

The Crittenden Press

Volume 44

Marion, Crittenden County, Kentucky, Friday, Jan. 20, 1922

No. 27

DEL MAR MAIDS TO APPEAR HERE

Noted Ladies' Quartet Will
Entertain Local Folks in
Charming Style

The Del Mar Quartette, lyceum's merry melody makers, are to appear here on the evening of January 24 at the High School Auditorium in their delightful program of vocal and instrumental music, readings and sketch work. The Del Mars are talented young ladies who can sing and play, brimful of personality and enthusiasm and their coming here insures one of the most delightful entertainments of the present series.

The Del Mars are singing maids primarily. A good ladies' quartette is a rarity indeed, and those who love the beautiful combination of four well trained voices, will do well to hear the Del Mar Program. With the Del Mars, however, the vocal quartette work is but a part of their varied program. They play very well indeed, and delightful combinations such as cello, violin, piano and cornet, add to the popularity of their offerings.

And then there are the costumed sketches, the readings and the humorous skits in which one and all take part. And there are the musical monologues, cleverly given—and the worthwhile solo numbers of the Del Mar girls. Throughout their program runs a vein of good, clean wholesome fun, which rounds out a highly enjoyable evening.

LION G. G. ORDWAY

We clip the following from Lions Roar, the official organ of the Lions Club of Amarillo, Texas, where Mr. Ordway is located and a member and officer of the Presbyterian church.

In the blue grass state in the year 1885 in the little city of Marion, Kentucky there was great rejoicing on a certain day, as a little stranger had arrived, and they called him "George." Years rolled by and the next we hear of him, he has attained full manhood and with a mind of his own, has moved to the Panhandle of Texas, and settled in 1905 in the city of promises "Amarillo." No man can be blamed for the country he is born in, but we believe George showed smartness in 1906. After a while we find him in the firm of "Ordway-Saunders Co.," who will insure you, from hail, fire and plate glass to health, life or accident. The progress from then on by George has been one stepping stone after another until at last he has reached one of the highest positions that can come to a man, "Secretary of the Amarillo Lions Club." This position he has held with honor to the Club as well as to himself; he has worked for the interests and advancements of Amarillo, the Lions Club and his fellowman.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PRESS

The American Legion

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR

There are over one Million Members of the American Legion. There are over ten thousand Posts. This means that over one man of every five ex-service men belongs to the Legion. In Crittenden County less than one man in ten belong to the American Legion. Let's get busy and bring the membership of the ELLIS B. ORDWAY POST up to and above the average.

If these Million Men can see the advantages of belonging to the Legion this should be proof enough that the American Legion is a worth while organization.

R. W. CROFT,
Post Commander

ORVILLE LAMB,
Adjutant

REVIVAL AT MAIN STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The revival meeting which began Sunday at the Main Street Presbyterian church has been continued every evening at seven o'clock and will be held daily through the week. Rev. E. N. Hart, pastor of the church, is doing the preaching. The sermons are strong and well delivered, with earnest appeals to the unconverted to forsake their evil ways and lead a Christian life. Much religious interest is shown in the meetings and good audiences attend each service.

The singing is under the leadership of Miss Edith Fitzpatrick of Prestonburg and she is assisted by a splendid choir and the singing is one of the pleasing features of the meetings. Members of other churches in the city are attending the services and assisting in the work. Much good to the church and the city will doubtless be done by the meetings.

LET'S GET TOGETHER

R. E. JAGGERS

I have heard several people talk of the great school fair held in Marion some years ago by the County Superintendent E. J. Travis. The day is pointed out as a RED LETTER DAY in Marion and Crittenden county. More than 4000 people saw their neighbors on that day. Hundreds of school children met and engaged in contests and athletic sports on the streets of Marion. Those who attended the Fair say that it universally pleased and helped folks. Similar fairs, have been held in other counties and with equal success.

Last year the farmers of Crittenden County under the leadership of our County Agent, held a fair and stock show in Marion. The meeting was a great success. Some splendid stock and farm products were on display. One of the largest crowds seen in Marion attended this fair. Each farmer saw what his neighbor was doing, boys and girls, men and women received prizes for excellence of products.

Why not have this fair again next year? Why not have a school fair as well? We can have it.

We can unite all these forces and the other forces of the county and have a three day affair. The Farmers, School People and the Business Men of Crittenden County can unite and have a great time. It could be organized on the following plan:

First Day, Farmers Day—This day would be wholly in charge of the Farm Bureau and Crittenden county farmers, lead by the County Agent. Farm exhibits, stock show, poultry show.

Second Day, Business Men's Day—This day would be in charge of the Marion Chamber of Commerce and the Business Men of Crittenden county. Commercial Displays would feature this day with some form of entertainment.

Third Day, Educational Day—This day would be in charge of the school forces lead by the County Superintendent and the school teachers. Contests in spelling, singing, speaking and athletics should feature this day. What do you say about it? Let's Get Together.

SHALL PROHIBITION CONTINUE

By Rev. E. N. Hart, B. A., Pastor
of the Main Street Presbyterian
Church, Marion, Kentucky.

A great fight is being waged at the present time by the Anti-Prohibition forces in an effort to introduce a measure permitting the sale of beers and wines. This is but the thin edge of the wedge to again make America wet. We find that the forces that are opposed to the prohibition law are putting forth every effort to make it appear a failure and to ridicule it before the public. They claim that there is more drinking now than there was before the law became effective but this is a bare faced lie. Great efforts are being made by many to break down the prohibition law and it is high time that all Christians awake to the peril which is facing us, and unite in immediate action to keep the law in force.

We boast and well we may, that our town and county are free from the curse of over much liquor traffic, but even granting this to be true, and it is, indeed a fact beyond dispute that we have the finest town and county in the entire state, still we are in danger and we must not sleep and allow this monstrous evil of drink to get a start, or, like a noxious weed, it will be hard to eradicate. Once let the bootlegger, the moonshiner and the illicit liquor trader get his foul, filthy foot planted on our soil, the result will be wrecked lives, ruined homes and a widespread wave of crime. We must not allow the peace of our community to be disturbed by this monstrous traffic. If we love our town and our community and if we love our children, we will keep ourselves unspotted from this curse. We must band ourselves together with the one determination to fight to the last ditch every effort that is being made to bring this evil on us. Let all citizens be united in a great effort to keep it out.

The great world war has been fought and won, and is now history and the world was made safe for democracy, but a greater fight is now before us in which every man, woman and child must enlist. This fight is almost upon us. We see evidences of it on every hand. We read in the papers of the results in other counties, the boldness of the trafficker, the killings and all that is too terrible to mention. Shall we let it come into our midst? Let all respond with a vigorous NO. Let us make the Crittenden county line our line of defense and let all determine that over this line THEY SHALL NOT PASS. And if by chance one does pass unnoticed, let every citizen make it so unpleasant for him that he will be glad to get away and never return. And if any one of our own citizens should participate, or encourage this traffic in any way, let our mark of displeasure rest upon them and make them feel that they are undesirable citizens.

Fathers, if you love your sons help to keep this terrible evil from our midst. Mothers if within your breast beats a heart of love and devotion for your offspring, help in this great in this great fight that your boy, your girl, your home may be safe from this peril.

Oh yes, I know they say that the prohibition law is a failure and that it deprives men of personal liberty. Just the other day one of our Senators in fiery speech in Chicago to a crowd of anti prohibitionists, stated that the law was making men slaves and that the law robbed men of the liberty for which America stands. Well if we accept this logic we should abolish all laws and permit a man to do as he pleases even though it be to rob, or to kill, for if one law robs man of personal liberty then all must, this means then that we should revert to the Red rule of Bolshevik Russia where every man is a law unto himself. I am inclined to think that this speech was made to gain popularity among the users of strong drink.

But shall we stand for this kind of thing? Shall we allow this curse to again descend upon us and again see beer, wine and other intoxicating liquor flow as freely as before the law came into force. Shall we again permit the world's greatest evil to fasten its heinous talons on the very life of our beloved land and bring men and youths down to the slough of degradation and shame, or shall we awake from our stupor and fanatical security and fight, FIGHT till

LETTER FROM TOPPENISH, WASH.

Rev. W. F. Hogard,
Kind Sir:

Another year has swiftly flown and I take pleasure in remitting you \$2. for the renewal of the Crittenden Press, our good old home paper, that comes weekly 3000 miles to bring us the news of the county of our nativity, boyhood, manhood, and middle-aged life. I left there Sept. 20, 1904. Therefore I have been away 17 years past. I often think of the incidents of life as they occurred then. The school days, the spelling bees, the social gatherings, the religious services and the great annual revivals. Those are all sweet in my memory but I can truthfully say that I have never regretted that I brought my family to this pleasant lovely, northwestern country, the "Yakima Valley." Two of my children, Albert and Anna, have died here, while yet single. The others have all married except Reed and Marie. I have 15 grand-children living and one dead, so you see that I am helping to populate the country and support the schools.

Speaking of schools by the way, Toppenish District No. 49 is a hummer. Toppenish has two large grade buildings of eight rooms each, Lincoln and Garfield, Lincoln has two additional cottage rooms and Garfield has one, these are all occupied. Then the High School with its present addition which is being built, when completed will be a building second to none this side of Seattle. Then three miles west this district has a large new building, McKinley, and two miles north at Minto, another building accommodating 40 pupils. There are 1200 pupils enrolled in the district so you see that this a wonderful country for productiveness in most every thing.

Well we are having quite a bit of snow this winter. About Nov. 18, we had a 24 inch snow that lay on for two weeks. Then a few days before Christmas we had an eight-inch snow that is still here with nearly zero weather with fine sleighing but the sleighs have all become automobiles.

Business is getting on a firmer footing and we are expecting normal prosperity in the near future.

Wishing you and your many readers a happy and prosperous new year we are yours truly. H. P. JACOBS

MISS FLORENCE ENSWORTH

The people of Marion have seldom, if ever, had the opportunity of listening to a more delightful entertainment than that given Monday evening by Miss Florence J. Ensworth at the Marion High School Auditorium under the auspices of the Coit Lyceum Bureau of Cleveland, Ohio.

The entertainer was given a good house and when Miss Ensworth came on the stage she was greeted with enthusiastic applause, which was kept up with short intervals to the end of the program. The program consisted of readings and recitations, the entertainer stressing the prohibition question. It was a most delightful two hours of entertainment and was appreciated by everyone in the audience. Miss Ensworth left Tuesday morning for her home in Gilford, New York.

FOR SALE

My farm of 125 acres 1 1/2 miles east of Repton, Ky., on R. R. No. 2. Large tobacco barn and stock barn. A good bargain for some one. Terms to suit purchaser.

ERNEST PAYNE, Repton, R. 2, Ky.

The enemy of mankind is defeated and America made so dry that a fly could not moisten its feet in a single drop of liquor.

Awake then, citizens of Crittenden, arouse and fight. Be vigilant and if you see this traffic, report it to the officers of the law. If they will not do their duty then let them stand down and those who will take their places. Get behind them and let us all pledge ourselves to co-operate with them and stamp out for ever this menace. Let us take as a slogan "Crittenden County is our Line of Defense and over it They Shall NOT PASS." Let us take as our aim that Crittenden county shall lead the way in Kentucky, and that it shall be said of our town and county that they are drier than the Sahara Desert. To the fight, arouse ye, put down the keeper and keep down forever the monster drink.

WHAT DOES YOUR CHILD LEARN AT HOME?

A good teacher friend of ours remarked the other day in just an everyday sort of a conversation that it had been his experience that the children who were the most polite in school were those who had had the best home training. He was right. We cannot estimate the value of the home life in making of the child the right kind of citizen. The home training is largely responsible for the habits of a man or woman in later life.

While teaching good manners and honesty and those other things which go to make the right kind of moral character, why not teach the child the habit of saving while he is young that he may be able financially to meet those obligations which he must meet if he attains to the highest standard of good citizenship?

Teach the child the habit of saving now that in after years he may know exactly what it means to be able to meet his promises.

Our Savings Department was established for that one purpose to teach boys and girls the habit of saving. We pay interest on all savings deposits twice a year. For the past year and more we have been giving particular attention to the savings accounts of our little friends.

Many Crittenden county babies have accounts with us now. We have a dainty little Savings Bank book for your child. Write us, telephone or call at the bank any day and let us see if we can't "get our heads together" and plan a way by which your boy or girl may be encouraged to save his pennies and dimes against that day when he is really going to need money.

We are interested in the welfare of your child—our future success depends on the success of your children. We want your children to succeed. Had you ever thought what it might mean to have your bank know your child favorably? It is worth thinking about. Whether you have money or not we are anxious to know your child. Sometime, somewhere we might be able to render assistance to your child that no one else could give. Know your bank and know that your bank knows your child. You are planning for the future and for your children: We are planning for the future and for your children. We're doing the same thing. Let's get better acquainted. What do you say?

FARMERS BANK & TRUST CO.
Marion Kentucky
(Advertisement)

REVIVAL AT TOLU

Rev. W. F. Hogard is in Tolu this week with Rev. O. M. Caphaw pastor, at the Methodist church. A considerable awakening of religious interest is manifested by the congregation. The attendance is good at each service. The splendid choir is adding much to the interest of the meeting and great good is being accomplished as a result of the work.

MRS. WALKER FLANARY PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Walker Flanary, widow of the late W. T. Flanary, died Saturday, January 14, of afflictions incident to old age. She was in her 84th year and survived her husband by 16 years. Mrs. Flanary was a member of the Siloam Methodist church.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. P. Dillon, pastor of the Marion Methodist church, Rev. Robert Lear, assisting in the services. Interment at the Love cemetery.

Mrs. Flanary is survived by three children, W. H. Flanary, of this city; Mrs. Dora Gilliland, of Anguilla, Miss., and Mrs. Emma Daniel, of Fairview, Ill.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT

City Marshall A. H. Cannan is confined to his home on account of an injury to one of his eyes. A week or two ago while pounding rock on the streets, a sharp piece flew up and struck him penetrating his eyeball and inflicting a very painful, perhaps serious wound. When the wound was dressed he was able to be on duty and it was thought by his friends that the injury would soon heal. It is reported now, however, that the wound has become worse and that it may be necessary for him to go to a hospital for treatment.

FORMER PASTOR RECEIVES HIGH HONOR

Dr. W. P. Meroney, who recently resigned as pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city, has accepted the Chair of Sociology in Baylor University of Waco, Texas.

To understand the full significance of this high position it would be well to note that Baylor University is the largest of the Baptist Universities. Last year its enrollment in all departments was 2288. Some of the most prominent in State and National life have gone forth from Baylor. In fact it ranks with the highest Universities in America and to be a member of its faculty, especially as head of a department, is indeed a high honor and a privilege of unequalled opportunity for service.

While the church here and community at large misses his leadership we are glad that God has opened this door of usefulness to him and to the hundreds of young men and women whose lives are plastic and who hold the destinies of the future in their hands. Here he can teach them the fundamentals of life's trust and best successes and clarify for them the most perplexing problems of modern life.

May God's richest blessings abide with him and his work.

A Member of First Baptist Church

FOOTBALL BANQUET

The members of the Marion High School football and basketball teams were guests of honor Friday evening of last week to a banquet given in the basement of the Methodist church. Plates were laid for ninety-three guests. The menu consisted of oyster stew, celery, chicken and dressing, peas, potato salad, pickles, hot rolls, butter, ice cream, cake, coffee, cheese and wafers.

John A. Moore was toastmaster and the Marion Orchestra furnished the music. The following program was rendered:

Invocation, Rev. G. P. Dillon
Blue and White, What it Means, Neville Moore
Marion 198, Opponents, 112, John Y. Brown
Free Shot, Miss Marie Lowry
Portfolio of Alibis, Freda Belt
Offside, C. W. Haynes
Three Inches to Go—and 1922, May-or Boswell
Benediction, Rev. E. N. Hart
At the election of a Captain for the next year's team, Reginald Wilson was chosen to lead the Blue and White warriors to championship.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TO MEET FRIDAY

The Marion Chamber of Commerce will meet at the Superintendents office at the school building Friday evening at 7:00 o'clock. All members are urged to be present as there is some important business to be transacted. Reports from the various committees will be heard.

CHARGED WITH TRANSPORTING WHISKY

Sheriff Dunn, of Livingston county, arrested Jonas Hunter, who is under an indictment of the Crittenden Circuit Court charged with transporting whisky, brought him to Marion Monday and turned him over to the authorities here. He was placed in jail to await his trial at the next term of circuit court.

SCHOOL NOTES

On Monday morning the boys of Marion High School met and organized a club and society for the protection of the new school building. The following officers were elected: Reginald Wilson, Judge; Freda Belt, Attorney; Perry Dillard and Roy Allen Sheriffs. The boys pledged themselves to see that the laws of the school were enforced and more especially that the new building be protected.

The Senior Class is now making plans for their Commencement Exercises.

The Del Mar Ladies Quartette will render a program at the School Auditorium Jan. 24.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the members of the First Baptist Church of this city for their Christmas gift. MRS. J. P. HOGARD

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Formal commemoration of such historic events as the adoption of the Constitution of the United States is not a bad thing if it is kept simple and sincere, says the New York Times. The temptation is to strain to say something new or startling. But as regards the Constitution, the plain and well-known facts suffice. They are all that sensible Americans need dwell upon for their own satisfaction, or in their efforts to help newcomers in our country to understand the place and meaning of the Constitution. It alone makes the American people secure in their individual rights as citizens when these are imperiled by passing gusts of sentiment. If it is true, as there is much evidence to prove, that Americans are showing themselves the most conservative nation in a turbulent world, the largest cause of it lies in our federal Constitution.

A ton and a half of wood was used for every American soldier that went overseas. More than 450,000,000 board feet of timber and more than 600,000 cords of fuel wood had to be produced. In the St. Mihiel offensive 70,000,000 board feet of timber were needed every 30 days. About 31,000 men in the American army were employed in connection with the manufacture and supply of these great quantities of wood in France. Twenty-seven large mills and 60 small mills were cutting 2,000,000 board feet of lumber every day at the time the armistice was signed. With these facts in mind every American purely as a matter of patriotism should become a forest conservation fan for life.

Dodging a shoe thrown at him, a groom in Syracuse, N. Y., slipped, was bumped by a locomotive, thrown back to the platform, landed on his chin and bit his tongue. The worst of it is, it probably started a debate that will last through one married life as to whether it would not have been the part of wisdom for him to have been hit with the shoe.

Inventors have made a money box in which a gong will ring when thieves attempt to carry it away. All you have to do is press the button. However, until inventors build a money box that will take a hand's gun away from him, one is not going to be any readier to press the button than he is now to slap the hand's face.

The National City bank figures out that since Columbus discovered America there has been \$18,000,000,000 worth of gold mined. And since Columbus' time there have been discovered more than 18,000,000,000 ways of spending it.

Farm Bureau News
Sheep at Lambing Time

Many farmers will have lambs coming on soon and proper care will save many that otherwise might be lost. During lambing time the ewes should be housed at night and watched carefully during the day so as to save the lambs. A good warm place to have the lambs dropt is absolutely essential. For this purpose a room that is entirely enclosed should be used. This prevents the winter storms from sweeping in and freezing the young lambs. "During the first few days the lambs are tender and easily hurt by the cold and during that time no efforts should be spared to give them all protection possible. Exercise for ewes during the winter months is important in producing strong lambs.

The lambs must be given very close attention. If a lamb gets chilled it should be taken to the fire and put into warm water after which it should be rubbed dry and placed by the fire. Many a lamb which was thought dead from cold has been revived by this method. If a lamb is not extremely weak it may be necessary to give it only a little of its dam's milk with a teaspoon. In extreme cases about a teaspoon of some stimulant in milk will be helpful. Many have tried to revive lambs by putting them near the fire but they could not save them that way. However the method of putting them into water and afterwards keeping them for some little time near the fire is usually successful. At lambing time one should go into the barn and examine the sheep just before going to bed and again the first thing in the morning. While the loss of one or two lambs may not appear large yet a little later this lamb would return a good profit.

Egg Laying Contest

The records of the flocks in the egg laying contest shows marked improvement this month over last months. The leader in the first group of under 50 hens is Willie Daugherty near Caldwell Spring the average number of eggs being 12 1-4. In group 2; 50 to 100 hens Mr. Ralph Hodge leads with an average number of eggs as 8.3; in the group of 200 and over, M. L. Kennedy leads with 8.8 average number of eggs. The average number of eggs is found by dividing the total number of eggs by the average number of hens.

The contest grows more interesting as it goes along. The importance of culling out the boarders is now becoming evident. There is money in poultry properly cared for.

Annual Farm Bureau Meeting

The annual meeting of the Crittenden County Farm Bureau took place at the Marion School building Tuesday afternoon with a fair sized crowd present. The report of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and the annual report of the County Agent. Numerous matters of business were discussed, among them the adoption of a program of work for the coming year. This will be published at an early date. Mr. James Alex Hill was unanimously elected

president. Mr. J. M. Dean, vice-president and George Condit, secretary. The other officers and directors remain the same with the addition of four directors at large, these being Chas. LaRue, Lester Terry, Paul Paris and Jesse Olive. The great need of more members was strongly brought out to carry on the great work that is in progress in the county, state and nation. The meeting adjourned until the next regular meeting.

The cow testing man will be in the County the week of January 23.

NOTICE

All persons holding county claims against Crittenden county dated January 3, 1921, or prior thereto, payable out of county levy 1921, or prior levies, present same for payment. Interest on all claims not heretofore called, will cease to accrue on January 21, 1921.

LEAFFA WILBORN,
County Treasurer.

OBITUARY

Elmus Eugene Hopkins, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hopkins, was born, October 16, 1918 died November 8, 1921. He stayed in his earthly home three years and 23 days, then God in His wisdom saw fit to transplant the little flower to its Heavenly home. He was laid to rest in the Blackburn cemetery. All was done for Elmus that earthly power could do but God called and he answered. His stay was short but he found his way into the hearts of all he met. He was a bright little fellow and could bring a smile to any face that was clouded with sorrow. How dark our lives seem without him but we want to be able to look up and say "Thy will O Lord, not ours." We can only trust in God and meet him in heaven.

Weep not for little Elmus for our loss is his eternal gain. A place is vacant in our home, A voice we loved is stilled There is a dark void in our hearts That never can be filled.

GRANDMOTHER

BLACKBURN

Mrs. Lara Sutton spent Monday the guest of her mother, Mrs. Dora McConnell.

Mrs. Nona Travis and Mrs. Lara

East spent one day last week the guests of Mrs. W. B. Stenbridge.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. W. Hopkins and children spent Sunday guests of J. A. Stenbridge and family.

Mrs. Lou McDowell and children spent the week end guests of her father J. L. Woodside.

Roy Coleman of Midway spent Friday with his uncle, O. J. McConnell.

Misses Lena and Cora McChesney spent one night last week guests of their mother, Mrs. Beccie McChesney.

Born to the wife of George T. Boyd on January 11 a fine baby boy.

Mr. Burl Walker of Marion was in this section one day last week.

Sam Leneave and wife spent one day last week guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Coleman.

W. B. Stenbridge visited at the home of Finnie Boyd and family one day last week.

O. J. McConnell went to Princeton one day last week.

Rev. Mack Harper filled his regular appointment at the Methodist church here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Loyd of Fredonia were guests of J. A. Graves and sister Sunday.

R. Robinson, of Missouri, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Boaz.

Mrs. Pearl Camp, of Paducah, is spending a few days here the guest of relatives.

Misses Ola and Tylene Charles, Pearl Simpkins and Geneva Cooksey were in Frances Sunday.

Miss Rhea Cooksey left Monday for Paducah where she will enter school.

Mrs. W. E. Charles and son, F. M., and daughter, Helen, spent Monday in the country the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bennett.

Misses Bertha and Bowie Eaton visited Mrs. Maude Phillips Friday.

Mrs. Buford VanHooser spent one

SISCO SCHOOL CLOSES

On last Friday night Sisco Chapel school closed after a very successful term taught by Mr. Grady Sisco. Mr. Sisco has made himself very popular with both pupils and patrons of the school. All during the term the patrons visited the school and praised the teacher for the interest he took in their children.

DEANWOOD

Rev. C. T. Boucher was the guest of Rev. W. C. McConnell Saturday.

Mrs. Louella Turley visited Mr. T. L. Walker and family Saturday.

Mr. Alfred Dean spent one night last week with Mr. Jesse Wilson.

Miss Dixie Travis returned home last week from a visit with relatives at Providence.

Mr. Alvis Walker was the guest of Mr. Corbitt Gilbert Saturday.

Mr. Ison Morse visited his mother one night last week.

Rev. Harvey M. Vanhooser delivered a fine sermon at Sugar Grove Sunday.

Miss Freddie Travis spent one day last week with her mother.

Mrs. Rose Brantley and son were guests of Mrs. Louella Turley Saturday night.

Misses Bertha and Bowie Eaton visited Mrs. Maude Phillips Friday.

Mrs. Buford VanHooser spent one

day last week with Mrs. Alma McConnell.

Several from here attended the entertainment at Copperas Springs Friday night.

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On last Friday night Sisco Chapel school closed after a very successful term taught by Mr. Grady Sisco. Mr. Sisco has made himself very popular with both pupils and patrons of the school. All during the term the patrons visited the school and praised the teacher for the interest he took in their children.

DEANWOOD

Rev. C. T. Boucher was the guest of Rev. W. C. McConnell Saturday.

Mrs. Louella Turley visited Mr. T. L. Walker and family Saturday.

Mr. Alfred Dean spent one night last week with Mr. Jesse Wilson.

Miss Dixie Travis returned home last week from a visit with relatives at Providence.

Mr. Alvis Walker was the guest of Mr. Corbitt Gilbert Saturday.

Mr. Ison Morse visited his mother one night last week.

Rev. Harvey M. Vanhooser delivered a fine sermon at Sugar Grove Sunday.

Miss Freddie Travis spent one day last week with her mother.

Mrs. Rose Brantley and son were guests of Mrs. Louella Turley Saturday night.

Misses Bertha and Bowie Eaton visited Mrs. Maude Phillips Friday.

Mrs. Buford VanHooser spent one

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111 One eleven cigarettes
Three Friendly Gentlemen VIRGINIA BURLEY
The perfect blend of the three perfect cigarette tobaccos in one perfect cigarette
one-eleven cigarettes
15¢ for 20
★ III CIGARETTE AVE.

20 Percent Discount on All
Men's Heavy Underwear. Gloves, Wool
Shirts, Mufflers, Bath Robes and Smoking Jackets.
20 Percent Discount on Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats and Mackinaws.
20 Percent Discount on special lot of Men's Sweaters.
Strouse & Bros.
Evansville, Ind.
Dependable Since 1900
Parcel Post prepaid on Mail Orders
Extra Refunded According to M.K.A. Plan

THE COLOSSUS OF ALL MODERN MERCHANDISING INSTITUTIONS!
MILL AND FACTORY SALE NOW ON!
Prices Ground To Pulp! Everything In This Great Stock on Sale at Smashing Prices.
Never in this part of Kentucky has such a merchandise event been attempted and it took nerve along with the assurance of help from one of the greatest merchandising services before we would attempt it here. But we have started and will continue through to the end! Everything will be as advertised on the big bill! Bargain Surprises and Miracles of present day merchandising will be the Rule and Guide that we work by.
Dont Hesitate! Dont put off coming to This Gret Event! Hurry to this Store and Buy as You never Bought Before. We Pay Your Railroad Fares. We Buy your Gasoline for You. Come on the Train! Drive to Princeton! Come Anyway But be Sure to Start There NOW!
It Would take a ten-page newspaper to tell all. Here are a Few Examples.

Ladies Coats Suits, Dresses	15c Crash Towling (10 yd limit)	12 1-2c Brown Domestic	15c Percalé	Mens Suits and Overcoats from 1-3 to	Mens \$1.00 Blue Shirts
1-3 off regular price	5c	7 1-2c	9c	1-2 off	59c

H. D. TIMMONS DRY GOODS CO., Princeton, Ky.

Personality and Enthusiasm Characterize the Del Mars

Popular Ladies' Quartet, Scheduled for Local Appearance, Sing and Play Their Way Into Hearts of Hearers.



Brims of personality and enthusiasm, the Delmar Ladies Quartette, an organization of four of lycum's talented young ladies, is coming here soon to delight local people with their distinctive program. They are singing Maids primarily—a dandy ladies' quartette—but they also offer delightful combinations with cello, violin, piano and cornet.

School Auditorium, Tuesday, Jan. 24th
Auspices Senior Class, M. H. S.

CRAYNE

Amy Welden has the pneumonia fever.

Our school closed last Friday. Mr. Owen Davenport taught a very successful school.

Mr. Bud Clement died last Tuesday night of pneumonia. His funeral was preached Wednesday afternoon by Rev. E. N. Hart of Marion. The remains were laid to rest in the Clement Cemetery.

Mrs. Will Jennings is on the sick list.

Mrs. Duval, who has been visiting Harry Haynes and family has returned to her home at Marion.

Raymond Jones and Vernon Kirk

visited Mr. and Mrs. Allie Kirk last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Mildred Haynes will enter High School at Marion Monday.

Miss Mildred Jennings is on the sick list.

Mr. Allie Bradford and Miss Laura Jennings went to Elizabethtown, Ill., the last of December and were married.

Tom Jones and Press Burklow went to Fredonia Saturday.

Rev. E. N. Hart preaches at this place every first Sunday morning and night. Everybody invited to attend.

Mr. J. M. McCaslin and wife, W. H. Ordway and wife, P. N. Burklow and family visited Tom Jones

GOOD ROADS

SURVEY NATION'S HIGHWAYS

Accurate Measurement of America's Net of Roadways Soon to Be Made by Government.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

America's far-flung net of roadways is soon to be measured accurately in terms of mileage, cost, character of construction, improvement work and general condition by the bureau of public roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. The survey, which is the most extensive ever undertaken and the first in seven years, is to be made with the aid of state and local officials and individuals the country over, and is comparable only to the great task of taking the national census.

Nobody, in all probability, could guess today within millions of dollars what the roadways total, in dollars and cents, on the ledger of national assets. Nobody knows how many miles there are where wheels may roll. The strength and the weakness of the nation's transportation arteries likewise are unknown in detail.

When the survey is completed, all these and other facts will be known and will be available for guidance to road builders. In addition there will be abundant data to show up comparisons of costs. The well-built roads of, say, Pennsylvania can be laid, dollar for dollar and mile for mile, alongside the well-built roads of California and other states. First cost and maintenance of macadam, asphalt, concrete—every kind of road built—from one section can be matched against such costs from every other section, if desired. The way to make the dollar most effective in road work thus will be pointed out.

Rural highways as well as urban are to be included, the latter embracing all roads, streets and alleys in incorporated communities of 2,500 in-



Hard Surface Road Built in California by Federal and State Funds.

habitants or more. How the funds are provided for constructing and maintaining roads also will be made known. The amount invested in road machinery—an item concerning which even approximate information is lacking today—will be sought. After the information is obtained it will be kept up to date.

In undertaking the survey, the bureau requests the assistance of every unit of government doing road work in the nation; of road officials the country over; and of associations, organizations and individuals, down to the man with a fiver, having information or data as to local highway activities. As future legislation may be based on percentage of road mileage, it is pointed out that it is essential for each unit to have its total, as well as its improved, road mileage carefully and correctly recorded in the survey.

TRUCKS AND GOOD HIGHWAYS

Farmers Almost Unanimous in Declaring Principal Disadvantage Is Poorly Built Roads.

Vast increase in use of automobiles is now to be depicted with motor-trucks. Their complete utility is testified to by 95 per cent of the farmers replying to the latest government inquiry.

These same men agreed that the principal disadvantage of motor-trucks is poor roads. For about eight weeks of the year, mud or snow is so bad that trucks cannot well be used. When all-the-year good roads are established, agricultural use of motor-trucks will be universal.

Motor-trucks involve problems new to highways. Their tremendous loads utterly destroy roads which under horse-drawn vehicles were permanent.

Big Road Program.
The state highway commission in New Mexico has launched a big road building program with six new federal aid projects, one to cost \$40,707.02, a second to cost \$65,505.87, a third \$38,982.87, the fourth \$41,624.73, a fifth \$69,844.40, and the sixth \$74,104.47.

Dixie Highway Leads.
Of the 6,820 miles of roads to be constructed throughout the United States through the aid of federal appropriation, the Dixie Highway leads the list with 895 miles.

MIDWAY

Mr. and Mrs. Coy Hill are the proud parents of a fine baby boy born January 12 and christened James Eldred.

Mrs. Joe Hunt is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Butler.

Mrs. Fannie Titherington is quite sick at this writing.

Misses Edna and Stella Sigler visited Mrs. Zola Pyle Thursday.

Edgar James is on the sick list.

Miss Corda Sigler visited her uncle, Joe Hunt, a few days last week.

Norval Hughes and wife visited relatives in this section this week.

Mrs. Rilla Paris and daughters, Pauline, visited Mrs. Virgil Hill Saturday.

Shelley Matthews and family visited George Newbell and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Jane Hamby, who has been visiting in this section, returned home Sunday.

Misses Edna and Stella Sigler were guests of Mrs. Cara James Sunday.

Miss Erma Martin of near Bowling Green who has been visiting Mrs. Alice Hunt, returned home last week.

The school closed at Midway last Friday.

Miss Leah Hill, of Marion, visited her brother, Coy Hill, Saturday.

Mrs. Nannie James and children of Marion visited George Newbell and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Izola Pyle who visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Slaughter, returned to Evansville Sunday.

Hester Hunt is visiting his aunt, Martha Sigler.

Miss Estella Paris and Mrs. Orbie Paris visited Mrs. Nona Paris Thursday of last week.

LONE STAR

(Written for last week)

Miss Lee and Macy Rushing spent Monday with Mrs. Lillie Rushing.

Mr. Kelly James and wife spent Sunday with his parents, J. R. James

Mr. Victor Hunt and Cleo Marvel visited Mr. Claud Stevens Monday.

Mrs. May Hill and son visited T. Hill last week.

Mr. Gid Rushing and wife visited Mr. Ed Rushing Sunday.

Mr. O. Stevens and wife visited Joe Dean Sunday.

HAW RIDGE

(Written for last week.)

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Singleton went to Princeton Monday.

Mrs. Nellie Bugg was the guest of Herman Brown and family Tuesday.

The school at this place has closed on account of the illness of the teacher.

Mr. Jackson Blanton was in Shady Grove Sunday.

Mr. Jim Joyce and family moved to Providence last week.

Mr. Dorr Raymor and family have moved to Providence.

Mr. Sampson Stenbridge was the guest of his brother last week.

Miss Reida Stenbridge spent Saturday and Sunday the guest of her cousin, Ila Stenbridge.

Mrs. Lucy Brown was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Singleton, recently.

Lola Brown was the guest of her sister, Nellie Boyd, Saturday.

Mr. Mack Traylor is very sick at this writing.

Subscribe for the Press.

PUBLIC SALE!

Douglas O. Carnahan Real Estate
AT
MARION, KY.

Monday, February 13th, 1922

By order of the referee in Bankruptcy, Hon. Wm. L. Gordon, for the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Kentucky, the undersigned trustee of the bankrupt, Douglas O. Carnahan, will at 1 O'clock P. M. on Monday February 13, 1922, at the premises hereinafter described in the city of Marion, Ky., expose to sale at public outcry to the highest and best bidder, separately, the two pieces of real estate herein after described. Sales will be made upon a credit of six months, and the purchaser or purchasers will execute bond or bonds, with approved security, payable to the trustee having the force and effect of a judgment and enforceable by rule, and bearing interest from date of sale at the rate of six per cent per annum until paid, and a lien will be retained upon the property sold as further security, with the privilege however to the purchaser or purchasers to pay cash in lieu of executing bond; the trustee will reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Said real estate is described as follows:

1—A certain store house and lot on the corner of Salem and Main Streets in Marion, Ky., same known as lot No. 1 and lot No. 14, fronting 44 feet on Salem Street and running back on Main Street, sometimes called Fords Ferry Street, 85 1-2 feet. (See deed of W. T. McConnell and Wife dated October 10th, 1919 D. R. 45 page 142 Crittenden County Court Clerks Office) which is indivisible in kind without materially impairing its value.

2—Also one lot fronting 21 feet and 11 inches on Main Street in front of the Court House in Marion, Ky., immediately north of the R. F. Wheeler grocery running back at right angles to Main Street 130 feet to an alley, same descended to the bankrupt under the will of W. G. Carnahan (See will book page 473 Crittenden County Court Clerks).

FELIX G. COX,

Trustee of Douglas O. Carnahan, Bankrupt

Which Daily Paper?

A Question That is Quickly and Readily Answered

The Courier-Journal

LARGEST MORNING CIRCULATION
OF ANY KENTUCKY NEWSPAPER

Enjoys a Nation-wide prestige and reputation. It is essentially a newspaper, intent upon giving news matter first consideration.

Maintains its own news bureaus at Washington and Frankfort. Member of the Associated Press.

With important legislation coming before Congress and Kentucky General Assembly in 1922, The Courier-Journal is the daily newspaper you will need.

By Special Arrangements we are now able to offer

THE DAILY COURIER-JOURNAL

AND

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

Both one year, by mail, for
only **\$5.50**

This offer applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions, but only to people living in Kentucky, Tennessee or Indiana. New subscriptions may, if desired, start at a later date, and renewals will date from expiration of present ones.

If you prefer an evening newspaper, you may substitute The Louisville Times for the Courier-Journal.

Send or bring your orders to the office of

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

—Largest of Mays Tobacco Co.

"I like 'em"



Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

Lower Prices

20 now 18c

10 now 9c

(Two 10's—18c)

"They Satisfy"

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last Fight.

It was early in the morning, and Bill Dale had just sent for Ben Littleford. The hillman hurried to the office, for he believed he knew what was in the air. He had already gone to work at the mine, and his thick beard, his face and his hands were black with the dust of coal.

"Sit down, Ben," said the general manager. "We're going to hold a council of war."

Littleford took a chair and crossed his legs.

"Is it the Ball outfit?" he drawled. "Yes," answered the younger man, and forthwith he told the other of the news that By Heck had brought him a few days before; he had not given the matter really serious consideration until that morning. "Now," he finished, "I want to know whether you think there's any danger?"

Littleford tugged at his blackened beard and frowned.

"Bill," he said soberly, "do you rickollect what John Moreland told you once about them Balls? He told ye 'at you wasn't safe, and 'at he wasn't safe, on'tel they was dead and buried, didn't he? I believe he did. By Heck says the's a whole big passel o' them Nawth Ca'liner Turners; he's shure them and the Ball's'll outnumber us more'n two to one. Yes, the's danger, Bill, and 'specially to you. They think it was you killed Adam, and they don't think the law handed 'em a square deal at the trial."

"Then listen to this plan," said Dale.

"I'll keep By Heck up the river watching for them. He'll have three sticks of dynamite tied together and capped and fitted with a fuse. If he sees them coming this way in anything like a force, he will fire off the dynamite as a signal to us. Our men will gather here in the upstairs of this building, and bar the doors."

"Oh, Bill," moaned the old fighter, "you shurely don't think we'd ever let 'em get to the doors?"

"I hope they don't, certainly," smiled Dale. "Where are your rifles, Bill?"

"At the mine," said Littleford. "Ye see, Bill, we've been a-lookin' fo' trouble."

Dale went on: "At By Heck's signal, I'll get on my horse and ride to the lowlands for the Morelands. I can get them a lot quicker than I can get competent help from the law. What do you think of it?"

"It's a good plan, I reckon," growled Ben Littleford, "only I don't cotton very easy to the idea o' us a-runnin' from the mine to this here buildin'." I never did like to run from any man with a gun, Bill."

"But that wouldn't be cowardly," Dale protested. "It would be purely a strategic move, and it would save

Hives for us. For, when the Balls and their kinsmen come, you'll have to deliver me into their hands or you'll have to fight like the very devil, that's sure; and, according to By Heck's figures, they outnumber you more than two to one."

"All right," Littleford replied, with a shrug of his huge shoulders. "Whatever you say, that same we'll do."

So By Heck was sent for, and shortly afterward he sneaked into the laundries and went off toward the settlement of the Balls. In the crook of his arm he carried his rifle, and inside his shirt he carried three pieces of dynamite all ready for the match—and he chose every step with great care for fear of jarring the explosive too much.

He had not been gone an hour when Bill Dale heard a dull, smothered roar from somewhere to the northward. Dale sprang up from his desk, ran to his ready and waiting horse, mounted and rode like a streak toward the lowland.

Dale arrived at John Moreland's big white farmhouse a little before the middle of the day, and halted lustily at the gate. John Moreland and his two sons hurried out in response to the call. Dale waved aside all greetings and inquiries after his health, and told that which he had come to tell. The elder Moreland turned quickly to his two stalwart sons—

"Guns and horses, boys! It'll be our last fight, and let's be at it and make it a good fight."

Less than five minutes later the three erstwhile mountaineers rode out at the barnyard gate with full belts of



"Guns and Horses, Boys!"

cartridges around their waists and with repeating rifles across the pommels of their saddles, and joined Dale. The four hastened to the homes of the other Morelands; and not long afterward the old clan, in full strength, rode toward the big, dim-blue hills with Bill Dale acting as its leader. It was to be the clan's last fight, and a fight for a good cause, and every man of it was eager for the fray.

Bill Dale bore himself proudly, and he rode like a man born to the saddle. He found a queer joy—a joy that brightened his steel-grey eyes and flushed his sunburned cheeks, a joy that he didn't even attempt to understand—in the thought:

"For this one day I am a clan chief; I am leading my own people against a foe, in my own country."

And so overwhelmingly did the idea take hold of him that he wished, even then, for the repeater that awaited him at his office back in the heart of the mountains. Once his conscience asked him a question—and he answered it with another question. Was he doing that which was right? Might not the Littlefords all be killed by those drunken cutthroats while he was waiting for the arrival of a company of militia from a city miles distant?

Anyway, the militia would fight. His clan would do no more than that. He satisfied his conscience quickly.

When they had reached the lower end of the cleared valley, there came to them the sounds of slow firing, the firing of snipers. Each man kicked his horse's flanks and rode faster.

When they came in sight of the besieged building, they saw puffs of powder-smoke rising lazily from the upper windows and from the mountain side above and to the right. Again they kicked the flanks of their horses and rode faster.

At John Moreland's old cabin they dismounted hastily and turned their horses into the drab meadow. With Dale still leading, they hurried on foot to the river's nearest bank and went rapidly, under cover of the thickly-standing sycamores, to a point within seventy yards of the office and supplies building. Then they made a dash across the open space, and Ben Littleford, with one arm bound up in a red-stained blue bandana, opened the door for them.

"Who else is hurt?" panted Dale. "Little Tom," answered Littleford, "and Saul. Little Tom, he got a bullet under the shoulder. Saul, he got one in his right arm. They're all right. They've riddled the whole 'other side o' the house to splinters. They're a-cussin' fo' you."

"They'll get all they want of me," Dale growled.

He turned and ran up the rough

stairway, and Ben Littleford and the Morelands followed close upon his heels. At the front and side windows, behind anything they had been able to find that would stop a bullet, knelt Littlefords with rifles in their hands, patiently watching for a human target to appear on the mountainside above. Saul and Little Tom lay in a corner, where they were fairly safe from chance bullets. Hayes had bound up their wounds as well as he could with the material at hand. They were both white and helpless and suffering, but still full of the old Littleford fighting spirit.

Dale seized his Winchester and belt of cartridges from the hands of the man who had brought them to him, and turned to the others. A bullet crashed through the wall and struck the floor at his foot; he paid no attention to it.

"Listen to me, boys," Dale was buckling his cartridge-belt with rapid, steady fingers. "From where they are hiding, the Balls and Turners can hardly see the lower story of this building. We'll go downstairs, open the front door, and run to the edge of the laurels at the foot of the mountain. Then we'll turn to the right, make a wide detour, and get above the Ball outfit; we'll be fighting downhill instead of uphill. Get me? Are you all ready?"

To a man, they were ready.

They reached the thick undergrowth without being seen by the enemy. While the Balls and Turners fired more or less aimlessly at the building, drank white whisky and called drunkenly for the surrender to them of Bill Dale, Bill Dale and his men were making their way steadily in a wide half-circle up the side of David Moreland's mountain.

Half an hour after they had left the office building, Dale had stationed his men, deployed as a line of skirmishers, behind sheltering trees some two hundred feet above the Balls and their kinsmen.

John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Bill Dale were not far apart. "It's a shame to do it," said Dale. "I swear, we can't shoot men in the back like this!"

John Moreland, twisted his mouth into a queer smile of contempt, and so did Ben Littleford. They knew, far better than their leader, the ways of that people without a principle. The Balls and Turners wouldn't hesitate to shoot them in the back!

"Well," John Moreland replied, and it was almost a sneer, "ye might go down that and give 'em some candy, and kiss 'em, and at 'em won't they please surrender?"

Dale leaned around his tree, a great gnarled chestnut, and called boldly: "You've got a chance to surrender now—and you'd certainly better take it quick!"

One of those below yelled surprisedly: "Where you?" Then they all whipped to the other side of their sheltering timber.

The answer came at once: "I'm Bill Dale, and I'm peeved! You're at the mercy of the finest hill clan that ever looked along rifle barrels; will you surrender, or fight it out?"

"You said it—we'll fight it out!" cried a burly cousin of Black Adam Ball, deceased.

"You're on!" growled Bill Dale, slipping his rifle out beside the tree. "Give 'em h—l, boys!"

He was unused to this sort of thing, and he was incantious. He showed a



"Give 'Em H—l, Boys!"

little too much of himself—there was a sudden keen report from below, and a bullet hole appeared in the rim of his hat! John Moreland fired the next shot, and he broke the right arm of the man who had just fired at Bill Dale. This opened the battle in earnest.

Soon the thunder of the many rifles became almost a steady roar. The air was filled with the pungent odor of burning powder. Bill Dale emptied the magazine of his repeater, and sank behind the big chestnut to fill it again with cartridges from his belt. Bullets now whined on both sides of him; they cut greenish white furrows in the bark of both sides of the tree, and knocked up little sports of black earth to his right and to his left; they cut off twigs within an arm's reach of him. A dozen Balls were now firing at him, seeking to avenge

the death of their kinsman, the Goliath. John Moreland's strong voice came to him through the din and roar: "Don't show no part o' yoreself now, Bill; ef ye do, ye'll shore be hit!"

Dale fired again, pumped a fresh cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and slipped another into the magazine, and arose behind the chestnut.

"Down, Bill!" cried John Moreland. "If Dale heard, he gave no sign of it. He fired four shots rapidly, and before the wind had carried away the blinding smoke he was behind another tree and shooting toward the Balls again. Soon there came a short, loud peal of laughter from his left; he turned his head and saw Ben Littleford taking a careful aim at a long angle toward the side of a boulder. Then Littleford fired, and a puff of stone dust showed that his bullet had gone true to its mark.

"What's that for?" demanded Dale. "We haven't any ammunition to throw away!"

"Why, Bill," replied Littleford, "didn't ye never bounce a bullet off a rock and make it go toward a man ahead of a tree?"

It lasted hotly for two hours, but the casualties were comparatively few, because there was so much cover available. From the beginning the Balls and the Turners had the worst of it, which was due to uphill shooting, white whisky, and lack of the iron that makes real fighting men. The cartridges of those below were giving out; they had fired too many shots needlessly.

"It's about time to rush them," Dale said to John Moreland, who had crept up beside him.

"Just give the word," Moreland nodded.

A few minutes later, Bill Dale sent the wings of his line down the mountainside, forming a half-circle of his force once more; then the whole line rushed, surrounded the enemy and called for a surrender.

But the Balls and their kinsmen wouldn't give in yet. They left their cover and started to run, found themselves facing Morelands and Littlefords in every direction, clabbed their rifles and fought. It was not true courage that prompted them to offer resistance thus; it was utter desperation; they had never been given of mercy, therefore they did not expect mercy. Dale's men forbore to fire upon them, which was at Dale's command, and met them with clubbed rifles. The woodland rang with the sound of wood and steel crashing against wood and steel. Everywhere there were groans and threats and curses from the losing side, victorious cries and further demands for a surrender from the winners.

Bill Dale, ever a lover of fair combat, threw down his repeater to grapple with a big North Carolinian who clubbed a weapon had been knocked from his hands. The two fell and rolled down the mountainside, locked in each other's arms.

And then one of the Balls struck Bill Dale across the head with the butt of his empty gun, and Bill Dale slunked his arms and lay as one dead.

He was lying under cover in a hand-carved black walnut fourposter, and it was night, when he opened his eyes again. Above him he saw the bearded faces of Ben Littleford and John Moreland, and they looked haggard and anxious in the oil lamp's yellow light. Suddenly Moreland spoke:

"Dead—nothin'!" jubilantly. "Look, Ben; he's done come to! Ye couldn't put him in a cannon and shoot him against a cliff and kill him, Ben! I hope ye're a-feelin' all right, Bill, shore."

Dale realized everything quite clearly. He put a hand to his head; there was a wet cloth lying over the swollen place.

"He shore give ye a buster of a lick," drawled a voice that Dale instantly recognized as that of his warshipper, By Heck. "Danged ef Cale Moreland didn't might' nigh it beat him to death, Bill!"

Many men crowded to the bedside and smiled at him, and he smiled back at them. Soon he asked:

"Did you capture the outfit?"

"Every derned one of 'em," answered John Moreland. "They're all shot up tight in the downstairs o' the office buildin', onder gyard. The ain't but one of 'em plumb testotally dead, fo' a wonder; but the's a whole passel of 'em hurt. I've done sent Luke to town on horseback, after a doctor fo' you and Saul and Little Tom; and he can 'tend to them crippled Balls, too, I reckon, ef you think it's best. What're we a-goin' to do with them fellers, Bill?"

"We're going to take them to the Cartersville jail," Dale answered promptly.

"I had a different plan 'an that planned out, John," said By Heck, winking at Ben Littleford. "I had it planned out to hang 'em all on a big green hemlock as a Christmas tree fo' Bill! Some devilish rough Christmas eve ye're a-havin', Bill, old boy, ain't it?"

"Rather," smiled Dale. He closed his eyes. His head ached, and he was somehow very tired.

Within the hour he went to sleep, and when he awoke it was daylight on Christmas morning. Ben Littleford, half dressed, was stirring the coals to life in the wide-mouthed stove fire-place. Dale felt better than he had expected to feel; he greeted Littleford with the compliments of the season, arose and dressed himself.

Littleford had just gone with a handful of kindling wood toward the kitchen, when there was a low, tight tapping at the outside door of Bill Dale's room. Dale arose from his sheet-iron-lined rocker before the cherry log fire, went to the door and

opened it. Before him stood a slim, barefooted boy in the poorest of rags; in the pitifully slender arms there was something wrapped rather loosely in crumpled brown paper. Dale did not remember having seen the lad before, but he knew it was no Littleford.

"Come in, son," he invited cordially—"come in and warm yourself. My goodness alive, it's too cold to go barefooted like that! Haven't you any shoes, son?"

"Shoes?" muttered the boy, queerly. "Shoes?"

He was shivering from the cold. His thin face looked pinched and blue, his eyes big and hollow. Dale stooped, picked him up bodily, carried him to the old rocker he had just vacated, and put him into it with hands as gentle as any woman's.

"H—l," began the boy, staring hard—"what—"

"Now stick your feet out and warm them, son—that's it," and Dale chafed the poor little, dirty, half-frozen feet and legs.

"Son," he went on after a moment, his heart throbbing out of sheer pity, "you go to the commissary clerk and tell him to dress you up like the crown prince of England, if he's got it, and charge the same to the account of Bill Dale. It'll be my Christmas gift to you, little boy. What's your name?"

The lad turned his surprised black eyes upon the face of the big and sun-browned man.

"Are you Bill Dale?"

"Yes."

That which the boy said next struck



"Be You're Bill Dale, Well, D— My Soul!"

the big and sunbrowned man with all the force of a bullet.

"So you're Bill Dale, Well, D— my soul!"

"Don't, buddy, don't!"

The boy went on: "My name, it's Henry. I come here with a Christmas gift fo' you." He pointed a dirty forefinger toward the bundle in his lap. "But you ain't a-goin' to git it now."

"Why?" Dale asked smilingly.

"Why? Shoes—'at's why. H—l, did I ever have any shoes afore? Barefooted as a rabbit. That's me. Barefooted as a d—n rabbit!"

"Son," protested Bill Dale, "you're entirely too small to swear. You mustn't do it, y'know."

"Yes," quickly, "I'm small. I'm small to my age. I'm done twelve year old. I've been measured fo' the go-backs."

"Measured for the go-backs?"

laughed Dale, "what's that?"

"Why," soberly, "when ye grow littler 'tild o' bigger, ye've got the go-backs. Maw, she measured me with a yarn string out o' a stocking which had been wore by a woman seventy-seven-year old, and 'en she wrapped the yarn string around the door-hinge. I'll g'n to grow higher, or die, one o' 'other, afore the string wears out on the hinge. Bound to."

Again Dale laughed. Mountain superstitions always amused him. Ben Littleford came into the room, and Dale arose and faced him.

"Do you know this boy, Ben?"

"It's Lyss Ball's boy," answered Littleford, puckering his brow.

"What's he a-doin' here?"

"He brought a Christmas present for me," said Dale, "but he has decided that I shan't have it."

"The only Christmas present you could git from a Ball would be a bullet," frowned Ben Littleford.

"He stepped to the rocker and took the bundle from the boy's lap; he took away the crumpled brown paper—and there in his hands was a loaded and cocked revolver!

"By George!" exclaimed Bill Dale. "What'd I tell ye?" smiled Ben Littleford.

An hour later Dale and a score of Littlefords and Morelands entered the big downstairs room of the office and supplies building. The defeated Balls and Turners lounged here and there, sullen and silent, on the rough-board floor of their temporary prison.

Dale walked into their midst and addressed them quietly.

"You'll admit, won't you, that I've got what you fellows call the 'deadwood' on you? And that it lies in my power to send every single one of you to the state penitentiary?"

"I reckon so," admitted Adam Ball's father. He was pretty well cowed, and so were the others.

"But I've decided not to do it," on Bill Dale. "I can't forget that it's Christmas day. You may have liberty as a present from the you've tried so hard and so on to kill. After the doctor gets the with Little Tom and Saul Little he will come here to dress all wounds; then our guards will give back your rifles, and you may home. I'm not asking you to promise anything, you understand, simply trusting the human heart. I don't believe I'll be disappointed."

Dale turned to John Moreland's rugged face wore a sly, displeased smile.

"If your brother David was a Bill Dale demanded with a bare of anger in his voice, "what do think he'd do about it? It's Christmas day, isn't it?"

The old Moreland chief's countenance softened; his grey eyes beamed. "Yes," he said, "it's Christmas day, Bill." He looked toward the and Turners.

"Merry Christmas, gentlemen!" said.

Adam Ball's father immediately asked him for a chew of tobacco.

Continued Next Week

Home Town Helps

CALLED NATION'S MODEL CITY

High Distinction That, by General sent, Seems to Have Been Won by Marysville, Mich.

Thirty miles north of Detroit, what is known as the "model city, America," says a Detroit telegram the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. E. Marysville, owned entirely by a development company. The model city marked by clean private homes, paved streets, little wealth and a tented community, where strikes unknown.

Marysville was a struggling community of some few hundred when the Marysville Land Development company was formed. The company proceeded to buy up the town. Factory sites were then sold other concerns and homes were sold the workers at a reasonable price. To those who did not care to buy, a hotel and boarding-house are modifications were provided.

There is no politics in this little of 30,000 population. The price property holders each year hire a manager to run the place on the commission form of government. The city school system is not surpassed by in America. Educators were brought from some of the largest cities in country and told to provide the best dance halls, movie theaters and steel boat companies were granted concessions under the city government.

Taxes are low, as the upkeep of town is practically paid for largely the manufacturers.

Graphite.

Down to 1850 graphite was obtained chiefly from the Borrowdale mine Cumberland, England. Since then supply has been drawn from east Siberia; from Ticonderoga, New York State; Buckingham, Quebec; and hematite. Graphite is also produced Ceylon, and Madagascar. Artificial graphite is also being manufactured.

IT HAPPENED IN MARI

And is Happening to Marion Peck Every Week

The case told below is not an common thing. The same occurs frequently and will continue to happen as long as folks have kidneys and er-tax the kidneys.

F. I. Guess, prop. blacksmith at N. Main St., Marion, says: "I certainly have found Doan's Kidney Pills a very good remedy for lame back and I would recommend them to a one. At times my back gets to be ering me so it is hard for me to over. My work is hard for me to because there is so much bending lifting to it. This causes my back become very lame and sore. I have Doan's Kidney Pills when I have trouble and they soon relieve all ailments."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Doan's Kidney Pills—the same Mr. Guess had, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. (Advertisement)

Nestall

A VAPOR REMEDY

A proven remedy for Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Tuberculosis and similar troubles.

For terms and testimonials write J. L. West Remedy Co., Mt. Sterling, Ky.

CAVE SPRING

Mr. F. W. Moore as moved onto the farm of C. C. Moore.

Mr. C. M. Chandler was the guest of Al Orr Sunday.

J. O. Chandler and V. O. Chandler were guests of J. L. Chandler Sunday.

Mr. Ed Edwards spent the day at the home of I. P. Orr Sunday.

Rev. Gupton and Mr. B. Hinchee were in our section Sunday.

Mr. Doss Congo of Mattoon was in our section Friday of last week.

Mr. Leonard Brantley was in our section Sunday.

Mr. Alvis Brantley was the guest of Mr. Donnie Orr Wednesday.

Mr. H. L. Orr was the guest of his father K. P. Orr Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Al Orr was in Mattoon Friday of last week.

H. B. McDowell closed his school Friday with a wonderful treat of candy.

Mr. S. O. Tash is improving slowly at this writing.

The remains of T. M. Clark were laid at rest at the Crowell Cemetery Wednesday, Rev. King conducting the services.

Miss Mable Givens spent Sunday with Miss Virginia Sullivan.

Mr. Herbert Sullivan was the guest of Donnie Orr Sunday.

Mr. Pat Duffy was in Pumpkin Center Tuesday of last week.

Mr. Al Orr was the guest of Mr. Ross Scott Thursday.

Saving is Hard--



But when you look back to a point in your life three years ago and compare the difference in your income you wonder why you can't save at least a small part of it.

It's true that conditions are not the same—that the value of the dollar is not the same—but if you save nothing each week you are really just breaking even.

This Bank is willing to co-operate with you in helping you prepare a future for yourself. Call on us today and talk it over.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK
Tolu, Kentucky

Local News

Mr. L. S. Babb went to Providence this week to make his home.

Mr. J. M. Hughes went to Curlew Wednesday to do carpenter work.

Mr. Frank Hughes, of Paducah, was a Marion visitor Wednesday.

County Judge E. Jeffrey Travis went to Belle Mines Monday to install Miss Fannie Thurman as teacher to complete the school at that place, which Mr. Travis vacated.

Mr. W. T. Fowler was awarded a license by the County Court Monday to run a ferry at Blackford.

Dr. Clayton is very ill at his home in this city. He is afflicted with asthma and pneumonia.

Sheriff James T. Wright moved with his family from Tolu to this city Monday. He has located on the J. J. May place on Depot street, which he recently purchased.

Mr. Bob Adamson, of the Belle Mines section, is dangerously ill of pneumonia.

Mrs. Sarah Myers and granddaughter, Miss Gustava Brasher, of the Mexico section, were visitors in the city Tuesday.

Mr. H. K. Woods went to Princeton Tuesday on business. Before returning he will also visit Paducah.

Mrs. J. E. Glass went to Dawson Springs Tuesday to visit her brother, Albert Hawkins.

Messrs. H. L. Childress and G. T. Garrett, of the Mexico section, were business visitors in the city Tuesday.

Miss Florence Ensworth, who under the auspices of the Coit Lyceum, entertained at the school Auditorium Monday evening, left Tuesday for her home in Guilford, N. Y.

Mr. James Daughtrey and family of the Casal section, have moved to the city, locating on the Paul Adams property on West Belleville Street.

Mr. E. W. Woods, of Cincinnati, was in the city Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Coy Vinson and little son, Kenneth, and sister, Miss Estelle Drurey, of South Dakota, visited friends in Marion Tuesday.

Deputy Sheriff Joe Hunter Travis went to the Belle Mines section Tuesday on official business.

Mrs. John Birchfield went to an Evansville Hospital Monday for an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. John Cochran, near town, left Monday for an Evansville Sanitarium for treatment.

Mr. D. S. F. Crider went to Providence Tuesday to visit his son, Guy.

Mrs. Wm. Harness went to Sturgis Tuesday to visit her daughter, Mrs. F. L. Berry.

Mr. W. D. Surfrut, of Lola, was in the city Tuesday enroute to Wheatcroft and Providence on business.

Mr. B. F. Brightman, of the Sullivan section, was in the city Wednesday.

Rev. M. M. Murrell is stressing the approaching revival beginning on the fifth Sunday in January. Rev. Mr. Dillon, pastor of the Methodist church at Marion, assisting Sister Billy Yates and Miss Eva Yates, pianist, also of Marion, are resultful helpers. —Sturgis News-Democrat.

Mr. Luton and family have moved to Marion, locating on the L. E. Guess property on West Belleville.

County Superintendent J. I. F. Paris reports that most of the county schools closed their fall and winter terms last Friday.

Judge J. M. Reynolds, of Providence, was a visitor in Marion Tuesday.

—WANTED Young women and men to learn stenography or salesmanship at home. Big demand. Typewriter furnished. Free Employment Service. Write for free literature on Course you prefer. **FEDERAL EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**, Champaign, Ill.

W. E. Slaton, of near Sturgis, was in Marion Saturday on business.

Silas Guess has moved his saw mill from near Crayne to his home place in the Tribune section.

Mrs. Bettie Nation went to Repton Wednesday to visit the family of her nephew Lacy Truitt.

Mr. W. E. Slaughter, of Paducah, was in the city Wednesday enroute to Providence.

Mr. Alvah Elder and family have moved into their new residence on North Main Street.

Miss Ruth Flannery, of Marion, spent the latter part of the week here the guest of Miss Carney. —Clay cor. Sturgis News-Democrat.

Mrs. J. M. McConnell was in Clay last week visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jesse Reed.

Squire H. S. Wheeler, who has been ill for some time, is able to be out again.

Mrs. H. T. Whitt and Miss Tylene Tabor, of Mexico, and Mrs. A. O. Binkley, of the Crayne section, were Marion visitors Wednesday.

Messrs. F. M. Matthews, of Caldwell Springs, Grady Brasher, of Mexico, and J. E. Baird, of Crayne were in Marion Wednesday.

—HOME TO RENT See HOLLIS C. FRANKLIN.

J. N. Boston and Sons have installed a fine new planer at their mill near the depot.

Mr. L. E. Vick returned Wednesday from a visit to friends at Cave In Rock, Ill.

Mr. E. J. Kilpatrick, of Lexington, District Agricultural Agent, was in the city Wednesday on official business.

Mr. J. E. McKinney, of Dycusburg, was in the city Wednesday.

Mr. Dewey Gray, manager of the Rex Theatre, went to Fredonia Wednesday to arrange for a picture show at that place.

Mr. B. L. Wilborn was in Clay last week the guest of his daughter Mrs. Frank Alloway.

Mr. George Yates went to Blackford Wednesday on business.

Mrs. John Holloman went to Sturgis Wednesday to visit Mrs. Eva Jones.

Dr. I. H. Clement and Dr. T. A. Frazer went to Evansville Wednesday to hear Dr. E. C. Rosenow lecture. They go by an invitation given them by the Lancet Club of that city.

Mr. G. E. Boston went to Henderson Wednesday to visit his daughter Mrs. Nellie Travis.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Gilliland, of Rolling Fork, Miss., were in Marion this week to attend the funeral of Mr. Gilliland's grandmother, Mrs. Walker Flannery.

—FOR RENT My home on Rochester Street. **HOLLIS C. FRANKLIN**

FORDS FERRY

Mrs. George Henry and little daughter Georgia Gretna of Repton visited Mrs. Sallie Holman a few days recently.

Tobe James and family have recently moved into the house with his father Mr. Aaron James of this place.

Roe Welford and M. L. Clift were in Marion one day last week.

R. E. Brewer was in this section one day last week.

Charlie James and Anice James, both of this place, went to the home of Mrs. Anna Nation Tuesday night where they were quietly married by the Rev. Rufus Robinson. There many friends wish them happiness.

Wallace and Harold Rankin were in Marion one day last week.

Ivan Watson and sister Miss Mildred of near Carrsville spent a few days recently visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Watson.

Miss Edwina Rankin spent the day Saturday the guest of Miss Ethylene Flannery.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Truitt spent Sunday the guests of their son Willie Truitt of this place.

Miss Cora E. Clift spent Friday the guest of Miss Mattie Hughes of Opossum Ridge.

Quite a number of people from this place attended the last day of school entertainment at Opossum Ridge Friday.

Contributions to the Woodrow Wilson Foundation by admirers of the former president are being received all over the country and the promoters are well satisfied with the results so far.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES For The Western District of Kentucky IN BANKRUPTCY

In the matter of The M. H. Cannan Company, a partnership composed of William Davis Cannan and Medley Hilton Cannan and William Davis Cannan and Medley Hilton Cannan individually, Bankrupts.

On this 10th day of January A. D. 1922, on considering the petition of the aforesaid bankrupt for discharge, filed on the 9th day of January A. D. 1922, it is ordered by the court that a hearing be had upon the same on the 25th day of February, A. D. 1922, before said court at Louisville in said district at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, or as near thereto as practical, and that notice thereof be published one time in The Crittenden Press, a newspaper printed in said district, and that all known creditors and other persons in interest may appear at said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

WITNESS the Honorable Walter Evans, Judge of said Court, and the seal thereof, at Paducah in said district, on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1922. A. G. RONALD, Clerk By W. A. BLACKBURN, D. C.

OBITUARY

William Wallace Mayes was born February 13, 1865 in Crittenden county. He professed faith in Christ a number of years ago and united with Chapel Hill church immediately after his profession, where he lived a faithful devoted life until November 23, 1921 when God said to Bro. Mayes, it is enough come up higher. He was married to Miss Lera Butler Jan. 24, 1894, to which union was born six children, four dead and two living. He leaves to mourn their loss a wife and two boys, Murray and Ed, his sisters, Mrs. George Perry, Mrs. G. Dollar, of Marion, his brother, Dick of Hiawatha, Kans. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Claycomb at Chapel Hill in the presence of a large sympathetic audience, the interment in Chapel Hill Cemetery. The floral offering was beautiful. Thus ends the life of a good man. He was perfectly at himself up to the last moment and told his wife he was ready to go and even told her where she would find lumber to cover his casket. Bro. Mayes was a good man and I speak the sentiment of every person who knew him. To know him was to love him.

W. T. OAKLEY

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Those who wish cars for Spring Delivery should place their orders at once.

Lowest List Prices of our cars F. O. B. Detroit in the history of the Ford Motor Co.

Touring, Regular	\$348.
Runabout	319
Chassis	285
Coupe	580
Sedan	645
Truck Chassis	430
Tractor	625

Starter will remain at \$70.00 list and Demountable Wheels at \$25 list when supplied with open type cars.

Foster & Tucker

MARION, KENTUCKY

LAW AND ORDER CLUB

The colored citizens of Marion assembled in the Colored Methodist Church and organized themselves into a "Law and Order Club" for the betterment of the community.

Rev. J. W. McClure was elected temporary chairman who made a very strong talk setting forth the purpose of this organization.

Mr. M. S. Wilson was elected permanent chairman. W. G. Thompson secretary.

After the organization the following men made many strong and timely pleas for community betterment: M. S. Wilson, Sherman Wheeler, Richard Cruse, C. K. Lewis, W. G. Thompson, Bud Hughes, J. B. Cruse and Rev. Maxwell of the Free Baptist Church.

The undersigned persons pledged themselves as members of this club: Richard Cruse, Bud Hughes, Rev. J. W. McClure, Marshall Braddock, S. Wheeler, W. H. Coffield, V. Threlkeld, James Lewis, W. H. Todd, C. K. Lewis, H. Wallace, Rev. Maxwell, Sam McCage, Chas. Stephens, J. B. Cruse, Sandy Barker, Austin Stephens.

The meeting was adjourned. M. S. WILSON, Pres. W. G. THOMPSON, Secy.

I. H. CLEMENT,

Physician and Surgeon

Office in Marion Bank Building

**Why worry with inferior coal?
Why not buy the best grades?
There is none better than ours**

Nut Coal, yard	-	16c
Nut Coal, delivered	-	18c
No. 1 Lump Coal, at yard	-	18c
No. 1 Lump Coal, delivered	-	20c
Prime Egg 5" x 2 1-2", at yard	-	18c
Prime Egg " " delivered	-	20c

These Prices are for all as we have only one Price for all

Don't get our Prime Egg Coal confused with Standard Egg as there is a difference. ASK US. Every bushel of our coal is loaded over shaker screens at the mines and is unloaded over screens at the yard and is forked before it is delivered to you.

We will always give you the lowest prices possible and will appreciate your order be it either large or small.

MARION COAL CO.

IRA T. PIERCE

J. WESLEY LAMB

Successors to Maurie Nunn Coal Co.

THE BURNING QUESTION

Is an important question at this season. What kind of COAL do you burn?

We sell the famous TRADEWATER Coal made famous by the way it burns.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES!

Best Lump and Egg Coal at car, bu.	18c
Best Lump and Egg Coal delivered	20c
Best Nut Coal at Car	16c
Best Nut Coal, Delivered	18c

We Give Eighty Pounds to the Bushel

City Coal & Transfer Co.

R. S. Elkins

Phone 31-2

Marion, Ky.

Some Aspects of the Farmers' Problems

By BERNARD M. BARUCH

(Reprinted from Atlantic Monthly)

The whole rural world is in a ferment of unrest, and there is an unparalleled volume and intensity of determined, if not angry, protest, and an ominous awareness of occupational conferences, interest groupings, political movements and propaganda. Such a turmoil cannot but arrest our attention. Indeed, it demands our careful study and examination. It is not likely that six million aloof and ruggedly independent men have come together and banded themselves into active unions, societies, farm bureaus, and so forth, for no sufficient cause.

Investigation of the subject conclusively proves that, while there is much overstatement of grievances and misconception of remedies, the farmers are right in complaining of wrongs long endured, and right in holding that it is feasible to relieve their ills with benefit to the rest of the community. This being the case of an industry that contributes, in the raw material form alone, about one-third of the national annual wealth production and is the means of livelihood of about 40 per cent of the population, it is obvious that the subject is one of grave concern. Not only do the farmers make up one-half of the nation, but the well-being of the other half depends upon them.

So long as we have nations, a wise political economy will aim at a large degree of national self-sufficiency and self-containment. Rome fell when the food supply was too far removed from the belly. Like her, we shall destroy our own agriculture and extend our sources of food distant and precariously, if we do not see to it that our farmers are well and fairly paid for their services. The farm gives the nation men as well as food. Cities derive their vitality and are forever renewed from the country, but an impoverished countryside exports intelligence and retains unintelligence. Only the lower grades of mentality and character will remain on, or seek, the farm, unless agriculture is capable of being pursued with contentment and adequate compensation. Hence, to embitter and impoverish the farmer is to dry up and contaminate the vital sources of the nation.

The war showed convincingly how dependent the nation is on the full productivity of the farms. Despite herculean efforts, agricultural production kept only a few weeks or months ahead of consumption, and that only by increasing the acreage of certain staple crops at the cost of reducing that of others. We ought not to forget that lesson when we ponder on the farmer's problems. They are truly common problems, and there should be no attempt to deal with them as if they were purely selfish demands of a clear-cut group, antagonistic to the rest of the community. Rather should we consider agriculture in the light of broad national policy. Just as we consider oil, coal, steel, dye stuffs, and so forth, as showings of national strength. Our growing population and a higher standard of living demand increasing food supplies, and more wool, cotton, hides, and the rest. With the disappearance of free or cheap fertile land, additional acreage and increased yields can come only from costly effort. This we need not expect from an impoverished or unhappy rural population.

It will not do to take a narrow view of the rural discontent, or to appraise it from the standpoint of yesterday. This is peculiarly an age of flux and change and new deals. Because a thing always has been so no longer means that it is righteous, or always shall be so. More, perhaps, than ever before, there is a widespread feeling that all human relations can be improved by taking thought, and that it is not becoming for the reasoning animal to leave his destiny largely to chance and natural incidence.

Prudent and orderly adjustment of production and distribution in accordance with consumption is recognized as wise management in every business but that of farming. Yet, I venture to say, there is no other industry in which it is so important to the public—to the city-dweller—that production should be sure, steady, and increasing, and that distribution should be in proportion to the need. The unorganized farmers naturally act blindly and impulsively and, in consequence, surfeit and deplete, accompanied by disconcerting price-variations, harass the consumer. One year potatoes rot in the fields because of excess production, and there is a scarcity of the things that have been displaced to make way for the expansion of the potato acreage; next year the punished farmers man their fields on some other crop, and potatoes enter the class of luxuries; and so on.

Agriculture is the greatest and fundamentally the most important of our American industries. The cities are but the branches of the tree of national life, the roots of which go deep into the land. We all flourish or decline with the farmer. So, when we of the cities read of the present universal distress of the farmers, of a slump of six billion dollars in the farm value of their crops in a single year,

of their inability to meet mortgages or to pay current bills, and how, seeking relief from their ills, they are planning to form pools, inaugurate farmers' strikes, and demand legislation abolishing grain exchanges, private cattle markets, and the like, we ought not hastily to brand them as economic heretics and highwaymen, and hurl at them the charge of being seekers of special privilege. Rather, we should ask if their trouble is not ours, and see what can be done to improve the situation. Purely from self-interest, if for no higher motive, we should help them. All of us want to get back permanently to "normalcy," but is it reasonable to hope for that condition unless our greatest and most basic industry can be put on a sound and solid permanent foundation? The farmers are not entitled to special privileges, but are they not right in demanding that they be placed on an equal footing with the buyers of their products and with other industries?

Let us, then, consider some of the farmer's grievances, and see how far they are real. In doing so, we should remember that, while there have been, and still are, instances of purposeful abuse, the subject should not be approached with any general imputation to existing distributive agencies of deliberately intentional oppression, but rather with the conception that the marketing of farm products has not been modernized.

An ancient evil, and a persistent one, is the undergrading of farm products, with the result that what the farmers sell as of one quality is resold as of a higher. That this sort of chicanery should persist on any important scale in these days of business integrity would seem almost incredible, but there is much evidence that it does so persist. Even as I write, the newspapers announce the suspension of several firms from the New York Produce Exchange for exporting to Germany as No. 2 wheat a whole shipload of grossly inferior wheat mixed with oats, chaff and the like.

Another evil is that of inaccurate weighing of farm products, which, it is charged, is sometimes a matter of dishonest intention, and sometimes of protective policy on the part of the local buyer, who fears that he may "weigh out" more than he "weighs in." A greater grievance is that at present the field farmer has little or no control over the time and conditions of marketing his products, with the result that he is often underpaid for his products and usually overcharged for marketing service. The difference between what the farmer receives and what the consumer pays often exceeds all possibility of justification. To cite a single illustration last year, according to figures gathered by the railways and the growers, Georgia watermelon raisers received on the average 7.5 cents for a melon, the railroads got 12.7 cents for carrying it to Baltimore and the consumer paid one dollar, leaving 79.5 cents for the service of marketing and its risks, as against 20.2 cents for growing and transporting. The hard annals of farm-life are replete with such commentaries on the crudeness of present practices.

Nature prescribes that the farmer's "goods" must be finished within two or three months of the year, while financial and storage limitations generally compel him to sell them at the same time. As a rule, other industries are in a continuous process of finishing goods for the market; they distribute as they produce, and they can curtail production without too great injury to themselves or the community; but if the farmer restricts his output, it is with disastrous consequences, both to himself and to the community.

The average farmer is busy with production for the major part of the year, and has nothing to sell. The bulk of his output comes on the market at once. Because of lack of storage facilities and of financial support, the farmer cannot carry his goods through the year and dispose of them as they are currently needed. In the great majority of cases, farmers have to entrust storage—in warehouses and elevators—and the financial carrying of their products to others.

Farm products are generally marketed at a time when there is a congestion of both transportation and finance—when cars and money are scarce. The outcome, in many instances, is that the farmers not only sell under pressure, and therefore at a disadvantage, but are compelled to take further reductions in net returns, in order to meet the charges for the service of storing, transporting, financing, and ultimate marketing—which charges they claim, are often excessive, bear heavily on both consumer and producer, and are under the control of those performing the services.

It is true that they are relieved of the risks of a changing market by selling at once; but they are quite

HOME TOWN HELPS

"SELLING" ONE'S HOME TOWN

Work That Should Be Considered a Duty as Well as Mark of Good Citizenship.

Nowadays, before its salesman are placed on the road by any of our larger concerns they are given a course in salesmanship. They are first made acquainted with the article they are to sell, they are given its talking points, or made to see its worth and value to the consumer, and then they are allotted their territory.

Selling a town is pretty much like selling goods. You must know first of all the advantages of your town, you must be able to tell the outside world what it has in the way of advantages, and then you must dwell on those talking points. Your territory is large, for any place in the world you go you can spend a few minutes "selling" your town—which means nothing else but boosting it.

Citizens should learn the great advantage to be derived from being able to point out the manifold advantages of a residence here, of telling others exactly why they prefer to live here to having a home anywhere else. The man who can talk up his town, and who does talk up his town is always admired, no matter in what part of the country he may be or in what company he is thrown. Home-town pride is the first indication of good citizenship, and people who hear you reciting the merits of the place in which you live naturally take it that all the other citizens are doing the same thing, and that it is a good place in which to live or in which to do business. Start out now to "sell" your town, wherever you go. Learn its advantages, learn to tell about them in an interesting way, and edge right in at every opportunity and tell about those advantages.—Indiana Labor Journal.

CANADIAN CITY LOOKS AHEAD

Example of Oshawa in Barring Narrow Lots as Dwelling Sites Should Be Followed.

The Oshawa town planning commission has resolved that in future no subdivision plans with building lots of less than 45-foot frontage will be sanctioned. Oshawa will be fortunate if it succeeds in controlling the future development of its suburban area according to the enlightened ideas of the commission. The town has already a city population and, as a growing industrial center, will spread beyond its present boundaries.

Many cities find it too late to remedy conditions which could have been forestalled by a little provision and public spirit. Private greed, uncontrolled by public authority, has deprived the majority of city dwellers of a healthful allowance of light, air and ventilation, to say nothing of garden space, by crowding the houses together, even in the midst of the boundless prairie, where land would be the cheapest commodity in sight but for real estate manipulation. If Oshawa will continue the policy of its town-planning commission it will be an example and a reproach to other cities which have neglected their opportunities.—Toronto Globe.

Community Garages in Duluth. Community garages, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, have been introduced in Duluth, Minn., which show some decided advantages over the usual individual garage. With the aid of good architecture and landscape gardening the structures add to the appearance of the neighborhood, and back yards are left free for gardens and playgrounds. A saving is made in the cost of constructing buildings and driveways, and the heating problem is simplified. A single plant heats all the rooms most economically and all rooms are kept at a minimum temperature of 40 degrees even in the severest winter weather. There is a solid wall between each group of four rooms. The other partitions are of concrete to a height of three feet and of galvanized wire netting the rest of the way to the ceiling. The construction is of hollow concrete blocks, metal lath and cement plaster.

Coal Saving Plan. Coal economy is acute in England and the following method of saving fuel has been found valuable, most likely for use in an open fire: Preserve the coal ashes, which are usually thrown away as worthless. When there is a sufficient quantity, add to them an equal amount of small coal, then pour on a little water, and mix with a shovel. Use this composition when dry for placing on the top or the back of the fire. It will burn brightly and pleasantly, and only a little dust will remain unconsumed.

Fire Alarms for Kiddies. How to send in a fire alarm was one of the subjects of instruction at the "fire prevention exhibit" at Ironwood, Mich. Five hundred persons received this instruction, as well as other advice for fire prevention. The use of hand fire extinguishers was taught. Cards containing the numbers and locations of the fire alarm boxes in the city as well as pamphlets entitled, "Stop Burning Up Homes," were distributed.

RUNTY ANIMAL UNPROFITABLE

Underized and Undeveloped Animals Usually Caused by Improper Care and Poor Feed.

Niggardly methods of feeding and caring for farm live stock are unprofitable. This is one conclusion resulting from an inquiry conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture into the causes and prevention of runtimess among farm animals. Seventy-five per cent of under-sized and undeveloped animals, according to a summary of more than 700 opinions advanced by live-stock owners, are due to inferior breeding, inadequate or unsuitable feed, and pests, such as parasites and insects.

The remedy is the better care of better stock, and the cost of this remedy, in the opinion of practical farmers, is much cheaper than the expense of continuing to raise under-sized and slow-maturing domestic animals. "Better raise one good cow than two poor ones—a runt is nothing but expense all its life." This opinion, which is typical of many others, is from a Michigan dairyman. A thrifty New Englander sums up sentiment on this topic with the remark, "I find I cannot cheat the animal without cheating myself."

HIGH-PRODUCING DAIRY COWS

To Increase Productiveness of Herd It Is Necessary to Begin With Individuals.

Increasing the productiveness of a dairy herd through selection must begin with the individual as a unit. Cows with the best performance records are mated to a bull backed by a line of high-producing ancestors. Even this will not guarantee offspring equal to their parents in productiveness, since the law of chance operates to make results uncertain. However, the average will be as good as their parents' and some will exceed their dam's record. The best producers are further bred for further improvement.

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Mrs. G. E. Boston & Son Next door to H. V. Stone Marion Kentucky

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Studebaker Facts

Established 1852. Present capital investment \$70,000,000 Plants in South Bend, Indiana, Detroit, Michigan; Walkerville, Canada. Second largest in the world. Plants cover 225 acres; buildings contain 5,987,000 sq. feet of active floor space, and investment amounts to \$35,000,000.

Inventories of raw materials, work in progress and finished goods, amount to \$20,000,000.

Research and experimental laboratories, unexcelled in the industry, employing 100 skilled men.

12,500 machines used in 500 manufacturing departments. Average number of employees, 14,000.

1,120 mechanical operations on the three models of Studebaker cars are accurate to one-thousandth of an inch; 360 to one-half-thousandth of an inch.

680 inspectors employed in the plants. 9,500 inspections during manufacture before cars are passed for delivery. In addition 500,000 laboratory tests are made annually.

150 tons of castings made in Studebaker foundries daily. 85,000 tons of steel used by Studebaker annually.

7,000,000 gallons of fuel oil used annually in heat treating and in drop forge furnaces. 85,000,000 cubic feet of gas used annually.

Over 450,000 Studebaker Cars produced and sold—valued at \$540,000,000.

Studebaker cars are sold in all civilized countries and the trade-name "Studebaker" is a household word.

Series 22 BIG-SIX Prices

Touring	\$1785
Coupe	2500
Sedan	2700

Series 22 SPECIAL-SIX Prices

Roadster (2 passenger)	\$1425
Touring	1475
Club Roadster	1475
Coupe (4-passenger)	2150
Sedan	2350

The New LIGHT-SIX

Prices Reduced Effective January 7th

Touring	\$1045
Roadster (3-passenger)	1045
Coupe-Roadster	1375
Sedan	1750

All prices f. o. b. factories

T. H. Cochran & Co.

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