

12-14-1911

The Murray Ledger, Part 1, December 14, 1911

The Murray Ledger

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Do Your Christmas Shopping in Murray and as Early as Possible, and Don't forget the Merchant whose Advertisement is in the LEDGER

THE MURRAY LEDGER.

VOL. 33, NO. 38

MURRAY, KENTUCKY THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1911.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

HORSES KILLED

Epidemic of Blind Staggers Throughout Purchase.

Over 100 horses have died in western Kentucky in the last few weeks as a result of an epidemic of blind staggers. A large percentage of these horses were owned in Paducah, Sunday. A total of eight horses died as a result of the disease. The disease is caused by feeding the horses dry rotten corn, and in a high percentage of cases is fatal. The rot can not be discovered in the ear of corn without a close examination. It is caused by the heavy rains on the corn while it was in the field ready to be harvested. The first symptom that the horse is ill with the blind staggers is the fact that the horse wants to turn to the left. The driver usually regards the horse as merely contrary and does not realize that the animal is ill until it is too late to cure him. Paducah Sun.

WINS FIGHT FOR LIFE

It was a long and bloody battle for life that was waged by James B. Mershon, of Newark, N. J., of which he writes: "I had lost much blood from lung hemorrhages, and was very weak and run down. For eight months I was unable to work. Death seemed close on my heels, when I began, three weeks ago, to use Dr. King's New Discovery. But it has helped me greatly. It is doing all that you claim." For weak, sore lungs, obstinate

coughs, stubborn colds, hoarseness, la grippe asthma, hay fever or any throat or lung trouble it is supreme. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle bottle free. Guaranteed by Dale & Stubblefield.

Considerable Rivalry.

The first Sheriff to make final settlement with the State Auditor for this year's taxes was Sheriff Henry Towery, of Caldwell county. W. H. Hammond, of Trigg county, was given number two on the settlement books. There is considerable rivalry among some of the sheriffs to be first to settle, and Mr. Towery appreciates winning the honor this year.

Deep-seated coughs that resist ordinary remedies require both external and internal treatment. If you buy a dollar bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup you get the two remedies you need for the price of one. There is a Herick's Red Pepper Porus Plaster for the chest, free with each bottle. Sold by Dale & Stubblefield.

A Very Poor Way.

We are informed by County Superintendent Cunningham that not a single Trigg county teacher attended the First District Educational meeting at Marion last week. This strikes us as a very poor way to improve the educational standard of the county. Cadiz Record.

Save your clipper from my coal and I will pay you a fancy price for them to put on the Jeff Davis Highway when it is built. Joe Farley, Ind. phone 254.

MARRIED

Daughter of H. P. Faris Is Wedded Sunday.

Mr. Dick Lawrence and Miss Loreta Faris, well known young people of this city, went quietly to Fulton Sunday morning, and were united in marriage at the residence of Esq. Futrell, he performing the ceremony. The young couple returned home on the noon train Sunday and were entertained and received congratulations at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Faris, at the Metcalf place on Fifth street.

Mr. Lawrence is head musician at the Marble Theatre, and is one of the best piano artists that has ever been in Mayfield. His home is in Peoria, Ill.

The young couple will make their home in this city for the present, having apartments at the Brown House, Fifth and North streets.

Mrs. Lawrence is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Faris, and is a young woman of much attractiveness, and possesses a large number of friends. Mayfield Messenger.

A CHARMING WOMAN

is one who is lovely in face, form, mind and temper. But it is hard for a woman to be charming without health. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. But Electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want

health, beauty and friends. They regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood, give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure health, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion and perfect health. Try them. 50c at Dale & Stubblefield.

Will Meet in Chicago.

Washington, Dec. 12. The Republican national convention will meet in Chicago June 18 to nominate a candidate for the presidential election of 1912. This was decided and the rest of the routine business transacted at the short morning session of the national committee today. The committee named its convention sub-convention and then recessed to await the report of the committee on the "Call of the Convention."

WORK WILL START SOON after you take Dr. King's New Life Pill, and you'll quickly enjoy their fine results. Constipation and indigestion vanish and fine appetite returns. They regulate stomach, liver and bowels and impart new strength and energy to the whole system. Try them. Only 25c at Dale & Stubblefield.

Wedding Announced.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Newt Harris announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Estella Harris, to Mr. Harry White, of Fulton. The ceremony is to take place at the home of the bride, south of the city, on the afternoon of December 19. Mayfield Messenger.

Guns and ammunition of different kinds. See Baker & Glasgow

GOV. M'CREEARY

Assumed Duties of State Tuesday 12.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 12. When surrounded by thousands of his admiring fellow citizens with uplifted hand, he swore to defend the Constitution of his native state and took the oath of office as Governor for the second time, after an intervention of thirty-six years. James Bennett McCreary, of Madison county, gained a distinction that is probably without parallel in the history of American Commonwealths. Aside from this it was but fitting that his induction into office under such remarkable circumstances would signalize the return of Democracy to power in the State after four years of Republican domination.

Some there were in the vast assemblage gathered in the massive and ornate State Capitol who had seen him as the young man who had defeated John Marshall Harlan in 1875 become the Chief Magistrate of Kentucky and after a lapse of nearly two score years, again as the standard bearer of Democracy by practically the same majority, triumph over his political foe and become the Governor of his State.

Gov. McCreary, then whom no son of Kentucky has been more signally honored by her people, showed that his cup of ambition was filled to the brim at the proud moment in his long and illustrious political career when he became Governor for the second time and established a record that bids fair to stand out and be the theme of posterity yet unborn.

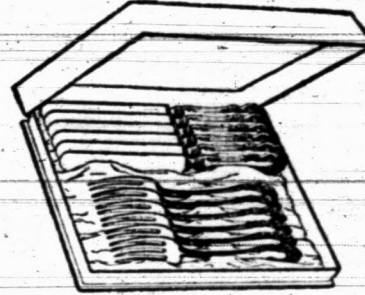
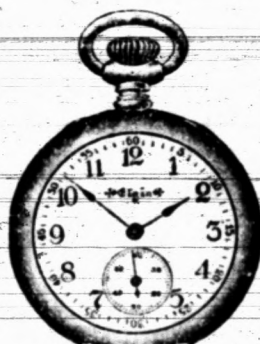
A Grand Opportunity.

Nothing too good for the Rawleigh customer. Having obligations to meet I will offer as a special inducement for cash your choice of any One Dollar bottle for 50 cents for every three dollars you pay me in Cash. This applies to sales or cash on account. This offer is good until Jan. 1, 1912. Trusting that you will arrange to take advantage of this special offer, I will be in Murray each fourth Monday at Field's Livery Stable. If you send money by mail it will count in this offer. Will make my regular trips as fast as possible. Thanking you for past favors and assuring you I am in the business to stay, I am, Yours very truly A. G. SMITH, The Rawleigh Man, New Concord, Ky.

W. N. Taylor, of Dixon, Ill., last week purchased the H. Y. Harding farm a few miles west of town through the West Kentucky Real Estate Agency. Mr. Taylor will move to the place at an early date while Mr. Harding will move to near Martin, Tenn.

A BREADED WOUND

from a knife, run, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poisoning or gangrene. It is the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for burns, boils, sores, skin eruptions, Eczema, chapped hands, corns or piles. 25c at Dale & Stubblefield's.



"WITH SHINING GIFTS THAT TOOK ALL EYES," TENNYSON

IT IS TRUE that every month of the year is a season for Gifts—for birthdays, engagements and weddings. But Christmas time is the season of universal giving and often it is puzzling to know just what to get for the many to be remembered. We have prepared a sort of list of suggestions in the way of gifts which are appropriate, in each case for the young girl, the maid, the matron, and the man and we must not forget the baby. We want you to see our big stock of pretty things, see the style and finish, the real merit, for you want to something that has real merit—something that you will be proud of next year. Everything in this store is selected with the greatest care to secure the very latest and most correct style. This is a well known fact and greatly enhances the value of gift from here. The cost is no more and usually it is less.

Let us suggest these gifts for "her" whoever she is mother wife, sister, sweetheart you'll find the fitting gift here:

- Bracelets \$1.00 up
- Bronzed 50c up
- Lockets \$1.00 up
- Belt Pins 75c up
- Cellar Pins 50c up
- Ear Pins 50c up
- Combs \$1.00 up
- Brilliant Barrettes \$2.50 up
- Jet Pins 50c to \$4.00
- Necklaces \$1.50 up
- Silver Neckties \$2.50 up
- Watches 50c up
- Felt Shoes 75c up
- Gold Watch Chains \$4.50 up
- Gold Links \$5.00 up
- Ivory Art, Arts and Crafts, and "To a Pottery"



The "right thing" for "that man"

- Gold Studs \$1.50 up
- Scarf Pins 50c up
- Rings \$1.50 up
- Lockets \$1.25 up
- Cuff Buttons 75c
- Tie Clasp 75c up
- Watch Fobs \$1.25
- Watch Chains \$1.00 up
- Key Rings \$1.50 up
- Pocket Knives \$1.50 up
- Watches \$1.00 up

- Cigarette Case \$5.00
- Match Box \$1.00 up
- Military Brushes \$7.00 up
- Fountain Pens \$1.00 up
- Pipes \$3.50 up
- Monogram Odd Fellows
- Charms and Buttons \$1.00 up
- W. O. W.



Engraving Free

REMEMBER: Every piece of goods bought of us is a bargain, for the same quality and style of goods are never sold for a less price than you pay for them here.

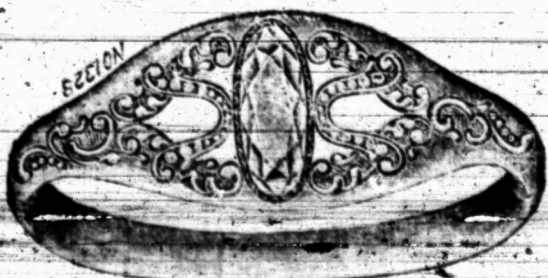
LET US HELP YOU SELECT SOMETHING APPROPRIATE

JOE T. PARKER;

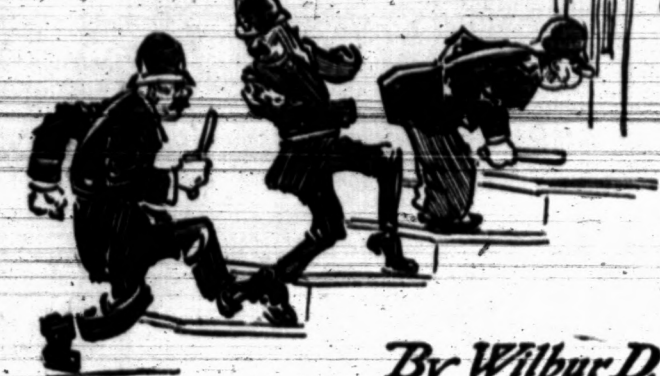
SELLER OF DEPENDABLE JEWELRY

MURRAY,

KENTUCKY



A BASHFUL SANTA CLAUS



By Wilbur D. Nesbit

(Copyright, 1911.)
It was Christmas eve. Andrew Hillington, with a neat little package in his breast pocket and a throbbing heart, had been trying for a full hour to muster up enough courage to take out the package, and offer it, together with his throbbing heart, to Amabel Tuttle.

Amabel was just such a young woman as just such a young man as Andrew would ardently desire to present with his throbbing heart, and the contents of the neat package. The latter contained a ring, set with a single diamond. The throbbing heart contained what Andrew was ready to promise should be life-long devotion to Amabel.

Why go into detail regarding the whole year during which he had laid siege to the heart of Amabel? There had been moments this Christmas eve when Andrew's fingers nervously sought his breast pocket. Amabel knew he was on the verge of proposing. Gracious mercy! The woman who cannot diagnose a threatened proposal is no woman at all. The stammering speech, the flushed brow, the hesitant remarks, the fidgety stare—all these and many other symptoms are to the average woman what temperature and respiration are to the specialist in fevers.

For some unexplained reason women like to postpone a proposal. They prolong the agony. They enjoy the sighs, the awkwardness, the anxiety, the strain. They revel in his abject willingness to sacrifice himself. It need be, to gain their promise.

It may be that instinct teaches them this is the only moment when the man will be a slave. At last, however, it became time for Andrew to say goodnight. It was Christmas eve, and he knew Amabel's family would have some little preparations to make for the festivities of the morrow. He did not think for a moment of the tremendous fact that when a young woman allows a young man to spend Christmas eve with her she is writing "Yes" in large letters on the wall. No man can realize anything at such times.

Andrew said he must be going, after Amabel had been to wonder how he was going to talk about the weather and the latest book all evening.

"Must you go, really?" she asked, brightly. "Wait just a moment. I have something for you."

She went into another room, then came back with a small package, which she handed to him.

"Just a little Christmas remembrance," she smiled. "You won't mind getting it ahead of time, will you? Such good friends as you and I needn't wait for Christmas day itself, need we?"

She carefully stood immediately beneath a spray of mistletoe when she said this, but Andrew did not notice it. This is further proof that love is blind.

"Thank you," Andrew mumbled, nervously. "I—I wish you a merry Christmas, Amabel."

"That's nice of you, and I hope you like the little gift. It really isn't a gift, Andrew. It's just a necktie I made for you myself. I wish it could have been something nicer—but you'll let the sentiment that goes with it count for what it lacks in value or beauty, won't you?"

She carelessly reached up and adjusted the spray of mistletoe, smiling also at Andrew. Andrew stood there, turning the package over and over in his hands, blind as ever. What Amabel thought he never will know. There must be times when a woman is landing a husband who is so engaged with his obtuseness that he would keeply enjoy thumping him on the head with a shovel.

Andrew got his eyes away from hers long enough to ask: "Are you going to have a Christmas tree?"

"No." We're old-fashioned, you know. We're just going to hang up our stockings in front of the grate, and let Santa come right down the chimney. I love those old customs, don't you?"

As she spoke of the old customs she once more pushed the spray of mistletoe up into place. This time Andrew saw it, and away down deep in his heart he wished he were just a good friend of Amabel's.

You see, under the mistletoe, things may be done by good friends which would call out the troops if attempted by a lover who has not yet declared his love in speech, but whose every action tells what is affecting him.

He told her he had spent a pleasant evening; he thanked her for the little gift; he promised to come again, and he got out and away—and then he realized that he had not given her the present he had meant to hand to her with a few well chosen words which should cause her to fall into his arms and promise to be his forever.

Also, he realized that he had not even wished her a merry Christmas in the way he had planned to wish it.

All the way home he abused himself for being such a fool. Why, any man with a spark of self-confidence, he told himself, would have told the girl what he had in his heart and in his pocket for her—would have made a neat but effective little speech of presentation, and would have concluded his peroration with her plump white hand in his.

There came to him a flash of inspiration. Why not play Santa Claus, take the ring to Amabel's home, climb in a side window from the porch, deposit the ring and a note in her stocking? This would make her feel that he had planned it all as a real Christmas surprise for her. A Christmas gift and a Christmas proposal all at once would certainly appeal to the romantic side of any girl.

So he wrote his note, wrapped it about the ring, replaced the ring and the note in the little box, wrapped it up, and betook himself to Amabel's home.

The porch from which he planned to effect his surreptitious entrance was a side one. He remembered that last summer Amabel's father had said he must have the catch on the window repaired. He knew perfectly well Amabel's father hadn't done so—for he knew Amabel's father was like all men.

Through the side yard and over the porch rail he went. The window he found unfastened. Carefully he raised it and felt his way into the room. To his astonishment he saw a ray of light beneath the door and heard voices in the adjoining room—where the stockings were to be hung.

"Well, Amabel," her father was saying, "what did Romeo have to say to tonight?"

The reply was a snarl from Amabel, which Andrew interpreted as being a suggestion to her father that he mind his own affairs.

"Did you give him the necktie?" Amabel's mother asked.

"Yes."

"Did he like it?"

"He never looked at it."

"Well, I must say! In my time a young man would have shown more gallantry."

"Not a hillington, mother," Mr. Tuttle said. "They never think of what to say until a week later."

Andrew grated his teeth. This was just what he needed. He had to tell how he liked it when he hadn't seen it, Amabel said, stoutly. "And it wouldn't have been half for him

to look at it right there—besides, a shoulder'd have given it to him tonight."

"No," her mother said. "That made it look as though you expected something from him."

Andrew was standing in the darkness, in the middle of the room. He wished the family would quit talking—especially as they were talking of him—and go to bed and allow him to drop his gift into Amabel's stocking.

He did not dare to move, for fear of running into some furniture. He hardly dared breathe.

Suddenly from down street came the clang of a gong. Also the clatter of horses' hoofs on the frozen highway and the rumble of wheels. The noise increased as the hooves drew near, to subside and cease in front of the house. The Tuttle heard it.

"Must be a fire, or the patrol wagon," Mr. Tuttle exclaimed, throwing open the door where Andrew stood. Andrew darted behind the bookcase just in time. Mr. Tuttle went through the room to the hall and opened the front door. Mrs. Tuttle followed him, despite Amabel's remonstrances that she would catch cold.

There was the sound of hurried footsteps up the walk.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Tuttle asked.

"Where's he?" said a voice.

"Where's who?" Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle asked.

"Patrolman Jones telephoned that he saw a man breaking into your house."

Andrew shivered with alarm. This was a predicament. To be arrested as a burglar, to be carried off to jail, without a chance to explain. He peered from behind the bookcase and saw Amabel dreamily hanging her stocking. He swiftly came from his hiding place and silently hurried to her side.

Taking the package from his pocket, he whispered: "Amabel! I—I forgot to tell you I love you, and here's my proposal, and the engagement ring, too!"

The mere fact that he had appeared thus mysteriously at her side, did not appeal to Amabel. She did not think of that at all. She said: "Oh, Andrew!"

And she then allowed herself to fall into his arms.

That there was much excited conversation in the hall, that men were running around the house and peering into dark corners in the basement and in the upper rooms was something of which Andrew and Amabel were entirely unaware. Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle came back, after the officers had gone away utterly bewildered. Even they had been so excited that the presence of Andrew struck them as nothing unusual. Amabel's shy but delighted announcement of her engagement was received merrily, however. In fact, father and mother Tuttle and the young people got so deep in their plans for the future that they almost forgot the incident until suddenly Mr. Tuttle said:

"I wonder who the dickens that burglar was, anyhow?"

"I'll bet it was me!" Andrew stammered.

"Well, I must fix that window tomorrow," Mr. Tuttle decided.

AT THE PECKS.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Henry Peck, "this paper has a lot of alleged jokes about women giving their husbands cigars for Christmas presents. I think that any woman who is fool enough to give her husband a box of the vile things ought to—Why, where has Henry gone?"

But Henry was out in the hall shaking hands with himself.

Quieting Her Suspicions.

"My dear," said the Suspicious Wife, "this sealskin sack you gave me for Christmas has the odor of gasoline."

"Very likely," answered the Crafty Husband. "But you know Santa Claus is using an automobile now."

Nevertheless, she had her doubts about it, fearing that he had purchased the garment second-hand of a cleaner.

More Blessed to Give.

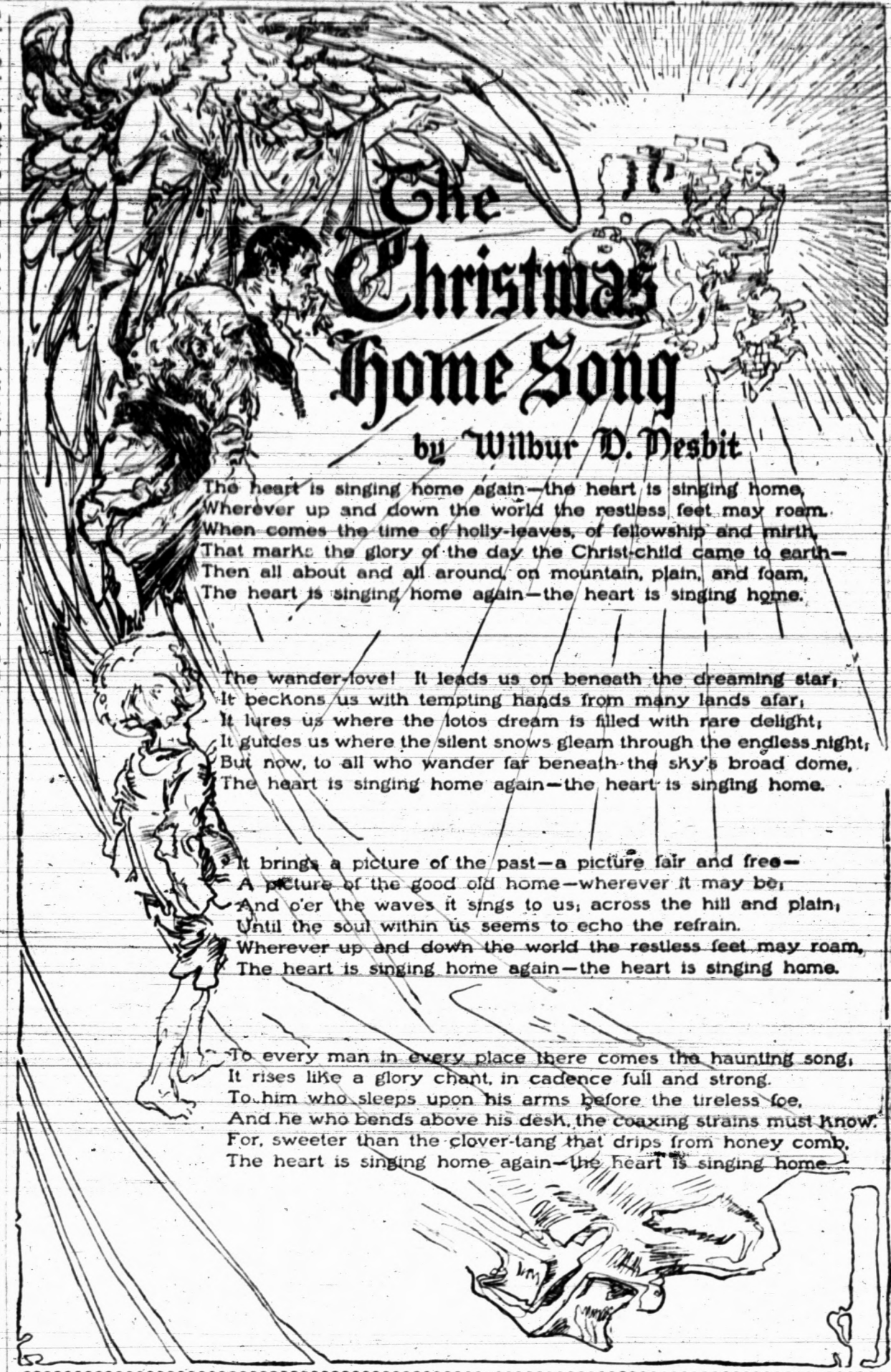
"Stinky!" repeated the Neighborhood Gossip, "is old man Titewadd stinky? Why, did you hear what he gave his wife for a Christmas present?"

"He let her go to the dentist that morning and have ten aching teeth pulled, knowing very well that it would prevent her eating any of the Christmas dinner."

Sad Case.

A fellow who lived on the Tenth was bothered somewhat by strabismus.

He said, "It is sad, but my eyes, which are bad, see New Year when looking at Christmas."



The Christmas Home Song

by Wilbur D. Nesbit

The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home,
Wherever up and down the world the restless feet may roam.
When comes the time of holly-leaves, of fellowship and mirth,
That mark the glory of the day the Christ-child came to earth—
Then all about and all around, on mountain, plain, and foam,
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

The wander-love! It leads us on beneath the dreaming star,
It beckons us with tempting hands from many lands afar,
It lures us where the lotos dream is filled with rare delight,
It guides us where the silent snows gleam through the endless night,
But now, to all who wander far beneath the sky's broad dome,
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

It brings a picture of the past—a picture fair and free—
A picture of the good old home—wherever it may be,
And o'er the waves it sings to us, across the hill and plain,
Until the soul within us seems to echo the refrain,
Wherever up and down the world the restless feet may roam,
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

To every man in every place there comes the haunting song,
It rises like a glory chant in cadence full and strong,
To him who sleeps upon his arms before the useless ice,
And he who bends above his desk, the coaxing strains must know,
For, sweeter than the clover-tang that drips from honey comb,
The heart is singing home again—the heart is singing home.

Johnny's Christmas Journal

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

5 a. m.—Got up and went downstairs in my nite close and was pickin' things of the Christmas tree when pa an ma cum down an' for goodness sake boy rule catch yure deth of cold, so bak to bed until it is time to get up.

6:15 a. m.—Put my close on an went down stairs agen an et ten stiks of candy an' two oranges before pa cum down an' he said wain me if I didnt go bak to bed an let him get sum sleep after bein up so late the nite before, but ma sed Jon dont destroy the Christmas joy for our boy, let him alone.

6:30 a. m.—I hav got a rale rode track an train an a bookin ladder an a set of dum bells, an injun clubs an a air gun an a pistol that shutes ar-

rows at a target an a histry book an a pare of mittens an sevral sacks an boxes of candy an hav et fumsuwar.

7:30 a. m.—Pa an ma kep astin me why I didnt eat no breakfast an pa sed he bet I'd ben etin candy already in spite of his orders that I shudent, but ma sed no doubt the excitement of Christmas was enuf to take away my appetite.

8 a. m.—Grandpa an gramma an unkel Joe is here. They bote me sum moar candy an a injun sute with a tommyhawk an a torpeder boat, that wint up and sales in the woter.

9 a. m.—Pa showed me how to run the torpeder on the track an broke the engine, but he sez it can be fixed, Unkel Joe giv me a dollar an I went out an bot sum burd shot to shute in my air gun an sum candy.

10 a. m.—It fient cold if you dont sit rite beside the parlor winder, where I broke it accidently shutin with my air gun. Pa threatened to tick me, but gramma sed boys will be boys an he was wurs than ma when he was my age.

12 noon.—It wuz too bad about gramma, but I sudent help it. I wuz

Rhyme of the Man Shopper

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

It is a pallid, weary man,
He stopeth one of three,
"Bye," says the white cheek and blaz-
ing eye,
Now, wherefore stoppest me?"

"Oh, sir," the worried man exclaimed, "I fain would have them tell Where I may find within this store The things they have to sell."

For it was in a Christmas store That all of this took place.

Two there the frenzied man was seen

From him of largest eye,
Besides, the aisle was crowded with
The folks who would go by.

"Lay thee," said the stranger man,
"Go chase thyself from me."
"Ah, sir," the other man implored—
"A woeft wight was he."

"A tortoise comb, a pair of skates,
A whole carload of toys,
Sodie things beside for all my friends,
And for their girls and boys."

"And here I am, and I am here;
The things—oh, where are they?
For male and female clerks conspire
To hide from me the way."

"But this I know, and this alone;
Three aisles across, then back,
Four counters down, one counter up,
Then double on your track."

"The elevator takes you next,
To land you elsewhere,
And when you weary of its crowd,
You amble down the stairs."

"But still—but still, my honest friend,
You do not reach the goal,
'Tis always 'on the other side'
It is, upon my soul!"

"So here am I, and I am here,
And you are standing here—
I care not where the things may be,
But where the deuce am I?"

They led him to an ambulance,
Although he did resist,
And put him inside for he cons-
idered the Christmas shopping list.

He strikes upon the midnight clear,
And on the moonday air,
"Tis always across, two counters back,
Then up and down the stairs!"

Oh, foolish men, take heed of this,
Before you go to shop,
And when you reach the outer door,
Tear up your list and stop.



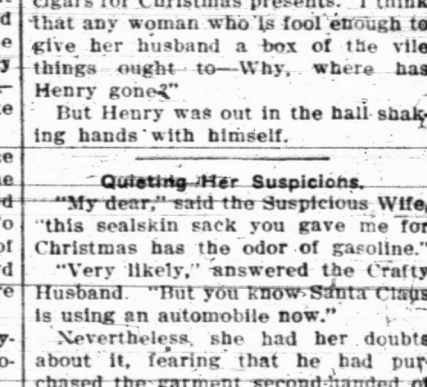
"Just a Little Christmas Remembrance."



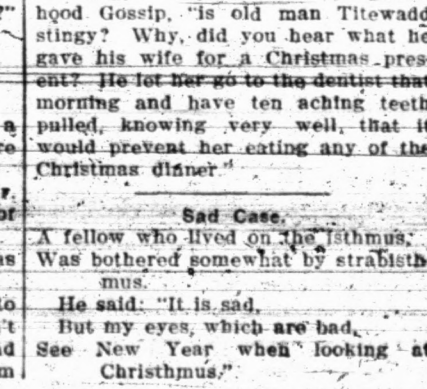
AT THE PECKS.



Quieting Her Suspicions.



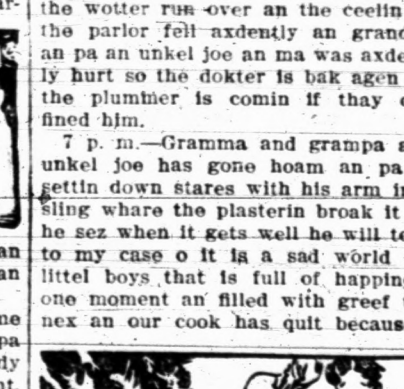
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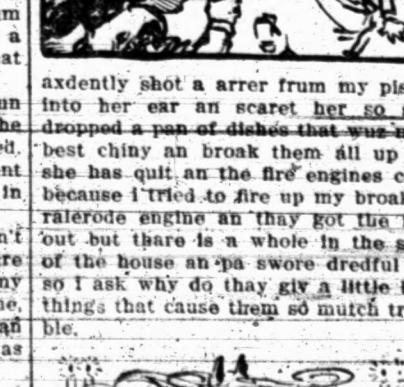
Sad Case.



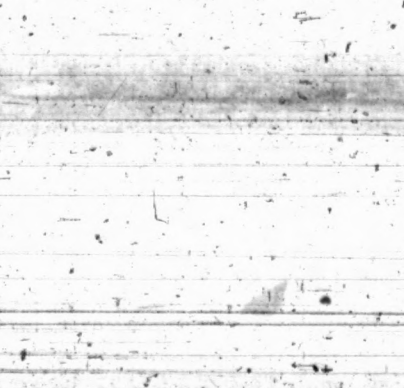
Two there the frenzied man was seen



From him of largest eye



They led him to an ambulance



Oh, foolish men, take heed of this

A Chaparral Christmas Gift

By O. Henry



THE original cause of the trouble was about twenty years in growing. At the end of that time it was worth it. Had you lived anywhere within 50 miles of Sundown ranch you would have heard of it. It possessed a quantity of jet black hair, a pair of extremely frank, deep brown eyes and a laugh that rippled across the prairie like the sound of a hidden brook. The name of it was Rosita McMullen; and she was the daughter of old man McMullen of the Sundown sheep ranch.

There came riding on red roan steeds—or, to be more explicit, on a paint and a few bittern sorrel—two widders. One was Madison Lane and the other was the Frio Kid. But at that time they did not call him the Frio Kid; for he had not earned the honors of special nomenclature. His name was simply Johnny McCoy. It must not be supposed that these two were the sum of the agreeable Rosita's admirers. The branches of a dozen others cramped their bits at the long hitching rack of the Sundown ranch. Many were the sheep-eyes that were cast in those savannas that did not belong to the flocks of Dan McMullen. But of all the cavaliers Madison Lane and Johnny McCoy galloped far ahead, wherefore they are to be chronicled.

Madison Lane, a young cattleman from the Nueces country, won the race. He and Rosita were married one Christmas day. Armed, hilarious, va-ciferous, magnanimous, the women and the shepherds, laying aside their hereditary hatred, joined forces to celebrate the occasion.

But while the wedding feast was at its liveliest there descended upon it Johnny McCoy, bitten by jealousy, like one possessed.

"I'll give you a Christmas present," he yelled, shrilly, at the door, with his 45 in his hand. Even then he had some reputation as an offhand shot. His first bullet cut a neat underbit in Madison Lane's right ear. The barrel of his gun moved an inch. The next shot would have been the bride's, had not Carson, a sheepman, possessed a mind with triggers faster than the wind. The guns of the wedding party had been hung, in their belts, upon nails in the wall when they sat at table, as a concession to good taste. But Carson, with great promptness, hurled his plate of roast venison and trifles at Rosita, spoiling his aim. The second bullet, then, only shattered the white petals of a Spanish dagger flower suspended two feet above Rosita's head.

The guests spurned their chairs and jumped for their weapons. It was considered an improper act to shoot the bride and groom at a wedding. In about six seconds there were twenty or so bullets due to be whizzing in the direction of Mr. McCoy.

"I'll shoot better next time," yelled Johnny; "and there'll be a next time." He backed rapidly out the door.

The cattleman swept out upon him, calling for vengeance.

But the sortie failed in its vengeance. McCoy was on his horse and away, shouting such curses and threats as he galloped into the out-calling chaparral.

That night was the birthnight of the Frio Kid. He became the "bad man" of that portion of the state. The rejection of his suit by Miss McMullen turned him into a dangerous man. When officers went after him for the shooting of Carson, he killed two of them, and entered upon the life of an outlaw. When he was at last shot and killed by a little one-armed Mexican who was heartily dead himself from fright, the Frio Kid had the deaths of 18 men on his head.

Many tales are told along the border of his impudent courage and daring. But he was not one of the breed of desperadoes who have seen the name given to a band of boys, mostly, who go about proclaiming that the season of fasting is over, and heralding a reign of feasting and merriment. Each Koleda party, numbers seven—the Old Man, the Old Woman, the Crumb Picker (who collects the presents and money, while the Old Man and Old Woman play the fool), and Four Singers, who carol out the Christmas songs. The attire of the Koledas is most grotesque, and their procession is joined by a huge crowd of townspeople, who take a great delight in the antics of the jesters.

Christmas present I got to give. I'm going to ride over tomorrow night and shoot Madison Lane in his own house. He got my girl—Rosita would have had me if he hadn't cut into the game. I wonder why I happened to overlook it up to now?"

"Ah, shucks, kid," said McCoy, "don't talk foolishness. You know you can't get within a mile of Mad Lane's house tomorrow night. I see old man Allen say before yesterday, and he says Mad is going to have Christmas doings at his house. You remember how you shot the festivities when Mad was married, and about the threats you made? Don't you suppose Mad Lane'll kind of keep his eye open for a certain Mr. Kid? You plumb make me tired, kid, with such remarks."

"I'm going," repeated the Frio Kid, without heat, "to go to Madison Lane's Christmas doings, and kill him. I ought to have done it a long time ago."

There's other ways of committing suicide," advised Mexican. "Why don't you go and surrender to the sheriff?"

"I'll get him," said the Kid. Christmas eve fell as balmy as April. Perhaps there was a hint of far-away frostiness in the air, but it tingled like seltzer, perfumed faintly with late-prairie blossoms and the mesquite grass.

When night came the five or six rooms of the ranch house were brightly lit. In one room was a Christmas tree, for the Lane's had a boy of three, and a dozen or more guests were expected from the nearer ranches.

The guests had arrived in buckboards and on horseback, and were making themselves comfortable in the dining room, which was brightly lit. The evening went along pleasantly. The guests enjoyed and praised Rosita's excellent supper, and afterward the men scattered in groups about the rooms or on the broad "gallery," smoking and chatting.

The Christmas tree, of course, delighted the youngsters, and above all were they pleased when Santa Claus himself in magnificent white beard and furs appeared and began to distribute the toys.

"It's my papa," announced Billy Sampson, aged six. Berkley, a sheepman, an old friend of Lane, stopped Rosita as she was passing by him on the gallery.

"Well, Mrs. Lane," said he, "I suppose by this Christmas you've gotten over being afraid of that fellow McCoy."

"Oh, Thank You!"

Roy, haven't you? Madison and I have talked about it, you know."

"Very nearly," said Rosita, smiling. "But I am still nervous sometimes. I shall never forget that awful time when he came so near killing us."

"He's the most cold-hearted villain in the world," said Berkley. "The citizens all along the border ought to turn out and hunt him down like a wolf."

"He has committed awful crimes," said Rosita, "but I don't know. I think there is a spot of good somewhere in everybody. He was not always bad—that I know."

Rosita turned into the hallway between the rooms. Santa Claus, in nutting whiskers and furs, was just coming through the door.

"I heard what you said through the window, Mrs. Lane," he said. "I was just going down in my pocket for a Christmas present for you, instead. But I've left one for you, instead. It's in the room to your right."

"Oh, thank you, kind Santa Claus," said Rosita, brightly. Rosita went into the room, while Santa Claus stepped into the cooler air of the yard.

"She found me in the room, but Madison said he left for me in here?" she asked.

"Haven't seen anything in the way of a present," said her husband, laughing. "Unless he could have meant me."

The next day Gabriel Radd, the foreman of the X O ranch, dropped into the post office at Loma Alta.

"Well, the Frio Kid's got his dose of lead at last," he remarked to the postmaster.

"That so? How'd it happen?"

"One of old Sanchez's Mexican sheep herders did it—think of it! The Frio Kid killed by a sheep herder. The Greaser saw him riding along past his camp about twelve o'clock last night, and was so scared that he up with a Winchester and let him have it. Funniest part of it was that the kid was dressed all up with white Anapaskip whiskers and a regular Santa Claus rig-out from head to foot. Think of the Frio Kid playing Santa!"

"DOING UP" CURTAINS

WORK MAY BE DONE AT HOME IN SATISFACTORY MANNER.

Common Sense and a Little Care Make Task Comparatively Simple—Too Important to Be Entrusted to Every Landlady.

It is the aim of every good housewife to have her house cleaning all completed and her house in apple pie order for Thanksgiving day. It is not every landlady who should be entrusted with the "doing up" of the lace curtains, for in many cases strong solis are used to remove the dirt and dust quickly and the curtains are thus injured beyond repair. With a little extra work and a good deal of common sense this work may be done at home in quite a satisfactory manner as when it is given out, even to the most efficient workers.

Put the curtains, one at a time in warm, not hot water; rub them very lightly with some good-napahala soap and let them remain in the suds for 20 minutes to half an hour. Remove from this water, which will be as black as coal dust; wring in fresh water of the same temperature; rub more soap on the curtain and rub and squeeze gently between your hands. Again take fresh water and so continue to do until the curtains are perfectly clean.

With sash curtains the work is comparatively easy, but with the longer curtains suitable for a full-length window, the curtains are more difficult to handle. If these are in the least tender, they should be placed in an old pillow case and patted and pressed until you can judge by the color of the water that all the dirt has been removed. Hang the pillow case over the edge of the tub, and let the curtains hang on the line with the curtains in it until the curtains are dry. Make a very thin starch, holding it until it is clear and runs from the spoon like molten silver. Starch the curtains and let them remain on the platter for half an hour or longer, covered with a dry cloth.

If you are not already the owner of a set of certain stretchers, purchase a set, and in putting them up be careful that you get them perfectly straight. Stretch them just enough to remove all wrinkles, but not hard enough to tear them; let them remain on the stretchers for 24 hours or longer, if necessary, until they are perfectly dry, even in the thickest parts. In placing them in the stretchers, place each pair together, with the borders facing each other. Be careful to have each scallop point to point, so that they will be perfectly straight when hung. You can put four curtains in the frame or stretchers at one time, so that the work does not require time to do. When you remove them, lay one pair on the floor, after spreading a sheet and pinning it tightly down; then measure the exact height of the window from the pole to the floor. At low two inches in length for the turn to do. Measure the width of the window from the pole to the pole, and by the same measurement.

If they are sash curtains, run in a double row of sewing, three-quarters of an inch apart, into which you can run small brass rods.

If for long windows, curtain pins should be placed about three inches apart, so that they may be hung on the rings, or, if preferred, they can be run on rods also, especially if there is a heavy curtain to go over them.

After you have done the first pair or two you will not mind in the least doing the work, and you will have many dollars in pocket at the end of the curtain washing season.

Charlotte of Ice Cream.

Garnish the bottom and sides of a pint and a half cylindrical mold with lady finger biscuits, and when to be served fill with the following ice cream and turn out on a dish covered with a folded napkin. Boil one pint of cream, add one cupful of powdered sugar and stir constantly until the sugar is dissolved, but no longer than five minutes. Take from the fire, turn into a tureen and cool. When cold add half a pint of cream and the white of two eggs whipped to a stiff froth and a spoonful of vanilla. Freeze and use.

Apple Fritters.

One cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, little salt, and yolks of two eggs beaten light, with cup of milk. Grate in three medium-sized apples, beat well and fold in stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Drop by spoonful into hot fat and fry until nicely browned. Drain on brown paper and serve with maple syrup.

Celery Root.

Peel a dozen celery roots and soak them in cold water for a half hour. Place the roots in a pan of boiling water, season with a teaspoonful of salt and boil for a half hour or until tender. Drain, slice, cover with cream sauce and serve.

Creamed Lobster.

Cut meat of lobster in 1/2 inch cubes. Fry in butter, add butter, four of flour. Cook three minutes; add two cups scalded milk, salt, pepper. Fill the body shells, cover with buttered crumbs.

Hard Gingerbread.

Four and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups sugar, two-thirds cup butter, two eggs, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little milk.

A Song for Christmas

HANT me a rhyme of Christmas—Sing me a jovial song—And though it is filled with laughter, Let it be pure and strong

Sing of the hearts brimmed over With the story of the day—Of the echo of childish voices That will not die away—

Of the blare of the tasseled bugle, And the timeless clatter and beat Of the drum that throbs to muster Squadrons of scampering feet.

But O, let your voice fall fainter, Till, blent with a minor tone, You temper your song with the beauty Of the pity Christ hath shown,

And sing one verse for the voiceless; And yet, ere the song be done, A verse for the ears that hear not, And a verse for the sightless one.

For though it be time for singing A merry Christmas glee, Let a low, sweet voice of pathos Run through the melody.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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Children and Christmas in Many Lands

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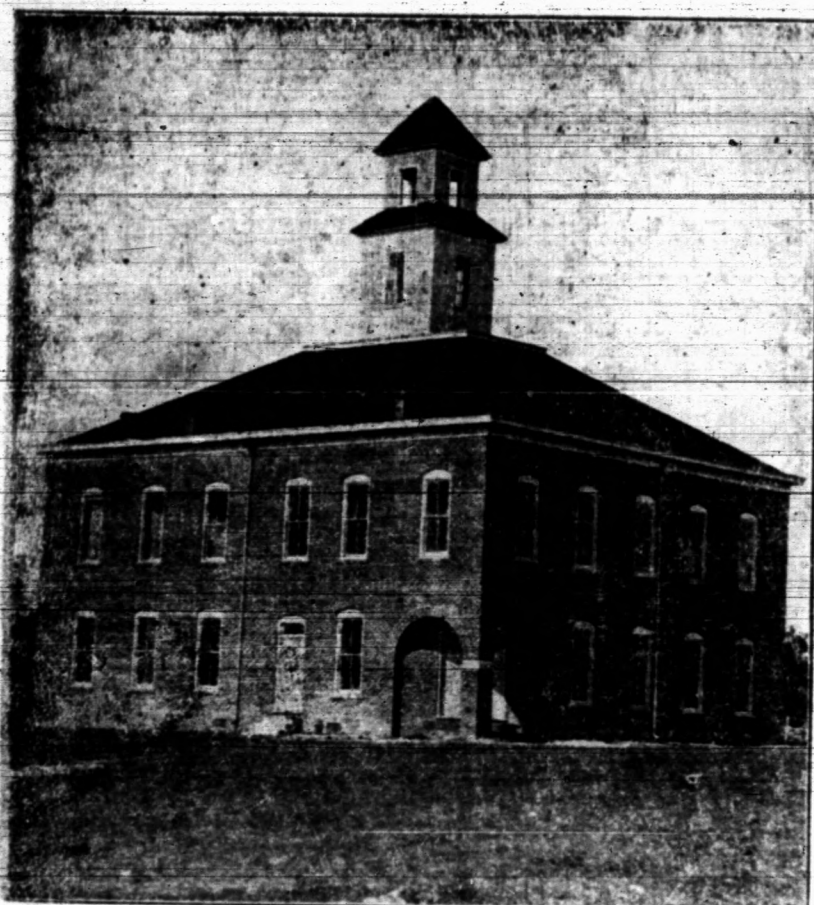
Children and Christmas in Many Lands

AND

Winter Term Opens Jan. 2, 1912

Faculty:

Miss Erie Stewart. Student Robt. Winthrop High School, Nashville; several years experience; holds 1st class certificate.



A High School at Hazel

FREE TUITION to all common school graduates, where you can get good board as low as \$8.00 per month. A high school for the country boys and girls of Calloway county, absolutely their own. Tuition free. A high school with a heavy four years course, which has been fixed and approved by the State Board, whose graduates can enter the State University or any college without further examination, and is so recognized and reported in Kentucky Educational Directory, 1910-11, page 25, as 1st class. A high school whose teachers are as competent for their work as in any school and whose pupils are required to do the work in prescribed course before they are promoted. A high school that is just two years old and has enrolled 82 pupils in high school course and now has good classes in 1st, 2nd and 3rd years work. Come to Hazel, take the high school course, get free tuition, good board at living price and be happy all the days.

Normal Course

FOR THOSE PREPARING FOR CO. EXAMINATION

To the four months solid work will be added four weeks **SPECIAL** review which will close just before the May examination. Out of the large number who have taken this course in the last two years not more than 5 per cent have failed to get certificates, and many of whom are now successful teachers in Calhoun, Wilkes, Wilcox, and Henry counties. The principal, who, having served eight years as County Superintendent, with his long experience as a teacher, can give this review in a way that will bring good results when students make earnest efforts.

Grade Work

Special attention is given to the thorough teaching and mastery of the grade work with a view of training for high school course. Pupils who have correct training thru the grades, in deportment, as well as mind, are always anxious to take the higher work when the opportunity comes.

Write the principal for a new 20-page catalogue giving full information about the school in every way before making up your mind to go to school after the holidays.

L. A. L. LANGSTON, PRINCIPAL.

ALL PARDONED.

Gov. Willson Issues Sweeping Proclamation.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 11.—In a proclamation issued today by Governor Willson he grants a pardon to every officer and soldier in the state guard who is under charges in any court in the state growing out of night rider troubles. The governor

species Col. Bassett, Lieut. Stanley Bassett and the following enlisted men: Pernice Gough, Riley Butler, Frank M. Rick and T. Beale Smith, all of whom were indicted while doing duty in Trigg, Christian, Lyon or Calloway counties under orders from the governor, and Capt. Gans, Sergt. L. C. Franks, McFarland and Kennedy in Caldwell and Lyon counties. Also to officers and members of the state guard who arrested

A big stock of Rockers for the holiday trade. — Sexton Bros

BENTON BLAZE

Fraternity Building Destroyed; Loss \$6,000.

Benton, Ky., Dec. 11.—Fire destroyed the Fraternity building and Pickings' restaurant Saturday. The fire started in the restaurant, and quickly spread to the Fraternity building which was the most modern building in Benton. The lower

floor was occupied by Charles Morgan's grocery, while the second was utilized for lodge rooms. The loss will be about \$6,000 with about one-half insurance. The loss on the Pickings' restaurant is \$600; on the building and lodge room, \$2,000 and about \$2,000 on the grocery stock.

The bucket brigade did good work, but the fire gained a good start before the alarm was given.

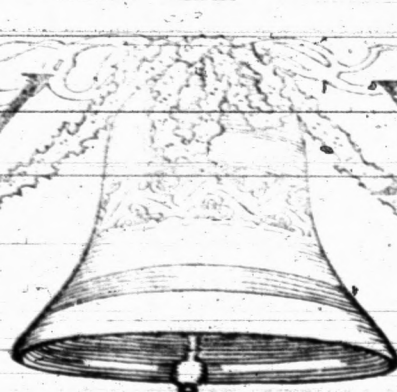
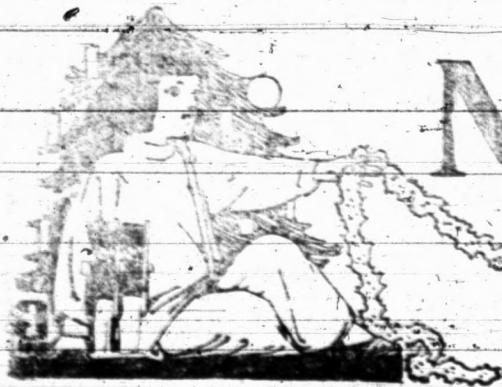
For a few nickles and dimes you can buy from the Christian church market enough for a big dinner Christmas day.

Public Sale.

I will offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder at my residence 3 miles north of Murray, commencing at 9 o'clock Tuesday, Dec. 19th, 1911, the following articles: 5 mules, 2 mares, farming tools, cow and yearlings lot of hogs, sheep, buggy, binder, mower and rake, cider press, wheat screen, and numerous other items. Terms made known on day of sale. — L. A. Curd.

We can save you money on
Furniture, Stoves, Ranges, Mat-
tresses, Iron Beds — Sexton Bros.

THE MURRAY LAND CO., the new real estate firm recently launched in Murray with J. D. Hamilton, manager, wishes to extend the Season's happiest greetings to every man, woman and child-throughout the entire county, and wishes for each and every one of them a



We expect to publish our list of Farm Lands, Town Lots and Business Property in the first issue of the LEDGER for 1912, which will include some rare bargains. We also solicit your property if you desire to sell. Our contract is liberal, our terms are reasonable. Office in Ledger building.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL, LIST WITH US

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Wunderhose
GUARANTEED FOUR MONTHS

There are hose—and hose. We have tried them all and find that there is really only one **Wunderhose** and they are truly wonderful.

Made of the finest yarns—dyed with "Wunderdye" (last to the last)—inspected 8 times for imperfections. They excel in

**COMFORT
FINISH
STYLE
WEAR
FIT**

We sell them in all grades, styles and sizes for the **WHOLE FAMILY**. They are the best hosiery value to be had at **ONE DOLLAR THE BOX**.

O. T. Hale & Co.
Murray, Kentucky



NO CAUSE TO DOUBT

A Statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee.

We guarantee immediate and positive relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where our remedy fails to do this we will return the money paid us for it. That's a frank statement of facts, and we want you to substantiate them at our risk.

Rexall Orderlies are eaten just like candy, are particularly prompt and agreeable in action, may be taken at any time, day or night; do not cause diarrhoea, nausea, griping, excessive looseness, or rather undesirable effects. They have a very mild but positive action upon the organs with which they come in contact, apparently acting as a regulative tonic upon the relaxed muscular coat of the bowel, thus overcoming weakness, and aiding to restore the bowels to more vigorous and healthy activity.

Rexall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. That's why we back our faith in them with our promise of money back if they do not give entire satisfaction. Three sizes: 12 tablets 10 cents, 36 tablets, 25 cents and 80 tablets 50 cents. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Orderlies in Murray only at our store—The Rexall Store, Dale & Stubblefield.

Wanted:—Veal calves between the age of four and six months, for which I will pay highest market prices.—J. F. Morris.

Notice.

The partnership of the firm of Acree & Speight is dissolved by mutual consent. F. F. Acree, J. C. Speight.


SANTA CLAUS'S HEADQUARTERS AT
**JOHNSON'S
CHRISTMAS
STORE**

Our Holiday stock is now complete. And a better showing of gift articles would be hard to find anywhere. We have a carefully selected stock of popular priced goods. Something for everyone. Our store is chuck full, upstairs and down. The entire upper story is full of Toys. Bring the children, for Santa wants them to see what nice presents he has for all good children.

COME EARLY
while the sack is full and you can get just what you want. Be that what it may.

Write a Letter to **SANTA CLAUS** and leave it in his office in this store.

The Store OF THE Christmas Spirit
Johnson's
5, 10 and 25c
Variety Store
Murray, Ky.



All the ladies of the Christian church are requested to contribute samples of their needle and culinary art, in fact anything that can be sold, to the Bazaar. The ladies want anything that will be of benefit to all.

For pain, from top to toe, apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Pain can't stay where it is used. We have several second-hand Buggies that we will sell cheap. Sexton Bros.

TRY IT, TRY IT
Try Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve for all skin troubles. It is as pleasant as sweet cream and guaranteed to give satisfaction in worst cases. 25c a box.

Suggestions for Parents, for Ladies Who are Puzzled Over What to Give HIM so he will be SURE TO APPRECIATE IT. SOMETHING THAT WILL CAUSE HIM TO FEEL A

Merry Christmas

A MAN wants some kind of a practical gift—that's what catches him. So when you start making up your lists be sure that your gift will be one of usefulness as well as of artistic beauty. We offer a list of valuable suggestions that are sure to prove acceptable. Things that every man needs and appreciates. Our prices, too, are equally as attractive in their extreme lowness. When we say low prices we mean that **Cut Prices** announced two weeks ago still apply on all goods. Come in our store and see for yourself.

Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, Shirts, Overcoats, Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Sweaters, Pajamas, Night Shirts, Underwear, Leather Goods, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, Collars, Suspenders, Neckwear, House Slippers, Caps, Mufflers, Etc.

Again thanking our many patrons for their patronage and friendship of the year now closing and soliciting a share of your business for 1912 we are yours for honest values at fair prices.

Ryan's Clothing Store — Joe Ryan, Manager.

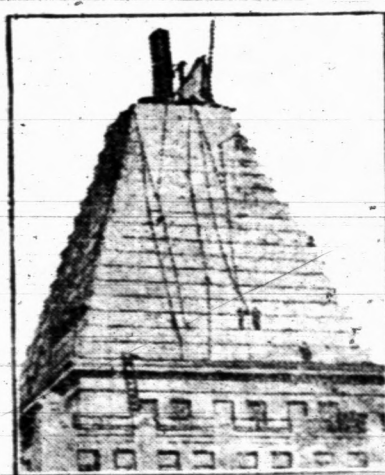
OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Raffle of Babies in Paris



A raffle where one has a chance to win a live baby is certainly something unusual, and yet, strange as it may sound, one occurred recently in Paris. The management of a foundling hospital, with the consent of the authorities, decided to raffish all the babies whose parents could not be traced up. The income of this raffle was divided among different charity institutions.

PYRAMID ON A SKYSCRAPER SQUIRREL'S WONDERFUL LEAP



The stone roof of the Bankers Trust Company building at the northeast corner of Nassau and Wall streets, New York City, shown in the picture to be nearing completion, is said by the architects to be something of an experiment in design and construction. There is no other of the kind in existence. The pyramid contains twenty-three steps, each 3 feet 9 1/2 inches high by 1 foot 4 inches wide. Total height of pyramid, 94 feet 5 inches. The dimensions of its base are 10 by 10 feet. The restorations of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus generally show this type of superstructure.

USE SALT ON ROADS

As a general rule the roads in and around French towns are tarred at the commencement of the summer in order to abate the dust nuisance. It has, however, been found that tar, although excellent in the case of macadamized roads, is of little or no value where old lines exist and paved street crossings intersect the roads in every direction, as tarring cannot be carried out on stones. The authorities, basing their action on the well-known hygienic properties of common salt, have made a test of its value in laying the dust. Twenty yards of roadway have been sprinkled liberally with salt and then watered freely. If the results are satisfactory salt will be used throughout the town of Havre, it being impossible for the majority of the streets, as they are paved with rough stone blocks.

MADE THE MOUSE WORK

The average mouse runs 15,000 miles a day, and certain nocturnal subjects have been known to run 25,000 miles in a period of 24 hours. With a view to the utilization of the power of mice, an inventor constructed a mouse-powered machine. It is a power loom of the type known as a "flax" spinning machine. The production of lines thread was four pounds for five days of mouse labor. The inventor of the machine died before perfecting his invention.

tered, rather than fell into the abyss below. His legs began to work like those of a swimming pool dog, but faster and faster, while his right, slightly elevated, spread out like a feather fan. He landed on a ledge of limestone, where he could be seen squatting on his hind legs and smoothing his ruffled fur, after which he made for the creek with a flourish of his tail, took a drink and scampered away.

CAT'S LONG TRIP

The story of a notable journey of a cat from Kingston, Surrey, England, to its former home at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, a distance of 133 miles, is now told. In April last a cat, mottled gray and described as being Persian in breed, was sent from Glastonbury, where it had been reared, to the matron of the Kingston Nursing home. It was sent in a packing case drilled with air holes and obviously the animal had no opportunity of making the points of its journey. Soon after arrival at Kingston the cat was lost and despite the most diligent searching, no trace of it could be found. The matron of the nursing home has received a letter from Glastonbury stating that the cat has found its way back to its old home. It arrived emaciated and footsore and apparently had walked the whole of the 133 miles. The letter describes the cat on its arrival as "a mere shadow of its former self," and expresses the belief that although terribly weak through its wanderings, it can be nursed back to a healthy condition.

PAINT MADE FROM CACTUS

When traveling through the rural districts of Uruguay one's attention is attracted to the fine white color of the farm buildings, even during the wet season. To obtain this neat effect a whitewash is used which is made with the sliced leaves of the common cactus, macerated in water for 24 hours, producing a solution of creamy consistency. To this lime is added and well mixed. When applied to any surface, be it of wood, brick, iron or other material, a beautiful pearly white appearance is produced, which will stand through storms and frosts for many years.

FANTASTIC WORK OF NATURE

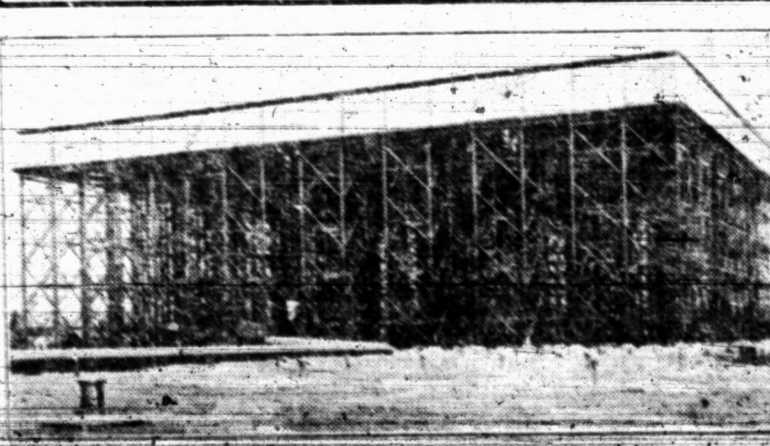


It would not be easy to guess correctly what the object is that is here pictured. In reality it is a piece of the root of a holly tree and was found growing in a granite quarry in Virginia. As photographed it is quite unchanged by man's hand.

BOY AND EAGLE IN BATTLE

Elmer Peterson, fifteen years old, living four miles west of Little Falls, Minn., had a hard battle with an eagle and was saved from serious injury only by the arrival of a brother. The boy had shot the bird, which was in a tree. The eagle, however, descended immediately and went at the boy with its talons. The bird's claws became fastened in the boy's clothing and the boy was unable to free himself. Elmer was badly frightened and his strength was ebbing out when his brother arrived and killed the eagle with a club. The bird measured five feet across the wings.

Calcutta's Big Water Tank



Not long ago the authorities of Calcutta decided that the city's supply of drinking water was insufficient, so they ordered the construction of a great reservoir at Taltala, a suburb. This has been completed in the form of a tank of steel and teakwood with a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons. Its size is 321 feet square, 18 feet deep, and is elevated 110 feet above the ground.

BOY HOLDS RECORD

Six-Year-Old Child Climbs a Stack 250 Feet in Air.

Follows in Footsteps of Forefathers and Helps His Parent Win Wager From His Fellow Steeple-Jacks.

New York—Six years old, and a steeple-jack! It was born in Danny Klein, son of William Klein, of 8 Hays street, Newark. His father and grandfather and great-grandfathers followed that line of work, and it is only natural that Danny should take to dizzy heights. When he went to the top of the Gorham laundry in Newark the other day and swung there, 250 feet from the ground, while his little hand held a paint brush, he earned the title of the youngest steeple-jack in the world.

His going up the stack, however, was the result of a wager between his father and Thomas Breen, a brother "jack." They were talking about the steeple-jacks they had climbed, and they had been up the heights they had surmounted, and how many years they had been in the business.

Klein boasted that his father and his grandfather before him had been steeple-jacks, and that his father went into the work when he was six years old. "I don't believe it," said Breen, candidly. "There ain't any kid of six that's going to go to the top of a stack or anything else."

"There ain't, ain't there?" inquired Klein. "I've got a six-year-old kid that will go up any stack you name. I've got \$25 says so."

"You're on," responded Breen, and the men immediately began making arrangements for Danny to get up in the world. The agreement was that the youngster was to be securely fastened in the swing and be hoisted to the top of the Gorham laundry stack, which towers 250 feet above the ground.

The Newark police were not taken into the confidence of Klein and Breen, for they have a habit of interfering with such ventures. Little Danny, smiling and proud, seated himself in the chair and was carefully strapped in. A minute later he was dangling against the side of the stack, going steadily upward and "fending" with his toes, as his father taught him to do, to keep away from the scorching heat. For there was heat in the stack.

Half way up the hoisters halted and his father called up to the youngster to learn how he was feeling. "Fine, dad," came down the answer. "How's the money?" "Up and up," he went until he reached the very top. He dipped his brush in his paint bucket and went to work like a veteran. Breen looked on in stricken silence for a minute and then said, "The money's yours," Klein. "It's worth that much to see that a kid can do it. But it's born in him."

A great crowd gathered to watch the juvenile steeple-jack, and when he was finally lowered to the ground again there was a rush of women to hug him and men to shake his hand and congratulate him poured in on him and on the father of "such a plucky lad."

"How did you like it?" inquired one of the little fellow. "Bully," was the prompt reply. "Dad didn't look any bigger'n me when I was up there."

Engine or Rampage.

Lower Mass.—Through strange freak, Boston & Maine engine 1,239 ran amuck, wandered out of the roundhouse by itself, threw another locomotive from the track and then reversed itself, backed into the roundhouse and right through a brick rear wall, finally landing on its back in a brook.

Dog Saves Lives, Is Shot

Remarkable Illustration of the Fervor of a Dog's Loyalty.

London.—It is no uncommon thing for a dog to save human life, but the case of a dog who saved three persons from being burned to death in a fire at Egham, a village not twenty miles from London, the other day, and that of the dog that had to pay the penalty of death after being rescued from a sinking ship, owing to the amazing English quarantine regulations, serves as a contrast between canine and human kindness.

A Norwegian sailing ship was driven on the rocks at the Lizard. The crew were taken off by means of the rocket apparatus, when suddenly the captain discovered his dog had been left behind. At great risk and amid

USING THE GAS-TORCH ON THE MAINE



In the work of cutting up the remains of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor the oxyacetylene gas-torch is being used very effectively. With this device the tangled wreckage is quickly cleared away and openings are easily cut through steel plate.

CLERK DUPES MANY

Berlin Youth Loses Cash for Later Profits.

Housewives Were First Victims in "Cheap Living Scheme"—Small Capitalists His Prey—Also Lived Double Life.

Berlin.—Hans Miller, a copying clerk in the law courts at \$7.50 a week, has discovered a new high road to fortune, his progress along which has, however, been suddenly stopped by the police. To moneyed acquaintances he told a tale of a friendly high official in the patent office, through whose mediation he was able to do profitable business in the exploitation of marketable inventions.

His stories were supported by plausible manners, remarkable readiness in lying, and a number of ingenious expedients. For instance, he was wont to inform the wives of his intended victims that through some mysterious association of which he was a member he was able to purchase provisions at specially advantageous rates.

If they expressed a desire to share in these benefits he would buy the goods asked for at current rates, pass them on to the delighted housewives at a fraction of the same, and for the time being defray the difference out of his own pocket.

He was also profuse with opera and theater tickets, which he professed to obtain by virtue of his high connection, but which he really bought at the box offices, like any ordinary mortal.

By such devices he won the confidence of small capitalists and induced them to entrust him with money for his patent transactions. His first investments were always prepaid with handsome profits, which increased their avarice, their confidence and their speculations.

This system of Miller proved enormously remunerative, for his takings from it, so far as discovered, amounted to \$100,000 in a year. When he was arrested he had \$25,000 on his person.

A curious feature of the case is that while in the circle of his victims he was under an assumed name, boasting of his important connections, and spending money right and left, and at the same time was living with his mother and sister the careful and modest life of a copying clerk.

CARRIES CELESTIAL ON BACK

So-Called King of Border Smugglers Arraigned at El Paso, Tex., on Serious Charge.

El Paso, Tex.—Thomas Montes, a Mexican known as the king of Chinese smugglers on the border, was arraigned before the United States commissioner on a charge of smuggling Chinese into the United States from Juarez. Montes was captured in the middle of the Rio Grande with a Chinaman complacently mounted upon his back.

Wild Geese in Thousands. Ethiopia, Wash.—Wild geese by the thousands are now coming up from the Columbia river to feed on the stubble and wheat fields.

Rainey Kills Twenty-Seven Lions.

London.—A dispatch from Brit Central Africa says that Paul Rainey, the American sportsman, with R. B. Woodman, a game ranger, last Saturday killed twenty-seven lions in the game preserve near Kapiti and a number of others outside the closed area.

The hunters employed Mr. Rainey's pack of Russian bear hounds to find and round up the quarry.

Gets Pay for Mail De Mer.

Chicago, Ill.—A jury in the United States District court awarded \$11,000 damages to Miss Birdie Lynch for injuries she received on one of the company's steamers during an attack of sea sickness.

Society Man Weds Nurse

A. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer of Stockbridge, Mass., Marries Miss Mabel Watts at Pittsfield.

Pittsfield, Mass.—A. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, a member of the Van Rensselaer family of New York city, was married in this city to Miss Mabel Louise Watts, a trained nurse, of North Adams.

The wedding is the culmination of a romance which began early last summer when Miss Watts was called to Fair Acres, the Van Rensselaer home at Stockbridge, to nurse the groom during a severe illness. While Mr. Van Rensselaer was convalescing he became a frequent caller in this city, and Miss Watts remained with him until his complete recovery. Then he proposed to her, according to their friends, and was accepted.

Grief for Good Samaritan.

Chicago.—Alexander Di Giacomo, a tailor, asked the part of the "good Samaritan" by paying the bill for lunch for three strangers. They got him outside, shot him down and stole his bankroll.



The Genevieve

"Genevieve," says a voice trembling a want you very much. "Very well, James Genevieve," and I waited as patiently as I could. James laughed a little, low, pleasant tone you get from a pet it nicely—a laugh matched the tremor when he said he. Very much, oh, you wanted Genevieve, growing to man's evieve was not a d—

"I suppose I am," says James, his Genevieve, "but you as I am—"

"And glad enough another Genevieve on his shoulder, a clapped light about a good way up around, too, because the slimmness of you ways been as big least big enough to a wife, I can tell you." "Do you think us," ventures Genevieve's conclusion.

"Well, do you croons James, to 'Do you care if it makes no difference? Why I don't care his indication of care made Genevieve and snuggle a bit clear, 'Yes, but James!'"

"No, it is only a ty of others," says the wonder of it are going to be p— Well, those it full to the tip-top—



The Genevieve

of love, were maybe a year or Laugh at the smirk and say, an old fool!"

You could twist Two people very happiest big, wide world you don't expect love and James of each other a blessing, thank you, you are simply foundations of home. And be—

James had Genevieve. A when he was was the saucy and the sweet very badly funny But he had been or too slow, didn't have a thing equally a word to Genevieve had bit for him—modest youth of them in the Genevieve—

she knew a t that old time white frocks some under but like a hand self. Genevieve rocks still evenings—but some. Though of violets into his red nose.

SS Genevieve or she knew laughs and a knew death when a man Which is a p There's a p she whisper because if I

The GENEVIEVES I KNOW

(Also their JAMES)

BY HELEN HELP

The Genevieve Who Married Another

"Genevieve," says James, his deep voice trembling a bit, "Genevieve, I want you very much."

"Very much, James," whispered back Genevieve, "and I only wonder how I waited as patiently as I did for you to tell me so."

James laughed a bit then—just a little, low, pleasant laugh like the tone you get from a violin when you pet it nicely—a laugh that exactly matched the tremble in his voice when he said he wanted Genevieve. Very much, oh, very much, James wanted Genevieve. For James was growing to man's size and Genevieve was not a debutante, either.

"I suppose I am a slow old fellow," says James, his strong arms about Genevieve, "but you have to take me as I am."

"And glad enough to get you," smothered Genevieve, her face down on his shoulder, and both her hands clasped tight about his neck. It was a good way up and some distance around, too, because James had not the slimmest of youth, and he had always been as big—as big—well, at least big enough to take good care of a wife. I can tell you that.

"Do you think they will laugh at us?" ventures Genevieve out of her seclusion.

"Well, do you care if they do?" croons James, to the top of her head. "Do you care if they do?" I'm sure it makes no difference at all to me. Why, I don't care—that much—And his indication of how much he didn't care made Genevieve thrill a bit more and snuggle a bit closer, and then declare, "Yes, but that is a great deal, James!"

"No, it is only one! There are plenty of others," says James. "That is the wonder of it to me—that there are going to be plenty of others!"

Well, those idiots, happy, thrills, full to the tip-top of their heart's cup



"Genevieve," Says James.

of love, were forty years old—and maybe a year or two older.

Laugh at them—do? Giggles and smirk and say, "There's no fool like an old fool!"

You ought to be slapped on the wrist. Two people of forty can be the very happiest two people in all this big, wide world. I'm perfectly sure you don't expect the wedded Genevieve and James of forty to be tired of each other and not to care for any kisses, thank you? Because if you do, you are simply undermining the very foundations of the great American home. And besides, I don't like it.

James had once been in love with Genevieve. Away back in those days when he was a slim young man and she was the sauciest girl he ever saw—and the sweetest—James had been very badly in love with Genevieve. But he had been afraid to tell her so, or too slow, or just careless, or he didn't have enough money or something equally stupid. So he said never a word to Genevieve about it. Then it is very likely that he was afraid Genevieve hadn't cared even a tiny bit for him. Because James was a modest youth. Yes, there are a few of them in the world—worse luck.

Genevieve will never tell whether she knew a thing about it or not—in that old time when she wore little white frocks and pinned apple blossoms under her white chin and looked like a bunch of apple blossoms herself. Genevieve wears little white frocks still on the warm summer evenings—but no more apple blossoms. Though she will tuck a bunch of violets into her belt or tuck a big red rose.

So Genevieve will never tell whether she knew about James. She just laughs and says, "Why, of course, I know. I don't get it always know when a man is in love with her? Which is a pleasant fiction, of course. There isn't a word of truth in it."

But down in the depths of her heart she whispers, "That is an awful story because if I had known—"

So James never said a word to Genevieve and Genevieve went and married another and was unhappy almost ever after.

James, however, did not marry another. With the persistence of his type in following a program, he kept on not telling girls he loved them. And maybe he didn't. Who can tell?

But now, after—well, after a certain number of years, Genevieve went back home because she was a widow and could go back home, or away from home, or to the wilds of the Fiji Islands, or to the depths of great cities, and there was nobody to say her nay. But Genevieve chose just to go back home. And back home was James.

James heard that Genevieve was home again for a while and he went to call, that being the proper thing for old friends to do. Well, there was Genevieve. She was all alone, she didn't fret about it. She was not so young, but she was extremely alive—and when James came to think it over as he strolled in the summer moonlight, she was really much younger.

Because Genevieve, in her youth, had been a section-minded young person. And now she could laugh and laugh—and her eyes laughed and crinkled up at the corners, and her hands were apt to grab the arm of the sympathetic bystander and give him a little shake of pure, good fellowship. Genevieve was quantities more fun, though, maybe, James was not awake to it, than she had been when she wore the apple blossoms, and dreamed stuporous dreams.

So James strolled home in the moonlight, tall and ever so good to look at, manhood thrills in him, firm, white hands dug thoughtfully into his pockets.

"I wonder," mused James.

James kept on calling and strolling home in the moonlight, and pretty soon he stopped wondering and began to hope. He had been loving for a considerable period.

"Genevieve," said James, his voice thrilling with that viol tone she loved—yes, and I have let the cat out of the bag now, haven't I? Because Genevieve—well, Genevieve was very glad when James got ready to speak about this.

They are happy—so happy that they believe that nobody ever dreamed a happiness so good as theirs. They are saying nothing about not being not so young—but not because they are dodging the issue, in tenderness for each other, as the stories whisper about when they tell of middle-aged lovers—middle-aged, in sooth! They are plenty young enough. Never a debutante in her teens, never a collegian in his twenties, with his eager, far-away look, are any happier than these two.

They say romance is of youth alone; that old age may have, perhaps, its dim reflection of the earlier rose, but that forty stands as bare to the commonplace as the stripped branches of the bareheaded of the frost-kissed crown—but don't you ever believe it.

There isn't a year in all the years of our lives, there isn't a minute of all that think in a silver shower from the tiny clock upon your mantel, that isn't full of romance.

Love of youth alone? Oh, very well. But if you really think so, you would better speak to the undertaker and be quick about it. Because you are dead already.

"Genevieve," says James, with that deep tone she loves, "Genevieve," (Copyright, by Associated Literary Press.)

Peasant Had Long Walk.

A French peasant the other day found himself the hero or villain of a motor adventure, of which he is likely to say but little. An artist, an advocate, and a doctor set out from Dijon for Chalon-sur-Saône. On the way the artist was struck with a stone thrown by the peasant. The car pulled up, and the man, who had taken to flight, was pursued and captured. The motorists did not chastise the offender, but lifted him into the motor, drove to the village, and then put on full speed, and did not stop until 50 kilometers (about 31 miles) had been covered. Then they put down the peasant, wished him a pleasant walk home, and intimated that possibly he would think the walk preferable to being handed over to the police.

When asked why he preached in the fields, Mr. Wesley answered: "For two reasons: first, I was not suffered to preach in the churches; and second, so parish church could contain the congregations."

It is the splendid absorption in life that makes one forget the flight of time. This is why God is never weary; he is not interested in his work.

There is a man, but he is not a man; that anxiety is no baker and baker; no bread that worry is no tailor and makes no clothes. Ivan Pavin.

Daily Earnings of a Locomotive.

A writer in the Railway and Engineering Review recently gave the interesting results of a computation of the average daily earning capacity of the American locomotive. The estimate took account of time spent in the repair shop, increased cost of repairs and renewals, and the cost of fuel, water and the engine crew. The average earnings per locomotive per day in the east are \$124.84, and on the western roads, \$120.84. The highest earnings in the west are those of the Santa Fe locomotives, which work out of \$149.53 per day. The highest earnings in the east are on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, where the average is \$147.06 per day.

Favor Overhead System.

After seven years of study, a commission appointed by the Swiss republic to investigate various methods of electrification has decided to recommend the overhead rather than the third rail system for the Swiss national railways. There will be 1,820 miles of railroad in the Swiss system, and it is recommended that a single-phase alternating current be used at a pressure of 15,000 volts. The cost of the trolley system will be about \$12,000,000. Scientific American.

"PICKLE" THE TIMBER TO BUILD AFRICAN RAILROAD

It is Intended to Do for That Continent What the Union Pacific Did for America.

ENGINEERS SEE MEANS OF ADDING LIFE TO TIES.

Their Possible Preservation for Increased Usefulness is Suggested—Scheme is at Least to Be Given a Trial.

A new method of solving one of the biggest problems faced by the railroads, that of finding a means of increasing the life of the timber used for their ties and piling so as to offset as far as possible the increase in their cost and the rapid increase in the demand for lumber for railroad purposes, has been discovered by western railroad engineers.

The preserving of ties and piling by "pickling" in Great Salt Lake may become an important industry, if the experiments now being worked out prove as successful as they have thus far given indications.

Ten thousand railroad ties that have been "pickling" in the salt lake for the last three years have just been removed from that body of highly mineralized water and are now being transported to Hazen, Nev., there to be given a trial on the new Hazen cutoff of the Southern Pacific. "Pickling" ties in the lake is by no means a new experiment on the part of the railroad company, but the preserving quality of the lake's brine has but recently been discovered to be sufficiently great as to justify its possible use on a large scale.

There are ties on the old Promontory line of the Central Pacific railroad, which were placed there forty years ago and have not decayed, proving the preserving qualities of the salt formation in which they lay for years before being placed in the roadbed. Piling is also being preserved in the lake, as excellent results have been obtained by the piling in the great freight across the lake, which since the day it was first placed in the first part of the Lucien cutoff has shown no deterioration. Through the genius of E. H. Harriman in building the cutoff at a cost of \$10,000,000, the nearly 100 miles in the route to the coast has been saved to the road by the lake. If it can be used on a large scale as a substitute for the costly creosote and chloride of zinc preserving processes, which nearly all roads have employed to a great extent, it may turn out that the lake will be of even greater service.

The ties that have just been removed will be subjected to a hard test in the alkali soils of Nevada. The "pickling" process has caused them to be impregnated with salt, and they act as a "ground" for the electric current in the block signal circuits. This fact makes them unfit for use on the main line of the road over which the block signals play an important part, but there are many miles of track in which they may be safely used.

Tramps and the Railroads.

Writers who have studied the problem agree that tramps could not exist in the present numbers without the railroads. They afford a means for tramps to get from place to place.

From time to time the railroads have succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of various communities in punishing the tramp with very good results, but instances of this zeal on the part of municipalities have been too sporadic to accomplish any permanent good.

The vagrant problem has been solved in other countries, notably in Switzerland, by establishing labor colonies, some for forced and some for voluntary labor. If the tramp is a confirmed loafer who does not want to earn his livelihood he is sent to one of the former, while if he is honestly seeking employment without success he is sent to one of the latter institutions, where he is paid wages until other work can be found for him.

A bill providing for a farm of this nature was recently passed by the New York state legislature. Like bills have been introduced in four other states.

Armored Trains in Russia.

As bandits hold up trains and carry off large sums of money almost daily, the Russian government has decided to construct armored carriages for the use of the State bank. They will run regularly between St. Petersburg and Russia's principal towns.

They are to be of iron and will contain accommodations for a strong company of soldiers. Each wagon will be planned that the guard can fire from it as from a fort. Each train will be under the command of an officer, who is to have full powers to open fire on all suspicious persons approaching the train.

The authorities have come to the conclusion that this is the only means of putting a stop to the prevailing lawlessness on Russian railway tracks. As the ordinary postal trains can have their own way, and have grown so daring that they now hold up trains in broad daylight and quietly bury their booty in a neighboring forest while the panic-stricken passengers wait for them to set the engine driver free.

In future only mails and small sums of money will be sent by ordinary trains. Private banks will be able to hire accommodation in the armored trains. They will begin to run in a couple of months' time.

Japan to Spend Money for Lines.

The estimated cost for the construction of the narrow gauge railroads for which licenses have been granted is \$21,000,000, according to the press of Tokyo. In addition, a considerable number of locomotives and cars are required for the government railroads already constructed and ordered for the same are being placed through the representatives in Japan for foreign manufacturers and sales agents.

Device Makes for Economy.

Engineers are working on a device for heating water before it reaches the boiler by exhaust steam, showing a fuel economy of more than 12 per cent.

THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 15 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A great many people have the idea—and it is a very praiseworthy one—that when it comes to building a home they owe something to the community in which they live. It is not always necessary, either, to spend a great amount of money in building a residence that will have a distinctive appearance and one that is dignified and impressive. Sometimes a very satisfactory result can be obtained by selecting a style of house somewhat different from the ordinary, yet one of conservative lines that have been tested and found satisfactory.

A gambrel roof house is always striking in appearance when properly constructed and designed. There is no style more attractive. At the same time a gambrel roof is economical to build, containing a surprising volume of space for the amount of side walls. The accompanying design is an illustration of what can be done with a large-sized gambrel-roof house. This house would attract favorable notice in any community and would be considered a desirable addition on any street. It is a building 45 feet 9 inches by 32 feet 6 inches, faced the broad way to the street, and having a gambrel dormer in the center over the entrance. This entrance porch adds distinction to the design, with its six large ionic columns, grouped at each of the two front corners, supporting the roof. These columns are to be built up with wood framing, covered with expanded metal lath and dressed with white cement, marble or stone.



Using Portable Train Telephone.

A small folding cross arm and telephone set enable the conductor to connect with overhead wire and tell the dispatcher all about it in two minutes after a stop is made. He can also inform the dispatcher within a minute of when the train will be able to proceed.

The outfit is compact and weighs a few ounces over six pounds—Popular Electricity.

Real Boys Wanted.

A thoughtful Bible student, who thought that he might possibly be of some assistance in a mission Sunday school, undertook to teach a class of a dozen lads, last week, and started out to inculcate the idea of total depravity—thinking to meet with responses that would enable him to make his point plain.

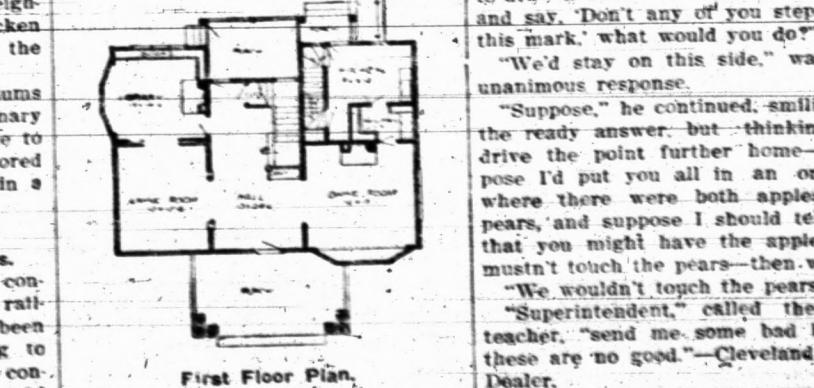
"Now, boys," he said, "if I were to draw a chalk line right across here and say, 'Don't any of you step over this mark,' what would you do?"

"We'd stay on this side," was the unanimous response.

"Suppose," he continued, smiling at the ready answer, but thinking to drive the point further home—"suppose I put you all in an orchard where there were both apples and pears, and suppose I should tell you that you might have the apples but mustn't touch the pears—then, what?"

"We wouldn't touch the pears."

"Superintendent," called the new teacher, "send me some bad boys—these are no good."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



hall is very large and roomy, 13x24 feet in size. The stairway is open going up to the second floor, with two landings.

On the second floor we find four large bedrooms, besides a large sewing room, a bathroom, and a bath. There are also six closets and a linen closet on this floor. A back stairway connects the kitchen with the second floor.

The most fitting style of interior finish for this house is strict colonial. This may be carried out in birch, with

white enamel and mahogany finish. Especially for the second floor this mahogany and white is to be recommended. For the first floor, a darker more sturdy finish might be preferred by some, in which case plain sawed white oak with mission or cathedral oak finish would be very effective.

The cost of this house, using the best materials and very thorough construction, is estimated at \$5,500.

FAILED WHEN PUT TO TEST

Stranded Actor's Duplicitous Cost Him Aid, of Which He Stood Very Much in Need.

James Thornton, the monologist, was walking down Broadway one evening when he saw, leaning against a lamp post, an individual who was evidently an actor just off the road. Equally apparent was the fact that the man needed a job or money.

"How do you do, my friend?" greeted Thornton.

The stranded actor, recognizing Thornton, spoke to him a trifle sadly. "Need a job?" asked Thornton.

"I do—badly," answered the actor.

"What have you done?"

"A lot of work," explained the other, his face brightening at the prospect of Thornton's taking an interest in him. "I've done all sorts of roles in stock companies."

"Ever play the part of a Mexican?"

"Oh, yes."

"Pretty good at it, weren't you?"

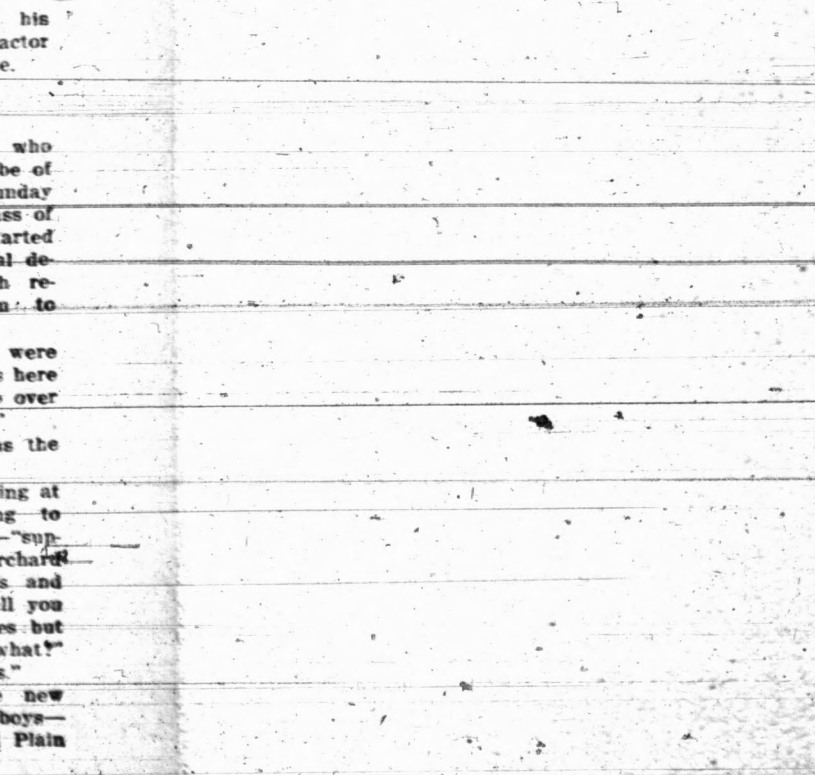
"Well, if I do say it myself, Mr. Thornton, I think I played the Mexican in fine shape."

"That being the case," responded Thornton, handing him tobacco and a cigarette paper, "roll me a cigarette. The man who had made such a hit as a Mexican made a miserable failure of the cigarette."—And Thornton,



observing this fact, resumed his stroll, leaving the stranded actor still stranded.—Popular Magazine.

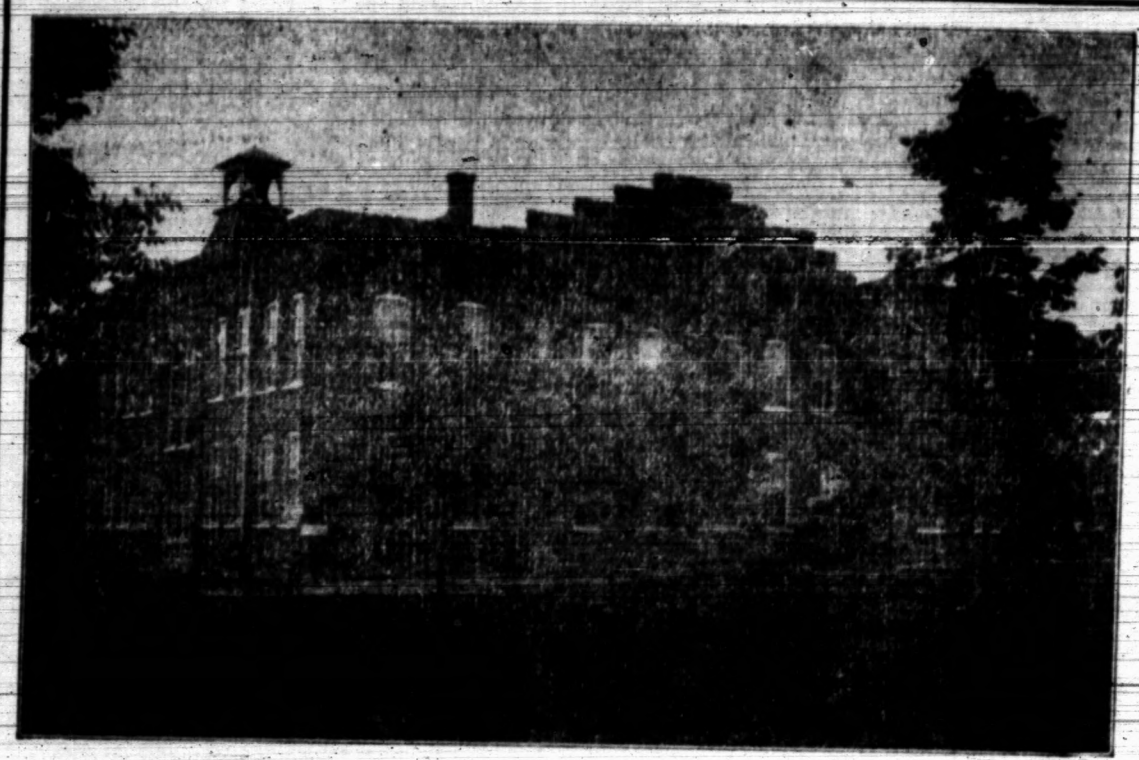
Second Floor Plan.



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The most fitting style of interior finish for this house is strict colonial. This may be carried out in birch, with



Murray High School

AT YOUR SERVICE!

Second Term Begins Jan. 1, 1912

(BEGIN THE NEW YEAR RIGHT!)

EVERYBODY knows that an education pays, that the best is none too good, that youth is the time to get it, that we'll all be a year older in 1913. And yet, there were 388 students in the 8th grades of the rural schools of the county last year, and less than 50 of them are attending high school anywhere!

It ought not to be necessary to advertise a public high school. Did you ever see a Post Office advertisement? The school is just as public, and even more essential to future prosperity. The people of Murray think that our school is good. The attendance is better than it has ever been before. The teachers are doing better work. And we have reserved some choice seats for the students mentioned above, when their home school is out.

Notice The Following Reasons for Coming to Murray High School

We Have a Good Faculty.

The regular high-school teachers, who do work above the eighth grade only, are three in number: F. E. McReynolds, Principal, (A. B. State University of Oklahoma) English, Arithmetic, Geometry; J. W. Jones, (M. A., Georgetown College) History, Science, Algebra, German; Rubie Wear, (Higbee College) Composition, Literature, Latin.

In the work after Christmas, these teachers will be assisted in the special work by the seventh and eighth grade teachers, and by the teachers of the first, second and third grades, if needed. Miss Ruth Cutchin, and a number of other private teachers, give instruction in music.

Our Regular High School Course is as Good as Any in the STATE.

It takes a hard year's work to finish this course. Experience shows that there is no

short-cut to a successful career. In Kentucky the law will soon demand, as it now does in many other states, that no one be given a certificate to teach unless he has had high school work. It is now impossible to enter a first-class school of law or of medicine without a high school diploma. High school training is necessary for one wishing to enter a profession and it will soon be indispensable for any honorable or lucrative occupation: mechanic, farmer, journalist, manufacturer, business man, all need a high school education.

Our graduates enter without examination any college in the State. They have entered the State University, Georgetown College, Transylvania, and other colleges. Murray High School is the only one in the county which has a standing whatever with these colleges, and is even mentioned in their report of the schools of the state. The last report places our school in Rank A.

We Give a Course for Teachers.

There are a number of young people in the county who are looking to teaching as a profession. Some of them are not old enough or not well enough prepared to enter the normal school. Some will wish to teach and thus earn their way thru the normal, attending the teachers' class is a great help towards the first position as a teacher.

This course will be particularly strong this year. We shall attempt not only to prepare for examination, but also for the actual work of teaching. Those who wish to do so will have the opportunity of observing the work of the teachers in the lower grades, and hearing them discuss their work. There will be frequent examinations in the various subjects, to enable the students to find their own weaknesses and correct them.

Many of the best teachers of the county began their training for the profession in our after Christmas classes.

We shall have beginning classes in all first year high school branches the second term.

Those who have finished the work of the common school may enter at once a regular high school course, ninth grade work. Those who are not entirely thru all the eighth grade work will have special classes in the subjects in which they are deficient, and may in other subjects take up the high school work.

We shall place each student where he can do the best work. No one will have to wait for some one else, and yet no one will be hurried over the work too rapidly to master it. The large teaching force will make it possible for us to have a large number of classes, and plenty of time for each class.

Students who are particularly good in the common branches, who have had some work in rhetoric, algebra and higher arithmetic, may be able to finish the ninth grade work in half a year, and take up the regular 10th grade studies next September.

Expenses are reasonable: Tuition is \$3.00, for all students in and above the 7th grade, and \$2.00 for all below. This is as nearly as we can estimate, the cost of instruction. Those who live in the district pay the same in taxes as those outside pay in tuition. Board and rooms may be had in good families at fair rates. It costs something to stay at home, a little more to stay away from home. The cost for books for the term will not exceed three or four dollars. What are YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

FURS AND HIDES

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES

Wool on Commission. Write for price list mentioning this ad.

Established 1887

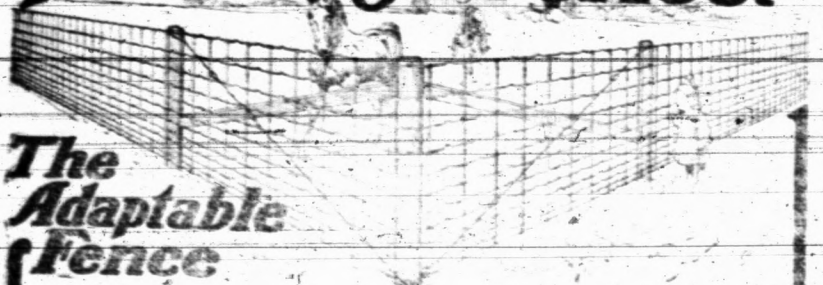
JOHN WHITE & CO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

NOT GOOD

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. Sold by Dale & Stubblefield.

DR. BELL'S ANTI-PAIN
For Internal and External Pains

"Pittsburgh Perfect"



The Adaptable Fence

AMONG the most important factors of success in the new era of farming is the use of the perfect fence. The "Pittsburgh Perfect" is the most adaptable, portable, durable and economical of all wire fences, and gives absolute satisfaction. It is the culmination of the best of all wire fences, and is the only one that is perfect in every way. It is the only one that is perfect in every way. It is the only one that is perfect in every way.

Open Heath wire, like old time iron wire, is used exclusively in "Pittsburgh Perfect" Fence, and is galvanized with a thorough and even coating of pure zinc, which resists rust for the longest time. All line and stay wires are

ELECTRICALLY WELDED.

at every contact point, producing a perfect amalgamation of metals, and doubling the strength of the fence at the joints. This feature is found only in "Pittsburgh Perfect" Fence, and makes it unequalled for toughness, strength, and economy in weight and price.

Every Rod Guaranteed Perfect

Adapted to every FIELD, FARM, RANCH, LAWN & POULTRY grounds.

Baker & Glasgow, Agts.
Murray, Kentucky

ACTUAL STARVATION

Facts About Indigestion and Its Relief That Should Interest You.

Although Indigestion and Dyspepsia are so prevalent, most people do not thoroughly understand their cause and cure. There is no reason why most people should not eat anything they desire, if they will only chew it carefully and thoroughly. Many actually starve themselves into sickness through fear of eating every good-looking, good-smelling, and good-tasting food, because it does not agree with them.

The best thing to do is to find out the cause of your trouble. We believe we can relieve your trouble, and we can guarantee you a cure. We exact no payment until you are cured. We are located right here and our reputation should be sufficient assurance of the genuineness of our offer.

We want every one troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia in any form to come to our store and buy a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Take them home and give them a reasonable trial, according to directions. Then, if not satisfied, come to us and get your money back. They are very pleasant to take; they aid to soothe the irritable stomach,

to strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, and to promote a healthy and natural bowel action, thus leading to perfect and healthy digestion and assimilation.

A 25c package of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets furnishes 15 days' treatment. In ordinary cases, this is sufficient to produce a cure. In some chronic cases, a longer treatment, of course, is necessary, and depends upon the severity of the trouble. For such cases, we have two larger sizes which sell for 50c, and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store, Dale & Stubblefield.

A Texas Wonder.

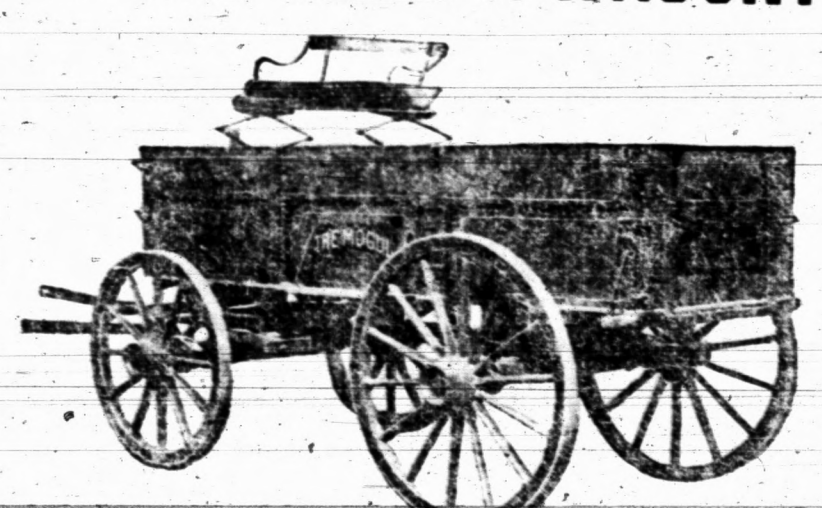
The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, removing gravel, cures diabetes, warts, and lame backs, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. It cures bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from Kentucky and other states. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.

Farmers Rights.

A farmer has the right to the best flour wheat can make. Lynn Grove Mill gives him pure, whole wheat flour. No patent taken out; best flour made.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey
For Coughs and Colds.

DO YOU NEED A WAGON?



A Wagon Built of Hickory Axles, Oak Hubs, White Oak Spokes, Heavy Oak Felloes, and in Fact Out of First Class Material Throughout.

ought to be a good wagon.

And this is the reason that the Mogul stands in the first row. Improved skein now used on this wagon insures light draft, and the material used in the wagon insures the maximum carrying capacity. Buy a Mogul, you won't regret it. And the price is right. A new car just received.

A. B. BEALE & SON