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The Murray Ledger, Part 2, December 21, 1911

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Sixteen Pages in this Issue of the LEDGER, and Each Merchant who Advertises Invites You to do Your Christmas Shopping in Murray

THE MURRAY LEDGER.

VOL. 31, NO. 32

MURRAY, KENTUCKY THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1911.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

DIES SUDDENLY.

Jewel Holifield, of Hazel, Passed Away Monday.

Following closely upon the announcement made Monday that Jewell Holifield was improved in condition, came the shocking news of his death, which occurred at the family home at Hazel, Monday night at nine o'clock.

Jewell Holifield was born in Mayfield about 26 years ago, and resided there until several months ago, when he removed, together with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ben F. Holifield, and sisters and brothers, to Hazel, Ky. There he has since resided.

For several years, prior to the time he moved to Hazel, he was one of the valued and esteemed employees in the store of McElrath & Brooks, as he made new acquaintances, he added to his already large number of friends. Jewell was a good boy, and had not been removed from this life at so early an age, would have made a man that is needed in the affairs of life—one that is square with his fellow man; one with a character emblemized by a Christian every day in the week.

A CHARMING WOMAN

is one who is lovely in form, 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.

OUR ONE HOLIDAY.

As has been the custom in this office the past several years there will be no issue of the Ledger next week. The editor and the "boys behind the guns" expect to take one solid week of holidays and try and recuperate from a year of faithful service. We believe our readers will agree that we are entitled to this week of rest, and we promise to come to you Jan. 4th, 1912, filled as usual with the news of the county and state. Thanking each and every reader of the Ledger for the many past kind, nesses, and with a sincere wish for a merry Christmas, a happy, prosperous new year, a desire to see every man, woman and child grow in prosperity and kindness toward his fellow man, we are yours faithfully,

Q. J. Jennings.

A DREADFUL WOUND

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, firecracker or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poisoning or gangrene. Its quick, 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.

MISS ZULA WEAR

Popular Young Lady Dies After Prolonged Illness.

The Paducah Sun of the 19th in speaking of the death of Miss Zula Wear, which occurred Sunday morning at the home of her parents just south of the city limits says:

"Miss Zula Cobbs returned home last evening from Murray, Ky., where she attended the funeral and burial of her niece, Miss Zula Wear, 24 years old, who died Sunday morning at 8:45 o'clock at her home there following a lingering illness of complications."

Miss Wear was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Wear, of Murray and had spent the greater part of her life in Paducah with her aunt. Last spring she became ill and returned home and gradually grew worse. Her death was a shock to her many friends in this city. She was a Christian girl and beloved by many. Besides her parents she is survived by three sisters and three brothers, as follows: Miss Emily Wear, of this city and Little Misses Virginia and Oneta Wear, of Murray; and John W. Elliott and Daniel Wear, all of Murray. The funeral and burial were held yesterday. Those attending the funeral from this city were Miss Cobbs, Mrs. E. L. Mitchell and Miss Elizabeth Mitchell and Mr. W. A. Lawrence.

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 free. Guaranteed by Dale & Stubblefield.

THAT DOLLAR YOU OWE.

We have about concluded that you subscribers who owe us for the Ledger have not read our little article of the past week. Look up the last issue of the Ledger and don't fail to "come across" between now or on Christmas day. We are doing our darndest to be serious about this matter and that row of stockings that will greet old Santa along our mantle board would remind you of a week's washing for a large hotel, and of course you want us to fill the whole bunch. Come and see us.

WOKE WILL START SOON.

after you take Dr. King's New Life Pills, 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.

EA's are 30c at Cherry.

TEN THOUSAND

Court Makes Appropriation for Jeff Davis Way.

Ten thousand dollars was appropriated by the Fiscal court Monday of this week for the construction of the "Jefferson Davis Highway" through the county. This appropriation is made conditional that a similar amount be subscribed by private citizens to be expended in a like manner, or an equivalent expended in labor. The session of the court was convened by Judge Patterson for the purpose of considering the proposition of the "Jefferson Davis Way" and the entire day was consumed in a general discussion before any definite action was taken by the court.

The order making the appropriation as made by the court is as follows:

"That the said \$10,000 herein appropriated shall be paid out and spent on the co-operation plan as the work progresses, and as the citizens of county subscribe and donate in money, work or material, any sum for its construction, then an equal amount out of the sum herein appropriated shall be paid and spent under the supervision of the court, in its construction until all of the sum heretofore appropriated shall have been used."

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

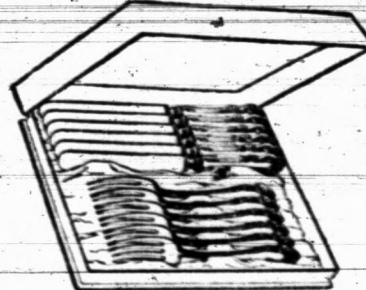
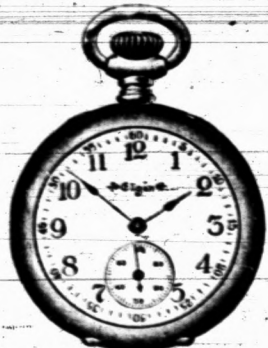
A. G. SMITH,
The Rawleigh Man,
New Concord, Ky.

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 Herrick's Red Pepper Porous Plaster for the chest, free with each bottle. Sold by Dale & Stubblefield.

Verdict For Defendant.

Benton, Ky., Dec. 18.—Today, a jury in the Marshall circuit court returned a verdict for the defendant in the suit of Woodall against Smith. Woodall sued for \$4,500 claiming the defendant burned his barn, valued at the amount. Smith was vindicated by a jury in criminal court.

It was announced here today that the grand jury is now working on misdemeanor cases and that the Griffith murder case has been dropped for the time being. However, it is likely that the case will be brought up again before they adjourn.



"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:

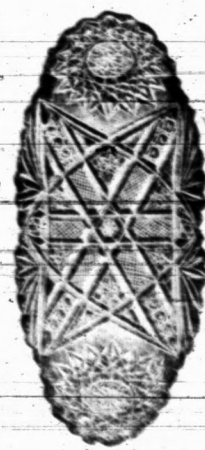
Brooches \$1.00 up	Hairpins 50c to \$4.50
Necklaces 50c up	Necklaces \$1.50 up
Brooches \$2.00 up	Silver Bracelets \$3.50 up
Rings 75c up	Watches \$5.00 up
Collar Pins 50c up	Fobs \$1.00 up
Bar Pins 50c up	Rings 75c up
Cuffs \$1.00 up	Gold Handle Umbrella \$4.50 up
Brilliant Barrettes \$2.50 up	Fine Jewelry Parures \$50.00 up
	Ivory, Art, Glass and Craft, and "Teco" Pottery



The "right thing" for "that man":

Gold Studs \$1.50 up	Scarves 50c up	Rings \$1.50 up
Leather \$1.25 up	Cuff Buttons 75c	Watch Chains \$1.00 up
Key Rings \$1.50 up	Pocket Knives \$1.50 up	Watches \$3.00 up

Cigarette Case \$5.00	Match Box \$1.00 up
Military Brushes \$7.50 up	Fountain Pens \$1.00 up
Pipes \$3.50 up	Maroon Odd Fellows W. O. W.
Charms and Buttons \$1.00 up	



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

Any Monday Made in a Minute

Guests At Yule

Edmund
Clarence
Stedman



NOEL! NOEL!

Thus sounds each Christmas bell—
Across the winter snow.
But what are the little footprints all
That mark the path from the churchyard wall?
They are those of the children wakened tonight
From sleep by the Christmas bells and light:
Ring, sweetly, chimes! Soft, soft, my rhymes!
Their beds are under the snow.

Noel! Noel!

Carols each Christmas bell
What are the wraiths of mist
That gather near the window-pane
Where the winter frost all day has lain?
They are soulless elves, who fain would peer
Within, and laugh at our Christmas cheer:
Ring fleetly, chimes! Swift, swift, my rhymes!
They are made of the mocking mist.

Noel! Noel!

Cease, cease, each Christmas bell!
Under the holly bough,
Where the happy children throng and shout,
What shadow seems to flit about?
Is it the mother, then, who died
Ere the greens were set last Christmas-tide?
Hush! falling chimes! Cease, cease, my rhymes!
The guests are gathered now.



The Origin of Christmas Customs



It is interesting to trace the origin of festival customs so those connected with the Christmas season. The Roman Saturnalia, which occurred in the winter festival, was a season of great festivity and rejoicing, honored by many privileges and exemptions. The spirit of gaiety had free charter, and even quarrels were suspended, to be resumed after the holidays.

returning march of the sun, gifts were exchanged and special hymns were sung. These latter were really the Roman representatives of the modern carol. At the Saturnalia the Roman feast was a banquet, as we do at Christmas. A ruler of king was appointed, who enjoyed certain prerogatives. He presided over the sports of the season. Probably he is the ancestor of the lord of misrule, who exercised a similar power in more recent times. Merriment was a matter of general concern, and the joyous spirit of the entire districts is now narrowed to families. It is the touch that makes the whole world kin, and it is a pleasant reminder that, after all, history repeats itself.

The True Spirit of Christmastide



There is hardly a festival in the calendar which has such a hold on the hearts of old and young alike as Christmas Day. The ring of the carols, the voices of the children, the glow of the fires, the cheer of the season, all seem to take on a new significance. The spirit of the time seems to throw a veil over places and things which are devoid of all beauty. As it is with places, so it is with people. They, too, are given to change, but the transformation does take place in millions of hearts to a greater or less degree. The spirit of

Christmas even affects people who for the rest of the year are devoid of sentiment and of feeling for their fellows. The most interesting stories of Christmastide are those which will never appear in print—true stories of men and women whose thoughts have been only of their own selfish aims and pleasures, but have been awakened only for a day or two from their usual self-complacency, moved by some force of which they are only half-conscious to do some act of kindness to make the day happier for someone less fortunate than themselves in a worldly way. The Christmas Herald.

The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kennett Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning. And it's time that we were rising. Though the hour isn't late. Still, the kidneys will be flocking each to my hand his stocking. And there's a host of things we've got to do that really cannot wait. Yet, before we kick the clothes off (quite determined not to doze off), let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmastide. Let us, while the bells are pealing, get up some real Christmas feeling. Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite cut and dried. True, the minutes fast are gliding, but, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad-anticipating of the gay and festive season that at last, at last is here. Never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping. Searching over the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear. Crushed and elbowed in the crowded throngs, that like ourselves are seeking. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging mob, with parcels overladen, reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stole showed endurance more heroic.

Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; We have stood the stress of barter with the courage of a martyr; Now we find sweet compensation in listening to the Christmas chime. Whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow. That the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again. Soon may find surcease of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow. Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain. That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.

We have done with haste and hurry, no occasion now to worry. Let some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked. Hail to Christmas' happy season! The beginning of the end. To be greeted with a hearty holla, we can certainly be jolly. Welcome thee with feast and wassail, and in general unbend. For we know that we have spent for the last-ent we can spend!



Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing an endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve. We no longer will be running to compare those things with cunning. And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when the gawkies gleam and glitter.

Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; But, with consciences elastic, we will grow enthusiastic. And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall, looking blissful over demands that we didn't want at all.

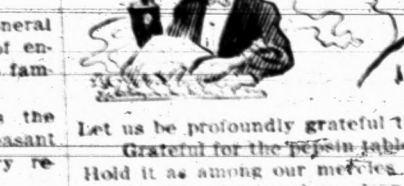
Ah, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living. To watch the looks of gratitude and pleasure upon loved faces beaming—That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming—As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gaudy ties. And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother.

When conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, as a proof of fond affection, he has hid from her detection. His gift to her, a cozy, costly, well-protected chair. (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share.)

Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behooves us To keep Poverty's bare platter and fill Destination's cup. Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness. To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up? But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating.

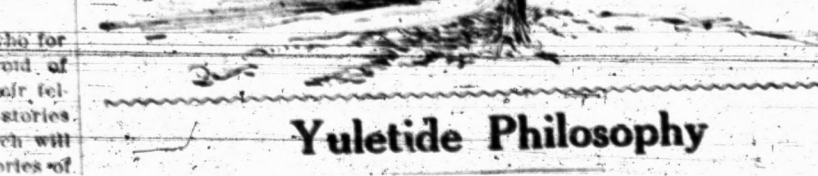
When we've given most nobly and that the modest are at stint. To find out, as we expected, that the modest are at stint. And our priority benefaction hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint.)

But away with sad reflection!—This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the noisy tribulations, all the trials and vexations. That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past. Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered. And the kids are all parading to the sound of horn and drum. Lusty lung and larynx voicing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket, now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanatorium.)



Thank the Giver if we're able to sit round a well-laid table. Where the plump white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room. And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking. And no heart that harbors malice and no mind overcast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plentiful. Grateful for the benign jabbers that correct our Christmas cheer; Hold it as among our merriest if there's a cold left in our purse. Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year.)



Yuletide Philosophy

However, the man who grumbles at any counter, though you may have cause to be grumpy, keep Christmas and all its joys. His money, too, ought to be at least kept. With many people Christmas presents are not only a source of joy, but a source of pride. You don't see bankrupt giving it—though you may fall into the hands (and arms) of the receiver. None is so blind as those who can't see a pretty girl under the mischievous.



PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES

Christmas Legends

ALL around the season of the Coming of Love as a little child there have sprung legends and beliefs, like blossoms in a gracious time, which testify to the depth of the appeal of the birth of Christ. Here divinely spiritual symbolism and there sweet, human tenderness and pathos appear, and blended, they evidence the world's belief that this was both Son of Man and Son of God.

An Irish legend tells that, on Christmas eve, the Christ Child wanders out in the darkness and cold, and the peasants still put lighted candles in their windows to guide the sacred little feet, that they may not stumble on their way to their homes. And in Hungary the people go to the windows and spread feasts and leave their doors open that He may enter at His will, while throughout Christendom there is a belief that no evil can touch a child who is born on Christmas eve. The legend which tells how the very hay which lined the manger in which the Holy Babe was laid put forth living-red blossoms at midwinter at the touch of the Babe's body could only have arisen from belief in the renewal of life through the Lord of Life.

The First Christmas Rose

NOTHING of those spiritual parables is the legend of the Christmas rose. It tells how good things, fit for giving, earnestly desires to give to the Child. It is said that a certain maiden of Bethlehem was so poor that she had nothing to give to the Babe to whom she stood, longing and mourning, and angel appeared to her, saying: "Look at thy feet, beneath the snow, and lo! on obeying the maiden found that a new flower had miraculously sprung up ready to be given to the Child. Every since then, runs this story, this exquisite flower, with its snowy petals, just touched by suggestions of pinkish bloom, is to be found at this season; and, indeed, its half-opened cups are like chalices of love, and its fully-spread petals are like a happy innocence, fit symbols for the gifts for the Babe of spotless, innocent, whose heart was the vessel of love.

The Holy Thorn

IT is not so many centuries ago since there was that holy thorn at Glastonbury which blossomed every Christmas, and so ran the legend, had done ever since St. Joseph of Arimathea, having come to this spot in Britain, and finding it as a thorn, had stuck his staff of dry hawthorn into the soil, commanding it to put forth leaves and blossoms. This staff straightway did, and thereby was the king converted to the Christian faith, the faith which preached life from death.

The holy thorn of Glastonbury flourished during the centuries until the civil wars. During those times it was uprooted; but several persons had had trees growing from cuttings from the original tree, and those continued to bloom at the Christmas season. Just as their parent, which had grown from St. Joseph's staff, had blossomed. And about the middle of the 18th century it was recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine how the famous holy thorn would not design to recognize the new style calendar, which had then come into force. It would persist in blossoming as of old on old Christmas day! In those days the anniversary of the

Christmas Eve Legends

advent of the Babe had certainly meant more to the common people than merely a time for feasting and revelry, for giving and receiving; it had been also a season for holy observances, for they refused to go to church on New Christmas day, the holy thorn not being then in blossom. So serious became the trouble that the clergy found it prudent to announce that Old Christmas day should also be kept sacred as before. Only another story of men's weak, superstitious minds? True, perhaps; but they are better who evidence some spiritual weakness than those who wallow in the wholly material, and when we cease to be careful of the cup and the platter, we become not over careful of their contents.

Christmas Eve Legends

HERE are several exceedingly touching legends concerning the night, which are heard ringing from buried cities and villages at this season. One belongs to a village, near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, and the story runs that once, where there is now but a valley, there was a village which, with every trace of life and habitation, had been swallowed by an earthquake; but ever since, at Christmas, the bells of the buried church are heard to ring as of old.

A similar legend is told of Preston, in Lancashire, and yet another and more moving one comes from the Netherlands. It is said that the city of Breen was notorious for its black and shapeless sins, as well as renowned for its beauty and magnificence. To the Sodom of the middle ages came our Savior on one anniversary of his birth, and went as a beggar from door to door, but not one in all that Christmas keeping city gave the Master of the abundance. Sin he saw rampant on every side, but not a trace of Christmas bounty and good will, and he called to the sea, which, as of old obeyed his voice, and then, the city of sin, was buried deep, clean out of sight, beneath the waves. But ever at Christmas up from beneath the covering waters comes the sweet call of church bells buried in heaven. It is a legend which appears to tell in parable that nothing which ever belonged to the Christ, and was dedicated to his service, is ever wholly lost from him and alienated from service. Inherent beauty and compelling sweetness rises from the depths through all seeming ruin.

Christmas Bells

RADITION says that, the hour of the Babe's birth was the hour of midnight, and legend adds that from then until dawn cocks crow. In Ireland it is held that those who look into a mirror on this eve will see the devil or Judas Iscariot looking over his shoulder, surely thought sufficient to drive the hardest soul to a thought of the innocent Babe.

Another legend tells that, on Christmas eve, Judas Iscariot is released from that hell "his own place"—and is allowed to return to earth that he may cool himself in icy waters.

Wild and improbable although such and such legends appear on their faces, they bear study and repay it, for we then see that they are full of subtle spiritual expression, as it were; that they are parables of certain spiritual facts, and it will be ill for us should the Christmas day ever dawn on which such flowers of tender faith and wonder shall appear, to be no more than dry, barren specimens from the dead roots of superstition.

Not Blessed

The presents you forget to give to others who don't forget to give to you are not so blessed.

Compliments of the Season

A Christmas Story

by O. HENRY

HERE are no more Christmas stories to write. Fiction is exhausted; and newspaper items, the next best, are manufactured by clever, young journalists who have married early and have an engagingly pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for reasonable diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources—fact and philosophy. We will begin with—whichever you choose to call it.

Children are pestiferous little animals with which we have to cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when childish sorrows overwhelm them we are put to our wit's end. We exhaust our patrician store of consolation; and then, when they sobbing, to sleep. Then we grovel in the dust of a million years, and ask God why. Thus we call out of the rat-trap. As for the children, no one understands them except old maids, hunchbacks, and shepherd dogs.

Now come the facts in the case of the Rag-Doll, the Tatterdemon, and the Twenty-fifth of December.

On the tenth of that month the Child of the Millionaire lost her rag-doll. There were many servants in the Millionaire's palace on the Hudson, and these ransacked the house and grounds, but without finding the lost treasure. The child was a girl of five, and one of those perverse little beasts that often wound the sensibilities of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar, expensive toy instead of upon diamond-studded automobiles and pony phaetons.

The child grieved sorely and truly, a thing inexplicable to the Millionaire, to whom the rag-doll market was about as interesting as the State Gas; and to the Lady, the child's mother, who was all for form—that is, nearly all, as you shall see.

The child cried inconsolably, and grew hollow-eyed, knooped, spinning, and corky in many other respects. The Millionaire smiled and tapped his coffers confidently. The pick of the output of the French and German toy-makers was rushed by special delivery to the mansion, but Rachel refused to be comforted. She was weeping for her rag child, and was for a high protective tariff against all foreign foolishness. Then doctors with the finest bedside manner and stop-watches were called in. One by one they chattered futilely about peptonamanganate of iron and sea voyages and hypophosphites. Bill rendered was under the wire for show or place. Then, as men, they advised that the rag-doll be found as soon as possible and restored to its mourning parent. The child sniffed at their peeties, chewed a thumb, and waited.



The Child Grieved Sorely and Truly

for her Betsy. And all this time came from Santa Claus saying that he would soon be here and enjoining us to show a true Christmas spirit and let up on the platform systems long enough to give him a welcome. Everywhere the spirit of Christmas was diffusing itself. The banks were refusing loans, the pawnbrokers had doubled their gang of helpers, people bumped their shins on the streets with red sleds, Thomas and Jeremiah bubbled before you on the bars while you waited on one foot, holly wreaths of hospitality were hung in windows of the stores, they had you were getting out their furs. You hardly knew which was the best bet in balls—three, high, wash, or show. It was no time at which to lose the rag doll of your heart.

Dr. Watson, investigating friends had been called in to solve this mysterious disappearance. He might have observed on the Millionaire's wall a copy of "The Tatterdemon."

would have quickly suggested, by induction, "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair." "Flip," a Scotch terrier, next to the rag-doll in the child's heart, frisked through the halls. The hank of hair! Ah! X, the unicorn, quantity, represented the rag-doll. But, the bone? Well, when dogs find bones they—Done! It was an easy and a fruitful task to examine Flip's fore feet. Look, Watson! Earth—dried earth between the toes. Of course the dog—but Sherlock was not there. Therefore it devolves. But topography and architecture must intervene.

The Millionaire's palace occupied a lordly space. In front of it was a lawn close-mowed as a South Ireland man's face two days after a shave. At one side of it and fronting on an-



He Sat Betsy on the Bar and Addressed Her Loudly and Humorously.

other street was a pleasure trimmed to a leaf, and the garage and stables. The Scotch pup had ravished the rag-doll from the nursery, dragged it to a corner of the lawn, dug a hole, and buried it after the manner of careless undertakers. There you have the mystery solved, and no checks to write for the hypodermic wizard or 3-pun notes to toss to the wizzard. Then let's get down to the heart of the thing.

Fuzzy was drunk. Not riotously or helplessly or loquaciously, as you might get, but decently, appropriately, and inoffensively, as becomes a gentleman down on his luck.

The road, the haystack, the park bench, the kitchen door, the bitter round of eleemosynary beds with round shower-bath attachment, the petty pickings and tenorly garnered large ease of great cities—these formed the chapters of his history.

Fuzzy walked toward the river, down the street that bounded one side of the Millionaire's house and grounds. He saw a leg of Betsy, the lost rag-doll, protruding like the clue to a Lilliputian murder mystery, from its untimely grave in a corner of the fence. He dragged forth the maltreated infant, tucked it under his arm, and went on his way, crooning a song of his brethren that no doll that has been brought up to the shelter of his hand should have. Well for Betsy that she had no ears. And well that she had no eyes save unseeing circles of black for the faces of Fuzzy and the Scotch terrier were those of brothers.

And the heart of no rag-doll could withstand twice to become the prey of such fearsome monsters.

Though you may not know it, Grogan's saloon stands near the river and near the foot of the street down which Fuzzy traveled. In Grogan's, Christmas cheer was already rampant. Fuzzy entered with his doll. He fancied that as a mummer at the feast of Saturn he might earn a few drops from the vassal cup.

He set Betsy on the bar and addressed her loudly and humorously, seasoning his speech with exaggerated compliments and endearments, as one entreating his lady friend. The loafers and hangers around caught the force of it, and roared. The bartender gave Fuzzy a drink. Oh, many of us carry rag-dolls.

"One for the lady!" suggested Fuzzy. Impudently, and tucked another contribution to Art beneath his waistcoat.

He began to see possibilities in Betsy. His first night had been a success. Visions of a vandyke circuit came to him.

In a group near the stove sat "Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley, and "One-ear" Mike, well and unbecomingly known in the tough shooting district that blacked the left bank of the river. They passed a newspaper back and forth among themselves. The item that each sold and blunt for-

eigner pointed out was an advertisement headed "One Hundred Dollars Reward." To earn it, one must return the rag-doll lost, strayed, or stolen from the Millionaire's mansion. It seemed that grief still raged, unchecked, in the bosom of the too faithful Child. Flip, the terrier, capered and shook his absurd white curls before her Betsy in the faces of walking, talking, ma-ma-ing, and eye-closing French Mabelles and Viollettes. The advertisement was a last resort.

Black Riley came from behind the store and approached Fuzzy in his one-sided, parabolic way.

The Christmas mummer, flushed with success, had tucked Betsy under his arm, and was about to depart to the filling of impromptu dates elsewhere.

"Say, Bo," said Black Riley to him, "where did you cop out that doll?"

"This doll?" asked Fuzzy, touching Betsy with his forefinger to be sure that she was the one referred to.

"Why, this doll was presented to me by the Emperor of the Backwash. I have seven hundred others in my country house in Newport. This doll—"

"Cheese the funny business," said Riley. "You swiped it or picked it up at de house on de hill where—but never mind dat. You want to take fifty cents for de rag, and take it quick. Me brother's kid at home might be wantin' to play wid it. Hee-hat!"

He produced the coin.

Fuzzy laughed a gurgling, insolent, alcoholic laugh in his face. Go to the office of Sarah Bernhardt's manager and propose to him that she be released from a night's performance to entertain the Tackytown Lyceum and Literary Coterie. You will hear the duplicate of Fuzzy's laugh.

Black Riley gauged Fuzzy quickly with his beery eye as a wrestler with his brawny arm as a wrestler with his hand was itching to play the Roman and wrest the rag Sabine from the extemporaneous merry andrew who was entertaining an angel unaware.

Fuzzy was fat and solid and big. Three inches of well-nourished corporeity, defended from the winter winds by dingy linen, intervened between his vest and trousers.

Regular wrinkles running around his coat-sleeves and knees guaranteed the quality of his bone and muscle.

His small, blue eyes, bathed in the moisture of a kindly yet without abashment. He was whiskery, whiskily, freshly formidable. So, Black Riley temporized.

"Well, you take for it, den?" he asked.

"Money," said Fuzzy, with husky firmness, "cannot buy her."

He was intoxicated with the artist's first sweet cup of attainment. To set less and the deficiencies of the day might not be supplied by the morrow.

"A cool hundred," said Fuzzy thoughtfully and mushily.

"Boys," said he, "you are true friends. I'll go up and claim the reward. The show business is not what it used to be."

"Night was falling more surely. The three tagged at his sides to the foot of the rise on which stood the Millionaire's house. There Fuzzy turned upon them acrimoniously.

"You are a pack of putty-faced beaglehounds," he roared. "Go away!"

They went away. A little way. In Pigeon McCarthy's pocket was a section of two-inch gas-pipe eight inches long. In one end of it and in the middle of it was a lead plug. One half of it was packed tight with solder.

Black Riley carried a slung-shot, being a conventional thug. "One-ear" Mike relied upon a pair of brass knuckles—an heirloom in the family.

"Why fetch and carry," said Black Riley, "when some one will do it for you? Let him bring it out to us. Hee-hat!"

"We can chuck him in the river," said "Pigeon" McCarthy, "with a stone tied to his feet."

"Youse guys make me tired," said "One-ear" Mike sadly. "Ain't no good ever appeared to none of yez? Sprinkle a little gasoline on 'im, and drop 'im on the Drive—well!"

Fuzzy entered the Millionaire's gate and zigzagged toward the sooty glowing entrance of the mansion. The glowing entrance came up to the gate and lingered on each side of it, on beyond the roadway. They fingered their cold metal and leather, confident.

Fuzzy rang the door-bell, smiling foolishly and dreamily. An atavistic instinct prompted him to reach for the button of his right-glove. But he wore no gloves; so his left hand dropped, embarrassed.

The particular mental whose duty it was to open doors to silks and laces smiled at first sight of Fuzzy. But a second glance took in his passport, his card of admission, his surety of welcome—the lost rag-doll of the daughter of the house dangling under his arm.

Fuzzy was admitted into a great hall, dim with the glow from unseen lights. The bidding went away and returned with a maid and the Child. The doll was restored to the mourning one. She clasped her lost darling to her breast, and then, with the indelible, self-same and candor of childhood, stamped her foot and whined hatred and fear of the odious being who had rescued her from the depths of sorrow and despair. Fuzzy bowed and said, "Thank you, ma'am, and then, with an ingratiating attitude and averted the idiotic smile and blustering small talk that is supposed to charm the budding intellect

of the young. The Child bawled, and was dragged away, hugging her Betsy close.

There came the Secretary, pale, poised, polished, gliding in pumps, and worshipping pomp and ceremony. He counted out into Fuzzy's hand ten ten-dollar bills; then dropped his eye upon the door, transferred it to James, its custodian, indicated the obnoxious carrier of the reward with the other, and allowed his pumps to wait him away to secretarial regions.

When the money touched Fuzzy's dinky paw his first instinct was to take to his heels; but a second thought restrained him from that blunder of etiquette. It was his; it had been given him. It—and, oh, what an elysium it opened to the gaze of his mind's eye! He had tumbled to the foot of the ladder; he was hungry, homeless, friendless, ragged, cold, drifting; and he held in his hand the key to a paradise of the mud-honey kind that he craved. The fairy doll had waved a wand with her rag-stuffed hand; and now wherever he might go the enchanted palaces with shining foot-boards and magic red fluids in gleaming glassware would be open to him.

He followed James to the door.

He paused there as the fussy drew open the great mahogany portal for him to pass into the vestibule.

Beyond the wrought-iron gates in the dark highway Black Riley and his two pals casually strolled, fingering under their coats the inevitably fatal weapons that were to make the reward of the rag-doll theirs.

Fuzzy stopped at the Millionaire's door and bett ought himself. Like little sprigs of mistletoe on a dead tree, certain living green thoughts and memories began to decorate his confused mind. He was quite drunk, mind you, and the present was beginning to fade. Those wreaths and festoons of holly with their scarlet berries making the great hall gay where had he seen such things before? Somewhere he had known polished floors and odors of fresh flowers in winter, and—and some one was singing a song in the house that he thought he had heard before. Some one singing and playing a harp. Of course it was Christmas—Fuzzy thought he must have been pretty drunk to have overlooked that.

And then he went out of the present, and there came back to him out of some impossible vanished and irrevocable past a little, pure-white, transient, forgotten ghost—the spirit of noblesse oblige. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve.

James opened the outer door. A stream of light went down the gravel walk to the iron gate. Black Riley, McCarthy and One-ear Mike saw, and carelessly drew their sinister cordon closer about the gate.

With a more imperious gesture than James' master had ever used or could ever use, Fuzzy compelled the mental

the Millionaire's mansion to do with a long, unobscured Virginia hall, where the riders were grouped around a silver punch-bowl, drinking the ancient toast of the house? And why should the patten of the cab horses' hoofs on the frozen street be in any wise related to the sound of the saddled hunters stamping under the shelter of the west veranda? And what had Fuzzy to do with any of it?

The lady, looking at him over her glass, let her condescending smile fade away like a false dawn. Her eyes turned serious. She saw something beneath the rags and Scotch terrier-whiskers that she did not understand. But it did not matter.

Fuzzy lifted his glass and smiled vacantly.

"Pardon, lady," he said, "but couldn't leave without exchanging compliments aseason with lady th' house. 'Gainst principles gentlemen do sho."

And then he began the ancient salutation that was a tradition in the house when men wore lace ruffles and powder.

"The—the blessings of another year—"

Fuzzy's memory failed him. The lady prompted:

"Be upon this hearth."

"The guest—" stammered Fuzzy, "—And upon her who—" continued the lady, with a leading smile.

"Oh, cut it out," said Fuzzy, inamusedly. "I can't remember. Drink hearty."

Fuzzy had shot his arrow. They drank. The lady smiled again, the smile of her caste. James enveloped Fuzzy and reconducted him toward the front door. The harp music still softly drifted through the house.

Outside, Black Riley breathed on his cold hands and hugged the gate. Cold though he was, he did not think of deserting his post while Fuzzy remained inside.

"I wonder," said the lady to herself, musing, "who—but there were so many who came. I wonder whether memory in a curse or a blessing to them after they have fallen so low."

Fuzzy and his escort were nearly at the door when the lady called: "James!"

James stalked back obsequiously, leaving Fuzzy waiting unsteadily, with his brief spark of the divine fire entirely gone.

Outside, Black Riley stamped his cold feet and got a firmer grip on his section of gas-pipe.

"You will conduct this gentleman," said the lady, "downstairs. Then tell Louis to get out the Mercedes and take him to whatever place he wishes to go."

A sterling silver bell rang. James went back to answer it, leaving Fuzzy to go.

in the hall. James explained some where's some one. Then he came and conducted Fuzzy into the library.

The lady entered a moment later. She was more beautiful and holy than any picture that Fuzzy had seen. She smiled, and said something about a doll. Fuzzy didn't understand that; he remembered nothing at all about a doll.

A footman brought in two small glasses of sparkling wine on a stamped sterling-silver waiter. The lady took one. The other was handed to Fuzzy.

As his fingers closed on the slender glass stem his disabilities dropped from him for one brief moment. He straightened himself; and Time, so disobliging to most of us, turned backward for a moment to accommodate Fuzzy.

Forgotten Christmas ghosts whiter than the false beards of the most eminent Kriss Kringle were rising in the fumes of Grogan's whisky. What had



Compliments Season With Lady Th' House.

the Millionaire's mansion to do with a long, unobscured Virginia hall, where the riders were grouped around a silver punch-bowl, drinking the ancient toast of the house? And why should the patten of the cab horses' hoofs on the frozen street be in any wise related to the sound of the saddled hunters stamping under the shelter of the west veranda? And what had Fuzzy to do with any of it?

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Calloway County High School

AND

Hazel Graded Common School

Winter Term Opens Jan. 2, 1912

Faculty:

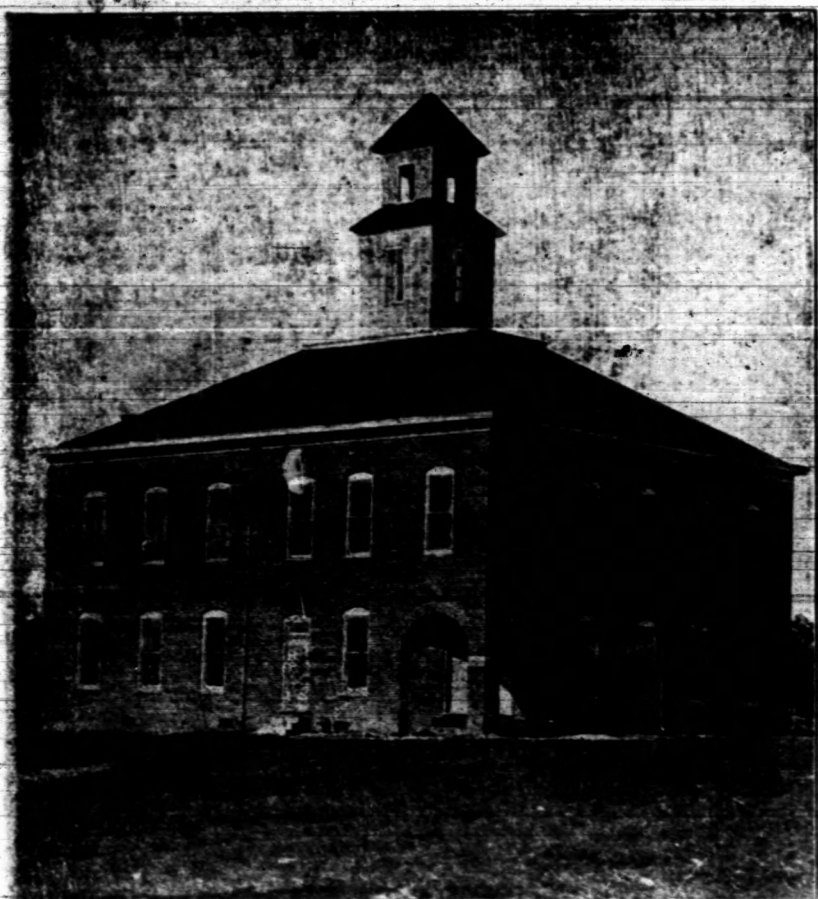
L. A. L. Langston.—16 years a teacher; 8 years County Superintendent; holds State Teachers' Certificate.

B. O. Langston.—Student University of Ky.; holds 1st class Co. Certificate; a diploma from a 1st class High School.

L. C. Cherry.—Educated University of Tenn., Knoxville; member county board of examiners; holds several 1st class certificates; several years experience as a teacher.

Mrs. Mattie Miller.—Graduate of Southern Normal School, Bowling Green; years of experience; holds 1st class certificate.

Miss Eric 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 Calloway, Graves, Marshall 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.

COUNTY SCHOOL

New Notes Regarding Progress of School at Hazel.

Examinations for the second quarter is being held this week at the school building. The grades will be finished and sent to the parents the latter part of the week for inspection and signature.

There will be a play entitled

"Oak Farm" given at the High School building next Saturday night, Dec. 21. This is an excellent three act play and will very entertaining as well as instructive. The entrance fee will be given to the school library fund.

There are quite a number of young men and women in the High School this fall. The work seems better than ever before. New classes will be organized after the holidays for the benefit of those who want to enter then. There will be a strong class in the normal class also. A number

of students have already entered Hazel for the winter term. These were 70 or 80 boarding our best is none too good for you students last winter, also the but we do not and will not at year before. The prospects are good for 100 or more this winter. Why not? The school is better organized, have more teachers and better equipped than ever before.

Some the best citizens of the surrounding country have moved to Hazel recently. Some for the benefit of school advantages, others for business advantages and to spend happy days. We welcome all young men

and women who come to Hazel this winter and assure you that our best is none too good for you. The school is better organized, have more teachers and better equipped than ever before.

The students who think of coming to Hazel the first of the year to take the High School course remember that your tuition is free, good board at low price and every term's work is credited either in Normal School or State University. You do not

have to take examination to enter either.

FOR SALE.—Low and pigs cheap. See R. J. Schroeder, 11

Mrs. Got Kelley died last Thursday of consumption after a long illness at the home of her husband a few miles south of Murray. She was about 23 years of age and is survived by one child and a husband. The burial was at South Pleasant Grove Friday.

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

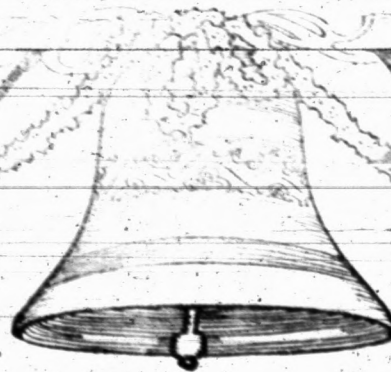
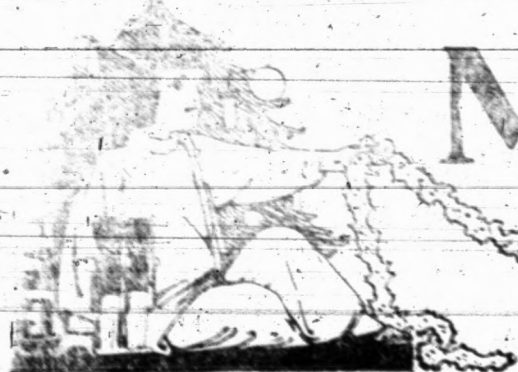
John Gardner and Walter Hunt, who were convicted at Clarksville a year or two ago for the killing of Vaughn Bennett and given ten years each in the pen, have been acquitted at Nashville. Mr. Hunt is a former Calloway citizen and a brother of Mrs. K. Robertson of the city.

Notice.

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

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

MERRY XMAS



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!

REPORT

Of the condition of Murray, doing business in town of Murray, County of Calloway, State of Kentucky, close of business on 1st of December, 1911.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts
U. S. and other Bonds,
Stocks and Securities
Due from Banks
Actual Cash on hand
Checks, cash items and
exchange for clearing
Overdrafts, (secured)
Overdrafts, (unsecured)
Current Expenses and
taxes paid
Real Estate
Furniture and fixtures
Other assets not included
der any of above has

Total

LIABILITIES

Cap'l. Stock p'd in, in ex-
Surplus
Undivided Profits
Deposits on which inter-
est is paid
Deposits on which inter-
est is not paid
Cashier's checks outstanding
Certified checks
Due to Banks
Notes and Bills redis-
cussed

Total

State of Kentucky
County of Calloway
I, S. H. Dees, Cash-
ier, do solemnly
swear that the above
statement is true to
the best of my knowledge
S. H. Dees

Subscribed and sworn
to before me this 1st
day of December, 1911.

My commission expires
1912. BEN GREGAN,
Director.—J. D.
Swan, E. A. Hughes.

For pain, from
apply Dr. Thomas'
Pain can't stay wh-

TRY IT, T

Try Dr. Bell's Ant
for all skin trouble
pleasant as sweet
guaranteed to give
in worst cases.

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REPORT	BANK REPORT	REPORT
Of the condition of the Bank of Murray, doing business at the town of Murray, County of Calloway, State of Kentucky, at the close of business on the 5th day of December, 1911.	Report of the condition of the condition of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, doing business at Murray, County of Calloway, State of Kentucky, at the close of business on the 5th day of December, 1911.	Of the condition of the Citizens Bank, doing business at town of Murray, County of Calloway, State of Kentucky, at the close of business on the 5th day of December, 1911.
RESOURCES: Loans and Discounts \$209,286.79 U. S. and other Bonds, Stocks and Securities 000 Due from Banks 29,522.15 Actual Cash on hand 14,611.81 Checks, cash items and exchange for clearing 2,436.24 Overdrafts (secured) 8,775.77 Overdrafts (unsecured) 7,880.79 Current expenses and taxes paid 4,515.18 Real Estate 15,821.83 Furniture and fixtures 1,778.75 Other assets not included under any of above heads 000 Total \$358,827.91	Resources: Loans and Discounts \$88,547.72 U. S. and other Bonds, Stocks, Securities 00 000 Due from banks 25,091.81 Actual Cash on hand 4,866.59 Checks, cash items and exchange for clearing 295.34 Overdrafts--Secured and Unsecured 3,452.88 Current expenses and taxes paid 1,013.41 Real Estate, Furniture and fixtures 9,398.31 Other Assets not included under any of the above heads 00,000 Total \$132,665.06	RESOURCES: Loans and discounts \$87,875.08 U. S. and other Bonds, stocks and securities 1,170.00 Due from banks 16,557.62 Actual cash on hand 6,099.13 Checks, cash items and exchange for clearing 1,088.61 Overdrafts (secured) 2,422.41 Overdrafts (unsecured) 5,924.78 Current expenses and taxes paid 1,870.85 Real Estate 12,500.00 Furniture and fixtures 3,628.04 Other assets not included under any of the above heads 000 Total \$188,334.47
LIABILITIES: Cap'l. Stock p'd in, in cash \$60,000.00 Surplus 2,890.83 Undivided Profits 11,499.43 Deposits on which interest is paid 79,737.10 Deposits on which interest is not paid 186,757.05 Cashier's checks outstanding 000 Certified checks 000 Due to Banks 000 Notes and bills rediscounted 10,000.00 Bills payable 000 Other liabilities not included under any above named heads 000 Total \$358,827.91	Liabilities: Capital Stock paid in, in cash \$20,000.00 Surplus; Undivided Profits 6,959.93 Deposits on which interest is paid 45,447.88 Deposits on which interest is not paid 60,222.25 Cashiers checks outstanding, Certified checks 35.00 Due to banks 000.00 Notes and bills rediscounted; Bills payable 000.00 Other liabilities not included in any of the above heads 000.00 Total \$132,665.06	LIABILITIES: Capital Stock paid in, in cash \$30,000.00 Surplus 5,000.00 Undivided profits 1,925.90 Deposits on which interest is paid 46,061.15 Deposits on which interest is not paid 90,317.42 Cashier's checks, outstanding 000 Certified checks 000 Due to Banks 000 Notes and bills rediscounted 5,000.00 Bills payable 000 Other liabilities not included under any of the above heads 000 Total \$188,334.47
STATE OF KENTUCKY, / sct. County of Calloway. I, C. B. Fulton, Cashier of the above bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. Subscribed and sworn to before me by C. B. Fulton this 5th day of December, 1911. My Commission expires January 10th, 1914. Attest: J. D. Purdom, C. O. Gingles, A. D. Thompson, Directors. C. B. Fulton, Notary Public.	STATE OF KENTUCKY, / sct. County of Calloway. I, C. B. Fulton, Cashier of the above bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. Subscribed and sworn to before me by C. B. Fulton this 5th day of December, 1911. My Commission expires January 10th, 1914. Attest: J. D. Purdom, C. O. Gingles, A. D. Thompson, Directors. C. B. Fulton, Notary Public.	STATE OF KENTUCKY, / sct. County of Calloway. I, H. B. Gilbert, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. Subscribed and sworn to before me by H. B. Gilbert this 19th day of December, 1911. My commission expires at end of next session of Senate. M. D. Holton, N. P. Correct Attest-- L. Y. Woodruff, Barber McElrath, J. M. Imes, Directors. Lost--On state road between Tom Chambers and Murray, 1 long, dark blue overcoat, Tues. Dec. 5. Finder please return to L. C. Cherry and receive reward.

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 offi cein this store.

The Store of THE Christmas Spirit

Johnson's 5, 10 and 25c Variety Store Murray, Ky.

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.

Christmas in Foreign Lands

By John Foster Frazer

AFTER all, there is no place like home in which to celebrate Christmas. Even when the day does not come up to the old-fashioned pictorial representation of snow on the ground and red-breasted robins on the boughs, but is instead green and sunshiny, Christmas at home has an appropriateness and fits the scene in a way it cannot do in other lands.

It is rather hard to imagine appropriateness about Christmas under a blazing sky, and the eating of plum pudding when the thermometer is 90 degrees in the shade. How, out of place the picturesque characters from Dickens' novels—muffled and cheery and full of boisterous mirth—would have been if they could have been conveyed on the magic carpet to gorgeous days of cheap travel, those who are not wealthy, now seek sunshine in the months which are considered dreary; so each Christmaside crowds of British people betake themselves to the City of the Caliphs, probed up the Nile, and, even on Christmas night, toast the old folks at home in the magnificent hotel at Khartoum.

Our grandfathers and grandmothers, who regarded Christmas as a time of waits and holly berries and taking bus-



kets of provisions to poor folks, then attending the festooned and decorated church for morning service, and afterwards, with lights up and curtains drawn, chunks of plum pudding and innumerable mince pies, with the object of bringing happy months, would twist in their graves if they could see the manner in which thousands of their descendants celebrate the day in Cairo.

I have known snow in Cairo, but the occasions are as rare as blue moons. As a rule, the morning comes with a blazing sunshine, with not a cloud in the sky, and the atmosphere not only warm but sultry. It is not the occasion for topcoats or mufflers or fur capes. The men are in dannels and the women are in white finery. Possibly some attend the English church, with the hope of being reminded what day it is; but the majority go off upon excursions, wandering through the quaint, bedizened and scented bazars, where the Mohammedan salesmen, with little concern about the Christian festival, ply their trade of selling antiquities, radiant robes and hand-made Oriental carpets. The majority, on pleasure bent, go off to the Pyramids, and, under the sweltering sun, climb to the summit of the great burial pile of the Cheops, and then, likely enough, mounted on donkeys, scamper across the hot sands to the Sphinx, in the shadow of which they proceed to picnic.

It is late afternoon and the big sun is setting over the Libyan desert, and the bells in the mosques are tinkling for the faithful Mohammedans to come and pray, when most of our fellow country people return to their hotels. There is no old-style Christmas dinner. The fare is French; the music is probably Austrian. Somehow, the occasion, delicious and happy though it be, does not fit the picture. The moon rises and the evening is fragrant, whilst parties sit out upon the balconies before the dancing begins. And then thoughts inevitably wander to what the folks at home are doing.

Even with ourselves, particularly in London, a great change is coming over the celebration of Christmas. People with families, especially those with young children, do keep up something of the tradition. But amongst those who are grown up the tendency is to spend Christmas night at one of the great caravansaries of pleasure—a fashionable West End restaurant, or a hotel, where in the entrance hall there is generally a magnificent Christmas tree, and the dinner is lavish, the music ravishing, and everything is bright and noisy, and the air is rippled with the laughter of pretty women.

The old-time Christmas is voted dull, besides, taking one's Christmas dinner at a hotel is reckoned much cheaper than having it at home. Within short memory a great change has come over our manner of spending Christmas. Thousands of people go to the big hotels on the south coast. The hydropathic establishments in the south are invariably crowded. Thousands upon thousands of men and women—chiefly those who are still in blithe maidenhood and womanhood—take themselves to Switzerland. For a week before Christmas the London stations which are jumping-off places for the continent are as busy as in a holiday time despatching Britons to the Alps.

Christmas in Switzerland? Why, a dozen years ago the majority of British people would have shuddered at the idea. Switzerland in dead of winter, with snow on the ground and holly berries on the boughs, and the sun shining brightly? The air is invigorating. There is sufficient of skating to be obtained, exciting races

land who are in far corners of the world? I do not only mean those who are in the great cities of Canada or Australia or South Africa or even in the semi-British towns in India. Rather I have in mind lands where are few British men and women, some traders, some missionaries, but all cut off by enormous distances from what is called the civilized world, whom it takes six weeks or two months for a letter to reach, and whose Christmas day is inclined to bring sad thoughts, not only because of the lonely lives they are leading, but by reason of the recollection of the days they spent before they left the home-land.

Dotted about the world, in Africa, in lonely Indian stations, in the far northwest of Canada, out on the deserts of Australia, these people will be eating their Christmas dinners on the same day as ourselves. So, in the flush of happiness which comes to most of us, it is not a bad thing to let the thoughts wander to fellow Britons so far off that sometimes they are inclined to be forgotten.

Also there are others. I remember a Christmas day I spent on a tramp-ship, a commodious, rosy room in a slow in pace floating for way through a storm in the Bay of Biscay. We ought to have been home before Christmas, but the weather had baffled us and we were nearly a week behind our time. Christmas morning came drearily as the old vessel bumped her way over the angry waters. We had no Christmas cheer, no turkey, no plum pudding, no wine but we had a tin of rabbit and some bottles of stout on board. While the ship pitched and rolled the captain and his men and myself gulped our poor Christmas cheer and toasted each other in stout. Then the men went out to their work in the gale. I stood on the bridge with the wind whistled and we pressed on slowly into the gloom. Not a very merry Christmas! But still the kind of Christmas that will be spent by many thousands of good British sailors in far seas.

For a contrast to the better could you go to spend Christmas day than in Jerusalem and attend service at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem is not quite the same as it is in Biblical times, though a good deal of it has not altered through many generations. It seems outside the city to go to Jerusalem by rail, and to find the station to be met by a horde of shrieking cab drivers seeking the job of conveying you to one of the big hotels.

Christmas day this year is on a Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, when thousands of Jews, Mohammedans of what the day means to them, will ignore that the Messiah they expect has not come. Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, all jostle in the narrow streets of Jerusalem. On Christmas Eve the Mohammedans who, curiously enough, have charge of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to prevent quarrels between Christians doing injury to one another, will be keeping the Mohammedan Sabbath and from the minarets of the mosques will sound the muezzin of the Mullahs crying: "There is only one God, and Allah is his prophet, come all ye faithful and pray." Then, as the sun begins to drop on Christmas Eve, you may go to all that remains of the old walls of Jerusalem, and come across crowds of Jews, hooded women and men ringleted, many of them from distant shores, kissing the stones which once surrounded the city of their forefathers.

On Christmas morning, with the slouching Turkish soldiers at the door of the church, many Christians will enter to attend service, crouch through the low and narrow doorway, and have the privilege of kissing the stone on which tradition says the body of Christ was laid after the crucifixion. See that group of Christians mounted on shaggy and ill-fed mules? They are full of light-heartedness as they scamper along the rugged paths beyond the gates of Jerusalem. They are off to Bethlehem to visit the Church of the Nativity—dark and solemn and rather eerie with many-subdued lights.

Christmas day brings many and varied rejoicings to the man who has wandered much about this old world.

Too True.

"Why is the race not always to the swift, my boy?"

"Because their gasoline gives out, sir."

Madame Merri's Advice and Suggestions

A Cheese-cloth Christmas.

A very clever young woman whose finances were suddenly reduced to the lowest terms tells me how she planned a "Cheese-cloth" Christmas for many of her friends. She made dusters for housekeepers, prettily feather stitching them with different colored silks and wash cottons. By stitching several thicknesses together she made serviceable and sanitary dish cloths. Then there were useful covers for trunk trays (she first took the precaution to get the sizes). Pads for dresser and chiffonier drawers she made with one layer of cotton, between delicately scented with violet sachet powder. For the new babies she did the most fascinating coverlets, lining them with lamb's wool, tufting them with pink and blue worsted and buttonholing around the edges. For a bride going to house-keeping in a modest little home she procured the measurements of the basement windows and built curtains of cream cheese cloth with a deep hem at the bottom. Cheese-cloth laundry bags lined with a colored cambric are acceptable, also bags for string. Taking it as a whole she says her Christmas that year was a great success. I am glad to tell about it while there is yet time for others to "and-de-like-wise." Cheese-cloth makes excellent curtains for servant's rooms and as protectors for party gowns on the back of closet walls where the dainty frocks are hung.

A Christmas Supper.

As nearly every one dines sumptuously in the middle of the day on Christmas, this supper was planned to satisfy, but not cause discomfort. First there was an appetizing combination of fruits served in orange cups resting on holly leaves. There were oranges, bananas, grated pineapple, lemon-juice, sugar to sweeten and sherry in the fold mixture, which was just what every one seemed to relish. Then fried oysters, old-fashioned cold slaw, hot biscuit, potato chips, individual molds of cranberry jelly, lobster salad, wafers, coffee, cheese-cakes and white grapes. The salted almonds were in little sled boxes, and the name cards were tied to small Christmas tree boxes containing bonbons.

A Snowball Christmas.

Roll each gift in a ball of white cotton, dip lightly in mucilage or gum arabic water, then sprinkle plentifully with diamond dust. Place these balls in a pyramid in the center of the table or in the middle of a room with a wreath of holly around them.

A child dressed as "Santa Claus" may distribute the balls and carry the larger packages in a pack on his back.

MADAME MERRI.

Novel Bazar Idea.

This bazar scheme was carried out with great success and was no more difficult than just having plain booths in the ordinary way. The posters said: "Come and See the Seven Ages of a Woman." The "First Age" was cleverly represented by having all the articles pertaining to babies, even "Baby" books, which a book store sent on commission. The attendants were dressed as infants and were most fetching. I assure you. The second table illustrated "Childhood" and had dolls and toys galore, with those behind the booth dressed as children aged from "five to ten." The "Sweetheart's Table" came next, with all sorts of dainty articles for engagement presents, heart and slipper-shaped place cards, candy and all sorts of goodies packed attractively to go as gifts to college girls and sweethearts. As it happened two engaged couples had charge of this department, and it created loads of fun. The fourth was the "Bride's Table" done in pure white, with artificial orange blossoms and white roses for decorations. These in charge were two brides. Ornaments were taken for marking linen. The "Mother's Table" came as the "Fifth Age" and was presided over by matrons. Cakes and pies were for sale, also darning and laundry bags, broom bags, etc. The "Spinster's Table" was conducted by a merry bunch of unmarried bachelors. They had the tea table and had a beautiful Angora cat with her kittens; the latter were for sale. Needless to say they went like "hot cakes." The "Grandmother's Table" made the

roll each gift in a ball of white cotton, dip lightly in mucilage or gum arabic water, then sprinkle plentifully with diamond dust. Place these balls in a pyramid in the center of the table or in the middle of a room with a wreath of holly around them.

A child dressed as "Santa Claus" may distribute the balls and carry the larger packages in a pack on his back.

MADAME MERRI.



ELABORATION OF THE TEA GOWN

These sketches are of three of the latest designs in tea gowns. It is interesting to notice how the tea gown has grown in style and design until it almost resembles an evening frock.

1. A smart gown of very pale mauve-tulle over warm, coppery-colored chamois, with a charming hem of gold and silver threads. It is trimmed with bands of fur, and has a sash of chestnut or a deep copper tint.

2. A charming little theater cap of fine gold lace, trimmed with gold beads and ribbon roses.

3. A delightful tea gown of mauve-colored satin and a very fine black "shadow" lace. It is trimmed with a jeweled revers on the bodice, and crimson passion flowers.

4. A very stylish tea gown of black and white "shadow" lace, with a looped-up skirt of lace.

How to be

of a royal prince their weakness into darkness and As the sun rose multitude of words on the crags and Ghoom, which is a layas, route were who was hailed a born babe, reformed blood of their price For thousands Jesus of Nazareth the mountains of carried by the n and China to beo naturalists of the For two centuries in an indelible of Christ's birth like sensible opp of the "Light of the east, the bi birthday of the the Romans (on beto of darkn get longer) as a of "the birthday The first histon of Christ persecutor. Dio court at Nicome ing that a mul seemed in the of Jesus, order ed and the bul all the worship Diocletian was of all heresies, down by physi and sword, but worst, and don that all was have said. "I lean" though Early in the tian church as day by remov abstinence wh on a Friday. flesh meat sh every Friday specially mark must, ind less when the fast by reason That, however day observanc

Many year lived in a m tan monks seeds, and g to distribi gown and w heads. From this could be do many additi garden, and the the b appear to be softly the c working in heard the m claus entai shows the a from the la The mus rise, discl ute the s school. The mon or girls.

Henry Tyrrell

Henry Tyrrell



A Christmas Tableau

The monks can be personated by older boys or girls.

The Mistletoe.

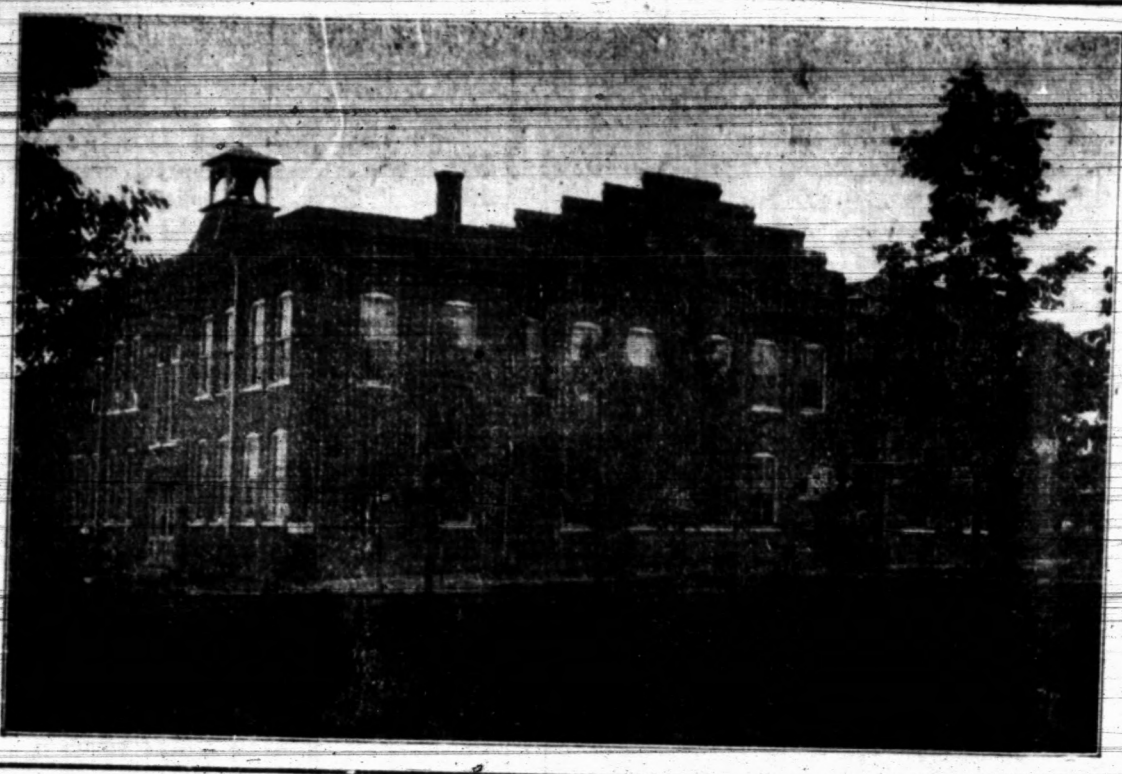
evils of a lonely, single life.

"Say, mother, honest, do
go to dancing schpoll"

Seek the children of the poor,
Make their need your cause.
And you'll make your wreaths
Mister Santa Claus.
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's

...cure.
...Weekly.

Jackson, Miss., many persons who financial loss through several years ago bank of Mississippi forward with mu the trial of W. J. which is sched here Monday. promoter of the b fire control of t The bank was half a million do It closed its door financial panic of less than \$10 in t Revelations. bank's failure ter according to the conducted the inv rice was a typic Quick Wallinford ed to have start banks and inau schemes of financ Missouri, Illinois other states. El his whereabouts ure of the Centri issippi were for title. Recently authorities local banker at his ho Ky., and after su ing a habeas corp brought to resist returned him to trial on charge ment and violati



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 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 our share of 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 4 hard years' 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 any standing whatever with these colleges, or is even mentioned in their report of the high schools of the state. The last report places our school in R&S 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 between terms. A term at Murray in 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 weakness 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 begin at once a regular high school course, with 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 many 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 also are particularly good in the common school. Many have had some work in the normal school and higher arithmetic was learned in the ninth grade work in half a year, and take up the regular 10th grade studies in 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

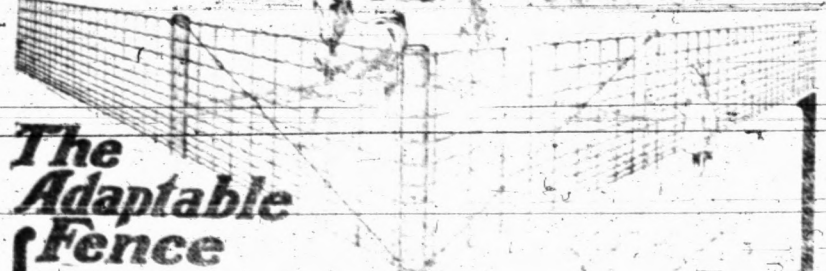
JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



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 to an adult. Sold by Dale & Stubblefield.

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

"Pittsburgh Perfect"



The Adaptable Fence

A fence that is perfect in every way. It is made of the best material and is perfectly suited for all purposes. It is the most adaptable fence ever made and is the only one that gives absolute satisfaction. It is made of the best material and is perfectly suited for all purposes. It is the most adaptable fence ever made and is the only one that gives absolute satisfaction. It is made of the best material and is perfectly suited for all purposes. It is the most adaptable fence ever made and is the only one that gives absolute satisfaction.

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 & PASTURE

Baker & Glasgow, Agts.
Murray, Kentucky

W. O. W. Elect Officers.

Murray Camp, W. O. W., at a recent meeting elected the following officers to serve the ensuing year: Will Johnson, C. C.; Frank Pool, A. L.; J. A. Edwards, clerk; Joe T. Parker, banker; Will Starks, W. A. S.; Brooks, sentry; Bert Sexton, esquire; O. J. Jennings, manager; W. D. Padgett, past C. C. The newly elected officers will be installed the first Friday night in December and a full attendance of members is desired.

Prisoners Smoked.

Padgett, Ky., Dec. 18. Four prisoners in the Marshall county jail at Henton were smoked Saturday afternoon when the jail caught fire from a defective flue. The bucket brigade extinguished the flames after a hole was burned in the roof, and a loss of \$200 resulted. The prisoners, who were not badly frightened, were not removed from their cells, as there was no other place to keep them.

Murray Boys Form Partnership.

The Ledger is in receipt of the following announcement: "F. F. Aero and Zeb A. Stewart, formerly of Murray, Ky., announce that they have formed a partnership for the general practice of law at Harlan, Ky. Rooms 1, 2, 3 First National Bank Bldg., Harlan, Ky., Dec. 15th, 1911."

Miss Verba Robertson, who is a student in the Western Kentucky Normal, Bowling Green, arrived home the first of the week to be the guest of her parents, K. Robertson and wife, during the holidays.

A Texas Wonder.

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles; removing gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder, in both men and women. Regulates 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, 2223 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.

Mighty Good Dog.

Jim Taylor, residing about three miles south of Sedalia, is probably the champion runner-hunter of the State. He does all his hunting with one dog, and to date has been successful in bringing home from the woods 114 birds, with such they were badly frightened, were not removed from their cells, as there was no other place to keep them.

Prisoners Smoked.

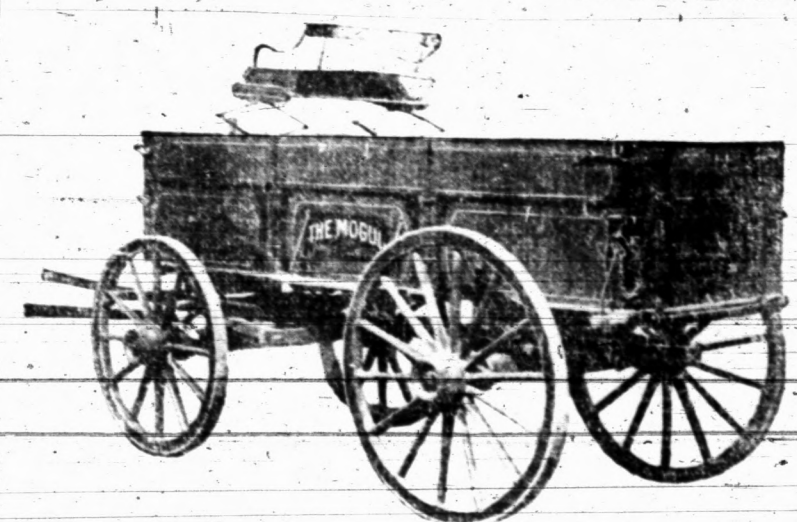
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DO YOU NEED A WAGON?



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

DOUGHT 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

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