

The Crittenden Press

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No. 18

FOOT-BALL DOPE

Blue And White Fighting Eleven
Triumphs Over Clay In Second
Battle

The Blue and White defeated Clay on Armistice day by a score of 8 to 0. The past week has been a great one for the Dillards. Isaac Dillard ran up a great score on the election gridiron and won the Tax Commissioner championship of Crittenden county and Perry "Wop" Dillard, halfback, ran wild in the foot ball game making it possible for Marion to win.

Clay's hosts came over in touring cars, roadsters, spring wagons, etc., thereby hangs the tale of Marion's first score, a safety. In the latter part of the first quarter Wilson punted from Marion's forty yard line and the icy breeze accomodatingly carried the ball over the head of the Clay safety man who gave chase to the ball. He grabbed it behind his own goal line and being chilled through and through by the winter wind went back toward the ticket office searching for the automobile in which he had traveled over from Clay, determined to crawl inside and warm his numbed fingers a trifle. A Blue and White warrior arrested his movements and brought him to earth which resulted in a safety for Marion.

Clay kicked off at the start of the game and Roy Hina ran the ball back to Clay's forty five yard line. On a series of line plunges Marion carried the ball to Clay's three yard line. On the next play, which was fourth down Wilson, in carrying the ball ran out on a short sidling to the right of the right-of-way and was derailed as a consequence. On Clay's first attempt at carrying the ball they made some thirty yards around the starboard side. This was about as near Marion's goal as they ever got with the exception of the rules of the game gave them permission to get within sixty yards of said goal on the kick off. In the second quarter Marion advanced to within eight yards of a touchdown. The next play which was again a fourth down, was a forward pass, Brown to I. Hina but was incomplete and resulted in a touchback. This was the only pass attempted by Marion in the entire game. Again in the third quarter Marion advanced to fifteen yards of a score but lost the ball to Clay on a fumble. Then in the fourth quarter by another series of bucks Marion scored a touchdown. Oliver failed to kick goal.

Clay had very little success in carrying the ball. In the fourth quarter they advanced a good deal in a retrograde manner and lost several yards on each attempt. I. Hina and Travis, Marion ends, would charge down the field and mark time as the Clay interference passed and then cut in and nail the man with the ball before he reached the line of scrimmage. The game ended when Roy Hina broke through the Clay line and threw the runner for a loss of eight yards.

No more spectacular and consistent line plunging has been witnessed in Marion than that by Dillard who appeared to be tireless. The entire Marion team played in almost faultless style and acted entirely different from the one that played against Morganfield a week ago. (Portfolio of Albis, Sec. III, Chapter LVIX.)

POSSUM HUNT

Possom hunting has been a favorite pastime for the last few weeks, but the climax was reached Thursday evening when Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cruce delightfully entertained about twenty guests at their beautiful home. After the hunt the guests were taken to a cabin on the place where a huge old-fashioned wood fire place welcomed them. Before this Mr. J. H. Orme, who was master of ceremonies and chief cook barbequed steak and ducks and broiled bacon to a delicious "doneness". No chef can excel Mr. Orme in the art of barbecuing. In addition to the barbeque chicken salad, pickles, wafers, onions, candy, cake coffee and cream was served.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Huston Orme, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Tucker; Mesdames: Ruth Brown of Tolu; L. E. Guess and Niles Flanary; Misses Esther Barnett, Margurite Crider of California; Virginia Flanary and Messrs. Gene Guess, Earl Clement, Billy O. Moore, Virgil Threlkeld, Charles Cassidy, Floyd Wheeler and Audrey Clark.



MARION, KY. HIGH SCHOOL - 1921.

M. H. S. GIRLS TEAM SWAMPED BY CLAY

The stately slow moving steamer, M. H. S. Girls Basket Ball Team, was sent to the bottom Friday, November 11, when rammed by the speedy little destroyer, Clay. A swiftly blowing gale out of the north aided greatly to the destruction of the Marion cruiser but some person on the sidelines had the temerity to argue that it was as much a disadvantage to one as to the other.

Clay sent 30 broadsides through Marion's armor plate, while Marion with poor marksmanship was able to answer back with only 15. Yet Clay's red-headed little chief gunner seemed to be as unconcerned as if it was merely target practice.

Before the teams met on the field it looked as if it would be a well matched and hard fought game. But spectators that were expecting such were sadly disappointed. The Clay aggregation played rings around the whole Marion team during the first half and up to that time it looked as if Marion would not get a score. However in the last half the Marion girls took a new start and played equally as good basket ball as the Clay team, but the Clay team had already succeeded in getting too great a lead and the game ended with the score Clay 30, Marion 15.

COMMUNITY CLUB

A community club was organized at Seminary School house Friday Sep. 23 with 41 members and the following officers: Jos. Foster, pres. Geo. Cook, v. pres. Mrs. E. E. Summerville, sec.; Mrs. P. M. Summerville chairman of program committee. Friday Nov. 11, being Armistice Day, the following program was rendered:

Reading Matter in the Farm Home Mrs. Joe Foster, Noble Vaughn, Mrs. F. Summerville and Mrs. F. Gilbert Winter Cave of Poultry: Mrs. T. Manley, Mrs. G. Cook, Mrs. J. Vaughn and Mrs. G. Farlep Discussion of Consolidated School: E. O. Manley, C. B. Woody, Jos. Foster, Doss Conger and Frank Moore Military Experience in South America: Bert E. Woody

Military Experience in France: George Henry Closed with community singing. Our next meeting will be Friday Nov. 25 when we will have a talk by Mr. Spencer, County Agent. Everybody invited.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Let us all help Mr. Hollis C. Franklin have a big, jolly, interested crowd next Sunday, and let each one be right on time. Men, let us have a record attendance. Don't shirk, but every body work, and we will win. Preaching at 10:50 A. M. You may expect some good music. Fill every pew in the church. Make the work of the church look like we mean business. Epworth League at 6 P. M. No preaching in the evening. Everybody go to the Presbyterian meeting and help them win.

NOTICE FARMERS

The Providence Loose Leaf Warehouse will open on the 28th of November. First sale Nov. 30. Providence Loose Leaf Floor

CONSTRUCTION WORK STARTED WEDNESDAY

The construction work on the Marion Princeton road started Wednesday. A section of the pike teams passed through Marion Wednesday morning for Crayne where the gang will be located and work will proceed each way from that point.

The contract for the grading and drainage of the road in this county was awarded to W. R. Campbell and Co. of Madisonville. J. A. Speers, who has been resident engineer in charge of grading and drainage of the southern portion of the Dixie Bee Line in Hopkins county was transferred Friday to Marion to be resident engineer for the state department while the seven miles of grading and drainage work is being done in this county.

COLORED M. E. CHURCH CONFERENCE CLOSES

The West Kentucky Annual Conference of the Colored M. E. Church which met here closed its session Sunday evening after the appointments for the year were read. Rev. J. W. McClure was returned to the pastorate of the local church.

Bishop Cleaves presided over the conference and Luther Steward was the secretary. C. K. Lewis of this place was elected as a lay delegate to the General Conference making the fifth time he has been thus honored.

Rev. McClure has done a splendid work here in his church and his people will no doubt be glad of his return for another year.

REVIVAL MEETING

The revival meeting conducted at the Southern Presbyterian church by Rev. W. A. Hughes, Synodical Evangelist of the Southern Presbyterian church is drawing good crowds and much interest has been manifested in the meetings. Rev. Hughes is a very forceful and interesting speaker.

NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

The building bought recently from S. M. Jenkins has been vacated and the work of converting it into the new High School building has been started. The work is well under way and it is expected to have the building ready for the High School classes to move in by January 1.

AGED WOMAN DIES

Mrs. Martha Thomason died last Friday at the home of J. A. Wilson after a short illness of pneumonia. The funeral was conducted Saturday by Rev. J. B. Skinner and Rev. Boucher and burial followed in the Piney Fork cemetery.

Mrs. Thomason was 77 years old and for a number of years had lived a christian life.

RESPECTED CITIZEN DIES

Mr. A. D. Greenlee died at his home in the Emmaus section on last Saturday morning. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. C. Kinsolving and the remains were laid to rest in the Asbridge cemetery.

Mr. Greenlee was 85 years old, an honorable and respected citizen of his neighborhood and a member of the Baptist church. His wife and four children survive him.

DIVISION TWO DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The Annual Declamatory Contest of Division Two was held at Hurricane Friday November 11.

Despite the inclement weather a good crowd gathered and at 7:30 Mrs. Stella Bracey began the march and the four speakers led by their chairman, Miss Davis Hurley, of Glendale, took their places on the stage.

The first speaker was Miss Addie Hughes of Glendale who gave "A Few Bars in the Key of G" and it was well delivered. Next was "The Jailbirds Story" by Miss Anna Mae Boyd of Caney Fork. She told the story in a lovely manner which was pleasing to the entire audience. The third speaker was Miss Reba Holman of Brown, her subject being "The Death Disk". She handled her piece so well as to receive first prize and the second prize went to Miss Gladys Clark of Forest Grove who told "The Story of Old Mother Goose". Mrs. Stella Bracey sang a beautiful solo which concluded the program.

TO THE VOTERS OF CRITTENDEN COUNTY

I want to thank the people of both parties for the great favors they have shown me and the honor they have given me by electing me to the office of Sheriff of this county.

And I want to say that I have and hold high regard for my opponent. So far as I know he has always been friendly and fair and honest with me and I am sure the very same feeling still exists.

So thinking one and all of both parties again and I shall try to carry out each and every promise I have made. I beg to remain

Your most obedient servant
JAMES T. WRIGHT

BIRTHDAY DINNER

On last Sunday many friends and relatives of W. H. Ordway, of Crayne met at his residence to celebrate his 66th birthday. The following were present to enjoy the day and the good dinner: Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Matthews and son; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McCaslin; Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Jones and children; Mr. and Mrs. Allie Kirk; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baumer; Mr. and Mrs. Will Jenkins and children; Mesdames, Albert Bigban, Jane Brookshire, Emma Jacobs, Lula Stallions; I. W. Larue; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ordway; Jim Jones; J. C. Elder, Jr.

RESIDENCE BURNS

A residence on West Elm Street, owned by Geo. W. Stone, was destroyed by fire Monday morning about one o'clock. The house was vacant at the time. The building was too far gone to be saved when the fire alarm was sounded, but the fire department did good work and prevented the conflagration from spreading. It is not known how the fire originated. The loss was covered by insurance.

ELOPED TO SHAWNEETOWN

Aubrey Litchfield, of Blackford, and Miss Ernestine Traylor, a freshman in the Providence High School, eloped to Shawneetown, Ill., Saturday and were married. Miss Traylor's home is at Fredonia but she was boarding at Providence and attending the school there.

President O. K.'s Federal Road Bill

Seventy-five million dollars becomes available as federal aid for road construction in the various states, the money to be spent under the supervision of the bureau of public roads, department of agriculture, under the federal highway act, signed by the president. In addition, \$15,000,000 is appropriated for national forest roads. The \$75,000,000 represents the federal government's appropriation to the work of building highways in the various states and must be matched, dollar for dollar, by funds from the state treasuries, except in states where more than 5 percent of the area is unappropriated land.

The \$75,000,000 appropriated is for the fiscal year ending June 30 1922, and \$25,000,000 of the sum is available immediately, the balance becoming available on January 1, 1922. Of the sum appropriated Kentucky will receive \$1, 417,178.68.

The federal highway act in a general way resembles the federal aid act features. Administration of the act by the Secretary of Agriculture and under him the Bureau of Public Roads, remains unchanged.

Apportionment of the fund to the states is almost the same as in the previous act, the fund being divided into three parts, one part apportioned according to population, one according to area, and one part according to mileage of rural and star mail routes.

There is considerable change however, in the manner in which a state may use its allotment. Each state must select a connected road system not exceeding 7 percent of its road mileage for improvement with federal aid. This system will be divided into two classes, one of which will be known as interstate highways and the other as intercounty highways. The interstate highways must not exceed three-sevenths of the system selected; on them not more than 60 percent of the state's allotment can be spent without the joint approval of the secretary of agriculture and the state highway department. The intercounty highways, which consist of the remainder of the system selected will receive the remainder of the state's allotment.

NEWS IN BRIEF

T. N. Johnson of Southeast Missouri has returned to Lolo after an absence of 15 years.

Morganfield defeated Sturgis in their annual game at Sturgis Saturday by a score of 7 to 6. Sturgis won in basket ball 49 to 16.

One of the largest celebrations ever staged in Union county was held at Morganfield Armistice Day under the auspices of the three American Legion Posts in that county.

Alex Clayton, of near Providence, was shot and killed Sunday morning by "Billie" Fugate.

Mrs. W. Gilbert, age 38, is the mother of 14 children, the last of which arrived this week. She has been a grandmother for five years.

The Murray High School football team was expelled from school because they ran off to Brownsville, Tenn., and played a game on Armistice Day.

A tie sack of mail was stolen from the station at Dawson Springs last week and its contents rifled.

Madisonville defeated Princeton in football Friday to the tune of 54 to 0. Central City was also defeated by the Madisonville team 70 to 6.

HAW RIDGE

Mrs. Luc Crayne spent Monday the guest of Mrs. Myrtle Oliver.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Crayne spent Saturday night and Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Boyd.

Mr. Ike Oliver went to Providence Wednesday.

Mr. Aaron Oliver, who has been ill for some time, is improving.

L. Brown and family of Providence, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown one day last week.

Miss Hassie Stenbridge was the guest of Myrtle Oliver Wednesday.

Farm Bureau News

Tuberculin Testing

During the tuberculosis eradication campaign last week five night meetings were held and a total of 372 cattle were secured for the tuberculin test. The picture "Out of the Shadows" aroused a great deal of interest wherever it was shown. Anyone else desiring this work is urged to get in touch with the County Agent in the near future.

Leaching, heating and the failure of farmers to spread the material as soon as possible results in an annual loss of approximately 3-4 of the farm manure produced in Kentucky according to R. E. Stephenson, soils and crops specialist at the College of Agriculture. Not more than 1-4 of the manure produced is dropped in stalls and otherwise saved so that it can be hauled and spread on the land where it is most needed. However a large amount is dropped in pastures and in the open field where cattle are fed and is therefore used fairly effectively. More careful attention to the proper care of this important farm fertilizer affords farmers of the state a splendid opportunity for increasing their profits.

Keep forest fires out of the timber if possible as it destroys young growth and hurts the fertility of the soil.

Better Bulls

Suppose you are keeping cows and raising the calves from them to sell, either as feeders or after fattening. Suppose you have been breeding these cows to any old bull that happens to be handy and raising the kind of calves that such breeding produces. Suppose you would like to raise better calves but wonder if it would be wise to buy a pure bred bull at a time of depression like this.

In that case, think of these two or three facts: Pure bred bulls that will get good market calves can be bought for little more than beef prices now. The calves from these bulls will be selling 2 or 3 years from now. While nobody knows what cattle will be bringing that far ahead, all present indications are for better cattle prices within a year. Whatever profit may be made in cattle with high prices or low, will go mostly to the men who raise the better type of cattle.

Doesn't it look, all around now, as one of the very best times to get that pure bred bull.

Because of its succulent and helpful effect on the digestive system, silage makes one of the best feeds the farmers can give to their ewes during the coming winter. This feed is especially valuable if there is no pasture available and keeps the ewes in a healthy and thrifty condition. The average farm ewe should receive from 2 to 3 pounds of silage each day also more may be fed with safety. Along with the silage the ewes should have some palatable dry roughage and a small amount of grain preferably oats or bran. Be careful of moldy or frozen silage since the feeding of it may cause serious trouble with the pregnant ewe. Don't over feed the silage or it may prevent the proper development of the bones.

Mr. M. S. Gainside, assistant state Junior Club Leader is spending several days with the County Agent in the interests of Junior Agricultural Club work in Crittenden.

Parents if your children come to you and want to join the club let them do so and learn some of the better methods of farming. This work means much to the boys and girls who will be the farmers of tomorrow. The County Agent will be glad to explain the work in detail any Saturday at his office.

The County Agent has secured a number of pure bred cockerels for various parties in the county this fall. Do you know that a dozen eggs are as much as a bushel of corn? Take care of the chickens get in the egg laying contest and learn what sort of feed a hen needs to make eggs.

The County Agent will be glad to assist any one in getting better stock or better cockerels at any time.

MARRIED IN PRESS OFFICE

At noon Saturday, Mr. Ray Brown and Miss Pearl Polk, both of the Frances section, were married in the office of The Crittenden Press by Rev. W. F. Hogard. Mr. Brown is a young farmer of the Frances section and Miss Polk is a young lady of many charms. The couple are very popular in their neighborhood and their many friends wish them happiness.

T. H. COCHRAN & CO.
Telephone 81

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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It was altogether by accident that the Littleford chief found his weapon. He had dropped a small coin through a crack in the floor. Babe was quick to say that she would crawl under the house and look for the coin, although she had just put on a freshly laundered blue-and-white calico dress. Her anxiety showed plainly in her face. Her father questioned her sharply, and she stammered in spite of herself. Ben Littleford's suspicions were aroused.

So he came out from under the cabin floor with his hands full of the steel of rifle barrels, and with the money forgotten. He placed the rifles carefully on the floor of the porch, turned and caught his daughter by the arm. "Who hid 'em?" he demanded gruffly. "I hid 'em," was the ready answer, defiant and bitter—"I, me! What're you a-goin' to do about it?"

Littleford flung his daughter's arm from him. He was king, even as John Moreland was king. His keen eyes stared at the young woman's face as though they would either it.

"What made you hide 'em?" he growled. "Say, what made ye do it?"

"To try and save human lives. It's why!" Babe answered. "That man from the city—what'll he think of us a-doin' thisaway, a-fightin' like crazy wildcats?"

"Ef he don't like the way we do here, he can go back home," retorted the angry mountaineer. "He ain't bid, is he?"

Babe smiled a smile that was somehow pitiful, and turned off.

"The ain't no use in argylin' with you, pap," she said hopelessly. "I-I might as well fight it was dead."

At that instant the gate creaked open. Babe glanced toward it and saw coming that black beast of a man, Adam Ball the Goffish, and he was armed heavily; in one hand he carried a new high-power repeating rifle, and around his great waist there was a new belt bristling with long, bright smokeless cartridges fitted with steel-jacketed bullets.

When Dale and his companion reached the cabin, Adile Moreland met them. Anxiety was breaking her heart.

"Mr. Dale," she pleaded, "I want you to go down that to the river and see ef there's anything ye can do to stop it afore it begins. You jest walk out hold in the open and ye won't be shot at, and I'll be obliged to ye. Oh, I know the ain't but one chance in ten thousand, but I'm a-prayin' ye'll strike that one chance."

Dale knew that he could do nothing toward bringing peace, and he knew that John Moreland would be angry at his interfering. But he nodded and went toward the river. He didn't have the heart in him to refuse.

Then there came the keen thunder of a rifle shot.

Dale waited for a moment. Between

two sycamores on the nearer side of the river he saw a puff of smoke rising lazily from behind a water oak on the farther side; a Littleford had fired first. Dale went on, moving rapidly and trying to keep himself always in plain view.

Then came a puff of white smoke and a report from one of the Moreland rifles, then shots from both sides—and the battle was on. Dale heard the nasty whine of a bullet in full flight; he heard the coarse "zzz" of a half-spent ricochet. He knew that he was in some danger now, and he was surprised to find that he was not frightened.

When he halted again it was on his knees behind the big white sycamore that sheltered John Moreland.

"Back, are ye?" frowned the mountaineer. And with the grimace of humor, "I reckon ye had a fine, large time in Cincinnati. Yore friend Harris was well, I hope. Git that money from him?"

"Cut that out," said Bill Dale. "It doesn't get us anywhere—"

A bullet threw particles of sycamore bark to his face, interrupting. John Moreland pointed to a green furrow in the side of the tree.

"Ben Littleford hisself," said Moreland. "How ahind o' that water oak across thar. Don't stick yore head out!"

The mountaineer turned his gaze over Dale's shoulder, and his countenance seemed to freeze. Dale looked around quickly and saw Babe Littleford, less than ten feet behind him! She had crept up through the tall grasses and weeds. In one hand she carried a white flag made of a man's handkerchief and a willow switch. She halted and sat up.

"Habe!" Dale cried out. "What are you doing here?"

Babe gave him a pale smile. "Ef pap'd shoot me, a-thinkin' I was a Moreland, mebbe it'd stop the everlastin' fightin'," she said.

John Moreland stared, and Bill Dale stared. They were in a Presence, and they knew it. Babe went on:

"I've come to save all o' yore lives; but if I do it, ye'll haf to make yore men quit a fightin' right now—jest order 'em to stop a-shootin', and hold up this here—and I promise ye on a Littleford's word 'at pap'll call ye a better man 'an him 'cause ye done it—"

She tossed the white flag to him. "The ain't no time to lose, John Moreland; hold up the flag! Ef ye don't, ye'll every one be killed, 'cause ye're every one in a trap!"

"I don't believe ye, Babe!" snapped the Moreland chief. "Yore people can hold up a white rag jest as well as we can!"

Babe went paler. There was a sudden burst of firing from the Moreland rifles, and she crept a little nearer to John Moreland in order that he might hear plainly that which she had to tell him next.

"I'm a-goin' to tell ye o' this danger," she said, "and trust to you a-bain enough to do what I axed ye to. Black Adam Ball, he's got a new-fashioned rifle and smokeless cartridges and steel bullets; and in a few minutes he'll be hid in a clem o' sassafras back thar in yore meadow, whar he means to set and pick off you Morelands one by one—and you and Bill Dale fast, 'count o' the beatin' ye two put on him! But pap had nothin' to do with it, and rickollect that! Now I've saved all o' yore lives, 'cause ye couldn't ha' heard the sound o' his rifle in all o' this noise; and ye couldn't ha' seed the smoke o' his gun, 'cause it don't make no smoke. Hold up the white flag, John Moreland—hurry!"

"Held Up the White Flag, John Moreland—Hurry!"



"Held Up the White Flag, John Moreland—Hurry!"

Babe thoughtlessly arose to her feet, and one side of her brown head appeared before the sights of her father's rifle—her father fired quickly, too quickly for a perfect aim—the bullet burned its way across her temple and through her hair, and she crumpled at Bill Dale's knees, totally unconscious.

Dale gave a hoarse cry and gathered her limp figure into his arms. John Moreland waved aloft the white handkerchief and belowed to his kinsmen to stop firing. Then silence came.

"Come over here, Ben Littleford!" shouted John Moreland. "Ye've shot yore own grrrl!"

And to his brother Abner, whose right forearm was wrapped in a blood-stained blue bandana:

"Black Adam is hid somewheres in this

meadow; go and ketch him, and don't take no chance with him. Shoot him like a dog ef he tries to trick ye!"

A dozen men ran to look for the would-be sniper. The Littlefords, still armed, came dashing across the river. Ben Littleford threw down his rifle and knelt beside his daughter; he wrung his big hands and cursed the day that had seen him born.

Dale held her close. His face was as white as hers, and his eyes were flaming.

"Why don't you shoot all your womenfolk?" he said to the Littleford chief, and every word cut like a knife. "It's by far the simplest way; it's merciful, y'know. See, she isn't breaking her heart over your murderous fightin' now. No, keep your hands away—you're not fit to touch her!"

They brought water and wet the young woman's face, and bathed the red streak across her temples. They did all they knew how to do to bring her back to consciousness, but, except for her beating pulse and her breathing, she remained as one dead. Hours passed, leaden hours, and her condition was unchanged.

Dale beckoned to John Moreland, who had just returned from having seen Adam Ball caught, disarmed, and imprisoned in an old tobacco barn. Moreland hastened to Dale, the new master.

"When does the next south-bound train pass the Halfway switch?" Dale wanted to know.

Moreland looked toward the sun. "We could make it, all right, but it's a fast train, and it don't never stop at the switch."

"Then we'll hold it up," declared the new master in a voice of iron. "This is a case for a surgeon. Get a blanket and two poles and make a litter."

John Moreland hastened away obediently. Dale turned to Ben Littleford, who sat in a motionless heap beside the still figure of his daughter.

"It was only a few hours ago," he said accusingly, "that this poor girl told me she'd be glad to give her life to stop your fighting, and now, perhaps, she's done it! You're a brute, Littleford. I like to fight, myself, but not when it costs women anything."

The conscience-stricken hillman gave no sign that he had heard. There was silence save for the low murmur of the river and the tragic song of a bird somewhere in the branches of the big white sycamore.

CHAPTER VI.

Back Home.

Every mother's son of the feudists was numbered in the party that fled across David Moreland's mountain to intercept the next south-bound train. The old enmity was for the time being forgotten. Members of one clan rubbed elbows with members of the other clan, and thought nothing of it. John Moreland himself carried one end of the crude litter that held the limp form of Babe Littleford; Bill Dale carried the other end.

Close behind the litter walked Babe's father, seeming old and broken with remorse for the thing he had done. The grief of Ben Littleford was touching now, and Dale was a little sorry that he had spoken so bitterly to him.

They reached the Halfway switch ten minutes before the arrival of the fast mail. A short passenger train was on the long siding, waiting for the south-bound to pass. Dale gave his end of the litter to Caleb Moreland, and strode up to the locomotive. The engineer sat quietly smoking in his cab.

Dale wanted the fast mail stopped, and gave his reasons.

The engineer smoked and considered. It was against rules. Dale swore at rules. The engineer said he would see the conductor. He did, and the conductor stepped to the ground and began to consider.

"Better put her on my train," he said finally, "and take her to Barton's station. There's a good doctor at Barton's—"

"But this is a case for a surgeon!" impatiently interrupted Bill Dale.

They disagreed. The old trainman was a close friend of the doctor at Barton's station. What was the difference between a doctor and a surgeon, anyway?

Dale became angry. "You'll stop the fast mail for us," he snapped, "or we'll take your d-d red flag and hold her up long enough to put the girl aboard, and you've got only half a second to decide which!"

The conductor was obdurate. The mountain men were too hot-headed to bear with him longer. The positions of a dozen rifles underwent a sudden change. The conductor immediately went pale and negotiated the law—but he agreed to stop the south-bound.

As he ordered his flagman up the tracks, the sound of the fast train's whistle came to their ears.

The fier came to a screeching halt with sparks streaming from its wheels. Bill Dale and John Moreland passed the litter and its burden into the baggage car and followed it hastily, and Ben Littleford climbed in after them. John Moreland leaned out of the doorway and ordered his son Luke to pass him his rifle, and Luke obeyed promptly.

There was a shriek from the whistle, and the brakes were released; the train began to gather momentum. A baggage-man approached John Moreland and asked why the rifle. Moreland half closed one keen grey eye and patted the walnut stock of his repeater.

"Oh, I jest brought it along to see 'at everybody has a straight deal," he drawled—"go on about yore business, mister."

The baggage-man went about his business.

The conductor of the fast train was very unlike the conductor of the north-bound. When he had learned some

thing of the circumstances, he insisted that Dale had done exactly the right thing. He would see whether there was a doctor aboard.

Within five more minutes he returned in company with an elderly man wearing a pointed beard and nose glasses.

"Doctor McKenzie," he said politely; "Mr. —"

"Dale."

The two nodded, and the physician knelt beside the litter, which had been placed with its ends on boxes to allow the center to swing free. He made as though an examination as was possible under the conditions, then arose and stood looking down upon the young woman with something like admiration in his sober, professional eyes.

"Perfect physique," he said as though to himself. . . . "She will



"Perfect Physique," He Said, as Though to Himself.

have to undergo an operation," he told Dale. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has fine chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job, so there's not much ground for worry."

Dale was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littleford laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He went down to his knees beside his daughter, took up one of her limp hands and stroked it in a way that was pitiful.

When he arose he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt.

Doctor McKenzie was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them with an ambulance, if Dale wished.

"If you please," said Dale.

They reached the city shortly before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon. Braemer took charge of the patient, put her into his ambulance and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Dale and the two clan chiefs followed in an automobile. The hillmen had never before seen an automobile; but they asked no questions about it, and the only word of comment was this, from John Moreland: "I don't like the smell."

Everything had been made ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay.

The two mountaineers and Dale waited in another room. Dale had induced John Moreland to unload his rifle, both chamber and magazine. Babe's father paced the floor anxiously now and then. Moreland sat like a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy queerly.

It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them smilingly that it was all over and that the girl was then coming from under the effects of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was reasonably certain. No, they'd better not see her just then. But perhaps they could see her at some time during the afternoon of the following day.

Dale escorted his two companions to a modest hotel and then put them in a room that had but one bed; by thus throwing them together in a strange land, he hoped to do something toward making them friends. Then Dale went to another room, undressed and went to bed.

It may be noted, parenthetically as it were, that John Moreland and Ben Littleford quickly reached a wordless agreement not to sleep together—they divided the pillows and linens evenly, tore the odd coverlet exactly in half, and slept on the floor.

When Dale went down to the lobby the following morning an alert-eyed young fellow sprang from a chair and hastened up to him.

"By George, Hobby!" Dale exclaimed, as they began to shake hands. "How did you know I was here, anyway? Your boasted nose for news, eh?"

"Guilty," smiled McLaughlin. "I got word last night that a mountain girl had been brought to Braemer's, accidentally shot, and I smelled a feud; so I hurried over to get the story. You had just left, and Braemer's didn't know much about it. It was too soon after the operation, they said, for her to see me; then one of the nurses whispered to me that you had brought her, and said that I would find you here. So here I am, Bill, and I want the

story. I'll phone it in, and then I'll give you some news."

"The story mustn't be published, Bobby," Dale replied. "For one reason, there is a feud; and if the law knew, it might take a hand—you see, I think there is a better way to take care of that feud. And I am of the opinion that the girl wouldn't like the publicity. Suppose you forget all about it, Bobby."

If McLaughlin was disappointed, he kept it well to himself.

"They said she was handsome, a sort of primitive Venus," he winked. "Is there a romance connected, Bill?"

"Not yet," smiled Dale.

"But soon?"

"Who can tell?" Dale shrugged a little. "Tell me the news."

"All right," McLaughlin drew his friend toward a pair of empty chairs. "I married Patricia Clavering the day before yesterday. We—"

"Bully! Go on."

"We were married in an automobile, with her father and 'poor dear Harry' chasing us like wildfire in another car. Yesterday we went to housekeeping in a cute little suburban bungalow, furniture on the installment plan. Her people won't even look at us, Bill! But do we care? Bill Dale, I ask you, old dear, do I seem to be worrying? Honest, I'm so happy I'm afraid something is going to happen to me. I'm to have a lift in salary soon, and we won't be long in paying for the furniture; and when that's done, we'll buy the bungalow."

"And I'm informing you now, old savage," he continued, "that you're having dinner with us this evening. You'll find it pleasant. We do as we please, you see. If you like, you may stir your coffee with your finger, eat with your knife, reach clean across the table, and pick your teeth with your fork. You can eat with your hat on, and you may have your dessert first. You can have an extra chair for your feet, and you can go to sleep at the table. Don't fall us. Pat wants to thank you for 'casting her aside' at the altar."

Dale laughed boyishly. McLaughlin went on:

"There's more news. Your father has been trying hard to find you. He sent a man to Atlanta to look for you. He told me he'd give me a house and lot if I'd find you—and if there was a little more of the highway robber in me, I'd call his hand!"

"And mother—have you seen her?" Dale muttered.

"I've seen her twice since the near-wedding."

"Did she have anything to say about me? Tell me the whole truth, Bobby. I can take it, old man. I'm big enough."

McLaughlin frowned. "Since you've asked me, Bill, your mother—I overheard her telling your father that she would never forgive you for the 'utterly shameless, disgraceful scene' you made in church."

"I see," said Dale. He brightened and went on, "As soon as I can get my two friends down to the dining room, Bobby, you're going with me to father. We're going to claim that house and lot for you."

"For Patricia's sake, I've a thundering big notion to take you up," laughed McLaughlin. "Your dad would never miss it."

"That's it—take me up for Pat's sake," said Dale, rising. "You'd be foolish if you didn't. You should be willing to do anything, almost, for Pat. She's a jewel, Bobby."

Half an hour later they caught a passing car that soon carried them to a palace of granite and stone and cream-colored brick—the home of the old coal king, John K. Dale.

At the wide front gateway young Dale drew back.

"Bring father out here," he said in a low voice. "From what you told me, I guess mother wouldn't want me to come in. But you can find out about that—"

He hoped his mother would want to see him. While she had never seemed to care for him as other mothers cared for their boys; while she hadn't been quite so dear to him as she might have been—

"And if she wants to see me, Bobby, let her know."

McLaughlin smiled a somewhat worried smile, and went up to the front door. A moment later he was shown in. Yet another moment, and John K. Dale, his florid face beaming with gladness, hastened out to the gateway. Young Dale was instantly touched by his father's new attitude toward him; then he remembered the long night of David Moreland's people, and he stiffened a little and drew back a pace.

"You've come home to stay, haven't you, Carlie?" said the older man, and his voice was filled with pleading. "What you did is all right; we'll never mention it again. You'll stay, won't you, Carlie, my boy?"

"No," answered the son, a trifle coldly in spite of himself. "I've spent all the idle, useless years I'll ever spend. I'm getting ready to develop the coal in David Moreland's mountain."

"David—Moreland's—mountain?"

The retired coal magnate breathed the three words in a husky tone. He put forth a hand and rested it against one of the huge stone gateposts, as though to steady himself, and some of the color went from his face.

"You say David Moreland's mountain, Carlie?" he jerkily.

"Yes."

"And you—you learned about David Moreland?"

"Yes." Bill Dale folded his arms and stood there looking at his father with eyes that accused.

"You know who killed him?" old Dale muttered.

"I do, and it was a shame—a black shame."

"Yes, it was a shame. Nobody knows that half so well as I know it," said John K. Dale. His mouth quivered. He looked downward, looked up again.

"Non, you can never say or think worse things about me than I have said and thought about myself—because of that."

Dale the younger glanced toward the house. Robert McLaughlin was coming slowly down the veranda steps. Mrs. Dale was nowhere in sight. She didn't want to see her son; she didn't even want him in the house. Bill Dale read it all in his friend's downcast countenance, and it was somehow a great disappointment.

"You'll need money if you're going to develop that coal property," Dale the elder was saying. "You haven't any money, and those mountain folk haven't any. I'll give you all that's



"You Know Who Killed Him?" Old Dale Muttered.

needed. I'll send you mining machinery, and expert mining men; I'll—"

"You needn't," broke in the embittered Bill Dale. "I can get the necessary funds without difficulty. I'll pay the debt myself. You've had a great many years in which to try to make amends, and you haven't done anything. You might have helped the Morelands without their even knowing that it was you—especially as they seem to have known you by another name—and that's the only way you could have helped them. Here you have one reason why I cannot accept assistance from you; don't you see, father? The Morelands wouldn't have it, and I couldn't lie to them."

He motioned to McLaughlin, who had halted on the lower veranda step in order that he might not overhear, and turned and walked away. McLaughlin followed, and soon overtook him.

Bill Dale stopped suddenly and faced back to his father.

"Remember that Bobby gets his house and lot!"

"Yes," replied John K. Dale, "Bobby gets his house and lot."

He went sadly toward the mansion that seemed to him now a good deal like a tomb. Young Dale touched his friend on the arm.

"Tell me, what did mother say? I know it's going to hurt, but—tell it."

"She was sitting beside an open window in the library," said McLaughlin. "I told her that you were at the gate, and asked if she would like to see you. At first I was afraid she hadn't heard me. Then she opened a book that she was reading, found her place and marked it with a finger, and looked at me."

"Who did you say was at the gate, Mr. McLaughlin?" she asked.

"Your son Carlie," I answered.

"Mr. McLaughlin," she said to me coldly, "I want you never to forget this: To me there is no such person on earth as Carlie Dale."

They went downtown in silence.

(Continued next week)

SHADY GROVE.

Bro. Egbert filled his regular appointment at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Babb, of Providence, were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Brown, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Hoy Traylor is very sick with pneumonia fever at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wirt Horning were guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker Horning, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Guess have moved to their new home at this place.

Miss Ila Stenbridge and mother were guests of Mr. W. Horning one day last week.

Miss Rae Coleman spent Saturday night with Mrs. Myrtle McDowell.

Miss Inez Horning was the guest of Mr. Wirt Horning Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Wood and children were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Brown, Sunday.

School is progressing nicely with Miss Ernestine Towery teacher.

Mr. Everett Horning is on the sick list at this writing.

Mrs. Vic Escew and son of Oklahoma City, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Joyce, at this place.

I. H. CLEMENT.

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Put a pin in here! Prince Albert can't bite your tongue or parch your throat. Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process. So, just pass up any old idea you may have stored away that you can't smoke a pipe! We tell you that you can—and just have the time of your life on every fire-up—if you play Prince Albert for packing!

What P. A. hands you in a pipe it will duplicate in a home-made cigarette! Gee—but you'll have a lot of fun rolling 'em with Prince Albert; and, it's a cinch because P. A. is crimp cut and stays put!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

MIDWAY.

Victor Hunft visited Ed Newbell and family Saturday.

E. Sigler of Shady Grove visited Mrs. Martha Sigler and family Sunday.

Audrey Brown of Emmaus visited Mr. J. B. Paris and family Saturday.

Mrs. Will Fralick and daughter, Miss Frieda, went to Marion Monday.

Mesdames Mary Hughes and Jane Hamby visited Mrs. Iva Matthews Monday.

Miss Estelle Paris visited near Salem the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Newbell visited his father, George Newbell, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hill of Marion, visited Shelley Matthews and family Sunday.

Aunt Martha Thomason died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jim Wilson, Friday and was buried at Piney Fork Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Paris visited Jim Wilson and family Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hill visited Press Hill and family Friday.

Little Norman Hill has been on the sick list the past week.

Charley Hunt visited his sister, Mrs. Martha Sigler, Saturday.

Mrs. Sallie Crider is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clara James, this week.

Press Hill and family visited his father at Marion Tuesday.

Ed Riley and family visited Willie James and family Sunday.

Jamie Paris, wife and baby visited his father, J. L. F. Paris, at Marion Tuesday of last week.

FRANCES.

Mrs. Ocie Brown of Livingston county visited her father, Mr. J. T. Matthews last week.

Ida and Nellie Brown visited Mrs. Bettie Rolston Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Nan Matthews went to Paducah last week.

Mr. Henry Pogue has moved to his new home in Frances.

Mrs. Martha Parish visited Mrs. Ellen Brown Sunday.

Mr. Ordley Brasher and Miss Carrie Matthews went to Princeton Wednesday and were united in marriage.

Mr. John R. Brown and wife visited her cousin, Mr. Shelly Decker, at Dycusburg, last Sunday.

Mr. J. V. Parish visited his father, Mr. Graves Parish, Sunday.

Mrs. Bettie Rolston visited Mrs. Ellen Shadowen Saturday.

Mrs. Andra Brown and children visited Mrs. J. W. Brown Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. J. R. Brown and wife visited her aunt, Hattie Shewcraft, Thursday.

BLACKFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Morgan, of Dawson Springs, are visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Perry and little son, of Princeton, spent several days last week with relatives of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Freland and Miss Fannie Burklow motored to Salem Saturday and visited Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Riley.

Mrs. Lucy Hazel of Dekoven is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Al Pickens.

Mrs. O. M. Crisp and son spent Friday the guests of Mrs. Leslie Garrett.

Mr. and Mrs. Metz of near Repton spent Tuesday with their daughter, Mrs. E. E. Newcom.

Mrs. John West and children spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Claud Jeffrey.

Miss Bessie Curry of Corydon is visiting here.

Mrs. Julie Garrett is visiting her son, Leslie Garrett, of this place.

Willie Manley of Saxton, Mo., is visiting relatives here.

Miss Pearl Hutson of Providence visited Mrs. Leonard Burklow last week.

Mrs. Ernest Buchanan and little son are visiting her mother.

Mrs. L. Cowan spent the day last Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Brinkley.

Mr. Carl Eddings, of Jenkins, is visiting his parents at this place.

UNION GROVE

Mr. Jim Sullenger, wife and son of Mexico visited Mr. R. H. Canada Saturday.

Mr. Roy Sigler, of Piney Creek, attended meeting at this place last Tuesday night.

Miss Mertie Boone and children visited her father, T. O. James Saturday night.

Miss Eulis Canada went to Princeton last Saturday.

Mr. J. N. Cannan and son were in Fredonia Saturday.

Mr. Floyd Jones of Princeton is visiting his aunt, at this place.

Miss Lizzie Riley is better at this writing.

Miss Mattie Wiggenton has returned home from a visit to Sturgis.

Miss Lizzie Canada and son were in town Saturday.

Mr. J. N. Cannan and Mr. Lexie Cannan visited Mr. R. H. Canada last week.

Miss Louise Hall is teaching a good school at Union Grove.

FOREST GROVE

Gladys Clark entertained several of her friends with a tacky party Saturday night.

D. Hodge is on the sick list.

Mrs. Ed Simpson visited Mrs. Lizzie Clark Monday.

Mrs. M. E. Gass went to town Tuesday.

Gladys Clark won the medal at the contest Friday night.

TOLU

Dr. O. T. Lowery, A. P. Shepherd, Sherman Rushing, Jim Wright and Dr. Wm. C. Davis went to Marion Thursday on business.

Mr. Spencer, of Marion and Dr. Pope, of Bowling Green, were here on Friday of last week.

Dr. Davenport and wife, of Hampton, visited J. H. Grimes and wife Saturday.

Mr. O. P. Croft and Loyd Spees made a business trip to Marion Saturday.

Mr. Jack Shepherd made a trip to Paducah last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Harris have gone to Marion for a few days visit.

Mrs. Ruth Brown, who attended the wedding of Mr. Neil Guess, returned home Sunday.

Mr. Hugh Bennett spent the week end in Marion with his wife and daughter.

Dr. O. T. Lowery and Miss Gladys Franks motored to Sheridan Saturday afternoon.

Mr. C. E. Clark made a shipment of hogs Tuesday.

Tolu is on a big boom now, she has electric lights throughout the city.

Mrs. John Guess visited her sister, Miss Emma Terry, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Wilma Sullenger visited her aunt, Miss Mildred Highfill, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Harry Stone of Zeigler, Ill., visited his family the first of the week.

Mr. Z. A. Bennett of Paducah was here last week.

The quarterly meeting will be held at Tolu November 19 and 20.

Rev. O. M. Capshaw has gone to Mt. Zion to assist in a meeting.

DEANWOOD.

Miss Beatrice Lamb visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter Roberts Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Hurst were guests of Mr. T. M. Dean and family Sunday.

Mrs. S. A. Lamb visited Mr. J. O. Horning and family one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Drennan attended church at Shady Grove Sunday.

Misses Bowie and Berna Eaton were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Gilbert Saturday.

There will be services at Sugar Grove on Thanksgiving day.

Misses Robbie and Minnie Dean spent the week end with their parents.

Mr. Alvie Walker visited his brother, Mr. T. E. Walker, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Osias Andrews and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Acie Walker Sunday.

Miss Bertha Eaton spent a few days recently with Mrs. Iva Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Morse visited his mother, Mrs. Ida Morse, one day recently.

DYCUSBURG

F. F. Charles of Paducah was in town Monday.

L. B. Vosier and family, of Kuttawa, spent the week end in town visiting relatives.

Mrs. Pearl Camp, of Paducah, spent Wednesday night with her mother, Mrs. Virginia Cothran.

Miss Tiline Charles, of Paducah, spent Tuesday at home.

J. A. Graves was in Paducah on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Bill Yates and children are visiting in Livingston county.

Mrs. C. T. Glenn entertained at her home Friday night at Rock. Those who were present to enjoy the evening were Messrs. Anson Bennett, L. Krone and Bennett Ramage, Misses Inez Vosier, of Kuttawa, Ola Charles and Carrie Vosier. Delightful refreshments were served.

Mrs. G. L. Lott attended church at New Bethel Thursday.

Mrs. Sue Brasher of Kuttawa is visiting Mrs. Frank Dycus, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Devers, of Shawneetown, are guests of their son, F. O. Devers.

J. D. Robinson, of Paducah, spent the week end in town visiting Will Charles.

Mail orders promptly filled—Send for our new catalog.



PADUCAH—KENTUCKY

Fares Refunded to out of town customers.

Shopping in Paducah is Profitable Now Selections Are Large And Prices Extremely Low— You Should Attend Our NOVEMBER SALE THIS WEEK

Keeping in close touch with the current needs of the Store's customers is the policy which inspired these eventful November Sales. Merchandise presented is of the sort to meet Fall and Winter requirements. With the fullest satisfaction careful consideration at prices cannot fail to convince the discriminating of the extraordinary values available.

A Charming Frock For Each Occasion

A lot of dresses, at greatly reduced prices, including many samples just purchased from drummers' sample lines. Dresses of Tricotines, Serges, Poirer Twill, Silk Velvet, Velveteen, beaded Georgette Afternoon Frocks, Bright, attractive Dance Frocks, Braigley Models of wool Jersey or knitted Fabrics.

IN FOUR SPECIAL GROUPS

\$15.00

Worth up to \$30.00

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Worth up to \$50.00

\$20.00

Worth up to \$40.00

\$49.00

Worth up to \$100.00



New WINTER COATS

A Coat Selling of Unusual Importance
It is quite certain that you have not had the pleasure of seeing such reasonable prices on Coats as we are giving you in this event. The commanding values embrace Coats for every purpose in many charming style variations and pleasing selections of fabrics.

Sport models in reindeer shade, with large racoon collars, three-fourth length **\$39.50**

Heavy Marvella, Moussyne, and Avora Coats, basque or full back models with large collars of squirrel, mole or wolf. Very **\$59.50**
Special value at



SILK HOSE

Ladies' Embroidered and Embroidered Coats Silk Hose. Full fashioned, this top. New embroidered designs. Black, brown and silver.
Per pair **\$3.00**

LADIES KID GLOVES

Ladies' French Kid Gauntlets, "Centemeri" make. Strap wrist, self-glove and contrasting stitching. Black, white, brown, tan and pastel.
Per pair **\$4.50**

NOVEMBER SALE OF SILKS

With frocks holding supreme place this season the Sale of Silks is an occasion of importance. There is no lovelier spot in the Store, and the values represented are making history for the department.

40 inch Canton Crepe, brown, navy, taupe, black, regular \$3.00 value **\$2.48**

40 inch Satin Canton, black, navy, brown, regular \$4.50 value **\$3.98**

40 inch all silk Duveltyne, brown, navy and black, regular price \$6.98 **\$5.98**

40 inch Costume Velvet, bias only, regular price \$3.75 **\$3.25**

40 inch Satin Charmeuse, in black, gray, brown, taupe, Burgundy, navy, French blue, green, Regular \$3.00 grade **\$2.48**

Suppose the Unexpected Happens

Have you Money in the bank to pay living expenses? A few dollars deposited with Our Savings Department regularly will put you on the safe side, and every dollar you leave there will earn Four Percent Interest.



Farmers & Merchants Bank
TOLU, KY.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Elvis Andrews of Piney Creek section was in Marion Tuesday.

Rev. James F. Price is in a meeting in Morgantown, Ky.

Miss Georgia Travis, of Blackford visited her sister, Miss Thelma, here Friday.

D. W. Stone was here Saturday and reported he had put up 7000 cans of fruit this season.

Miss Susie Polk of the Frances section, died last Friday night after a lingering illness. The remains were buried at Cookseyville Sunday.

Hobart Travis went to Evansville last week and had his tonsils removed. His father went with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Audra Clark, Mrs. Moore and two sons and Mr. B. C. Marvel went to Hampton to visit Mr. Clark's uncle, Mr. Alex Humes, Sunday.

Oyster Supper

Basement Marion Methodist Church

Tuesday Nov. 22

Beginning 5:30 P. M.

Oyster Soup and Crackers, Fried Oysters, Celery, Pickles, Salad.

Under auspices Cora Charles Missionary Society

Another Fire

Words often heard and words whose significance can not be measured if your home happens to be the place in question, and you know at the same you had no insurance. Why take risks like this? Let us insure your property. NOW—tomorrow may be too late. We can't write insurance after the fire has come.

Crider & Woods Co.

C. W. LAMB MISS NELLE WALKER
MARION, KY.

Hon. T. C. Bennett went to Louisville one day last week on business.

Coleman Foster, of Livingston county, was in Marion Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Holland, of Mexico, were visiting Jack Tabor Tuesday.

J. N. Boston went to Louisville Tuesday for medical treatment.

Dr. F. W. Nunn went to Louisville Tuesday to attend the State Dental Association.

Col. Byrd M. Guess, of Fredonia, was in the city Monday.

Mr. Jas. T. Glenn, of Lyon county visited his niece, Mrs. W. T. McConnell, here the first of the week.

Eugene Clark, of Tolu was here Monday.

Johnson Crider, of Fredonia, was in Marion Monday.

J. R. Casner of Shady Grove, was in town Monday.

Earl Crider, of Mexico, was in town Tuesday and reported that he was selling all the spar he could mine from the two mines he is operating.

Mrs. Lillie Dart and Miss Jennie Dilbeck of Blackford were in Marion Monday.

Gip Watkins, of Hopkinsville was here Tuesday on business.

Denny Hubbard of Shady Grove, was in Marion Tuesday.

A. C. Babb, of Sturgis, was in Marion on business Tuesday.

A. H. Reed made a business trip to Mexico Tuesday.

Rev. T. L. Hulse, of Henderson, was in the city Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Baillio of Philadelphia, are in Marion this week.

J. W. Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gugenheim, and E. F. Sullenger went to Evansville, Tuesday.

Mrs. J. D. Asher and J. D. Jr. spent the week end in Repton.

Mrs. W. H. Crawford of Harlan, is visiting Mrs. J. G. Rochester.

J. A. Guess, of Fredonia was in the crowd here Monday.

Judge Aaron Towery, of Shady Grove, was in Marion Monday.

There will be Thanksgiving services in the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Weston on the 24th. Children's program at 10 and Rev. F. L. McDowell will preach at eleven.

Mr. and Mrs. Newt Walker, of Tribune were in town Monday.

D. S. Babb went to Dawson Tuesday to spend the winter.

Forest Harris and family are moving from Tolu to Marion.

Floyd Wheeler is recovering from an attack of diphtheria.

J. H. Grimes, of Tolu, was in the city Monday.

W. L. and W. T. Terry, of Forest Grove, were in the city Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Hardy, of Dawson, spent the week end in the city.

Maurie Boston returned from Louisville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McCaslin, of Crayne, were in the city Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mick, of Illinois are visiting their son, W. E. Mick.

The County Declaratory Contest will be held at Marion December 2.

Misses Velma Dean and Fannie Morse, of Deanwood, were in Marion Saturday.

Colie Moore, of Hopkinsville, was here Saturday.

Mrs. Dr. J. R. Gilchrist spent the week end visiting relatives at Sullivan.

Mrs. Myrtle Todd Towery spent the week end in Blackford.

Misses Cora and Lolla Beavers of Fredonia and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hughes were in the city Saturday.

Mrs. M. E. Teer, of Leora, Mo., who has been visiting her brother, B. B. Stout, returned home Saturday.

CASAD.

In last week's items it was printed that Tolu defeated Hebron in a basketball game. This was a mistake as Hebron really defeated Tolu.

Mrs. Bessie Penne and little daughter are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Bracy of this place.

The social given by Miss Minnie Westmoland for the basket ball team was well attended.

Mrs. Alma Dowdy entertained a number of her friends Nov. 8. All that were present enjoyed the day very much. Mrs. Dowdy proved to be a charming hostess.

Mrs. John Vaughn and daughter visited Mrs. C. B. Springs one day this week.

Louis Taylor Daughtrey came home Thursday.

Roy Flanary returned home after a few weeks in Mississippi.

Miss Della Underdown left Wednesday for a two weeks visit with her friends in Missouri.

Misses Carrie and Mary Ainsworth spent Thursday afternoon with Atrell Vaughn.

Virgil Cook went to Marion Friday.

Mrs. Hubert Phillips and son visited her father J. S. Ainsworth several days last week.

Rev. O. M. Capshaw took dinner with Prof. H. O. Franklin Saturday.

L. J. Daughtrey went to Marion Monday.

J. S. Ainsworth went to Marion Monday.

Mr. J. O. Paris and family were in Marion Monday.

Tobe James went to Marion Monday.

SILAM.

Mr. A. P. Love and sister, Mrs. Lillie Flanary of Silam were in Marion Monday.

Mr. Albert Sweate and family visited Tom Jones of Sheridan Sunday.

Mr. Orbie Croft and Elmer Milliken visited Mr. Tom Johnson at Lola Sunday.

Mr. Otho Kimmin, of Campbell, Mo., is visiting M. H. Croft and family.

Mr. D. W. Jones and wife attended church at Oakland Saturday and Sunday.

Dewey Corn was in Marion on business Saturday.

Pleasant Grove school is progressing nicely with Miss Sue Moore as teacher.

Miss Georgia Croft visited Misses Birda and Beulah Millikan Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Kinsey visited Mrs. D. Sweate Saturday.

Mr. Chester Robinson and family visited in Pleasant Grove Sunday.

Mr. O. B. Croft was in Marion Monday on business.

Mrs. Mae Love is reported better at this writing.

CROSS LANES

Rev. O. M. Capshaw is holding a revival meeting at Mt. Zion.

Miss Minnie Carrick visited Mrs. Kate O'Neal one day last week.

Mr. Elzie Hughes spent Saturday night with Lyle Moore.

Jim Ed Skinner and Ada Johnson attended church at Zion Sunday evening.

Fred Metz was in Marion Saturday. Opal Moore visited Inas Conger Sunday.

Mr. George Wofford and Miss Winnie Walker attended church at Zion Saturday night.

Alvie Newcom was in Marion Monday.

Master Gilliam Moore is on the sick list.

Gable Williams was in Marion Friday on business.

Mrs. A. R. Nunn visited Mrs. J. H. Thomas one day last week.

Mr. Elbert Manley is improving slowly.

Bill Belt has recently moved on Bob Moore's arm near Repton.

Miss Maggie Metz is visiting at the home of Henry Metz at this writing.

Winford Nunn and Revel Crisp attended church at Mt. Zion Sunday night.

Judge J. G. Rochester went to Blackford Tuesday on business.

A very good friend said to me the other day "Grady, you should call your store 'The Bargain Store.' We appreciated his suggestion but we are leaving it to our customers to say whether this is a bargain store. Our ever-increasing trade goes to prove that the man was right. It will pay you to visit

C. W. GRADY

New Grocery and Variety Store
MARION, KENTUCKY

We Deliver Groceries Anywhere in Marion; Phone 51

We can save you money on shoes, notions, dry goods, underwear. Compare our prices on first quality groceries, Candies, Nuts, Fruits and Fresh Vegetables.

Our Store will be headquarters for Santa Claus

Attention!

The Federal Government appropriated for WAR PURPOSES alone, for the fiscal year ending June 30, twice as much money as all of her citizens combined paid for LIFE INSURANCE.

TWO DOLLARS FOR DESTRUCTION

ONE DOLLAR FOR PROTECTION

For the love of little children if you do not know how to change this thing ask

Charles Evans Hughes, Chairman Armament Conference

Bebe Boswell, General Agt.
COMMONWEALTH LIFE

For Sale!

New Ironclad Metal roofed house and lot on Belleville Street near Railroad crossing. Also new stock of groceries of about \$800.

Lot size 40x142; Main building 40x20 with side room 40x12. Two good flues and good well in rear.

Goods will be sold as a whole or in any amount.

Will either sell building and lot or trade for a farm.

J. M. McChesney

There's a Difference in Coal Just as in Everything Else.

When you buy coal you want the most for your money. In other words, you want to buy the coal that burns best.

You buy coal for the heat you get out of it.

West Kentucky coal is heat producing coal. That's the only kind we sell.

And we give eighty pounds to the bushel.

When you are in Marion with an empty wagon take a load of oal home with you.

Best Lump and Egg. Per Bu.	20c
Delivered, Per Bu.	22c
Best Nut Coal, Per Bu.	18c
Delivered, Per Bu.	20c

City Coal & Transfer Co.

R. S. Elkins

Phone 31-2 .: Marion, Ky

W. J. Hill of Tribune, was in town Saturday.

Dr. J. V. Hayden, of Salem, was in Marion Saturday.

Mrs. Edgar Howerton, of Repton, was here Saturday shopping.

Mrs. John Bebout, of Princeton, was in Marion the last of the week.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughrue
Western Newspaper Union

Maybe the Worm was Mad



Hon. Carl Henderson,
Judge
Hon. Jno. A. Moore,
Co. Atty.
Hon. Charles Ferguson,
Comth. Attv.
D. A. Lowry,
Clerk

Crittenden Circuit Court

DOCKET

NOVEMBER TERM, 1921
Court Convenes November 21, 1921

COMMONWEALTH DOCKET

First Day

Commonwealth of Kentucky vs. Herbert Burklow
Same vs. J. A. White
Same vs. W. T. Corley
Same vs. Same
Same vs. L. E. Fralick
Same vs. Eli Graham
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Elbert Holloman
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Hobart Crider
Same vs. Will Mullerman
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Berry Brazier
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Dan Bennett
Same vs. Edgar Manhart
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Will Massey
Same vs. Herman Thomas
Same vs. Leck Mitchell
Same vs. Bob Sliger
Same vs. Cleve George
Same vs. Archie K. Purdy
Same vs. E. Belt
Same vs. Ewing Hopper
Same vs. Pete Joergensen Etc
Same vs. Elzie Floyd
Same vs. Mason Patton
Same vs. Ollie Walker
Same vs. Earl Farmer
Same vs. Roy Freeman
Same vs. H. H. Polk
Same vs. Claude Mitchell
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Silas Tays
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Jones Hunter
Same vs. Same
Same vs. Allen Riley
Same vs. Mrs. Lou Walker
Same vs. Milburn Litchfield Etc
Same vs. Phin Wright
Same vs. Kit Franklin Etc
Same vs. Marion Scott
Same vs. Lewis Walker
Same vs. Russell Dannon Etc
Same vs. J. R. Sowders
Same vs. Earl Watson
Same vs. Walter Hughes
Same vs. Everett Coon
Same vs. Orvel Cannon Etc
Same vs. Mrs. John Holloman

COMMON LAW APPEARANCE DOCKET

First Day

Marion Bank vs. J. H. Moore
S. T. Dupuy Etc vs. Ernest Hill
T. H. Cochran & Co. vs. LaGrange Mining Co.
T. H. Cochran & Co. vs. Arthur Tabor Etc
J. C. Stephenson vs. William Piew
J. S. Crayne vs. W. H. Taylor Etc
Willis L. Dollins vs. George Kemp
Marion Hardware Co. vs. G. W. Miller Etc
Marion Hardware Co. vs. E. C. Brashier Etc
Mrs. Lottie Tinsley Terry vs. Mrs. Melba Morrill

COMMON LAW REFERENCE DOCKET

First Day

Mrs. Ella C. Pierce Etc vs. Kentucky Flour Spar Co.
Deer Creek Mining Co. vs. Lacy Moore Etc
Mrs. Willie Brown vs. Pope Mining Co.
Henry Owen vs. J. G. Rochester Etc

EQUITY APPEARANCE DOCKET

T. H. Cochran & Co. vs. P. B. Wright
Jas. P. Dailey Etc vs. Jane Dailey Brown Etc
H. L. Murry vs. Georgia Murry
Clara McCage vs. Douglas McCage
John C. Moore vs. Tom Powell
Thelma Koon vs. Everett Koon
O. E. Guess vs. Poney Harris

Dallas Sherer Etc vs. Mrs. Nellie Sherer Workman Etc
Nellie Moore vs. O. W. Moore
Maude Gilliland Taylor vs. Creed. A. Taylor
Joe C. Towery vs. Willis M. Towery Etc
Lonnie R. Watson vs. Earl Watson
Marie Clark Blackwell vs. Ellis Blackwell
Laura Hughes vs. William Hughes
Georgia Stalions vs. Glen Stalions
Gus Kirk vs. Ida Kirk
W. E. Todd vs. Mrs. S. A. Todd
Lula Tabor vs. Arthur Tabor
Ada Gore vs. John Gore

EQUITY REFERENCE DOCKET

Bessie L. Ryan vs. Lonnie Ryan
W. T. Bennett Etc. vs. J. B. Vance Etc.
Dora L. Blair vs. Wm. Blair
Evaline Jackson Etc. vs. Burnett Buckens Etc
Alta Powell vs. Wm. M. Powell
Dora Farmer vs. Earl Farmer
W. J. Williams Etc. vs. R. O. Williams
Blackwell Lumber Co. vs. J. R. Sowders Etc.
J. H. Orme Etc. vs. D. W. Stone
W. H. Herrin vs. C. L. Brazell
John I. Loyd vs. W. A. Martin
Farmers B and T Co., Admr. vs. Minnie Olie Stokes Etc
Mrs. Effie Guess, Admx. vs. Herbert Guess Etc
Levi Cook vs. Farmers, B. and T. Co., Admr.
Virginia C. Fritts vs. Ernest R. Fritts
John A. Sellner vs. Idonia Shuttleworth Etc
J. L. Sullivan Etc. vs. Mrs. N. R. Sullivan
W. B. Paris vs. J. H. James Etc
W. E. Smith vs. Eugene Bateman Etc
Ida Martin vs. Herman Martin
Mary Phillips vs. Kittie Phillips



THE SAUCY CLOUDS.

ONE night as Mr. Moon-man looked over the tops of the trees and mountains he saw a number of saucy little clouds scudding about.

"O dear!" sighed Mr. Moon-man. "I am afraid I shall have trouble tonight with those saucy little clouds. I was hoping as I came up that they would be in another part of the sky instead of right in the place where I want to shine."

Mr. Moon-man was right; he was to have trouble with the saucy, floozy little clouds, and just as his bright face peeped over the treetops all the little saucy clouds scudded right into his face.

Mr. Moon-man ducked and dodged until at last he found a space between



the saucy little clouds to shine upon the earth below, but no sooner had he done so than the little clouds danced and frolicked in front of him until he was quite hidden again.

Mr. Moon-man is a very nice old fellow, so he said very pleasantly: "Go along with you and play in another part of the sky. There is plenty of room without getting right in front of me so the Earth folk can't see my light."

But the saucy little clouds were bent on having fun, and fun they intended

to have, and all at poor Mr. Moon-man's discomfort.

He had just found a nice big place to shine through when all those saucy little clouds began to dance right in front of him again. First, they would hide his bright face completely, and then they would scud away and let him shine a minute, only to scud in front of him again.

At last the old man lost his patience and sent a message by a star for the old Sky Witch. "Tell her to hurry," he told the little messenger, "for I have lost a great deal of time now."

Old Sky Witch came hurrying along on her broomstick, her long black cap floating behind her like a big cloud.

"Well, here I am," she said, "what can I do for you?"

"Hurry as fast as ever you can to the four corners of the Earth and tell the winds to come here quickly; or I shall not be able to shine at all tonight," said Mr. Moon-man.

Old Sky Witch did not stop even to ask what was the matter, but off she flew and was soon out of sight, and all the time the saucy little clouds kept on bothering Mr. Moon-man.

He did not have to wait long, for as soon as the winds got the message from the Witch they blew quickly to help Mr. Moon-man out of his trouble.

"Away with you, you little tormentors!" called the winds, as they blew from north, south, east and west, and scudding away as fast as they could the saucy little clouds were soon in a faroff part of the sky and old Moon-man sent his bright beams on the earth without being disturbed.

"Thank you," said Mr. Moon-man; "sorry to call on you at this time in the night, but those saucy clouds were pestering me beyond endurance."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the winds; "we are always glad to help a friend," and away they blew and left the night all still, but the big Earth was bright with the happy smile of Mr. Moon-man.

(Copyright.)

Fifty Cups
OF
Delicious
Coffee
to the
Pound



SHIRTS!
SHIRTS!
SHIRTS!

Strouse & Bros. has been noted for the sort of shirts they sell—the kind that men like and want; that give good wear. This Fall and Winter our shirt stock is larger than ever and the prices are a host of prices men like to locate. Manhattan, Eagle, Excello, Goodwill and Rialto makes. Prices are

\$1.50 Upwards

Suits, Overcoats, Shoes, Hats and Everything men and boys wear.

Strouse & Bros.
Evansville, Ind.

Parcel Post
repaid on
Mail Orders.

Carries Refunded
According to
M.R.A. Plan.

CAVE SPRING

Mr. Alvin Duffy and wife spent Tuesday at the home of Mr. Al Orr.
Mr. E. C. Orr and daughter of Gladstone spent Friday night at K. P. Orr's.

Mr. Virgil Drennan and Mr. Leslie Orr were in our midst Friday.

Mr. Leonard Brantley of Providence was in our midst Sunday.

Mr. S. C. Tush is no better at this writing.

Mr. Charlie Clark spent Sunday at I. P. Orr's.

Mr. Al Orr and wife visited his brother H. S. Orr Wednesday night.

Rev. Gupton was in the Repton section Saturday.

The twin boys of H. S. Orr spent Saturday night with Donnie Orr.

Leslie Orr is suffering great pain from a boil on his hand.

Clarence Powell of Piney spent Saturday night at Mr. Tom Powell's.

Mr. Louis Gupton visited Frank Moore Sunday evening.

Mrs. Rosell Orr spent Thursday of last week with Mrs. Lizzie Lamb.

Albert Orr is improving slowly.

Alvis Brantley and Austin Brinkley attended meeting at Cave Spring Saturday night.

Mrs. Nellie etcale visited Mrs. Lura Orr Tuesday evening.

Floyd Thomas was in our midst Saturday.

J. T. Sullivan spent Sunday with Jim Sullivan.

Mr. Arlie Metcalf and family visited Mr. Albert Orr Sunday.

FORDS FERRY.

Mrs. Emma Hughes of the Weston section has recently been visiting Mrs. Lela Clement of Clementsburg.

Nolan Brewer of the Ellen R. is spending a few days at home.

Mrs. J. L. Rankin of this place visited in the Weston section recently.

Misses Ethlyn and Gertrude Flanary spent Sunday the guests of Misses Millie and Irene Bracy.

Charlie James spent Sunday the guest of Bob Horning.

Tobe James was in Marion one day last week.

Mrs. Alvah Watson visited her sister Mrs. Arzee Oxford of Cave-in-Rock recently.

W. B. Rankin who has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism is some better at this writing.

Eli Flanary visited his brother Sam Flanary of the Hebron section this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Worley of Forest Grove spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Lucas.

Mrs. Lonnie Belt of Marion visited in this place one day last week. Aaron James was in this section Sunday.

Guss Sammerville, of Mattoon, was in Marion Monday.

Chandler's Restaurant

NEXT DOOR TO D. O. CARNAHAN'S STORE

GOOD Meals Served in the most attractive way possible. Eat where your appetite suggests.

Chandler's Restaurant

MARION

KENTUCKY