

# The Crittenden Press

Volume 43

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

Number 32

## COURT PROBATES TWO WILLS

No Cases Were on Docket—Routine Business—Two Wills Were Probated

The regular monthly meeting of the County Court convened Monday. No cases were on docket for trial and after the general routine of business two wills were probated.

The will of the late Jesse Shearer was probated, his wife being made executrix of the estate. By the provision of the will all his property, real and personal, was bequeathed to his wife, Nannie Lee Shearer, the property to belong to her while she remained his widow. In case she should remarry, the estate to be divided equally between herself and six children.

The will of the late B. W. Belt was also probated. A. W. Watson was made executor of the estate. The sum of \$5.00 was bequeathed to a nephew. The balance of the estate, valued at \$6,000 was divided equally between his two daughters, Mrs. Thorpe and Mrs. Watson.

### KILLED AT ROSICLARE

Winfield Ledbetter, better known as "Bunk" Ledbetter, was instantly killed in an accident at the Rosiclar mine Friday. He was working underground at the mine, and had started back some distance to where the other hands were at work when, meeting an electric car, stepped out of its way; at the same time another car going in the opposite direction ran over him, crushing him to death.

Mr. Ledbetter was about 45 years old and was a son of the late John H. Ledbetter, of Elizabethtown, Ill. He leaves a wife and three or four children. He is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Charles Lamar and Mrs. Alice Robinson, both of Elizabethtown.

Mrs. Ledbetter before marriage was a Miss Ferrell, daughter of J. Ferrell of Elizabethtown, and a niece of Mrs. William Brazwell, of this city.

### CITY COURT NEWS

The following civil cases have been filed for trial in Judge A. M. Gilbert's court:

Maurie Nunn Coal Co., Pitt., vs. Audrey Clark, Def., suits for balance on coal bill. Compromised, \$13.75.

John Cox sues N. V. Arnold for \$56 for labor at mines. Trial set for Jan. 12.

V. Wear-U-Well Shoe Co. sues J. H. Farmer, shoe repairer, for \$32. Trial set for Jan. 12.

### 1,400 INDICTED FOR IGNORING DOG TAX

A dispatch from Hopkinsville says that 1,400 Christian county citizens have been indicted for failure to pay dog tax.

This is the most drastic action ever taken by a Kentucky county to force payment of this frequently ignored tax. The lowest possible settlement is \$16 plus the tax—\$1 for male and \$2 for female.

Sheriff Cliborne will be busy for two weeks serving bench warrants. This is the largest batch of indictments ever returned at one sitting of a grand jury in the state.

### NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

Notice is hereby given that Kentucky Fluor Spar Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the state of Kentucky, by unanimous consent of its stock holders, is dissolved and is closing up its business; that all of its properties, business, and assets have been taken over by Kentucky Fluor Spar Company, a Delaware corporation, which assumes all liabilities and will continue the business the same as heretofore, in all respects under the same management.

This Dec. 14, 1920.

KENTUCKY FLUOR SPAR CO.  
(Kentucky corporation)

By A. A. NORTHERN, Pres.  
T. J. McREYNOLDS, Sec.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Riley, of Caseyville, who have been visiting Mr. Riley's brother, James H. Riley, returned home Thursday.

## PROF. WRIGHT CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

The birthday party given by Prof. M. C. Wright at his home in Carrsville Friday evening, November the 26th, was one of the most enjoyable events in the history of that community. Prof. Wright has been a teacher in the public schools for 42 years, and his success in that capacity was evidenced by the overwhelming number of greetings which he received on this occasion.

About 50 gifts and 150 letters and post cards were received by him, and from all parts of the country.

One of the largest crowds ever assembled in that neighborhood was in attendance to show the Professor the respect and esteem in which they held him.

Refreshments were served, the birthday cake being baked by Mrs. Wright and was delicious. The evening's entertainment consisted of music and games.

## MARION POWELL DIES AT CLAY

The death angel visited our midst and took away Mr. Marion Powell, one of the oldest citizens of our neighborhood. He was 80 years old and leaves a wife and five sons and a host of grandchildren to mourn his loss. Mr. Powell was born May 11, 1840, died December 11, 1920.

## LATEST NEWS

of Neighboring Counties.

Serious outbreaks, it is reported, are threatened in Davies county because of the conditions of the tobacco market and the low prices offered to farmers. Growers numbering 1000 march in body to the loose leaf warehouses and demanded that the owners close their doors until better prices prevail.

At Hodgenville, in LaRue county, two brothers, Isaac Candiff and Otho G. Candiff married two sisters, Miss Ollie Ella Pilkenton and Miss Bernice A. Pilkenton, respectively. Both grooms and brides are of LaRue county.

At Elizabethtown Saturday Lawrence Beeler, seven years old, lost his right hand as a result of an accident at a corn crusher at his father's place. He was playing near the crusher when his sweater caught in the machinery, which ground his hand off to the wrist.

The death cells in the State prison at Eddyville, where persons convicted of crime carrying the death penalty are executed, have been empty more than eight months, creating a record for the state.

A touring car worth \$2,700 was stolen from a garage at Mayfield Monday night, making the fifth car stolen in that city in the last month. Two of the machines have been recovered but none of the thieves have been caught.

Mrs. Martha E. Williams, 23 years old, was arrested in Henderson charged with forging the name of Miss Julia Trigg of Corydon to War Saving Stamp blanks and collecting \$532.92. She is held to the Federal grand jury. Mrs. Williams, as an orphan was reared by Miss Trigg.

Lee Ellison, alleged slayer of R. S. Hunter, sheriff of Hopkins county, was arrested in Hannibal Mo., Sunday by Deputy Sheriffs Hilton and Turner. When arrested he admitted his identity but said he was not aware that he had killed Hunter. He will be taken to Louisville, where he will be held for safe keeping. Rewards totalling \$1,500 have been offered for Ellison's arrest. It is not known what disposal will be made of the reward money.

Supt. of Public Instruction Colvin has mailed a letter to county boards of education telling them that "every board of education in Kentucky has financial resources and credit enabling it to pay its teachers promptly, and every board should do its full duty in this matter."

Because the vibrations of the big gong are causing the court house walls to crack, the town clock at Hickman is to be stopped from striking. Complaint has also been made that it kept persons awake at night.

## TO INVESTIGATE TELEPHONE RATES

Council Asked To Call Election to Vote High School Bond Issue

The city council met in regular session Monday night, Mayor J. W. Blue presiding and the following councilmen present: Walter McConnell, R. F. Haynes, Harry Joiner and C. A. Daughtrey.

By a resolution the Board of Education asked the city council to call an election to vote \$19,500 worth of school bonds to be used in the construction of a high school building and in repairing the graded school building.

J. S. Crayne was granted a permit to erect a store building on his lot on south side of Belleville street, near I. C. railroad.

It was ordered that the City Attorney make an investigation as to whether the installation charge now being required by the Marion Home Telephone Company is legal; also to investigate as to whether the monthly rates now being charged by the Marion Home Telephone Co. are not in excess of the provisions of their franchise.

The council adjourned to meet on Monday December 20 to take up the matter of organizing a fire department, in order to secure a reduction in the fire insurance rates of the city.

## MAKES GOOD IMPRESSION

The union revival under the leadership of evangelist Robert Lear, of Marion Ky., continues with unabated interest. The large opera house, the largest in the city, is filled nightly. There have been a number of conversions to date. In fact there has not been a single dull service since the meeting began, and the whole town seems to be under the influence of the meeting. To say that evangelist Lear is preaching strong sermons would be putting it too mildly. His sermons are great. He has a way of presenting the truth that the sinner cannot help but see his sins, as well as those who have grown cold and indifferent toward their christian duty. He is not only a strong logical, orthodox preacher, but a most wonderful personality. He has no slang, no clap trap methods; he has no compromise for sin, yet he condemns it in such a way that he draws and holds the attention of the audience instead of turning them away. He is easy the greatest evangelist that has ever been in the city of Parsons. We are to be congratulated on having such a man come to our city. Lear could not only follow Bill Sunday, but could easily prepare the way for Sunday or any other man. It looks now as if the whole city would be stirred. Mr. Lear's coming, we firmly believe will mean a new Parsons.—Tucker (W. Va.) Democrat.

## RURAL CARRIERS EXAMINATION

A rural carriers examination will be held at the Marion post office building on January 8, 1921, to fill vacancies in the post offices at Salem and Hampton. This examination will be held by the Civil Service Board, of which W. E. Minner is local secretary. Any one desiring further information should apply to the post masters at Salem and Hampton.

## REV. M. C. ROBINSON HOLDS REVIVAL

I am in Marion today on my way home from a revival meeting at Princeton. We certainly had a great meeting and many souls were saved. I shall never forget the good people of that community. We closed the meeting Sunday night and baptized seven. I shall never forget Rev. W. W. Pugh and his good wife. I made headquarters with them. He is one of the greatest men in my judgment I ever worked with. I did all the preaching, but Bro. Pugh certainly has power with God and men.

God bless the community. Take special care of the children. I am all out for Heaven. N. C. ROBINSON  
Shady Grove, Ky.

## DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "THE MOLLYCODDLE"

Out over the plains of Arizona—sometimes called the desert by the native sons—there wended a wagon and automobile train recently, consisting of 96 horses pulling great, lumbering wagons, fifty-six pack horses and twenty automobiles.

It was not an army marching upon Mexico, but Douglas Fairbanks and his company moving 100 miles inland where they could shoot some wild and out of the ordinary scenes in his next "Big Four" picture, "The Mollycoddle."



lycoddle," which will be shown at the Strand Theatre Christmas night, December 25.

The 100 miles represents the distance between the camp at Polacco on the Hopi Indian reservation and Holbrook, Ariz., the nearest railway station.

It was an inspiring sight as the train wended its way, and in the purple haze of an Arizona sunset pulled up at the camp. It was one of the biggest troupes that ever left Los Angeles for a motion picture pilgrimage.

Among those comprising the party were Douglas Fairbanks, Victor Fleming, his director; Ted Reed, assistant director; Thomas Geraghty, scenarist; Ruth Renick, leading woman; Adele Farrington, Louis Hippe, W. F. Snell, Edmund Goebel and scores of carpenters, extras and others.

## M. H. S. PRESENTS "PROFESSOR PEP"

The comedy "Professor Pep" was presented by the students of Marion High School Wednesday evening. It was the first entertainment given by the High School this season and was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

Excellent music was rendered by an orchestra of M. H. S. Alumni.

The play was admirably executed. The characters who were the shining lights of the evening were Miss Velda Elkins as Petunia, the hired girl; and Miss Elizabeth Dollar as Aunt Minerva. Watts Franklin as Prof. Pep and Carlos Grubbs as Slim Batty, the cop, deserve honorable mention.

## KENTUCKY'S OLDEST MASON

Mr. Singleton Hodge of Princeton Ky., who is spending the winter with his daughter Mrs. H. C. Moore, is probably the oldest Mason in the state. He took the E. A. degree Dec. 1856; F. C. Jan., 1856 and W. M. in July 1856. He was master of Bingham lodge 256, Marion, Ky., in 1858 and was one of the delegates who voted to move the grand lodge from Lexington to Louisville, Ky., in that year. He has been an active worker for 65 years.—Mayfield Times.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES

The following marriage licenses have recently been issued by County Clerk L. E. Guess.

S. C. Booth and Miss Mattie L. Baker.

John W. Morrow and Mrs. Zelma O. Fox.

James Brown and Miss Bertha Lamb.

James E. Clark and Miss Ona Fralick.

G. S. Snell and Mrs. Grace Foster.

S. F. McClain and Miss Nina Brader.

Kelly James and Miss Maggie Marie Peek.

## TO BRIDGE TRADEWATER

Plans made for Much Needed Bridge At Fishtrap—Webster to Join

By an agreement made at the last meeting of the fiscal court, the fiscal court of Crittenden county and the fiscal court of Webster county met at Fishtrap on Wednesday December 9, to make plans for the building a bridge across Tradewater river, that being the dividing line between the two counties. At an informal conference held between the two fiscal courts it was agreed to build a bridge across Tradewater at Fishtrap, the work to begin as soon as possible and the bridge to be finished, if possible, by August 1, 1921. A construction committee composed of County Judge Moore, of Crittenden, and County Judge Hall, of Webster, and two magistrates from each of the two counties, was appointed. The bridge is to be of first class workmanship, the cost not to exceed \$10,000. It is estimated that Crittenden county will pay two fifths and Webster county three fifths of the cost of construction.

## W. W. MOORE WRITES ABOUT THE SCHOOLS

Dear Editor:

I have just read the Press which is always like a letter from home, but your school notes in this issue are especially interesting to me. I left Crittenden county in 1891 at the age of 19 and without having acquired only a very limited education. Most of my time since then has been spent in Texas which, considering it is one of our greatest states, is shamefully far behind in rural school matters.

But what I started to say is that I have spent more than five years in Oklahoma, and although it is one of our newest states, it is far more progressive in rural school matters than any other portion of the country with which I am acquainted and the most surprising feature is the rapidity with which the whole community will respond when once a move is made in the right direction. It was in Greer county, Oklahoma that we had three one-room schools that were "dragging along" without any apparent interest being manifested by either teachers, patrons or pupils. We began discussing the advisability of consolidating and in a few months we had consolidated those three one-room schools into a district comprising 30 sections (30 square miles of land) voted bonds, built a \$12,000 brick school building, furnished it with the most modern equipment, purchased seven wagons with a capacity of 30 pupils each, and early in November of the same year, opened school with six teachers and every wagon loaded to its capacity. That was one of the worst winters I have experienced but not a child missed a day on account of the weather. And I never heard of a protest from a single non-resident land owner. Of course that same thing is being accomplished in various portions of the country, but why not in Crittenden county?

W. W. MOORE  
Temple Texas.

## SANTA CLAUS SHOULD VISIT THIS LAD

Dear Santa Claus:

I will write you a letter to tell you what I want for Christmas. I am a little orphan boy eight years old. I go to school every day. I like my teacher fine. I am in the third grade and would like to have a watch and a gun, some apples, oranges, bananas, candy and nuts.

Please don't forget to come. I will go to bed early and shut my eyes tight. I will not look—indeed I will not.

EARL DAVIS.

## TAX NOTICE

To delinquent tax payers of Marion if your city and school tax is not paid by the third day of January, 1921, I will levy on your property at your expense and sell it. Come and pay and save the cost.

GEO. W. STONE, Tax Col.

## KENTUCKY FLUOR SPAR COMPANY DISSOLVED

The consolidation of the properties of the Kentucky Fluor Spar Company and the Standard Spar and Chemical Company, which was actually effected on January 1, 1920 has recently been completed by the organization of the Kentucky Fluor Spar Co., a Delaware corporation. Both the Standard Spar and Chemical Company and the Kentucky Fluor Spar Company, Kentucky corporations, have been dissolved. The properties of both corporations have been held and operated by the Kentucky Fluor Spar Company during this year and the completion of the organization does not in any manner change the management or business of this concern, as the business has been operated, as consolidated, the whole of this year.

## COUNTY SCHOOL NOTES.

J. L. Paris, County Superintendent

Three hundred years ago, on December 21st John Carver and his little band of Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It is said that Christmas Day this year will mark the three hundredth anniversary of the building of the first white man's house in New England.

The school week beginning 20th will be a most fitting time to review the history of the Pilgrims and impress their ideas of liberty and traits of character which have wielded so much influence on American history. Teachers should make an effort to select historical plays, readings and pageants, appropriate for the time.

The County Spelling Contest will be held at the Marion school building Friday evening, December 17 at 7:30. Admission free.

The following work is suggested for pupils and teachers during the week. All pupils who do any of the work outlined should send me a report of their work so that I may give them credit and enroll them as a member of my class.

Memorize so that you can repeat to your teacher, the poem "The Landing of the Pilgrims," by Felicia Hemans. This poem may be secured by copying from a book in my office.

## ARITHMETIC

Send in solution to the following problem: How many more feet of wire will be required to fence a field 80 rods long and 45 rods wide than it will to fence a square field containing the same number of acres? Bible Readings for Morning Exercises Monday Dec. 20. Matthew 5:1,12 Tuesday Dec. 21. Matthew 6:19,21 Wednesday Dec. 22. Proverbs 15:1,9 Thursday Dec. 23. Psalm 93. Friday Dec. 24. Luke 2:8,20.

Among the schools visited recently was Lone Star, where I found a full school being well directed by Miss Lillie Aree. I have visited Midway the place where I spent the school days of my childhood. Here Miss Ethel Hunt, an excellent teacher was busily engaged with a good number of pleasant looking boys and girls who seemed to be very orderly and doing good work.

How many memories of former years come to my mind when I visit this school as I think of my old teachers and classmates. It hasn't been forty years but I think of the sentiment expressed in the poem "Forty Years Ago" when I see the changes that a few years will bring. I think of my teachers one by one; J. L. Rushing, who died in 1893, whose grave I visited on my way from Lone Star; N. W. Paris, who died in 1902; W. G. Condit, who is one of the leading citizens of our county; J. B. McNeely, who is now teaching at Pleasant Grove; R. B. Gass, now a citizen of Henderson, and U. G. Hughes, a minister of the Gospel, all good teachers, and my schoolmates as I think of them scattered over several states I wonder about each one and wish we could have a reunion at the old school house.

—Having a full line of broom making machinery, I would appreciate making up anyone's corn, either on shares or for certain price each. Factory at my residence, Marion, Ky. 32-1"

J. WESLEY LAMB



# All Selling Records Demolished!!



A Sale in a  
Class by Itself

IT'S A  
THRILLER!

# PRICES SHATTERED

Frantic buying---furious selling---clerks working like beavers, marked the immense opening day of our mastodonic sale. Eager buyers packed the store and thronged the aisles throughout the day, purchasing the world's best merchandise at prices the good people of this community have never seen before. In order to make a complete clean up of this stock we have further shattered prices, and have brought all surplus merchandise from our ware-rooms and have placed it on sale for quick disposal. All swollen profits have been completely annihilated in this big undertaking and it will pay you to visit this sale at once. Don't delay, but come and let your own eyes see the visible proof of this crisis. IT IS A CLOSE OUT.

## MAYES' STORE NOW HOLDS CENTER OF THE STAGE!

### CLOSE OUT WINNER

Good heavy L. L. Domestic, worth 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ c wholesale today. We will sell you 10 yards at, per yard

**11c**

Our Loss--Your Gain

### A MARVELOUS BARGAIN

Percalé, standard cloth, double width, light and dark colors, all you want at, per yard

**15c**

### Misses' and Children's Coats

Good, dependable all wool coats, styles not good, but strictly conservative, sizes range from four to sixteen years. Buy one of these for a sensible every day coat, former value up to \$15, choice

**\$2.95**

### Ladies' Coats and Suits

The sensation of the sale for all who love economy. These garments are not new style, but splendid qualities, the cloth in each garment is worth more than the price we ask, former values up to \$25, choice

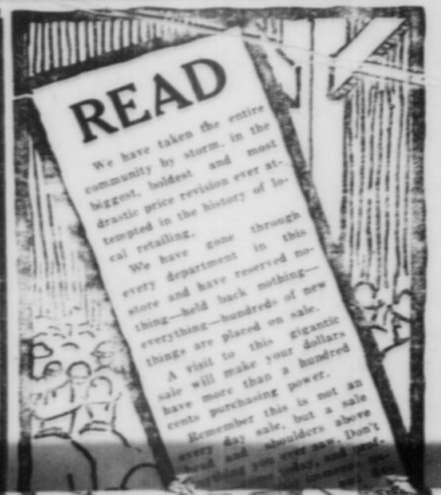
**\$4.49**

### Christmas Turkey FREE!

Beginning Wednesday morning we will give free tickets to all who ask for them. These tickets are good on the big Christmas Turkeys to be given away Friday afternoon in the store. There will be a number of these birds given away at that time. Ask for tickets. Turkeys will be given away at 3:30 Friday

### OPPORTUNITY IS YOURS!

Right at the season of gift buying a CLOSE OUT SALE offers you greater opportunities than any Christmas of the past—Buy anything mentioned here and save a wonderful amount of money—Hand Bags, Traveling Bags, Towels, Towel Sets, Spreads, Blankets, Handkerchiefs, Jewelry, Silks, Shoes, Gloves, Rubber Boots and hundreds of like articles and every one at a distinct



15c

\$3.<sup>95</sup>

A Marvelous Chance

LOOK AT THIS!

36 inch bleached domestic, soft finish, as good as hope, 10 yds. to a customer as long as it lasts, yard

15c

Phenomenal Saving

1914 PRICE BEATEN HERE

Thursday morning at 9 o'clock we offer to the first ten customers buying \$2.50 in any kind of merchandise. Ten yards of good Apron Gingham, the 10 yards for

83c

Folks Read Every Item Listed Here and Profit by These --Remember This is a Close Out

Standard Outing Flannel, not the light weight kind, extra heavy fleece, plain and fancy colors, 35c quality, per yard

19c

Beautiful new dress Gingham s, plaid, stripe and checks, the regular 50c kind. Late purchases, your choice per yard

23c

Remnants and Skirt Lengths of fine fancy and plain Silks, Satins and Messalines, at per yard

98c

Standard Apron check Gingham, as long as six pieces last, limited ten yards to a customer, at per yard

12c

Remnants of Staple Wash Goods, Wool Goods, Embroideries and Laces—the accumulation since sale opened

One-Half Price

Belding Brothers 36-inch Satin, a marvelous array of beautiful colors for dresses, waists and linings, worth \$3.00, per yard

\$1.49

MEN'S OVERALLS, the very best indigo blue, a heavy 220 cloth, very strongly built, none made any better, \$3.50 quality pair

\$1.98

THE MOST GIGANTIC PRICE SMASHING EVENT THIS TOWN HAS EVER SEEN—LET YOUR OWN EYES SEE THE VISIBLE PROOF OF THIS CRISIS, IT IS A COMPLETE CLOSE OUT, QUITTING BUSINESS.

J. H. MAYES & SONS

MARION, KY.

H. C. JONES, Manager

WE ARE BREAKING THE BACKBONE OF HIGH PRICES IN THE MOST SENSATIONAL AND CYCLONIC SALE THAT HAS EVER BEEN YOUR GOOD FORTUNE TO WITNESS. MAYES & SONS ARE GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

\$4.49

36 INCH TAFFETA SILK

Belding Bros. extra high quality Taffeta silk in all desirable colors, a beautiful \$3.50 quality. These silks must go. Remember every yard guaranteed, as long as they last, yard

\$2.48

WOOL DRESS GOODS

Extraordinary Coatings, Suitings and Skirtings, beautiful plaids and fancies, 56 inches wide, strictly shrunken cloths, values up to \$7.50, yard

\$4.95

WOOL BLANKETS

A beautiful assortment of extra large wool nap blankets, in plain, white with colored borders, also fancy plaids, these are worth \$7.50 the pair, to close out this lot quick, each pair

\$4.98

COTTON BLANKETS

Extra heavy quality, size 78x84, full double bed size, some in white with pink and blue borders, others in grey, with colored borders, a good \$5.50 quality, pair

\$3.69

MEN'S AND BOYS' UNDERWEAR

Men's heavy ribbed shirts and drawers, boys' extra heavy double fleeced union suits, in all sizes. These garments are worth \$1.25 and \$1.50 on today's market, as long as they last, both lots, choice

89c

MEN'S HEAVY BLUE CHEVIOT SHIRTS

These shirts are real values, reinforced shoulders, double cuff and collar band, every seam double and triple stitched, a real \$1.50 shirt, as long as they last, each

89c

LADIES' SHOES

A splendid assortment of fine shoes in this lot, patent leather, with cloth tops, kid and gun metal, calf—former price up to \$4.50 pair, to close

\$1.98

LADIES' SHOES

Representing the cream of the entire stock of high grade shoes, in colors and blacks, the best leather made into shoes are in this lot, values up to \$14.00 pair, buy them now for, pair

\$4.79



A DOLLAR BROOM FOR A PENNY

In order to stimulate early morning shopping, we are going to sell on Saturday morning, Dec. 18, promptly at 9 a. m., to the first 50 people to enter this store, a dollar broom for one cent. We urge you to be here when the doors open, as only 50 brooms will be sold at this ridiculously low price. Come early—get a dollar broom for ONE CENT.

WONDERFUL BARGAINS—Brooms, the good \$1.00 kind. A big fat Turkey FREE--All go to prove the statement that there never was a sale like this in Marion. Prices have been marked down to below 1914 levels. This merchandise is all DEPENDABLE. Don't miss this.



# THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

Marion, Ky., Dec. 17, 1920.

By W. F. and W. P. HOGARD.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
\$2.00 per year cash in advance

## To You and Yours

### Our Christmas Wish

It requires not the occasion of Christmas with its joys, cheer and prevalent good will, to arouse in us a sense of the appreciation due patrons of this paper.

In our hearts and minds are gratitude and good thoughts for you during every day of the year; but Christmas hallows our sentiments and makes their expression fitting and timely.

Such as we have accomplished and such good as may be traceable to our efforts would not have been possible without your sustaining power and co-operation. If in any sense we have upheld a beacon, you have supplied the oil for the lamp. If ours has been a chariot, yours has been the motive element which has kept it on its way.

All characters appealing to or endeavoring to entertain the public must be given a certain meed of applause or they cannot exist. With those engaged in publishing a newspaper, the applause comes in the interest which readers manifest in its columns and in an occasional word of approval. The practical help of subscribers and advertisers has enabled us to maintain a publication standard; their encouragement has furnished the degree of pleasure necessary as an incentive to our daily tasks.

May the spirit of Christmas work for you the full degree of its bountifulness. May you be enabled to get the same amount of pleasure and benefit from these columns that we have derived from making them.

As has been the established custom we will not issue a paper during Christmas week.

### AS THE EDITOR SEES IT.

We are all ready to criticize a young girl if she becomes wild, giddy or indiscreet. But wouldn't it be even better to look beneath the surface, and consider the actions of her parents who allowed her to travel the dangerous path in the days of her childhood?

Perhaps you have noticed the newspaper reports of the number of young girls who are reported missing in the big cities. In one big city alone it averages two thousand a year.

Many of these girls have drifted in from the country towns and farms to better their condition, and have fallen an easy prey to the vultures who are lying in wait for them.

Most of these disappearances are the result of the girl taking up with strange men on the streets, or in the parks, or the cafes.

But the girls are not always to blame entirely for allowing themselves to be led astray. Often they are the victims of neglect on the part of their parents during the formative period of their characters.

A hen never neglects her little chicks until they are able to care for themselves.

But some parents are not as care-

ful or considerate as the mother hen. They allow their girls to begin running wild while yet in their tender years. This spirit of wildness ignored in infancy, grows with time until it reaches the point where it is beyond control.

And then the "port of missing girls."

Not all parents neglect the proper training of their children, of course, but too many for the public weal.

## Agricultural Column

By G. M. GUMBERT

### IT WAS ALL ORDINARY

When I read the following clever editorial story in the Southern Agriculturalist I frowned. Later I took my pen knife out and ran it through the paper for a clipping for thoughtful farmers to read and ponder over:

Once upon a time there was a man named Smith, an ordinary sort of man, who lived on an ordinary sort of farm in an ordinary sort of community, making an ordinary sort of living for an ordinary family, sending an ordinary bunch of boys and girls to an ordinary school, driving to town over an ordinary road, selling ordinary farm products at ordinary prices and buying the things an ordinary farmer buys at the price he ordinarily pays.

After awhile, however, an extraordinary idea got loose in this man's neighborhood. The neighbors, or some of them, decided that the ordinary sort of school would no longer do for their children. So they proposed to make a new school district, levy a tax on themselves, build a better school house, and employ better teachers. This ordinary man named Smith thought it a very extraordinary thing that anybody should propose to increase his own taxes. "I'm agin it," he said; "our school's as good as the ordinary, an' we can't afford to raise the taxes any." But his neighbors, who were a little less ordinary, carried it over him, and soon his children were going to a school entirely out of the ordinary for them.

A little later it was proposed to make that ordinary road—which was really a bit extraordinary when the weather was bad—into a really good road. "No sir," said the ordinary man, "such taxes as that'll break anybody up. I can get to town without a city road; an ordinary country road does me." But again his neighbors ran the thing over him. He did the ordinary amount of grumbling about the increased taxes, but soon was getting to town in half the ordinary time, and his farm was worth nearly twice what he had ordinarily asked for it.

Then some of the neighbors decided that they could keep better cows than the ordinary kind, make better butter than farmers ordinarily make, and sell it all together for better than ordinary prices. Farmer Smith would not take up with such an extraordinary proposition. "It won't work," he said; "taint the ordinary thing for farmers to stick together." These farmers did, however, and after awhile it became the ordinary thing in that community for a farmer to breed his cows to a registered bull and send his cream to the co-operative creamery. The ordinary farmer did it.

After a time he took sick with some ordinary disease and died as folks ordinarily die. He had an ordinary funeral with an ordinary crowd. Coming back from it, one of the neighbors said: "I liked Smith pretty well, but he never—well, he was just ordinary, plumb ordinary."

And the community's grief over his passing was just ordinary—extremely ordinary.

## CONY SCHOOL REPORTS

### FOREST GROVE

#### FIRST GRADE

Ena Hodge, 90  
Lawrence Gass, 90  
Sheila Akers, 91  
Marie Horning, 91

#### SECOND GRADE

Lacey Gass, 91  
John Wesley Watson, 93  
Anice Clark, 92  
George Shewmaker, 90  
Edith Shewmaker, 91

#### THIRD GRADE

Helen Clark, 89  
Susie Watson, 87  
Ilan Watson, 90

Robert Hoover, 93  
Katherine Terry, 93

#### FOURTH GRADE

Arnella Robinson, 93  
Cleo Belt, 90  
Elizabeth Akers, 90

#### SEVENTH GRADE

Mary Hoover, 90  
Bertha Hoover, 90  
Virginia Terry, 95  
Dora Terry, 92  
Gladys Clark, 92  
Lawrence Akers, 92  
Hughes Hodge, 91  
Tom Belt, 93

#### EIGHTH GRADE

Vena Belt, 91  
Bertha Akers, 89  
Jewell Graves, 91  
William Lester Terry, 91  
Ralph Burklow, 91  
Ellen Terry, 90

EMMA TERRY, Teacher.

### BETHEL SCHOOL

#### FIRST GRADE

Isabel Phillips, 91  
Aubrey Hughes, 88  
Tomnie Harness, 86

#### SECOND GRADE

Douglas Lanham, 88  
Arthur Shewmaker, 85  
Virginia Wright, 93  
Stevie H. Martin, 89  
Naomi Hughes, 92  
Berna Lucile Lanham, 90

#### THIRD GRADE

Robert C. Moore, 93  
Ercel Ryan, 88  
Elsie Harness, 85

#### FOURTH GRADE

Charlie James, 94  
Curtis Wright, 92  
Cleo Hughes, 93  
Geoffrey Shewmaker, 94  
Keary Shewmaker, 88  
Reba Glass, 86

#### FIFTH GRADE

Jewell Martin, 88  
Hazel Hayes, 85

#### SEVENTH GRADE

Forrest Shewmaker, 90  
Ruby Shewmaker, 86  
Geneva James, 86  
Grace Crider, 87

SUE MOORE, Teacher.

### COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Crittenden Circuit Court, Kentucky.  
W. T. Bennett, et al, Pff.

Against Equity  
J. B. Vance, et al, Deftd.

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the November Term thereof, 1920, in the above cause herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Monday the 10th day of January, 1921, at 1 o'clock P. M. or thereabout, (being Court day), upon a credit of six months the following described property, to-wit:

A certain house and lot or parcel of land in Marion, Kentucky, and containing 4 1-2 acres or thereabouts, and is the same land which was conveyed to S. C. Bennett by Rush Stephenson and wife, on the 8th day of December, 1908. Said land is situated on North Walker and 2nd Streets and is the same property where Ayres Hard now lives, the full description of which may be seen at my office.

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

D. A. LOWRY, Commissioner.

### BLACKFORD

Miss Flossie Belt, of Metropolis, Ill., returned home Monday after a two weeks' visit with friends here.

Mrs. Clara Kennedy, of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting Mrs. James Travis.

Mr. Kenna Powell, of Marion, was here Saturday.

Mrs. Frances Cullen, of near Repton, passed through here Saturday, enroute to Providence.

Mrs. Lee Morgan spent the day Friday with Mrs. Robert Oakley.

Mr. C. E. Brinkley and family, of

Uniontown, visited relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. Monnie Johnston, of Dawson, visited friends here Sunday.

W. K. McCord, of Clay, was a business visitor here Friday.

Mr. G. W. Cason and J. M. Lansdale went to Morganfield Saturday, on business.

Mrs. O. M. Crisp and little son, Royce, spent a few days last week with Mrs. A. B. Crisp, near Repton.

Mrs. Hattie McCarthy went to Marion Tuesday.

Misses Virgie Lanson, Charline Dawes and Mrs. Fannie McConnell were in Clay Saturday.

Mrs. E. A. Bennett, and daughter, Vera, went to Repton Saturday.

Mrs. Georgie Kennedy, of Morganfield, is visiting her father, George Woodson, of this place.

Mrs. Lucy Easley left Saturday for her home in McLeansboro, Ill.

Messrs. Hillyard and Sutton spent Sunday in Iron Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Brantley, of Providence, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Ralph Little, of this place.

H. L. Lamb was in Clay on business Friday.

Mrs. W. H. Gahagen and children have been visiting Mr. Gahagen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gahagen, of Weston.

Veston Powell, who is barbering in Sturgis, passed through here Monday.

Mrs. A. Horning was in town Saturday.

H. L. Lamb has his dwelling house about completed.

### SULPHUR SPRINGS

Mr. George Newbell moved to his new home near Pleasant Hill Thursday.

Mr. Frank Hughes and family visited relatives and friends at Marion Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. Luther Hughes and Guy Belt passed through here Friday enroute to Marion.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Robertson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hughes Sunday evening.

Charlie Newbell, from Illinois, visited his parents last week.

Mr. Leslie Hughes, of Rosiclar, paid a recent visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes.

Miss Mattie Lindsay, of the Glendale neighborhood, went to Marion Saturday, shopping.

Messrs. Hugh Norris and Fred LaRue, of Levas, were guests of Mrs. Lizzie Robertson last week.

Mrs. Wilma Belt went to Marion Saturday, shopping.

Miss Geneva James attended Sunday School at Bethel Sunday.

M. E. Shewmaker is greatly im-

proving the W. H. Robertson lane near the springs by building a pike of crushed rock. Hurrah for good roads!

### HEALTH RESTORED

"My horse was in such run down condition, I thought he would die. After feeding him Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders, he is well as ever and is now as good looking a horse as there is in this section."—J. C. Huste, Rockbridge Baths, Va.

Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders build up the body, vitality and muscular energy of your horses and mules, insure more meat with less feed, from your hogs, sheep and cattle, and help your cows produce more and richer milk.

Mr. Huste's small expenditure saved him the price of a horse. Dr. LeGear can also help you. For 28 years as a Veterinary Surgeon and Expert Poultry Breeder he has devoted himself to the compounding of remedies for ailments of stock and poultry. Whenever you have an ailment among your stock or poultry get the proper Dr. LeGear's Remedy from your Dealer. It must satisfy you, or your money will be refunded.—Advertisement.

To Those Indebted to E. E. Phillips

I must pay my creditors immediately, but cannot until you pay me. Please call and settle before I'm forced to place your account for collection. Yours,  
E. E. PHILLIPS. 32-3

Greatest Largest Plants  
The largest plants in the world are seaweed. One tropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length.

## PROOF FROM PRINCETON

Princeton Citizens Seek out Pabuly

In Princeton we find that people are praising Doan's Kidney Pills as highly as here in Marion. Being so near by, the statement of a Princeton resident is of particular interest. Marion people will do well to profit by the experience.

C. C. Terry, N. Harrison St., Princeton, Ky. says: "Some years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. The trouble was caused I believe, by heavy lifting. The action of my kidneys was irregular and I was greatly bothered on this account. My back annoyed me at times with sharp pains. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and used them. Two boxes of this medicine relieved me greatly and I gladly recommend it.

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Terry had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.—adv.

### BELMONT

Mr. Jim Vinson is improving.

Miss Etta Hunt is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Cary James.

Misses Ruby, Clara and Reed McConnell spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyd.

### Efficiency's Reward

Efficiency, like virtue, has to be its own reward and when a man does a big job well everybody says somebody could have done it.—Ohio State Journal.

## Hammer's One-Third Off Sale

Is the biggest saving opportunity ever offered to the men of this section. Every garment in our splendid stocks including

### HART SCHAFFNER & MARX SUITS AND OVERCOATS

At the lowest prices since the war began

\$85 Suits and Overcoats, one third off	\$56.65
\$60 Suits and Overcoats, one third off	\$40.00
\$50 Suits and Overcoats, one third off	\$33.35
\$40 Suits and Overcoats, one third off	\$26.65
\$25 Suits and Overcoats, one third off	\$16.65

Come to Evansville and share in the savings offered in this "back to normalcy" price drive on the world's finest clothes.

## Hammer's

317 Main Street

Evansville, Ind.

We Refund Fares on M. R. A. Plan.

## Give a Thought to Music

### Music is not a Luxury but a Necessity

We are prepared to sell you the most famous line of High Grade Pianos and Player Pianos on the market.

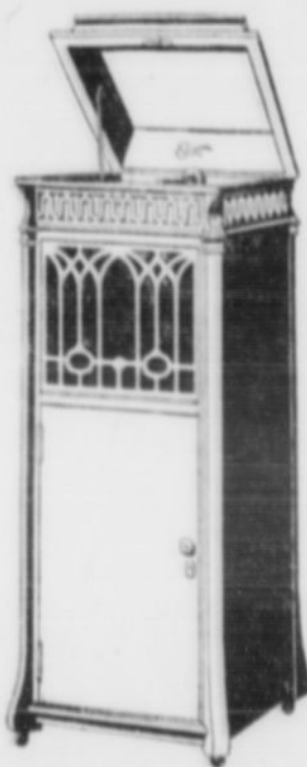
We shall take pleasure in demonstrating the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, "The Phonograph With a Soul."

Also the Columbia Grafonola—The only talking machine with a non-set automatic stop.

New Records on Sale the 10th and 20th of each month.

Have one of these beautiful instruments reserved for Christmas.

Ask about the Easy Payment Plan. "Everything Musical."



G. W. YATES  
MARION, KY.

# Public Sale

—I WILL ON—

Dec. 31st 1920

At my home, known as the R. W. Vanhooser home, 10 miles east of Marion, sell to the highest bidder;

2 mules, 1 horse, 1 mare, 1 Buggy, 2 Wagons, 1 2-row Corn Planter, 2 walking Cultivators, 1 A and 1 disc harrow, 1 milk cow, all of my furniture.

Terms: All sums under \$5.00, cash, all over \$5.00 12 months time with good note.

Mrs. R. W. Vanhooser



## Society

Mr. R. E. Blake, of Frances, was in the city Monday.

Mr. C. R. Newcome, of Owensboro, was in the city Monday.

Miss Erschol Pickens went to Evansville Wednesday to visit friends.

Mr. J. L. Sullivan, of Carryville, Ark., is visiting relatives in Marion and the country.

Mrs. John Hodge and Mrs. Kittie Letcher, of Henderson, are visiting the family of G. C. Gray.

—NOTICE—You can get coal at the Bell Mines. They opened up for business last week. 32-4\*

Mrs. Ed Ross, of Lilvorn, Mo., who has been visiting the family of her uncle, George Hill, of the Tribune section, left for home Wednesday.

Mr. A. J. Travis and son, Walter, of Nunn, were in Marion Wednesday.

Miss Ina Brantley went to Providence Wednesday to visit her father, W. A. Brantley.

Mrs. H. L. Sullivan went to Rodney Wednesday to visit her son, Chester C. Truitt.

Mr. George A. Clark went to Sturgis Wednesday to visit his sister, Mrs. Eliza Lynch.

Rev. W. F. Hogard is holding a revival meeting at Grove Center, Union county, this week.

Mrs. Lillian Ried, of Sikeston, Mo., is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Stone, this week.

Mr. J. R. Travis, of Blackford, was in the city Wednesday on business.

Mrs. F. W. Nunn and Miss Nelle Walker went to Evansville Tuesday. Mrs. Nunn went to be with her mother, Mrs. V. L. Harris, who is very ill.

Attorney Neville Moore went to Evansville Tuesday to take depositions.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cox were business visitors at Evansville Tuesday.

—Lee A. Scott, a pupil of the New York School of Music and Arts will organize a class in violin study. For information call phone 77. 32-2\*

The Young Peoples' Missionary Society of the M. E. Church will have a handkerchief and candy sale at the T. H. Cochran hardware store this coming Saturday, beginning at 10 o'clock, a. m.

A nice pair of glasses will be appreciated long after other Xmas gifts are gone and forgotten. Gilchrist & Gilchrist, Oph. D.

Messrs. Isaac M. Dillard and Grady Sisco and Miss Fannie Thurmond were before the Civil Service Board Saturday for examination for postoffice clerks.

Rev. M. C. Robinson, of Shady Grove, was in Marion Monday enroute home from Princeton, where he held a revival meeting.

Mrs. Inez Wicker, Mrs. Gertie Tabor and Miss Effie Fletcher, all of the Mexico section, were in Marion Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Brantley, of and friends in Marion and the county, Kansas, are visiting relatives try.

—What could be more appreciated for an Xmas gift than a nice pair of glasses. Gilchrist & Gilchrist, Oph.D.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hill have turned over the cultivation of their farm, in the Chapel Hill section, to their son, Miley Hill, and have moved to Marion, locating on West Elm street.

Mrs. James Carter, of Selden, Kansas, is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. O. Eskew, and other relatives and friends in this city and the country.

### HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE

Modern two-story frame house, eight rooms, two porches, large concrete cellar, and bath room. Hot water heat, waterworks, with hot and cold water upstairs and down.

Large lot with all necessary and convenient out-buildings

MRS. GEO. P. ROBERTS

Lee Wood, of Shady Grove, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. Ples Woodall, of Zillah, Wash., is visiting relatives in the country.

Mr. Ewell Travis, of Union county, spent a few days in Marion this week.

Mr. John G. Bellamy, of Sandoval, Ill., is visiting relatives and friends in Marion and the country.

Mr. Benton Newbell, who has spent several months in Kansas, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Lee Byford and children went to Evansville Thursday to spend the holidays with Mrs. Byford's mother, Mrs. Mary Van Bibber.

M. T. G. Davidson went to Sturgis Thursday.

Rev. W. T. Oakley went to Wheatcroft Thursday to conduct the funeral services of Mrs. Garrett.

Mr. Joe Hunter Travis brought to this office Monday some sample ears of corn which he grew on his farm in the Tribune section. The ears were 12 inches long and contained 18 rows of grains.

Mrs. J. H. Beque and little son, of Piasterco, Va., are visiting Mrs. Beque's parents, Judge and Mrs. J. W. Blue.

Mr. S. L. Carnahan and little daughters, Louise and Nannie Alice, went to Blackford Saturday to visit the children's grandparents, Mrs. J. E. White and Mrs. D. B. Carnahan.

Prof. R. E. Jagers went to Sturgis Saturday to arrange for the track meet of the C. I. A.

Messrs. H. I. Morse and J. E. Morton were business visitors at Blackford Saturday.

Mr. M. C. Smart, teacher of the Freedom school, was in the city Saturday.

Mrs. T. M. Hill, who has been visiting relatives in Ft. Lupton, Col., returned home Friday.

Mr. Frank Hill, of Zillah, Wash., after 24 years absence from the land of his nativity, is visiting friends and relatives in this county.

Mr. Lexie Easley, of the Shady Grove section, was in the city Monday.

Rev. James F. Price preached at Marion last Sunday. He will preach at Chapel Hill next Sunday at 11 o'clock and at the Main Street Presbyterian Church Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock.

### W. O. W. NOTICE

To all members of Weston Camp No. 277; as our regular meeting is Christmas night, we have decided to have a treat for all. Visitors from neighboring camps are invited.

T. H. FOWLER

### SULLIVAN.

Mr. Jim Hill has returned home from the sanitarium and is getting along fine.

Master Garland Ray, who is ill with typhoid fever, is no better.

Mr. Henry Brooks spent the night in Corydon Sunday night.

Messrs. Tom Brooks and C. C. Hammack were in Evansville recently on business.

Mrs. Winston Quirey and Mrs. Huarth spent the day with Mrs. Mort Quirey Tuesday.

Jin Hargist, the deputy sheriff, was in town Tuesday.

Jeff Watson was visiting relatives here Sunday.

Dr. Lynch and Frank Brooks, of Clay, were here Monday.

Mr. Brasher and family have moved near Sturgis.

Miss Annie Ida Nunn is now employed in the new store of Mr. Crutcher.

Miss Marjorie Burklow spent Monday night with her cousin, Reatha Dunning.

Miss Gertrude Parris, who has been telephone operator here for some time, has moved away.

Miss Lola Dunning is the new telephone operator at this place.

Mrs. Zedie Fleener and two daughters, of Michigan, are visiting her father, Mr. W. T. Montgomery.

Lockett Nunn, of this place, has bought out the interest of Mr. Merritt in a garage at Sturgis. The firm is now Cragon & Nunn.



# We Are Prepared For You

We now have a large stock of things that you will want for Christmas such as


<h2 style="font-size: 1.5em;">Fruits</h2> <p>Oranges Bananas Grape Fruit Apples</p>	<h2 style="font-size: 1.5em;">Nuts</h2> <p>English Walnuts Brazil Nuts Almonds Pecans Filberts Cocoanuts</p>	<h2 style="font-size: 1.5em;">Candies</h2> <p>The Kind That You Like</p>
---	--	--

We have also a large stock of Vases, Solid Bowls, Water Sets and Dolls

Come and see us, it will be worth your while.

# MORRIS, SON & MITCHELL

The Store Where Prices Are Always Right



Want a thrill?  
Enjoy Action?

Something breezy, full of two-fisted, red-blooded manhood?

Lots of action, heart interest and suspense?

We have it for you! It's

# DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

in "THE MOLLYCODDLE"

HIS NEWEST AND GREATEST PICTURE.

## Saturday Night

# December 25th

## STRAND THEATRE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17

Pauline Frederick

IN

"OUT OF A SHADOW"

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

IN

"THE SILVER KING"

A Paramount Artercraft Special at regular prices.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21

TOM MOORE

IN

"HEARTS EASE"

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23

Realart Pictures Corporation present a new first run picture with all star cast.

"DEEP PURPLE"

SATURDAY DECEMBER 25

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

IN

"THE MOLLYCODDLE"

DOUG'S LATEST

Show every week during Christmas week—an exceptional programme. A new screen has been installed and we are prepared to give you the best.



## Best Christmas for a Boy

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ONE boy to another—for I have never gotten over being one, although I am getting as gray as a billy-goat around the ears—I want to give it as my opinion that a Christmas anywhere but in the country is no Christmas at all!

A city Christmas is a make-believe, a hollow mockery, a false alarm, an imitation. I have tried both kinds, and so I know. A city Christmas has all the tin and tinsel, and that is all. By the time you get as old and feel as young as I am, you find most of the plate worn off.

Honestly, boys (and girls), I don't think Santa Claus himself ever feels very much at home except on a rural route! He has a mighty poor job in a big town, with flues instead of chimneys, and everything. And it is hard to see where he gets room to turn a sleigh and eight reindeer around, tiny reindeer though they may be. He'll be pretty certain to bump into a hydrant or tip over on a curb.

And with twenty families all using one flue (and, what is worse, a soft coal flue at that) how in the world is the most experienced Santa going to find which is Brown's and which is Smith's, and where the Greens live? Even if he dared rap and ask (which no Santa Claus is ever supposed to do) nobody could tell him. For perhaps the Browns and the Smiths have never "met," and the Greens might live across the hall for a month before anybody thought to inquire their name.

For that is one thing you don't get much of in the city—neighbors. Sometimes when the woman across the road keeps running in just when your mother is canning, or baking, or treating a shirt-bosom kindly but firmly with a flat-iron, your mother may almost wish that they weren't quite so plentiful in the country—but she wouldn't. She would miss them, just the same as you would miss having the same boys to play with year after year.

For in the city you are always getting a fresh lot of playmates—and sometimes they are a mighty fresh lot, too. Of course there are some good kids, also; but it always seems that you just when you get to liking some fellow up the street or across the alley, the landlord boasts the rent and his folks have to move, and you never see him again. He may move only from one side of the city to the other, but it might as well be to another state. It is five or ten or twenty miles—miles of houses, no miles of flats, and streetcar tracks, and railroads, and factories—and you never see him again or any of his folks.

The boys you know this Christmas probably won't be around at all next Christmas, if you live in the city. That is a funny thing about city folks: they are always going somewhere and never getting anywhere. Why, even if the landlord didn't raise the rent, the lease expires, they might move anyway! People who live in flats instead of houses are always looking for something better and getting something worse. They have the most wonderful collection of rent receipts, but not a foot of ground, not a roof or rafters, they can call their own.

Now, I don't know what you think, but I think that every family ought to have a house of its own, a house it lives in year after year. That is, of course, unless the father has some sort of job that makes it necessary for him to move to some other town every other year or so. But it is a great thing to live in a home, not just a house, and that is about the best place, and the only place, to have a Christmas, a real, sure-enough, honest-to-goodness Christmas.

Most of you boys who live on the farm and in the small town have that kind of home, and I wonder if you know how lucky you are? Wouldn't you hate to wake up Christmas morning and look at the ceiling and realize that someone else owned it, and then get up and go out in the front yard and realize that someone else owned that, too—why, you'd get so after awhile that, everything you saw, you would wonder who owned it!

I tell you, boys, it's a great satisfaction to have a back yard and to know it's yours, and that you can invite people into it, or invite people to stay out of it, just as you please. Why, that is what brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America—they wanted a spot they could call their own. I don't say that it was exactly a back yard they wanted, but what they wanted was some place they could play ball and no landlord of a king could come along and tell them to stop because they might break some of the royal windows. You know old King George did come along and try to make them stop—and you know what happened to the royal windows. Zzz!

And then there is this matter of snow. You know some people don't think it is much of a Christmas without snow. Now, I know quite a lot about snow because I've been acquainted with a lot of it. I have tramped through it up in the Hudson Bay country, and I've wallowed around in it in the summertime on top of the Rocky mountains. And I want to tell

you that there is a great difference in snow—that is, there is a great difference between country snow and city snow.

We may not have snow this Christmas, but we'll just suppose we do. Isn't a good, old lively snowstorm great? Perhaps it is one of these lazy snowstorms, with the big, white flakes just floating down like feathers and slowly turning the roads and roofs to white, like a coat of good white paint. Maybe there will be enough of it to make good coasting on the hills and good sleighing on the roads.

And, by the way, do you know there are boys in the big cities who have never seen a sleigh? Because a sleigh is getting to be a scarce article in the cities. You see, as soon as a little snow comes the street-cleaning department gets busy and sweeps it up, before it gets a chance to melt into slush.

In the country the winter wheat needs it, and the ground takes care of it. But in the city it just means slush and slush. So they sweep it up and carry it away and uncover the ugly pavement as soon as they can.

But they let you keep your snow in the country. When a warm wind comes along it will pack fine, and you can have your snowmen, and your snow forts, and your snowball battles. (Only please don't use your artillery on older folks, or girls, or me.)

Or perhaps this snowstorm is one of the blizzard kind, with the wind zipping around the house and piling



Snowballs Through Royal Windows.

the snow up in the corners—why that kind of snow doesn't seem to come down at all, but just goes slanting by until it runs up against something it can't pass.

I remember being on a night train one time; and when we woke up in the morning, and the train was running over the smooth prairies, a little girl from a big city in western Pennsylvania (I won't tell you what city it was but maybe you can guess) exclaimed as she looked out of the window:

"Look, Mamma! The snow out here is white!"

I don't need to say much about the Christmas dinner. But if you have your Christmas dinner in the country, the turkey perhaps is one your folks raised, or that was raised in the neighborhood—anyhow, it is pretty likely to be a native, and not a resident of a cold storage plant somewhere. Or maybe you'll have a goose or a brace of chickens. Anyway, you'll know their pedigree, and that they're fresh and good.

And it will be the same way all down the line—vegetables, and pies, and everything. And cooked—cooked to a turn—just long enough—just short enough—just right.

And you will more than likely have one thing that they won't have at the Christmas dinner in the city, because you know the cost of living just now is mighty high, in town especially, for both rich and poor. So you will have one thing that the city boy probably will not have—

Enough!

So I could go on and show you a dozen other ways in which a Christmas in the country puts it all over a Christmas in the city, but I am going to mention just one thing more: the Christmas tree.

Of course they have Christmas trees in the city. In New York trainloads of them come down every season from the Adirondacks, and in Chicago boatloads come from Michigan's upper peninsula. You can buy them for fifty cents or a dollar, and they make very good Christmas trees indeed.

I don't know what you think about this either—but I have always thought that things I did myself and for myself were just twice the fun of things I bought myself or hired myself. And I think that especially about a Christmas tree. If you are lucky enough to be able to go out and pick your own tree, and chop it down, and bring it in—well, that's what I call a real Christmas tree!

Because that is really and truly your Christmas tree. You selected it with your own eye and chopped it down with your own axe and brought it home with your own muscle. The Christmas tree—that is your job!

Bringing in the Tree

Father gets the turkey.  
Mother makes the pies.  
Each one has a Christmas job  
To do, and so have I.  
Blister strings the popcorn  
To decorate—but, gee!  
I have got the biggest job—  
Bringing in the tree!

Turkey is important.  
Pie and such are great.  
Popcorn strings you have to have  
When you decorate.  
But I guess a Christmas  
Christmas wouldn't be  
If you didn't have a boy  
Bringing in the tree!

## A Sweet Romance

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

There was an incident in the life of Rupert Earle that he never forgot. He was a motherless boy, of twelve, when he one day took it upon himself to tramp barefooted ten miles to view the glories of a circus and obtained free admission to the big tent as compensation for feeding the horses. He hung around the fascinating environment nearly all the next day and arrived home at dusk.

John Earle, his father, was a stern, morose man and a strict disciplinarian. When he had questioned his son he set his lips grimly. He called to the hired man about the place:

"Get some stout ropes, a spade and the wheelbarrow," and when the mandate had been obeyed, he added: "Tie the hands and feet of this disobedient son, place him in the barrow, and follow me."

For over a mile the vehicle jolted over a road leading down into a valley near a shallow creek. Upon its sandy shore John Earle spoke in a whisper to his employee. The latter proceeded to dig a deep hole in the soft yielding soil. The two of them lifted Rupert, terrified by their ominous silence, lowered him into the hole helpless and erect. The sand was filled in about him, and only his head was allowed to protrude.

The moonlight, bright as day, the lonely stars above, the solemn silence of the scene when the two men had departed chilled the frightened lad to the marrow. He was practically buried alive, at least until morning. To shut out the haunting dread of the long night before him he closed his eyes. Suddenly a voice aroused him.

"Those wicked men! Why have they treated you so cruelly?" It spoke in gentle, pitying accents.

"Can't you help me out? I shall die if I am left here all night!"

Rupert appealed to a slim, ragged girl, perhaps ten years of age, with great, wonderful eyes. She spoke with a reassuring gesture. It was to return dragging a long ditching shovel after her. She set to work removing the sand until the captive was free from the waist up. Then she proceeded to remove the rope from his wrists.

Rupert could help himself somewhat, but his tireless rescuer kept loosening the sand until he managed to pull himself free of the hole. She sat down beside him, a winsome creature of artless ingenuousness, listening to his story with keen sympathetic face. He had never seen her before in the district, but learned that she was not a remote but near neighbor. Her stepfather and his family had just leased a small farm down the road. She had witnessed from hiding the punishment of Rupert. She did not condemn his father in words. Only a great sadness subdued her, as though her own experience was not one of happiness and hope.

At first twice a week and then every day Rupert stole away for a sight of a word, an hour's ramble with the girl who was the first human being he could remember who seemed to care for him. His father died the following month, leaving nothing but debts. Rupert was homeless. He had often planned how happy he would be to go out into the world amid new scenes, but now Dorothy Wilder enchained him to the old environment. Just beyond the farm lived a retired clergyman, very old. He kept several horses and operated a home garden. He had spoken kindly to Rupert many times, and when the latter appeared as a homeless lad seeking work Mr. Withrow at once engaged him.

There followed nine pleasant, happy years for the orphan lad. His generous employer sent him to school and later undertook his further education with the idea of some day sending him to a law institute. Rupert maintained his acquaintance with Dorothy. She was made a perfect slave by her stepfather and his family, but somehow the two managed to see each other many times a week.

Their pure, innocent companionship was a sweet romance to both. Rupert was just past twenty-one and Dorothy four years younger when he returned from his initial law course.

"I shall not return to the institute," Rupert told Mr. Withrow. "They are treating poor Dorothy terribly, those Wilders. They have even ordered me to cease my visits to her." Mr. Withrow, who is everything in the world to me. My heart's ambition is not wealth or position, only peace and comfort, no matter how humble, with Dorothy. I wish to marry her, but we could not remain near her relatives. We have planned it all out. If you will marry us, you will make us the two happiest beings in the world."

"I, too, have been planning," Rupert responded Mr. Withrow. "Up in the mountain district is my oldest, dearest friend. I have been corresponding with him for over a month regarding you two. He is a power in the little town. He can give you employment, and has a house in which you can settle at once."

Two evenings later Dorothy left the home of the Wilders, never to return. For a long time after the newly wedded pair had parted from him the old minister stood gazing down the peaceful, moonlit road, smiling fondly as he thought of the sure happiness in store for two children of the heart who were starting out in life penniless, but filled with the hope and faith and love that make existence a never-fading golden dream.

## Cabin Lure

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Once get out in the Ventura district, Dale, and you'll never go anywhere else. Once a man gets the cabin fever among those royal old hills, he is enchanted for life."

"Why do you call it 'cabin fever,' Merton?" inquired Alvin Dale.

"Because it applies specifically. There is everything in the section except oil. Once there was a rush on prospects in that line, but it turned out that every strike was a shallow surface well. Inside of a year there wasn't a derrick or a derrick left in the district. They did leave cabins, however. Here and there along a trail for a hundred miles in the center of the grandest hunting and fishing district in the world, every few miles you'll find a fair to indifferent cabin, but offering a shelter far superior to a flimsy tent."

"Abandoned, I suppose."

"Permanently, and you take your pick and house yourself and no questions asked."

Lisle Merton was, like Dale, a young man of fortune and leisure and an authority on places and travel. Dale started the next day on his thousand-mile trip. A settlement named Eden Point was his rail connection. Then twenty miles by wagon and as much more by canoe, and he found himself late one afternoon in front of a plain board structure with three rooms.

"It's about the choice of the houses," advised his guide, "right on the stream and that's a big advantage, for nearly every day some kind of craft passes up or down stream and they will do any errands you may have at the settlement."

"That will be just the thing," commented Dale.

"Another thing," continued the guide, "look a bit from the river there are several families living, so you won't be lonesome."

Dale had bought a folding cot, an old stove, some camp stools and a fair array of pots, pans and crockery. It was a pleasing novelty and something of a delight to make amateur housekeeping arrangements. Bedroom, dining room and kitchen swept and furnished, he lit a lamp and sat down to write some letters, feeling quite at home and comfortable.

"Saw your light and wondered who my next neighbor could be," spoke a hearty voice, and at the threshold stood a bronzed, bearded man, the typical frontiersman in dress and speech. "You look as if your needs are all nicely provided for," added the visitor as he glanced about him. "We have butter and eggs and always a friendly helping hand when you happen to need it. I'm Aaron Hart, lived here for ten years."

"With your family?" said Dale, simply to keep up the conversation.

"Only a niece, Ada Havers. She has been here a month and going to stay two more. I hope we get better acquainted."

"It will not be my fault, if we don't," said Dale. He was pleased at the thought of neighbors, more so especially as the niece might be a young lady. He found her so, and a beautiful, intelligent, refined. It was the next day that he came upon her in the woods with her uncle. An introduction followed and after that almost every other day Dale spent an hour or two at the Hart cabin. He learned that Mr. Hart owned considerable land in the district and was experimenting along the line of promoting a plan to get the oil from shale. His niece was unpretentious, friendly and charming.

It was natural and inevitable that these two young souls should discover a mutual attraction. Then there transpired a series of incidents that brought about a definite climax. Mr. Hart came over to Dale's cabin one morning riding one horse and leading another.

"I need your help, Dale," he spoke quite excitedly. "Some one broke in to the house while we were passing the night with a neighbor. We suspect two fellows we noticed hanging around yesterday. They are on foot. They have taken about all Ada's possessions and we must get after them."

They came upon the thieves ten miles away. The latter had seen them coming and had scurried for a belt of dense timber, leaving a suitcase that had been rifling behind them. Hart tossed over its contents.

"They haven't taken anything but a trinket or two," he reported. "We won't risk a fight following them far. They're proud and rich and pretty high up. I should have told you that before."

"It was not necessary," replied Dale with a cheery laugh. "I won't boast because I own two banks and come from one of the oldest families in my native city. I think I can qualify up to the standard of Ada's family. It is too late to discuss that, however. For I just kissed your charming niece and placed an engagement ring upon her finger."

## The Ways of Destiny

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

There was something about the young man who approached her in the suit and cloak department of the store where she had just been employed, that won the attention of Irene Dawson at once. This was her second week at earning a living, and not yet had interest in noticing and studying the various types of people who came along abated. Home and school had confined her girlhood to a narrow scope, and bustling business life fascinated her with a presentation like to a constantly changing diorama.

"I am to see the manager, if you please," spoke the young man, and his tones corresponded with his delicate, refined face. "It is about a coat," and he set down a suitcase he had carried.

"Miss Lowe has gone to the stockroom and will be here in a few minutes," Irene apprised him, and just then the lady in question appearing, Irene busied herself folding and sorting some silk sweaters, and as was her wont, mentally analyzing the caller, picturing him as an artist, or poet, or a professional man of some sort, judging him by his intellectual features and trying to surmise the cause of a somewhat still expression in his eyes. He and the lady manager were engaged for some time in discussing a lady's street coat which the suitcase contained. She wrote him out a cashier's check, placed the returned garment aside, and was busy making a notation on a tab when Irene passed to her side. "Walter Morse," read Irene, and an address.

"Poor man. Rather a peculiar case," said Miss Lowe. "His mother purchased the coat here a week ago and died three days later. From what he tells me she had taken charge of two children of a dead daughter, and now these are left to his care. Nothing is at hand to provide for the little brood, and I fancy he is not himself possessed of any material surplus of income. Oh, my dear," she called after Irene, as the latter moved away. "You told me you were thinking of a new winter coat."

"Yes, when winter comes and I have saved up enough to buy it," laughed Irene.

"Well, here is your chance," announced Miss Lowe, and she held up the article just returned.

Irene inspected the garment eagerly. The low price was irresistible. "I will take it," she said, and that evening carried it home fully satisfied with a purchase that provided her with a cold-weather wrap at one-half its real value.

Irene's mother approved the bargain and was interested in Irene's story of the incident that had led to its acquisition. The Dawsons had known comfort and plenty until the head of the family died, and Irene was now the sole support of her aged mother.

"I will get at the coat tomorrow, dear," said the latter. "It is quite long, and I think the best way to do would be to turn in the defaced edge."

So for the time being, the garment was forgotten, but not so the interested young man who had brought it to the store. Irene consulted the telephone book. Yes, there it was: "Walter Morse, Ceramics." "I felt sure he followed some artistic calling," Irene told herself, and then blushed consciously. "Why," she cheated herself into saying, "one would think I was in love with him. What nonsense!" but went to bed still thinking of Mr. Walter Morse.

The following day was one of short working hours and Irene came home early. Her mother met her at the door in a great state of excitement. "I came near sending for you," she flattered. "I could hardly wait till you came home. Oh, Irene! the most wonderful thing! In an inside pocket of the coat, sent up, I found—but come and see for yourself."

Upon the dining-room table lay the coat and beside it was a small bank book. It was open and its first page revealed a recent entry of two thousand dollars. Beside it was an envelope containing a certificate of deposit for a like amount and a dozen Liberty bonds.

"Look! you see, Irene?" said Mrs. Dawson, "the mother of the young man solved that treasure into the pocket of a safe way to keep it and died before she could tell him about it."

"We must get to him at once," declared Irene. "I know he was worrying because nothing could be found to provide for the children," and at once she insisted on her mother accompanying her to the address given by Mr. Walter Morse.

The conjecture of Mrs. Dawson was correct and gladness, relief and gratitude shined on the face of Walter Morse when his two unexpected callers appeared. Irene fell in love with the cherubic organs at first sight. The young man yielded outright if Mrs. Dawson would undertake their care until he made more permanent arrangements, and the Dawson home was enlivened by the constant presence of the little tots.

The "permanent arrangements" materialized, as they were bound to do where two young souls were mutually interested. They were ushered in by the love god, and included the housing of the five, a happy and harmonious family under one cloud the same roof.

## An Involuntary Crusoe

By ALVAH J. GARTH

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

A stumble across a stout vine, a headlong fall, then half a somersault and Ross Bradley, nearly stunned, felt a painful twinge in one limb and lay helpless.

"A change, some excitement, new visions and motives in life and you'll come back bricked up," was the prophecy of his physician at home, and this was the beginning of all that, as it turned out.

He had decided to put in a week at Brompton and had taken a boat, rowing through a chain of little lakes and finally seeking a shady spot upon an island in the center of the last one of these, had met with the mishap described.

Bradley started to get to his feet and then desisted, for one limb had sustained a severe sprain. The pain was so intense, the injured member so useless, that he dragged himself with difficulty to a fallen tree and calculated the chances of getting back to his boat. As he located the little skill he uttered a sharp cry of dismay.

"Worse and worse," he uttered lugubriously. He had left the boat at frail moorings, a keen breeze had come up and it was about headed for a continuous run until halted by the mainland two miles away.

Twice Bradley rose up intent on reaching the beach of the island and sank to the ground with a groan. He improvised a crutch from a tree branch, but found locomotion still ineffective. His face became serious.

Bradley realized that he could not count upon leaving the island except through outside help. Then a gleam of hope supervened. A little distance away there presented evidences of a picnic party having visited the spot—recently, too, for the papers scattered about were new and clean. Some wooden plates and empty bottles made a heap under a tree. Bradley crawled toward it, for he was hungry and realized the necessity of food should he be marooned for any length of time. There were pie tins, these apples, empty cans, and he laughed quite jubilantly as he drew from the mass a box marked "Crackers," and still seated.

"Here the kind spot that left this behind!" he soliloquized gratefully. "Marked two pounds, I won't starve for a day or two, anyway."

Bradley opened the end of the box. It contained plain sodas, crisp and clean. He sampled one and it tasted delicious. He paused with the fifth one-half demolished.

"It is probably as well to ration myself," reflected Bradley, and began a mental appointment of his only possible food supply. A little distance away was a building spring Bradley resigned himself to patience and rest. It was getting towards dusk. He slumbered and did not awake until morning.

His limb was more useless than when first injured, for it had stiffened and grown sore to the touch. Bradley managed to reach the beach. He tied two handkerchiefs to a stick ready to signal any possible passing craft. He was an expert swimmer, but crippled to an extent that prohibited safe water locomotion.

It was the second morning that he made his breakfast on the last of the crackers. As he emptied out the final one, with it came a card. On one side was printed the chronicle "Packed by No. 171." On the other side was pasted a small medallion photograph. It was one of those twenty-five cents for a dozen pictures produced at picnics, water places and fairs by itinerant camera men, but the subject was very lovely of face and even quick work could not spoil the perfect control.

Bradley allowed his mind to drift into a pleasing day dream. He somewhat strained reality by declaring that No. 171 had saved him from starvation! He planned out whimsically how he would trace down the original of the photograph. Then he forgot all about it for over a week, for just then two fishermen passing in a boat discovered his signal, and until he was restored to normal Bradley recuperated in luxury at the hotel at Brompton.

Ross Bradley did not have to work for a living. There was a profitable business which he had inherited, but he had entrusted its operation to a trustee. With time hanging heavily on his hands as the incident of the cracker box recalled to his mind he welcomed the excitement of the adventure of ferreting out "No. 171." He enjoyed fancying he was following out approved detective methods in locating the factory, in finally tracing down No. 171. But it was to find a boyish girl of eighteen, full of flirtatious nonsense, not in any manner resembling the little photograph. She had packed the fateful box, but out of mischief, had posted on the picture of Miss Mabel Whiting, so Bradley finally unearthed the fact, who was the secretary of the president of the company employing both.

One sight of the original of the picture and Ross Bradley had, indeed, found a motive in life. Romance had led him on to follow out an idle whim. Now genuine love impelled him. It was not until they were on their honeymoon that Ross revealed the story of the treasured packing ticket. He replaced it reverently within his pocket and drew Mabel to a safe resting place, blessing the day when fate had sent him seeking for her.



# Big Reduction In Coal

Mine Run Coal at Yard, Per Bu. ....	21c
Mine Run Coal Delivered .....	24c
Nut Coal at yard, Per Bu. ....	29c
Nut Coal Delivered in town .....	32c
Lump Coal at Yard, Per Bu. ....	31c
Lump Coal Delivered .....	34c

Try a load of our Machine Cut Mine Run Coal. It is not the ordinary dirty kind. Delivered to you at 24c per bushel.

**Maurie Nunn Coal Co.**  
Phone 225

# FOR SALE!

## H. L. Sullivan Estate

Consisting of two 100-acre tracts of land, store house, barn and other improvements, located at Rodney, Ky., on Marion and Morganfield road, also house and lot n Marion, Ky. Will sell as a whole or in part.


INQUIRE OF

**J. L. SULLIVAN,**  
Carryville, Arkansas  
**L. C. TRUITT,**  
Repton, Ky.



**ITCH!**

Haynes & Taylor, Marion, Ky.



**ECZEMA!**

Haynes & Taylor, Marion, Ky.

**The Snow at Christmastide**

SOFTLY falls the winter twilight  
O'er the gray old town.  
With its firelit windows brightened  
By the ancient log-burners' glow.  
By the pure snow floating down  
From the heavens far and wide—  
Peaceful hours of Christmastide.

In the shadows of the forest,  
As the night-wind stirs,  
All their crosses high uplifted  
Where the starry flakes have drifted,  
Stand the silent ranks of fir,  
By the bright snow glorified—  
Radiant signs of Christmastide.

FROM their lofty belfries telling  
Of the Savior's birth,  
Carillons and chimes are ringing,  
Like the angel chorus singing  
"Joy, good will, and peace on earth!"  
While the snow falls far and wide—  
Blessed snow of Christmastide.

Ancestors Wore All Black!  
The fairness of the European skin  
Is attributed to some virtue in the  
suprarenal glands, and all the knowl-  
edge we have since gained supports  
the conclusion formed by John Hunter  
150 years ago that the original color  
of man's skin was black.

## FUN IN PLAYING OLD CHRIS

### Amusement for Both Young and Old in Impersonating Blustery, Present-Laden Santa.

HERE is great fun in im-  
personation and none more than  
in taking the part of that  
prince of good fellows, jolly  
old Kris. Several little  
brothers, sisters or cousins should  
take up the audience to be amused,  
all of them young enough to believe  
implicitly in the whole story of the  
journey in reindeer sleigh from the  
North Pole to country to one's own  
particular chimney. Parents and other  
big folks must, of course, be in the  
scheme and coached to play an active  
part.

You will be missed from the com-  
pany to be sure, and dad and mother  
should search the house and look up  
and down the street and make all  
sorts of excuses for your absence.  
And if your voice cannot be contin-  
uously and very successfully disguised  
you had better not talk, but convey  
your meanings by nods and motions,  
not forgetting to shake hands all  
round repeatedly and to laugh, silently  
but heartily, with much shaking of  
sides and bending over.

Santa may play at being late, and  
after he has filled the stockings he is  
caught by dad, who loudly notifies the  
household and insists that the old fel-  
low pay a visit and distribute the  
gifts. Questions are asked about the  
sleigh, which is supposed to have gone  
on without its driver, so that the  
youngsters won't want to run out and  
look for it.

At the end of the ceremonies, which  
should not last over half an hour, a  
sudden disappearance may be ar-  
ranged by calling the children to the  
window with the supposed discovery  
of the returning sleigh, and Santa  
may slip out of the room door, shed  
and hide his duds and get out of the  
house by the back way, returning  
presently, with much noise, by the  
front way, as though having been  
gone for a long time and, of course,  
much disappointed to have missed  
seeing Santa.

As for the costume, that is a mat-  
ter of varied opportunity, except that  
the white whiskers and wig, the fun-  
ny little old tasseled cap and the fat  
stomach are essential.

## FORDS FERRY.

J. I. Rankin recently moved his  
grocery store from here to Clem-  
entsburg.

Mr. John Nation, of Uniontown,  
has been visiting relatives at this  
place for the past few weeks.

Rev. J. W. Ellington, of Portage-  
ville, Mo., spent a few days recently  
the guest of his old friend Dr. A.  
Belt, of this place.

Mrs. Amanda Donahue, who died  
recently at her home in Kansas City,  
Kans., was buried Sunday at the  
Dunn Springs cemetery.

Gordon Rankin, the little son of  
Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rankin, has been  
very ill the past week.

M. L. Clift was in Marion Thurs-  
day on business.

Mrs. Glens Hughes, of Benld, Ill.,  
is spending the winter with her mo-  
ther, Mrs. Lee Rankin, of this sec-  
tion.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Duncan, of  
Rodney, have recently been visiting  
Mrs. Duncan's parents, Mr. and Mrs.  
Aaron James, of this place.

Mrs. Jimmy Rankin was the guest  
of Mrs. Anice James Saturday after-  
noon.

Henry Hughes, of Weston, has re-  
cently been visiting friends of Clem-  
entsburg.

Elbert Lucas was in Marion Sat-  
urday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Truitt were  
the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron  
James Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Ethel Watson was in Fords  
Ferry shopping Saturday.

Mrs. Lola Hughes and Beu-  
lah Hughes were the guests of Mr.  
and Mrs. Henry Phillips, of Casad,  
Sunday.

H. E. Wathen, of Casad, was in  
Clementsburg Saturday.

Mrs. J. I. Rankin recently return-  
from the bedside of her daughter,  
Mrs. Henry Phillips, of Casad, who  
has been very ill for the past few  
weeks.

## SEVEN SPRINGS.

In the spelling contest held at Boaz  
District, Andas Belt, of Sisco's Chap-  
el, was awarded first prize and Es-  
telle Pogue, of Owen District the  
second. A large crowd was in at-  
tendance. Miss Minnie Brasher did  
the pronouncing for the contestants.

There was a pound supper at Elzie  
Campbell's Saturday night.

Arthur Ashbridge went to Paducah  
Saturday to have his arm treated.

Charlie Holman was on the sick  
list last week.

Mr. Sam Shelby, the merchant at  
Salem, is much improved in health  
since his return from the hospital at  
Louisville.

Mr. Henry Burklow, of near Fran-  
ces, was the guest of L. K. McClure  
last week.

Andy Kinnis is moving to Lyon  
county this week.

Corbett McKinney has his new  
barn almost completed.

Miss Zola Guess and brother, of  
near Koon, were the guests of Jim  
Ingram and wife Sunday.

W. H. Campbell, of near Helron,  
was a guest at the home of Mr. and  
Mrs. M. L. Patton Sunday.

Mrs. Bill Smith and little grand-  
son, Claud Watson, were visiting Mr.  
and Mrs. Leonard Ritter at Dycus-  
burg last week.

There will be a Christmas tree at  
Boaz this year.

John Patton, of near Mexico, was  
visiting here Sunday.

The Cumberland river is rising.

## JACKSON MINES.

Mrs. Gestring is improving very  
slowly.

Miss Virnes Floyd visited little  
Miss Hughes Sunday.

Mrs. Jessie Perryman visited Mrs.  
Gestring Saturday.

Rev. Capshaw has just closed a  
grand meeting at Glendale.

Miss Virnes Floyd visited Miss  
Elsie Pulley last week.

Mr. Albert Pulley is still on the  
sick list.

Mrs. Rose Freelan had a large  
crowd to take dinner with her last  
Sunday.

A very few horse traders were on  
Jockey street Monday, an unusual oc-  
currence for County Court day.



No sir-ee, bob!

No premiums with  
Camels—all quality!

CAMELS quality plus Camels ex-  
pert blend of choice Turkish and  
choice Domestic tobaccos pass out the  
most wonderful cigarette smoke you  
ever drew into your mouth!

And, the way to prove that  
statement is to compare Camels  
puff-by-puff with any cigarette in  
the world!

Camels have a mild mellowness that  
is as new to you as it is delightful.  
Yet, that desirable "body" is all there!  
They are always refreshing—they  
never tire your taste.

Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty  
aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor!  
Your say-so about Camels will be:

"My, but that's a great cigarette".

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed  
packages of 20 cigarettes, or ten packages (200  
cigarettes) in a glassine paper-covered tin. We  
strongly recommend this latter for the home or office  
supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

# Notice to Dog Owners of Crittenden County

License Tags MUST Be Procured Before Jan. 1st. 1921

Every person in Crittenden county, owning or  
harboring a dog is required to procure a license and  
tag for such dog, and upon failing or refusing to com-  
ply with the dog law, such persons so offending shall  
be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon convic-  
tion shall be adjudged to pay a fine of not exceeding  
one hundred "\$100.00", or to undergo an imprisonment  
of not exceeding three "3" months, or both, at the dis-  
cretion of the Court.

The County Clerk now has the tags and is prepared  
to supply you with license and tags for the year 1921.  
Take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

**V. O. CHANDLER**  
Sheriff C. C.



Just a few minutes now, Peggy dear, and Daddy will be back home  
with a nice bottle of

**KEMP'S BALSAM**

for you. Then you can go to sleep and forget  
that horrid old cough.

And as usual Mother is right,—but why not  
save poor old dad the night trip to the drug  
store next time by having an extra bottle of  
Kemp's Balsam in the house all ready for  
big and little coughs alike?

Get a bottle now.  
GUARANTEED  
To Buy, N. Y.

# New Life for Sick Man

**Eatonic Works Magic**

"I have taken only two boxes of  
Eatonic and feel like a new man. It  
has done me more good than any-  
thing else," writes C. O. Frappier.

Eatonic is the modern remedy for  
acid stomach, bloating, food repeat-  
ing and indigestion. It quickly takes  
up and carries out the acid and gas  
and enables the stomach to digest  
the food naturally. That means not  
only relief from pain and discomfort  
but you get the full strength from the  
food you eat. Big box only costs a  
trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

**HAYNES & TAYLOR**  
Druggists

Gasoline Vs. the Rod.  
The old-fashioned father who used  
to whip his son for a violation of the  
rules of the house has a new method  
of punishment. He locks the garage.  
—Los Angeles Times.



# MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe  
© Western Newspaper Union

He Saves His Job in This Space



## TRIBUNE

(Written for last week.)

Miss Verbie Conger has returned home from DeKoven.

Messrs. Cecil and Walter Conger were guests at the Tom Travis home Sunday.

Miss Minnie Conger is visiting in Henshaw.

Mr. Walter Roberts was in Repton Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Conger was the guest of her cousin, Lela Blair, at Marion, last week.

Mrs. Bettie Corley and her little grand daughter, Hoyle, were visitors at the home of Mrs. Maud Conger last week.

## TYNERS CHAPEL

(Written for last week.)

Miss Fredonia Kirk spent Sunday night with Miss Leoda Simpkins.

Mr. J. H. Tyner and family visited relatives in Fredonia last week.

Miss Tressie Wing is visiting her brother, Dowell Wing, near New Salem.

Misses Bettie Teer and Louise Ty-

ner, accompanied by their teacher, Miss Robbie Polk, attended the spelling contest at Boaz school house.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Kirk visited their daughter, Mrs. F. E. Chambliss Sunday.

Miss Sue Tyner was in Salem Saturday.

## CAVE SPRING

H. B. McDowell and wife spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of her father, Joe Brantley.

Rev. C. T. Boucher filled his regular appointment at Cave Spring Sunday.

Miss Annie Orr was in Marion Saturday shopping.

Albert Orr was in Marion the first of the week on business.

A large crowd attended the musical at Rupert Crowell's Saturday night.

Misses Rose, Allie and Corine Martin and Messrs. Al Orr and Alvis Brantley attended church at Enon Sunday night.

Miss Mabel Givens and Mr. Slvie Orr spent Sunday with Miss Mana Crowell.

## Make Every Day a Christmas

Too prone are we all to allow our Christmas sentiments to evaporate with the day, forgetting that there are other days in the year for a sympathetic hand clasp and an encouraging word. If Christmas is better than other days in the year, it is because the feeling of brotherhood and fellowship belongs to it.

Why not have every other day in the year filled with brotherliness and fellowship? Why not soften the asperities of life, speak the kindly word, and extend the helping hand for the other 364 days? In a word, why not make every day a Christmas? Carry the Christmas spirit with us throughout the year and say, with Tiny Tim, at all times and seasons, "God bless us, everyone."

Let us keep Christmas in this spirit, then, forgetting not to whom thanks for the many blessings and privileges of this great country of ours are due, looking forward to the age that is coming:

"When the common sense of most shall hold the fretful realm in awe And the kindly earth shall slumber Inpt in universal law."

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Come back to Bethlehem,  
The year is on the wane;  
A truce to strife that wears life,  
A truce to grief and pain.  
Oh, heart, return to Bethlehem  
And hear its song again!

If siren voices luring thee  
Have turned thy thoughts aside,  
If thou hast quelled the bitter draft  
Of envy or of pride,  
If thou in agony of shame  
Hast thy dear Lord denied,

Come back today to Bethlehem!  
Though thou hast wandered far,  
No rest shall fill thy yearning breast  
Until thou see the Star.  
Oh, heart, return to Bethlehem,  
Where yet the angels are!



## CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS STILL

The silent skies are full of speech  
For who hath ears to hear,  
The winds are whispering each to each  
The moon is calling to the beach;  
And stars their sacred wisdom teach  
Of Faith and Love and Fear.

But once the sky its silence broke,  
And song overflowed the earth;  
The midnight air with glory shook;  
And angels' mortal language spoke,  
When God our human nature took  
In Christ the Savior's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still  
The gates through which he came,  
And forest wild and murmuring rill,  
And fruitful field and breezy hill,  
And all that else the wide world fill,  
Are vocal with his name.

Shall we not listen while they sing  
This latest Christmas morn,  
And music hear in everything,  
And faithful lives in tribute bring  
To the great song which greets the King  
Who comes when Christ is born?

## Candies - - - Candies

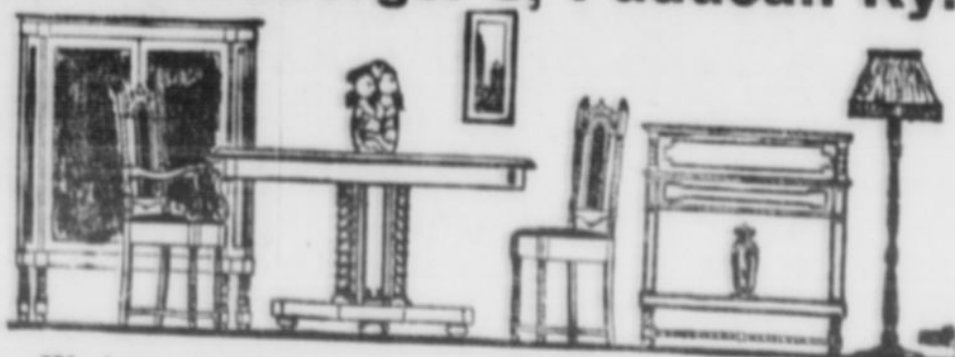
Why do you buy stale candies when you can have PURE, FRESH, HOME MADE CANDIES, delivered at your door free of charge at far less prices than you pay for candy that you cannot tell how long has been made.

Write for price list.

## College Inn Confectionery

Manufacturers of Quality Candies  
703 Main Street Evansville, Ind.

## 35 to 50 per cent Reduction On Furniture and Rugs At Henneberger's, Paducah Ky.



We have decided to take our loss now—hence our reduction. You will save money by doing your Xmas shopping at our store. See the many new lines we have added. Candle sticks, Book Ends, Hand Mirrors, Table Lamps and Floor Lamps in Polychrome, Mahogany and Bronze.

## L. W. HENNEBERGER CO.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY  
422-424 Broadway Paducah, Ky.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Come back to Bethlehem,  
The year is on the wane;  
A truce to strife that wears life,  
A truce to grief and pain.  
Oh, heart, return to Bethlehem  
And hear its song again!

If siren voices luring thee  
Have turned thy thoughts aside,  
If thou hast quelled the bitter draft  
Of envy or of pride,  
If thou in agony of shame  
Hast thy dear Lord denied,

Come back today to Bethlehem!  
Though thou hast wandered far,  
No rest shall fill thy yearning breast  
Until thou see the Star.  
Oh, heart, return to Bethlehem,  
Where yet the angels are!

## DEANWOOD.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Sutton were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman McConnell Saturday night.

Miss Wilma Walker visited Mrs. Belvah Walker Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Stenbridge spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Woodside.

Miss Velma Dean, who is teaching at Weston, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dean.

Mr. N. B. Fox and family were the Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Drennan.

There was a box supper at Olive Branch Friday night. Miss Anna Stenbridge received the box of candy given to the prettiest girl and Mr. Raymond Drennan the pie given to the ugliest man.

There will be all day services at Sugar Grove Christmas day.

Southwest Corner Court Square

Marion, Ky.

## Strouse & Bros Evansville, Ind.

## ONE SALE YOU MUST ATTEND

You owe it to yourself to buy our famous High Art, Society Brand and other good Suits and Overcoats.

## ONE THIRD OFF

their regular selling prices; which means that suits selling originally for low regular prices of \$30 to \$75 are NOW \$20 to \$50.

228 suits in fancy mixtures, chevots and cassimeres that sold regularly at \$37.50 to \$70 are now

## ONE HALF OFF

or at prices ranging from 18.75 to \$35.

## STROUSE & BROS

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Parcel Post Prepaid  
on Mail Orders.

We Refund  
Fares.

Wilborn's Grocery for Christmas Candies and Nuts.



# The Crittenden Press

Volume 43

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

Number 32

## The Land of Christmas Trees

By Douglas Mallock



My papa works in a lumber camp  
In the land of Christmas trees,  
And he wrote to me,  
"I wish you could see  
Such Christmas trees as these!  
In the swamp so cold, in the swamp so damp,  
There are cedars green and great,  
There are pines so high  
That they touch the sky,  
There are hemlocks slim and straight.

They smile to the moon, they sing to the star,  
They nod to the passing breeze,  
And every bough  
Wears diamonds now,  
In the land of Christmas trees."  
O wonderful land in the north woods far,  
O wonderful, beautiful land!  
In my cot so white  
I dream at night  
Of the forest green and grand.

My mama says that the snow that lies  
In the land where the great trees grow  
Is like the spread  
On my little bed  
Where at night to sleep I go,  
That underneath with tight-shut eyes  
The flowers are slumbering—  
There snug and warm  
From the winter storm  
They wait for the call of spring.

So when I kneel for the night's amen,  
I think of the Christmas land,  
I say a prayer  
For my papa there  
In the forest green and grand,  
And another prayer I whisper then  
While I kneel on bended knees—  
That the Lord will keep  
The flowers that sleep  
In the land of Christmas trees.

## The Snow at Christmastide

SOFTLY falls the winter twilight  
O'er the gray old town,  
With its firelit windows brightened,  
With its ancient bays whitened  
By the pure snow floating down  
From the heavens far and wide—  
Peaceful snow of Christmastide.

IN the shadows of the forest,  
As the night-wind stirs,  
All their crosses high uplifted  
Where the starry flakes have drifted,  
Stand the silent ranks of fir,  
By the bright snow glorified—  
Radiant snow of Christmastide.

FROM their lofty belfries telling  
Of the Savior's birth,  
Carillons and chimes are ringing,  
Like the angel chorus singing  
"Joy, good will, and peace on earth!"  
While the snow falls far and wide—  
Blessed snow of Christmastide.

## CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS STILL

The silent skies are full of speech  
For who hath ears to hear;  
The winds are whispering each to each  
The moon is calling to the hearth,  
And stirs their sacred wisdom teach  
Of Faith and Love and Fear.

But once the sky its silence broke,  
And song o'erflowed the earth;  
The midnight air with glory shook;  
And angels' mortal language spoke,  
When God our human nature took  
In Christ the Savior's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still  
The gates through which he came,  
And forest wild and mountain still,  
And fruitful field and breezy hill,  
And all that size the wide world fill,  
Are vocal with his name.

Shall we not listen while they sing  
This latest Christmas morn,  
And music bear in everything  
And faithful trees in tribute bring  
To the great song which greets the King  
Who comes when Christ is born?

## SANTA CLAUS

Beyond the ocean many a mile,  
And many a year ago,  
There lived a wonderful queer old man

In a wonderful house of snow;  
And every little boy and girl,  
As Christmas times arrive,  
No doubt will be very glad to hear  
The old man is still alive.

In his house upon the top of a hill,  
And almost out of sight,  
He keeps a great many elves at work,  
All working with all their might,  
To make a million of pretty things,  
Cakes, sugar-plums and toys,  
To fill the stockings, hung up, you know,  
By the little girls and boys.

—Sunshine Bulletin.

## CHRISTMAS TIME

It is the Christmas time,  
And up and down "twixt heaven and earth,  
In cheerful glad and solemn mirth,  
The choicest songs (sing)

A "Pig" in the Bed.  
Many words in everyday use have quite another meaning in remote corners of the country. An auction is a dirty or untidy place; and some rustic, when unwell, tell you that they feel "comical." A pig or piggy is a hot-water bottle—hence the story of the traveler who returned to civilization with a tale that in Northumberland the people slept with a pig in the bed for warmth.—London Express.

Chronic Insomnia.  
"A woman," observed Mr. Henry Peck, "is never so sleepy at night as when she hears Fried Husband fumbling at the front door keyhole, and never so wide awake as when he is trying to tiptoe up the stairs.—American Legion Weekly.

## CHRISTMAS-TIDE

The Christmas-tide, the tide of merriment  
And feast, and love, and peace—most gracious tide,  
All hail, I greet and yearn to honor thee!  
Now let the table groan 'neath viands rich!  
The smoking turkey with the truffle stuffed,  
The shroton roast, all fragrant with the fumes  
Of oysters; fish, flesh and fowl, and dainties  
From all climes, full-ranged in rank profusion,  
To tempt the timid appetite and fill  
The forward one.

So, spread the table with luxurious care,  
And round it gather ever saint and sinner;  
Bar out dull Care, and let the vixen wait,  
Nor rub you, as she's apt to, of your dinner.  
And about your mirth, do not let the screens  
O'erquell the little voice that stands demure  
Outside your heart and gently tapping pleads:  
"A tip to soothe the shiverings of the frost—  
—George Whittier, in Table Talk.

## CHRISTMAS MOTHER GOOSE

What are little boys made of, made of?  
What are little boys made of?  
Engines and drums  
And fat sugar plums—  
And that's what boys are made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?  
What are little girls made of?  
Dishes and dolls  
And red rubber balls—  
And that's what girls are made of.

## CHRISTMAS TIME IS HERE

The Merry Christmas, with its generous  
boards  
Its festive heart and gifts and blissing  
tree,  
Its pleasant voices uttering gentle words,  
Its genial mirth, attuned to sweet melody,  
Its holy-memories!  
The fairest season of the passing year—  
The Merry, Merry Christmas time is here.

## HEART OF GOD.

By VACHELL LINDSAY.

O little heart of God,  
Sweet intruding stranger,  
You are laughing in my human breast,  
A Christ-child in a manger.

Heart, dear heart of God,  
Remind me now I know,  
Strong heart of faith, O heart of mine,  
Where God has set his seal.

Wild, thundering heart of God,  
Out of my doubt I come,  
And my foolish feet with prophet's feet  
March with the prophet's dream!

## A PRAYER AT BETHLEHEM

O putting earth with heart athril  
With joyful creative will,  
O watchful shepherds, in whose eyes  
Sweet hopes and promises arrive!  
O angel host whose chanting choir  
Proclaims fulfillment of desire!  
O flaming star so purely white  
Against the black Judean night!  
O blessed Mary bending low  
With sense of motherhood aglow!  
O holy babe with haloed head  
Sart pillow'd in a manger bed!  
O destiny divine and deep,  
Help or thy prophecies to keep!

—Anne F. L. Field.

Gigantic New Zealand Trees.  
The sizes reported in some New Zealand trees are astonishing. Each of two kauri trees from the vicinity of the Waipara forest is stated to have yielded 295,788 feet of sawable timber, which is about twice the product of the largest known trees of California, and equivalent to the entire production of nearly three acres of good European forest.

Barrel Racing.  
Barrel racing is a favorite amusement among the workmen in a suburb of London. Some forty cellar men, cooper and others competed in one race of this description. Then followed a double-barreled race, the men engaged being obliged to push before them two empty barrels instead of one.

## Under the Mistletoe



Grandmamma, in your frame on the wall,  
Beautiful maid of the long ago,  
Stately and slender, blonde and tall,  
With the pinched-in waist and the foot so small,  
Prishee tell— for I fain would know—  
What did you on that Christmastide  
When great, great-grandpapa made you bride?

Handsome, and courtly, and debonair,  
With his powdered queue and his Roman nose,  
As richly dark as his bride is fair,  
He rests his hand on your straight-back chair  
To whisper to you, I suppose—  
To whisper again as in long ago  
When he kissed you under the mistletoe.

Say, beautiful bride in the antique dress,  
Say, beautiful bride, in your bridal white,  
Did you let him gaze on your loveliness  
Till lifted eyes did your heart confess  
As you led the dance on your wedding night?  
Did he press your hand as he bent to say  
Sweet words—as the lovers do today?

Ah! courtly groom of the vanquished years,  
Beautiful bride of the days long fled,  
Dust, but dust are your hopes and fears,  
Cold your kisses, and dried your tears,  
But I hang here, over your head,  
A sprig of such Christmas mistletoe  
As you kissed beneath in the long ago.

Ancestors Were All Black!  
The fairness of the European skin is attributed to some virtue in the suprarenal glands, and all the knowledge we have since gained supports the conclusion formed by John Hunter 150 years ago that the original color of man's skin was black.

Thankful for That.  
It is said that hatpins to match the color of the eyes are to be worn this year and will be very fashionable. "Indeed," said Brown, as he read the foregoing to his wife, "then I won't have to have green hatpins stuck into my blue eyes."


## Don't Worry

About your Holiday Fruits  
Nuts and Candies. You'll  
be able to get them at

## Givens Restaurant

NORTH SIDE SQUARE

## Is He Headed Your Way?



Let us hope not. But he is going to a fire. Every hour fires break out and destroy property—sometimes life. How is your fire insurance? Does it give you a feeling of security? Does it cover the present worth of what it insures?


If you can say "Yes" to these questions you are to be congratulated, if you say "No" you need our help at once.

Which is it?

**C. G. Thompson Insurance Agency**  
THE GROWING AGENCY.  
CONCRETE BUILDING MARION, KY.

## MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Saghew



YOU LITTLE SHRIMP, IT WOULDN'T HURT YOU TO WASH YOUR HANDS AND FACE AND COMB YOUR HAIR

HAW! HAW! HAW!

IF I DID, NOBODY'D KNOW ME AND I'D LOSE MY JOB IN THIS HERE "COMIC STRIP"

CHARLES SAGHEW



# Hang Up the Baby's Stocking



Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Be sure you don't forget;  
The dear little dimpled darling  
Has never seen Christmas yet.  
But I've told her all about it,  
And she opened her big, blue eyes,  
And I'm sure she understood it—  
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!  
It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's  
Away from the frost and cold.  
But, then, for the baby's Christmas  
It will never do at all;  
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking  
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby—  
I've thought of the very best plan—  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever I can;  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner—so;  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here.  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came last year.  
But she's just the blissest baby!  
And, now, before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies  
From the top clean down to the toe."

## SULLIVAN

Mrs. L. D. Nunn was in Blackford Monday on business.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Cumberland Presbyterian church held their regular meeting Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. G. T. Nunn. Mrs. M. C. Bean, the president, was in the chair and a good program was enjoyed by all present.

Miss Nellye Whitecotton returned from Henderson Monday, after having spent the Thanksgiving holidays with friends.

Gus Riddle was in Henderson several days last week.

Jesse Oliver moved to town, having bought the residence of Mrs. E. H. Terrell.

Harry Walker, who was formerly employed here, returned to his home near Marion Monday.

Mr. Jack Crutcher was in Evansville this week buying stock for his new store. He recently rented the store house from Mr. Sam Hughes.

C. E. Meyers was in Marion on business Tuesday.

Goebel Vaughn was in Clay Tuesday.

C. E. Hammack was in Paducah one day last week.

Little Gariand Rhea, who has had typhoid, is slowly convalescing.

Jim Hill was taken to a sanitarium last week.

Jettie Nunn returned from a short trip to Marion last week.

Mrs. A. M. Cowan returned from Providence, where she was with her brother, Tom Fikes, who is very ill.

Mrs. Garve Davis, of Sturgis, spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. Joe McGraw.

Mrs. Rufus Sigler, of Dekoven, visited her mother-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Sigler, this week.

Mr. R. Sullenger, of Marion, was in town this week.

Miss Glendola Leaver resigned her school near Providence and is now assisting Mr. Campbell Martin, the Postmaster.

Mrs. T. C. Williams, of Sturgis, was the guest of Mrs. Mort Quirey Thursday.

Mr. Joe Lindie of Sturgis spent Sunday with Miss Imogene Thompson.

Mr. Henry Brooks spent Sunday night in Corydon.

Mr. and Mrs. Doss Quirey, of Clay, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Quirey.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sisco were in Sullivan Sunday.

## A CHRISTMAS WISH

Wherever there is sickness,  
May Santa Claus bring health;  
Wherever there is poverty,  
May Santa Claus bring wealth;  
Wherever one is weeping,  
May tears to smiles give way;  
Wherever sadness hovers,  
May joy come Christmas day.  
To every heart that's aching,  
May peace and comfort come;  
And may an outlook rosy  
Supplant each outlook grim;  
May friends now separated  
Soon reunited be,  
And everyone find gladness  
Upon this Christmas tree.

—Edgar Quent

## A CHRISTMAS GREETING

A Merry Christmas, children all,  
Rich and poor, large and small,  
To north, to south, to east, to west,  
In every land where Christ is guest,  
A Merry, Merry Christmas!  
Now may we love our neighbors more,  
And may we give from out our store,  
That all may have a merry heart,  
And take a glad, joyous part  
In our Merry, Merry Christmas!  
For when dear Christmas Eve draws  
Nigh,  
He it the time when you and I  
Shall put away all wrong and sin,  
And bid the holy Christ-Child in  
To bless our Merry Christmas!  
—Montreal Star

Fares Refunded By  
Rebate Association to  
Out-of-Town Shoppers.



Shop Now For Christmas.  
Assortments Are  
Complete.

A Phenominal Sale of

# Suits - Coats - Dresses

Our own immense stock of high class garments of hundreds of the season's most stylish models and a

Manufacturers Entire Sample Line

Which embraces many entirely new late season models that have never been presented to you before.

At Prices You Have Not Believed Possible Up To Now



The  
Opportunity  
of the  
Year.

Do Not  
Miss  
This  
Big  
Event.

## COATS

One hundred and fifty sample Coats, stunning styles; every one of them. Heavy Velour, Cut Bolivia, Valdyne, Avora, Chamistyne. Full silk lined—Fur collars and without—Extraordinary values indeed, at

\$39.50, \$49.50, \$59.50

## SUITS

A most distinguished grouping of—Every Suit in the House ONE-HALF the Original Price. At the first price these Suits were the greatest values in our history so you may readily see what bargains are now available.

\$40.00 SUITS \$20.00	\$60.00 SUITS \$30.00	\$75.00 SUITS \$37.50	\$100.00 SUITS \$50.00
-----------------------------	-----------------------------	-----------------------------	------------------------------

## DRESSES

A wonderful lot of new and exclusive models, most of them samples from famous makers—Selling Now For Half Their Worth—Tricotines, Serge, Taffeta, Satin, Etc. Every one a dream of loveliness.

\$24.75, \$39.50, \$49.50, \$59.50

## FURS

Choice of any Fur in the house—Stoles, Neck Pieces or Scarfs, at 33 1/3 % a discount of

## WAISTS

Special lot of long sleeve, Crepe de Chine Waists, white, flesh or navy, worth up to \$8.95, choice \$4.98

## BLACKFORD.

Mrs. George Powell is very ill.

Mr. Veston Powell of Sturgis was called home by the illness of his mother.

Mrs. Lonnie Duck, of this place, who has been on the sick list, is improving.

Ed Patteringly and wife, of Clay, are visiting friends here.

Elzie Travis, wife and children, are visiting their parents here.

Lafe Samuels and wife were in town today.

Uncle Lynn Mattingly was in town Saturday on business.

Ed Prow was in town on business Friday.

## JESUS THE RECONSTRUCTOR.

BY ISAIAH.  
The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;  
He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted,  
To proclaim liberty to the captives,  
They shall build the old wastes,  
They shall raise up the former desolations,  
And they shall repair the waste cities.

## SULLIVAN.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burklow have moved close to Mr. Roy Nunn's farm.

Mr. Earnest Woodson has returned home from Evansville.

Miss Marjorie Burklow was a recent guest of her cousin, Miss Lola Dunning.

Mr. Jim Hill, who was recently wounded in the hip by a bullet, said to have been fired by A. C. McClanahan, is improving.

Mrs. A. Sigler, who has been ill with typhoid, is some better.

Miss Nellie Whitecotton has returned home from a two weeks' visit in Henderson.

Mr. Gus Riddle went to Morganfield Monday on business.

Mr. Harry Walker left Tuesday for his home near Marion.

Mrs. Maria Gilchrist has moved to Mrs. Hughes' farm.

## We Had Forgotten.

Of course it is some trouble to clean a spark plug, but do you remember what a task it was to go over an entire horse with a brush and curry comb?—Dallas News.

## DYCUSBURG

Mrs. J. C. Griffin, of Paducah, visited her son, W. L. Griffin, his week.

Misses Ialven Ferguson and Mary Etta Martin were in Kuttawa Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Rhea, of Tiline, spent Sunday here.

Dr. T. L. Phillips, of Kuttawa, was called to see Gwendoline Griffin Sunday.

Roy Perryman, of Pinckneyville, spent Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. W. E. Charles was in Paducah Tuesday.

Miss Lillian Yates, of near Tiline, is visiting here.

Clarence Black, of Kuttawa, was in town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Campbell, of Lyon County, spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Dalton, of Livingston, spent the week end the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Dalton.

## Efficiency's Reward.

Efficiency, like virtue, has to be its own reward and when a man does a big job well everybody says anybody could have done it.—Ohio State Journal.

# Bargains

IN  
Fancy and Staple  
Groceries

I also have a fine line of  
Christmas Candies  
Nuts and Fruits

JOE CHICK  
SALEM, KY.

Seaweed Largest Plants.  
The largest plants in the world are seaweed. One tropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length.



# Marion Bank

EXTENDS TO THE PEOPLE OF CRITTENDEN COUNTY THE

Greetings of the Season

AND WISHES ALL A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS 1921



And we thank you for your patronage  
and shall continue to make this Bank  
one that you can with pride call "your"  
Bank.

J. W. BLUE, JR.  
President

T. J. YANDELL  
Cashier

Christmas is a Season  
of Good Cheer

This is a good Grocery  
all the year.



We have the material for your  
Christmas Dinner.

**J. D. ASHER**  
GROCER

WHERE *and* WHAT  
to BUY

Toilet Articles  
Large Line Books  
Fancy Stationery  
Manicure Sets  
Kodaks  
Cigars  
Games of all kinds  
Thermos Bottles  
Dolls  
Fresh Candies

**JAS. H. ORME**  
DRUGGIST



# MAYES' CLOSE OUT SALE IN FULL BLAST!

Savings of Real Greatness on Every  
Article in the Store

Buy Your Christmas Presents here along with your Needfuls and SAVE

## J. H. MAYES & SONS

MARION, KY.

H. C. JONES, Manager



### Keep the Platter Full

It takes industry, good judgment and reliable protection to keep the platter full these days.

The last is by no means least. Protection such as honest fire insurance in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company is easy to get and valuable to have.

With property values going over the top, it's first rate business to increase your fire insurance to correspond. Here is the place to do it.

**C. G. Thompson Insurance Agency**

THE GROWING AGENCY.

CONCRETE BUILDING

MARION, KY.

### A Christmas Present For Everyone At Marion Hardware Co.

#### FOR FATHER

Auto-Strop, Genco or Durham Duplex safety razor, Flash light, Lap Robe or a Pair of Gloves.

#### FOR MOTHER

Aluminum Cooking Utensils, Pyrex Ware, Scissors, Pointer Range or Set of Irons.

#### FOR BROTHER

A wagon, Tricycle, Pocket Knife, Pair of Gloves or an Air Rifle.

#### FOR SISTER

A Tricycle, Toy Auto, Small Shears, Pair of gloves, or a Flash Light.

You will always find our prices right and we have gifts that will please them all.

**MARION HARDWARE CO**

#### BLACKBURN

Rev. I. W. Tally filled his regular appointment at the place Saturday and Sunday. He was called to preach again the coming year.

Mrs. O. J. McConnell is confined to her bed with a severe case of tonsillitis.

Mrs. Mattie Coleman spent one day last week the guest of Mrs. Ethel Vanhooser.

Misses Reida and Edna Stenbridge spent Saturday night the guests of Mrs. Nannie Drewy.

Mrs. Maude Lowery and Miss Anna Orr went to Marion Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hughes and little daughter, Ina Nell, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Leneave.

Mr. Porter Leneave spent Saturday night the guest of his father, Sam Leneave.

Miss Ila Stenbridge was a recent guest of Misses Reba and Ora Turley.

Mr. Wendell Agee, of Tribune, attended church at this place Sunday.

Misses Lena Guess and Lucile Travis attended church here Sunday.

Mr. Arvil Hodge and Miss Sybil were here to attend church Sunday.

Mr. Lexie Coleman spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Coleman.

Mr. Euclid Travis, of Providence, was in this section Saturday and Sunday.

Pet, William G. Travis, who is at home on a furlough, attended church here Sunday.

Mr. J. C. Yarbrough spent the week end at home.

#### MATTOON

Percy Summerville and wife spent Sunday with his father, J. D. Summerville.

Calvin Willson and wife, of Wheatcroft were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Farley Saturday night.

Mr. Jim Ed Skinner and Mr. Tommy Holeman attended Sunday School at Repton Sunday.

Mr. Emmett Stewart passed through our little town Sunday eve.

Messrs. E. C. Lynn and Bryan Marvel, of Shady Grove, were the guests of Gus Farley Monday night.

Anderson Henry and Ernest Williams were in Mattoon Sunday.

Miss Bitha McKinley, of Repton, visited Miss Ernie Farley Saturday evening.

—FOR SALE No. 9 Oliver typewriter, practically new. Phone 192. MRS. C. J. PIERCE 31'2

## Notice to Owners of Motor Vehicles

All Owners of automobiles and trucks must appear in person at the County Clerk's office, on or before the first day of January, 1921, to procure your 1921 license, and you must also bring your last registration certificate you received from the Automobile Department at Frankfort, Kentucky.

I would advise that you take a look for your last registration certificate right NOW, and if you fail to find it, procure a copy from the State Tax Commission, Automobile Department, Frankfort, Ky., as you will have to present your original certificate or copy of same from Frankfort before you can procure your 1921 license.

All persons who have purchased cars in 1920, and did not register same at Frankfort are required to procure from the party from whom said car was purchased or traded for, a bill of sale, in triplicate, one copy of which the party selling or trading the car shall file with the County Clerk, and shall deliver the other two copies to the party purchaser, who will file one of said copies with the County Clerk at the time of purchasing 1921 license on or before January 1, 1921.

**L. E. GUESS,**  
Clerk Crittenden County Court.

**Show Every Night At  
THE STRAND THEATRE  
During Xmas Week**



# HOLIDAY SPECIALS

AT

PRICES LOWER  
THAN  
FOR YEARS

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

THE QUALITY  
IS  
STILL HIGH

Owing to the recent reductions of all commodities this big store is able to offer to its many friends and customers greater bargains in all lines of merchandise. We are glad to do this and it is with the very best Xmas spirit and believing in that old motto, "live and let live," we offer you the following goods at the prices named.

THIS STORE IS NOT SELLING OUT, JUST OUTSELLING

## IN OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

Ladies Shoes in all lasts, high and low heels in Kids Calfskins and Gunmetal, all Specially priced for Xmas.

**\$3.25 up to \$10.00**

Special in Ladies Shoes. They will please You and fit your feet. We offer Shoes That give the utmost in quality, comfort, style and wear for the smallest Profit.

**\$5.50 and \$7.00**

Mens Heavy Work Shoes that stand the strain of hard ware. Values up to \$6.00

**\$3.75, \$4.00, \$4.50**

See Our \$7.00 Dress Shoe Special for Men

Childrens moccasins, soft soles, First Steps And Billikens all reduced for this Xmas Special.

Ball Band and U. S. Rubber shoes, overshoes and boots for men women and children at attractive prices.

## IN OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

A large Assortment of Silks in Messalines and Tacetas at Solid Colors such as black, blue, brown.

**\$1.75**

\$1.90 All Wool Blue Serge Special at

**\$1.50**

\$1.50 All Wool Serge Special at

**\$1.00**

\$3.50 All Wool Navy Blue French Serge at

**\$2.98**

\$3.00 All Wool Serge Special at

**\$2.48**

All 35c and 40c book-fold gingham in plaids, solid and stripes only.

**25<sup>C</sup>**

Best Grade Apron Checks Per yard, only

**20<sup>C</sup>**

All Outing Light and dark Special per yard

**19<sup>C</sup>**

Hoosier Brown Domestic Special per yard

**14<sup>C</sup>**

Other yard goods priced in accordance with these wonderful values.



## CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS

Men's Heavy 220 weight blue overalls in Old Kentucky, Blue Buckle and Putnam makes, All Sizes

**\$2.00 pair**

See Our Special in Boys Corduroy Pants

**\$2.00**

Mackinaws for men and boys, cheaper than an overcoat and just as warm, at

**\$6.00 up**

You will buy when you look at our heavy Moleskin and Corduroy Pants for men

**\$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00**

Suits for Men, Suits for Boys, Also Overcoats for Both

**One-fourth off Reg. Price**

Best Styles, Material and workmanship

Boys Suits ..... \$6.75 and up

Mens Suits ..... 20.00 and up

Let us show you where you can save on each purchase.

### Shirts

Best grade heavy blue work shirt for men

**\$1.00**

Fine striped Madras and percale Shirts. Many varieties of patterns to select from for only

**\$1.95**

Other grades of high class woven Madras and special shirtings in all colors, plain and solid, and in stripes for \$2.75, 3.00 and \$3.50

\$14. Silk shirts in various fancy stripes, only

**\$9.00**

### Gloves

Knit Gloves for children, also mittens, at per pair 25c and 30c.

Ladies Knit gloves at 50c and

**75c**

Ladies Knit Gloves 50c and

**75c**

Ladies Fabric Gloves, 2 clasp in

**75c**

Black and Brown for

**75c**

Silk Gloves for ladies

**75c**

Kid Gloves in black and tan

**\$2.50**

Men's extra heavy canvas gloves

**20c**

Men's leather work gloves in all kinds and prices up from

**75c**

Men's Kid and undressed Kid gloves

**\$2.50**

Prices up from

**\$1.25**

Children's Kid gloves, lined

**\$1.25**

### Underwear

Children's E-Z Unions, sizes 2-12

\$1.65 value for

**\$1.00**

Boys' Flat fleeced unions

**\$1.25**

\$1.75 value, all sizes

**\$1.98**

Men's Ribbed Union Suits

**\$2.50**

Good weight

**\$2.50**

Mens Wool and cotton mixed.

**\$2.50**

Union suits, all sizes

**\$2.50**

Ladies Winter unions long sleeve

Ankle length, also ankle length

no sleeve, \$1.50, \$2.25, and \$2.50

### Blankets and Comforts

A good grey cotton blanket Per pair, Only

**\$3.50**

Woolnap in all fancy plaids Price per pair, \$5.00 to

**\$6.00**

All Wool fancy plaid blanket Large Size

**\$10.00**

Comforts with fancy covered Silkline tops

**\$5.00**

\$6. to \$7. values for \$1.00 and

### Handkerchiefs

Ladies' 3 in a nice Xmas box

**25<sup>C</sup>**

Others in Crepe De Chine All colors, each

**25<sup>C</sup>**

A Special Assortment At each

**10<sup>C</sup>**

Linen, Plain or embroidered Special at

**40<sup>C</sup>**

Mens Plain Cotton Special at 10c and

**15<sup>C</sup>**

Mens Mercerized, Fancy border Special value, 50c and

**60<sup>C</sup>**

Mens' Silk Handkerchiefs Special at

**50<sup>C</sup>**

### Ladies' Hose

Silk Hose make excellent gifts. Let us show you these bargains.

Ladies' Hose in black and tan 15c and

**20<sup>C</sup>**

A good Black Lisle Price per pair

**30<sup>C</sup>**

Smooth Finish Lustre Lisle Hose In Black and Cordovan

**50<sup>C</sup>**

Price per pair

**98<sup>C</sup>**

Special Xmas Silk Hose Price per pair

**\$2.00**

Gordon Hose, in Black, White and Cordovan, \$2.65c value

**\$2.98**

\$3.00 Gordon Hose, All Sizes, In black white and cordovan

**\$2.98**

Price per pair

### Men's Hose

Work Sox Per Pair

**17<sup>C</sup>**

Good cotton sox in medium weight, Colors, black, grey, tan and blue

**18<sup>C</sup>**

Price per pair

Smooth luster finish lisle hose for men All colors, 65c value

**44<sup>C</sup>**

Price per pair

Silk Hose for men, in black white and cordovan, per pair

**\$1.00**

Wool hose for work, prices 48c, 54c and per pair

**69<sup>C</sup>**

Also fancy woolen hose for wear with ox-fords, Price per pair 75c and up.

### Ties

Xmas ties for boys and men. Greatest variety of colors and styles ever shown. Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

**\$3.50**

\$1.50 and up to

Come here for your Xmas ties.

### Sweaters

Mens' and Boys' Sweaters in Heavy Dark Gray with Roll Collars and Two pockets, all sizes only

**\$1.25**

Also Many others both in Slip-On And Coat Sweaters, up from

**\$2.00**

Special Dark Olive and Heather mixture Flannel Shirts for men, All

**\$4.25**

Sizes, \$5.25 value at





Every article in our new store is a gift suggestion for men. You cannot make a more acceptable present than one or more of the items mentioned below.

*The M. H. Cannon Co.*  
WHERE QUALITY PREDOMINATES AND STYLE PREVAILS

OUR entire stock is new and up-to-date in every particular, and bought after the decline in prices. We feel that we are in a better position to serve the men and boys of this community than any other store in this section of the State.

## We Are Closing Out Our Entire Clothing and Overcoat Stock!

We do not expect to carry any of this merchandise over as we want to keep up the record we have started of having a new stock at all times.

<b>\$80.<sup>00</sup></b>	HAND-TAILORED SUITS OR OVERCOATS NOW PRICED AT .....	<b>\$48.<sup>00</sup></b>
	<small>We will help you meet the low prices paid for farm products</small>	
<b>\$60.<sup>00</sup></b>	HAND-TAILORED SUITS OR OVERCOATS NOW PRICED AT .....	<b>\$36.<sup>00</sup></b>
	<small>We are willing to take our loss now, all in a "lump"</small>	
<b>50.<sup>00</sup></b>	HAND-TAILORED SUITS OR OVERCOATS NOW PRICED AT .....	<b>30.<sup>00</sup></b>
	<small>If labor on clothing is cut 1/2 you'll not get better prices next year</small>	
<b>35.<sup>00</sup></b>	HAND-TAILORED SUITS OR OVERCOATS NOW PRICED AT .....	<b>20.<sup>00</sup></b>
	<small>See our windows—you will be convinced</small>	

Christmas Presents for Men Should be Bought at a Man's Store. Ours is the Only One in Crittenden County. Come Here for Your Gift Goods for Men, Young Men and Boys.

### WE SUGGEST

Wilson Bros.' Gloves  
Silk Knit Ties  
Pure Silk four-in-hand  
or bow ties  
Silk Knit Reefers  
Silk Shirts  
English Madras Shirts  
Fancy Silk Sox  
Silk Sox, plain colors

Regal Shoes for Men  
White House Shoes  
for Men  
Buster Brown Shoes  
for Boys  
Velour Hats  
Regal Cravenette Caps  
Woolen Underwear  
Initial Belts

Silk Handkerchiefs  
Linen Handkerchiefs  
Hart Schaffner and  
Marx Clothes  
Right Posture Clothes  
for Boys  
Automobile Gloves  
Driving Gloves  
Pure Linen Collars

Watch Our Windows.

All Mail Orders Filled Same Day Received.

*The M. H. Cannon Co.*  
WHERE QUALITY PREDOMINATES AND STYLE PREVAILS

Phone 39

Main Street is Around the Corner from Us.

Phone 39