E. N. Cook spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Clement of Chapel Hill.

Miss Orbie Hunt, who spent the last two weeks with Mrs. E. N. Cook, returned home Friday.

W. R. Williams is spending the week end in Marion with his family.

—WANTED— Lady or gentleman agent in the city of Marion for Watkins Famous Products. Known everywhere. Big profits. Write J. R. Watkins Co., 56, Memphis, Tenn.

## Strouse & Bros Evansville, Ind.

### Our New Fall Suits

.....are worth seeing

.....worth wearing

They are investments in good appearance. They will pay you back in wear what you pay for them in price. Their quality and fine workmanship is of the same high grade you always expect to find in High-Art Clothes. Prices are

**\$30. And Up**

Come in and see the many new models and weaves in Fall Styles when you come to Evansville.

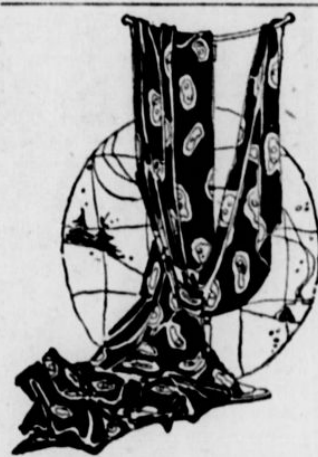
**STROUSE & BROS**  
Evansville, Indiana

Parcel Post Prepaid  
on Mail Orders.

No Refund  
Fares.

**D.O. Carnahan's**  
STORE  
"NOT SATISFIED TILL YOU ARE"

## All Ready to Supply Your Fall Merchandise Needs



### New Assortment of Fall Gingham

School is just commencing and we have a large quantity of new patterns to select from.

Come early.

Prices 30, 35, 40 and 45c per yd.

Satins and Messalines, 36-in. wide at \$2.25 per yard.

All the popular fall shades, browns, navy blues, grey and black.

All wool Serges in navy blue, black and brown, prices \$1.50 to \$3.00 per yard, 36, 40 and 54 in. in width.



## SHOES SHOES

For Young and Old



All styles, kinds and lasts. Every pair guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

# DEMOCRATIC SPEAKING!

... AT ...

**Opera House, Marion**  
**Saturday, Sept. 25th**

**1 O'CLOCK**

**HON. HELM BRUCE**  
OF LOUISVILLE

Will address the voters of this community on the issues of the campaign.  
Come and bring your women folks.



# HAVE YOU PICKED YOUR WINNER?

Have you given your new or renewal subscription for the Press to your favorite contestant and helped to win one of the valuable prizes to be given away, or are you waiting for the right contestant to come along? Each subscription given on or before Wednesday averages three times as many votes as will be allowed during the closing period.

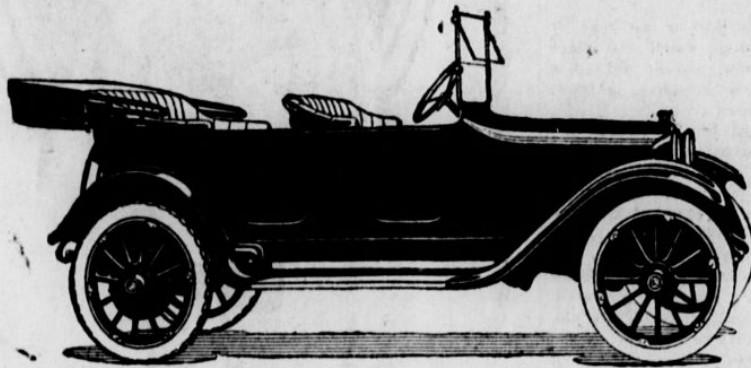
## GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE

**DODGE BROTHERS**

**MOTOR CAR**

1920 Model Touring Car

VALUE \$1,415.00



PURCHASED FROM

**Marion Auto Sales Co.**

Marion, Kentucky

### SECOND PRIZE

**Edison Talking Machine**

Purchased from and on Exhibition at

**Yates Bros. Music Store**

### THIRD PRIZE

**Beautiful Cedar Chest**

Purchased from and on exhibition at

**R. F. Dorr Furniture Store**

### FOURTH PRIZE

**Ladies' Valuable Watch  
Bracelet**

Swiss Movement

Soon on Exhibition

### FIFTH PRIZE

**Ladies' Valuable Watch  
Bracelet**

Swiss Movement

Soon on Exhibition

These valuable prizes will be given away to the ladies having the most votes on Wednesday evening, September 29th. So give your subscription now, and

## HELP SOMEONE WIN!

### LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Dick Cruce was in the city Thursday.

Frank Adams was in Marion Wednesday.

Frank Order of Piney Fork was in Marion Thursday.

Miss Miriam Pierce left Thursday for Louisville. She will do Lyceum work.

"Uncle Benton" Henkle passed away, Wednesday, September 15 and was buried at Pilot Knob Friday. He was making his home with his nephew, Mr. B. B. Stout.

Miss Ellen Travis of Tribune was in the city Wednesday.

Tom Davis was in the Press office on business Thursday.

Judge C. S. Nunn was in this office on business Thursday.

Miss Mary Wyatt, of Princeton, spent Wednesday in town.

C. A. Adams exhibited his cream separator in Marion Monday.

Miss Gladys Baker left Friday for Louisville, where she will resume her studies at the Louisville Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. R. C. Hopper of Memphis, Tenn., arrived Wednesday and is now visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Vandell.

Mr. M. Y. Nunn has gone to Elkton where he will enter school.

Mr. Roy Flanary left this week for Elkton, where he will attend school.

Mrs. George W. Stone left Wednesday for Carmi, Ill., where she will visit relatives.

Judge J. W. Blue was to see us Wednesday and subscribed for the Press.

Mrs. John Quartermoss and Mrs. W. B. Butler of Salem visited Dr. Moreland and family Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Emily Boyd of Caldwell county is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mary Josie Pickens.

Mrs. Calvin Hunt and son, Ewell were in this office Thursday while in Marion.

### NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

Notice is hereby given that the Ohio Valley Fluorspar Company, incorporated, is closing up its business.

GEO. W. KILLEBREW, Pres.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Woods left Thursday for their home in Paducah after visiting relatives here.

### FOR SALE

My farm on the Marion and Dy-cusburg road, one mile and half from Crayne. Farm contains 200 acres, dwelling house, four rooms and hall, good cellar, smoke house, two good cisterns in yard, one attendant house, two barns plenty of stock water, all under fence but in need of repair. I will sell with some down and rest on three years time. For particulars see CELIA TABOR.

15 4

**Haynes & Taylor Say**

After you eat—always take **EATONIC**

(FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE)

Instantly relieves Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Indigestion, Food souring, eructing, and all the many troubles caused by

**Acid-Stomach**

EATONIC is the best remedy. Tens of thousands wonderfully benefited. Positively guaranteed to please or we will refund money. Call and get a box today. You will see.

**HAYNES & TAYLOR**

Druggists

### GLASSES FITTED WITHOUT DRUGS

Cross eyes straightened without operation.

Any lens duplicated.

**Gilchrist & Gilchrist**

Dr's of Ophthalmology

Marion, Kentucky

### ITCH!

Munt's Salve, formerly called Munt's Cure is especially compounded for the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ring worm, and Tetter, and is sold by the drugist on the strict guarantee that the purchase price, 75c, will be promptly refunded to any dissatisfied customer. Try Munt's Salve at our risk. For sale locally by

**HAYNES & TAYLOR,**

### For Sale--

Six nice building lots in Fairview and Mounds Addition

Price and terms reasonable.

Address

**Wm. DANOWSKI,**

Mayfield Kentucky.

## PUBLIC SALE!

**Saturday, Oct. 2, 1920**

I will offer at Auction Sale at my farm, known as the Tom Martin farm 3-4 mile northeast of Fish-trap, on Tradewater River in Crittenden county, the Personal Property listed below

### Live Stock

2 Black Percheon Mares, one 5 years old and one 9 years old, weight about 1400 pounds each.

1 Pair Black Horse mules, 6 and 8 years old.

1 Registered Herford Bull, 3 years old, weight 1470 pounds, and other stock cattle.

There will be no by-bidders but will reserve the right to reject the sale if not satisfactory.

### 251 Acres of Land

To be sold at Private Sale. If land is sold before day of sale there will be yung mules, cattle, farming implements, hay and corn for sale.

**E. C. LITTLE**

**R. F. D. 2**

**Repton, Ky.**

## Voters of Crittenden County! BE NOT DECEIVED!

By Misleading Promises and  
"Wilson-Cox" League Propaganda!

Four years ago the Democrats succeeded in deceiving the voters with "God Bless Wilson, He Kept Us Out of War," and by that means elected Woodrow Wilson president. And the same Democrats are again resorting to deceptive methods by giving out a false interpretation of the League of Nations. But since being so woefully fooled and having endured eight years of Wilsonism, which has almost ruined our nation the voters are now thinking for themselves, and refuse to be further misguided and will say by their votes on November 2nd, "AWAY WITH YOUR LEAGUE OF NATIONS," and all other autocratic and un-American doctrines.

Women of Crittenden county, since twenty-nine Republican states of our union as against only seven Democratic states have now clothed you with full right of suffrage, GO TO THE POLLS ON NOVEMBER the 2nd and cast your vote for the Republican ticket, as did the mothers in the state of Maine, and say by that act that you denounce the League of Nations, and that you are not willing to mortgage your boys to the European powers and that you will not sign the bloody bond which is a first lien upon the life of every boy beneath the Stars and Stripes.

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

### Young Stock For Sale!

Registered Duroc Pigs, four months old, Jersey heifers, from 6 months to two years old.

One yearling mule

One horse colt, will make a nice saddle and harness horse.

JAS. ALEX HILL

Phone 135-2 Marion, Ky.

### STRAND THEATRE

Friday, Sept. 17

Ethel Clayton

IN

"The Girl Who Came Back"

Saturday

Mary Pickford

IN

"JOHANNA ENLISTS"

Tuesday

A William Fox Production—

Subject to be Announced Later.

Coming September 28

BABE RUTH

IN

"KNOCKING HOME RUNS"

Thursday

Earl Williams

"Captain Swift"

W. D. Drennan and wife, Mrs.

Sarah Ann Lamb, A. C. Deboe and

wife, Quincy Wilson and wife at-

tended the Barbee funeral at Sturgis

Tuesday.

J. D. Asher, Walter McConnell,

H. S. Wheeler, Mrs. W. D. Can-

nan, G. C. Jennings, W. T. Oakley,

Rev. Boucher and W. F. Hogard

attended the funeral of Rev. J. T.

Barbee at Sturgis last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Stribling and

children have returned from a visit

with relatives in Tenn.







## CALOMEL HORROR TOLD BY DODSON

You Don't Need to Sicken, Grip or Salivate Yourself to Start Liver.

You're bilious, sluggish, constipated. You feel headachy, your stomach may sour, your breath bad, your skin yellow and you believe you need vile, dangerous calomel to start liver and bowels.

Here's my guarantee! Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic and take a spoonful tonight. If it doesn't start your liver and straighten you right up better than calomel and without griping or making you sick, I want you to go back to the store and get your money.

Take calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak and sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day. Take a spoonful of harmless, vegetable Dodson's Liver Tonic tonight and wake up feeling splendid. It is perfectly harmless, so give it to your children any time. It can't salivate.—Adv.

The man who lacks friends usually lacks in friendliness.

## VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Need the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

## GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL

The world's standard remedy for those disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against other attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Ask for the same Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitations.

**Keep Stomach and Bowels Right**  
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infant and children's purgative.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP**  
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at bedtime. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.

**ALIAS**  
Druggists

**Cuticura Soap**  
Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

Box 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c.

**WHY GO HUNGRY?**  
If your stomach is weak and you suffer with indigestion, — don't neglect your health and comfort. You may eat anything you like, and still feel hungry.

**DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS**  
when required. You will digest your food; nourish and build up your system eliminating all poisonous waste matter and strengthening the stomach.

**Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills**

For Grip, Colic and MALARIA

**7-11 CHILLIFUGE**  
kills the Malaria germ and regulates the liver.

24 CENTS

W. N. U., MEMPHIS, MO. 37-1920.

Hubby Inquires.  
"Fashions from Paris say the ladies will wear no stockings."  
"What will that cost?"—Judge.

**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.

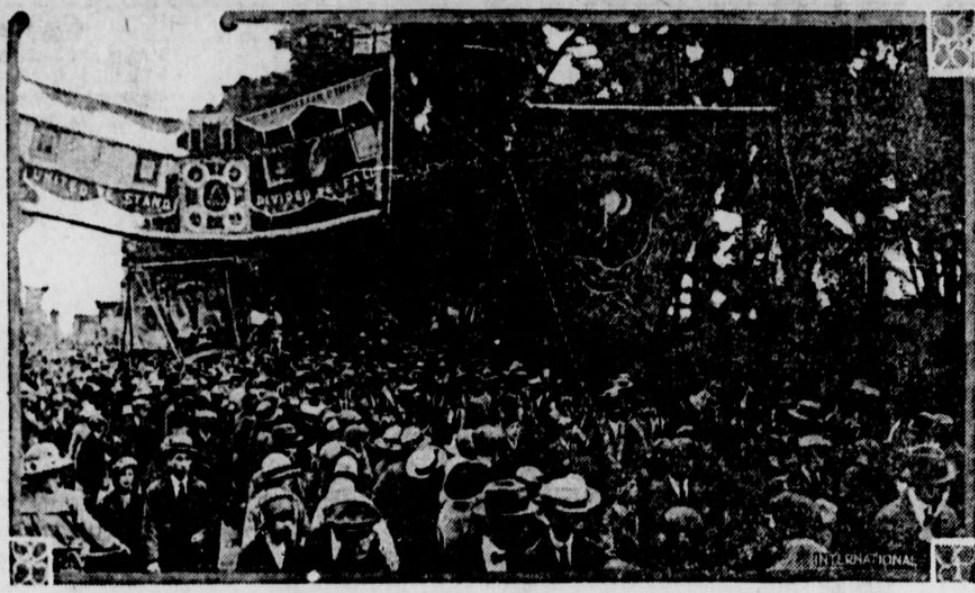
A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root.

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, you wish first to try this great prep., send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

**MURINE**  
Night  
Morning  
Keep Your Eyes  
Clear—Clear—Clear—Health—  
Write for Free Book, "Book Night in the City."

## Orangemen in Great Belfast Demonstration



An imposing procession of 20,000 Orangemen through the streets of Belfast to Finaghy, where they were addressed by their leader, Sir Edward Carson.

## Hunting From an Automobile

Thrilling Description of Unique Sport in the Moroccan Desert.

### FOUR GAZELLES ARE BAGGED

Fast Driving Over Stony Plain to Get Within Range—Great Skill on the Part of Chauffeurs Necessary to Handle Cars.

London.—The Morocco correspondent of the Times sends a thrilling description of hunting gazelles by automobile. He writes:

There are four of us, Hadji Thami Glavis, the Busha of Marrakesh; Kaid Hammou of the Atlas, Sid Ayadi, Kaid of Rahama, and your correspondent.

It is time to start. There is a car for each of our four sportsmen, and at the invitation of my hosts I take my seat beside the chauffeur, with two beautifully dressed black slaves in the back seat in attendance. The kaid enters their cars and we set out.

The cultivated lands are quickly left behind and the great plain of Rahama lies stretching away before us with the snow peaks of the Atlas bounding its southern horizon.

Kaid Ayadi gives the signal and the four cars spread out—a few hundred yards apart—and proceed at a slower pace, about fifteen miles an hour. The ground is stone-strewn and rough, and careful steering is necessary. There are boulders of every shape and size loosely strewn over the plain, and little channels worn by water, insignificant enough in themselves, but highly damaging to motorists if not skillfully maneuvered. Our chauffeurs, three Frenchmen and an Algerian, are skillful drivers and accustomed to this sport of the "Great Kaid."

Sighting the Game.  
Suddenly one of the slaves in my car cries out and away ahead of me I see a herd of gazelle bounding over the plain. My car is on the extreme left of the line and our object is to head off the herd from the more stony ground and turn them to the right, where the plain is more level. Edging away always to the left our car quickens its pace, rolling from side to side and bumping. Seizing every opportunity of a few yards of good ground, we spurt forward, only to have to slow down again to manipulate some awkward spot. The gazelle are on our right, for it is only with a shotgun loaded with solid bullet or buckshot that they can be got. To shoot with a

speed the cars rush forward. The speedometer of my car marks 40 miles an hour, but we are not gaining on the gazelle, who appear easily to keep their distance of four or five hundred yards ahead of us. At another signal we increase the pace to 50 miles an hour. The plain is level, but there are stones and little undulations and many small watercourses, merely little deviations in the surface, but none the less exciting to pass over, and the exhilaration is intense.

Four Killed, One Taken Alive.

It is wonderful driving on the part of the chauffeurs, and the cars sway from side to side, and rise and fall, like boats in a rough sea. We are closing upon the herd now, and it looks as though it will be my car that will be the first to come up with them, but suddenly they turn aside to the right, and pass down the line of advancing cars.

The Busha of Marrakesh's little figure is clearly visible as he stands in his awaiting car. The gazelle pass him, and with right and left he brings down two—beautiful shooting. Kaid Hammou's car is the next, and he, too, shoots his two gazelle. Once more the herd swerves, and passing between the cars, breaks back to the rear and is allowed to escape without further molestation—all but one, a young doe, who paralyzed with fear, stands motionless, and is easily captured alive and unhurt, to be carefully conveyed back to Marrakesh to become a pet in the harem's house.

It may be argued that this class of hunting is not sport, that the gazelle have no chance of escape, but it is not so. The risk is great, an accident may occur at any moment, and the stony surface of the ground gives the gazelle a good chance. Of the many herds we saw the four gazelle shot and the one taken alive were our whole bag, though we covered 100 miles of distance on the plain alone, without counting our ride to and from Marrakesh. The handling of the cars requires the greatest skill, and the shooting is by no means easy. To hit a running gazelle from a motor car traveling at the rate of 50 miles an hour over rough ground needs no little skill.

## Irish Justice Without Jails

Sinn Fein Courts Return Most Unusual Findings in Some of the Civil Cases.

Dublin.—Some of the decisions of the recently organized Sinn Fein courts disregard all precedent of court procedure.

They must result to subterfuge in criminal sentences because they have no prisons, but their findings in civil cases sometimes are most unusual.

A will case was recently tried in a district court. Two brothers were

to operate their father's farm jointly after his death until one of them should decide to marry. Then it was to be divided between them. One of the brothers became engaged and maintained that as he was the first to set up a new home of his own he should divide the estate to suit himself. The other objected. The Sinn Fein jury decided that the engaged man should be allowed to divide the farm, but that his brother should have the right to select the division he wanted.

A man who stole something from a farmer was sentenced to work 30 days for the farmer and return the article. Another who stole a set of harness was paraded through the village streets with the harness tied about him, then taken to the owner and made to apologize as he returned the harness.

### OXYGEN FOR GAS VICTIMS

Chamber Is Equipped in Hospital at London to Give Special Treatment.

London.—An oxygen chamber has been completed at Guy's hospital at a cost of \$3,000.

It is an airtight chamber of glass framed in teak, measuring 20 feet square and 7½ feet high.

It will be used principally for the cure of men gassed in the war. The treatment devised by Prof. Joseph Barcroft of Cambridge university and Dr. G. H. Hunt of Guy's hospital, is still in the experimental stage but doctors are hopeful of good results.

Men who have been gassed and suffer from difficulty of breathing show great improvement after lying in the chamber for five days or more and breathing oxygen continuously.

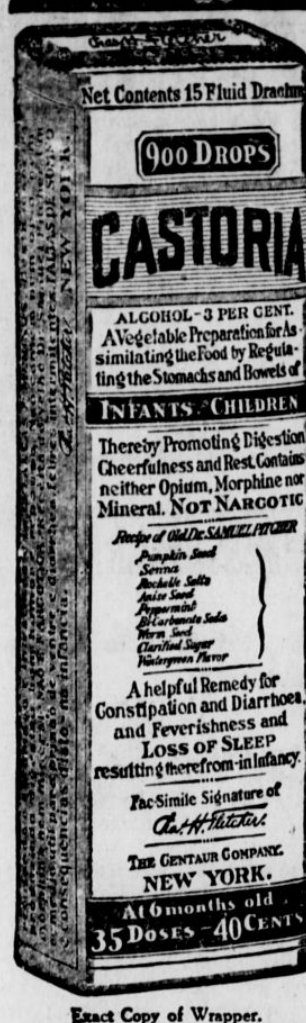
The chamber will contain three beds, and each patient will breathe 8 cents' worth of oxygen a day.

Nearly 7,000 foreign drams are now doing business in China.

hair into the track. They were surprised, however, to see Bates yank his head back and leave the hair there. It was a wig.

Robbing the Afflicted.

Jackson, Ky.—The man who robbed W. B. Larkin's jewelry store of rings worth \$1,700 is the nearest thief in local annals. He came into the store and asked Larkin to fix a crystal on his watch, and while the jeweler's back was turned got away with the rings. Larkin is deaf and dumb.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Bygonas.  
"We must let bygones be bygones."  
"I endeavor to do so. I no longer give a thought to the time I wasted making up my mind how I would vote in the primaries."—Washington Star.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping.—Adv.

Cross Is Right.

"The original cross-examination," remarked the mournful philosopher, "must have been the third degree procedure Eve used on Adam when her husband remained away a large part of the night sitting up with a sick friend."

"Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

### MERELY MAKING IT WORSE

Tommy Was Naturally Fearful as to the Consequences of Any More Interruptions.

A very junior officer was trying his first case.  
"Seven days confinement to camp," he snapped.

"Beg pardon, sir," whispered the company sergeant-major. "You mustn't give a sentence like that. You—" "All right, then, fourteen days," retorted the sub.

"But, sir," pleaded the sergeant-major, "it's not—" "Aye, aye, major," interposed the Tommy. "Don't check 'im again or 'e'll give me twenty-one. 'E ain't a huffer—'e's a bauctioneer!"—London Tit-Bits.

Getting His Bearings.  
One day as I was driving along I heard a crack in the vicinity of the rear wheel. Upon investigation I discovered all the bearings gone.

Not being able to continue, I sat down on the running board waiting for help. Before long a seedy-looking man came along in a car making so much noise that he had difficulty in hearing me.

I called out: "Hey, mister, do you know any place near here where I can get some bearings?"

The man looked around quickly, gave me a sly wink and said: "Sure, if you know enough to keep your mouth shut."—Exchange.

Problem to Come.

Little Harry, the pride of a Brooklyn household, was one morning engaged in a wriggling and twisting series of maneuvers to get his arms through the sleeve of an undershirt and then get it over his head. After a number of vain attempts he called upon his mother for assistance, remarking:

"Mother, when I get to be an angel and have wings how in the world am I ever to get my shirt on?"

Celebration.

Knieker—"Did he have a birthday cake with candles?" Becker—"Yes, he had a cake of yeast and got lit up."

## Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Special Care of Baby.

That Baby should have a bed of its own all are agreed. Yet it is more reasonable for an infant to sleep with grown-ups than to use a man's medicine in an attempt to regulate the delicate organism of that same infant. Either practice is to be shunned. Neither would be tolerated by specialists in children's diseases.

Your Physician will tell you that Baby's medicine must be prepared with even greater care than Baby's food.

A Baby's stomach when in good health is too often disarranged by improper food. Could you for a moment, then, think of giving to your ailing child anything but a medicine especially prepared for Infants and Children? Don't be deceived.

Make a mental note of this:—I is important, Mothers, that you should remember that to function well, the digestive organs of your Baby must receive special care. No Baby is so abnormal that the desired results may be had from the use of medicines primarily prepared for grown-ups.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## How About Your Catarrh?

Do You Want Real Relief?

Then Throw Away Your Sprays and Other Make-shift Treatment.

Why? Simply because you have overlooked the cause of catarrh, and all of your treatment has been misdirected. Remove the cause of the clogged-up accumulations that choke up your air passages, and they will naturally disappear for good. But no matter how many local applications you use to temporarily clear them

away, they will promptly reappear until their cause is removed.

S. S. S. is an antidote to the millions of tiny Catarrh germs with which your blood is infected. A thorough course of this remedy will cleanse and purify your blood, and remove the disease germs which cause Catarrh. S. S. S. is an excellent system cleanser; it is not sold or recommended for Venereal Diseases.

For free medical advice, write to Chief Medical Adviser, 230 South Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.



### HE GOT HIS ROUTES MIXED

Negro Soldier's Amusing Explanation as to How It Was He Got His Wound.

"I admire the man who laughs at danger, don't you?" "No, I think he has a mighty poor sense of humor."

Freshen a Heavy Skin  
With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

### USE ANTISEPTIC

MUL-EN-OL

AS A MOUTH WASH

AND DENTIFRICE

It Cleans the Teeth, Disinfects the Mouth and Keeps the Gums Firm and Healthy

Expensive Melody.

"Ah! Life with you would be one grand, sweet song!"

"But I'm a practical girl. To me there's music in the purr of an expensive motor, in the soothing tones of a French maid, the suave replies of a well-trained butler makes, the honeyed words of tradesmen eager for my patronage, etc."

"Say no more, Angeline. You are talking about the kind of music I can't provide."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Leggittally Yours

KING PIN

CHEWING TOBACCO

Has that good

licorice taste

you've been

looking for.

Films Developed

and Printed on Velox

We collect the postage of those Kodak men who demand the best Kodak pictures. ONE DAY SERVICE. Write for Kodak Catalogue. THE KODAK FILM SUPPLY CO. 34 South 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Men and Women

WHY SUFFER from bad-tasting mouth, coated tongue, foul gases coming from your stomach, constipated bowels, bad skin, skin, blood, heart and kidney troubles? One booklet of Home Treatment has helped thousands back to health and happiness. Send 2c stamp for booklet. KODAK HOME TREATMENT COMPANY, BIRMINGHAM, MAINE.

WALL PAPER CLEANED and made bright like new. Write for prices. W. H. Graves, 4103 Rescued Ave., Dallas, Texas.

Dreammakers, Attention! Homecoming 6-80 yd. Dressing Buttons Covered. Peruvian Buttons Wks. 100 University Pl., N. Orleans, La.

FRECKLES



