

PIMPLY? WELL, DON'T BE!

People Notice It—Drive Them Off With Olive Tablets.

A pimply face will not embarrass you much longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

Nothing ever cleansed the blood, the bowels and the liver like Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets are the only successful substitute for calomel; there's never any sickness or pain after taking them.

Olive Tablets do all that calomel does and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irritating.

No one who takes Olive Tablets is ever cursed with "a dark brown taste," a bad breath, a dull, listless, "no good" feeling, constipation, torpid liver, bad disposition or pimply face.

The olive oil in Olive Tablets is itself a natural laxative and has a healing, soothing, strengthening effect on the irritated organs.

Dr. Edwards spent years among patients afflicted with liver and bowel complaints, and Olive Tablets are the immensely effective result.

Try them. Take one nightly for a week. Then look at yourself in the glass and see how you feel.

At all druggists in neat pocket packages. 15 tablets for 10c; 45 tablets for 25c.

Made by the Olive Tablet Company of Portsmouth, Ohio. Dr. F. M. Edwards, Pres.

Cold Weather.

Wilton Lackey is still fighting lustily in "The Battle" and telling "tall ones" between times.

"The dreary November days are here," he chanted dolefully, "or almost at any rate, and soon we'll be frozen stiff, as we are every winter in this beautiful climate."

"But, man," exclaimed one of his interested listeners, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"I know that," replied Lackey gravely. "But the law of gravity was frozen too."—November, Young's Magazine.

"Richard?" "What is it, dearie?" "What is a harem? I've never understood it."

"A harem, my dear, is a bunch of happy homes organized into a trust under the laws of the state of New Jersey."—Cleveland Leader.

Stranger—Is this a pretty healthy neighborhood?

Native—You bet it is. That ain't been a death here in years, 'ceptin the undertaker, an he died of starvation. —Harper's Weekly.

THE FAMOUS LOUISVILLE HOTEL

Louisville, Ky. AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS

The Best Appointed Hotel in the City.

Convenient to Union Depots, Wholesale and Retail Stores.

Moderate Prices. Excellent Cuisine.

Headquarters for Western Kentucky People.

The New Louisville Hotel Co., Inc. Proprietors.

O. H. BARROWS, Manager.

Nero Fiddled While Rome Was Burning

"Criminal indifference" you say. And you are right. But how much worse is it than what you are doing every day?

You have read these advertisements of the

A. L. WEIL & CO. Fire Insurance Agency

for a year or more, telling you that you ought to know all about the company that carries your fire insurance,

but have you done anything about it? Many have, but the majority of policy-holders have done nothing about the selection of a company. They are still "fiddling."

In the history of fire insurance in America, a large majority of the fire insurance companies organized have failed or retired from business.

To be insured in companies like Weil's, that have been in business a hundred years and will be in business a hundred years from now, costs no more than to be insured in one that may go out of business next week.

A. L. WEIL & CO.

Both Phones 349, Residence 726

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER

ROBERT DONNELL

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THIS is for men only. If women read it they may laugh at the men, thereby causing family disturbances.

It is about Christmas shopping, in which women are interested, but it is about men's shopping, not women's. So much has been written concerning the matter of women buying Christmas presents for men that it seems high time to show the other side of the shield.

Among all the domestic tragedies incident to this life none is so poignantly pitiful as the annual tragedy that takes place when Mr. Man goes forth surreptitiously to purchase Yuletide gifts for his ladylove, be she wife, widow or maiden.

"What would she like, I wonder?" sighs Mr. Man. The sigh is long drawn out, like the linked sweetness of the first kiss.

By the time he enters the big, bewildering department store which he has passed by a thousand times without entering and which is to him an unknown wonderland he quits sighing and begins seeing. The first things he sees are the scores of pretty salesgirls, including some not so pretty. But of course not one of them is half so pretty as the girl, wife or widow for whom he is going to buy that—well, now, what? He begins to sigh some more.

Ah, a box of gloves—the very thing! And yet what size does she wear? Suppose he got her three sizes too large for her dainty hands! Aw-ful!

Then he goes to the other extreme—or extremity—and resolves to get her a pair of those beautiful satin slippers which he discovers on a counter. But, again, what size? If he should make the sad error of getting a single size too large she would stare sarcastically at him and inquire:

"Do you think I'm from Chicago?" Gloves and slippers are marked "taboo" in his calculations. Well and good. Her hands and feet are disposed of. Now, how about her head? Why, a set of those back and side combs—the very thing! All women like pretty combs, of course. But maybe his particular woman is sensitive and she might imagine that her hair tids.

"Oh, I s'pose she knows when she needs hair combs!" sighs Mr. Man, turning to the next counter. Her head is out of the question. So far as Christmas presents go, she is decapitated. Well, that still leaves a considerable portion of the lady adaptable to adornments.

"Where are the Cremonas?" asks the man. "We don't sell violins in this store," replies Miss Saleslady. "Go to a music house."

"Violins! I'm looking for a lady's house dress, a sort of wrapper."

"Oh, you mean a kimono?" giggles the girl, passing on the giggle to the next girl, who is likewise generous. "Didn't I say kimono, miss?" the man says a little testily.

"Third floor; take elevator," says the giggly girl. Mr. Man finally finds the kimono department. This stock is bewildering. He never imagined there were so many kinds of kimonos in the world. He had associated the kimono with the Japanese and supposed they were all Japs. He couldn't fall to get one to fit. They were all so loose and flowing that most anything in the shape of a Japanese kimono would fit any woman as well as it was intended to fit. So at last the search is ended. Eureka! Found!

"The latest and daintiest thing is the French flannel kimono," says the chief saleswoman, whereupon she shows Mr. Man a late and dainty creation in pink flannel which looks no more like a Japanese kimono than a caterpillar looks like a butterfly.

"But—how can I know this will fit?" asks Mr. Man. "About how large is your—the lady?" asks the saleswoman. "Oh, 'bout your size—hundred 'n' twenty pounds."

Miss Saleslady swells. She is quite plump to begin with. "I guess you're mistaken about her being my size," she says somewhat scornfully, secure in her possession of the fact that she weighed 145 on the penny slot machine only this morning.

Mr. Man is embarrassed and helpless. "I'll—I'll be back in a few minutes," he says, having definitely determined to get a French flannel kimono.

Mr. Man goes down to the first floor, where the giggly girls abound. For ten minutes he wanders around through the aisles, casting longing glances at the salesgirls. Now and then he pauses and eyes one girl in particular. Finally the floorwalker, who has been eyeing Mr. Man, steps up and asks:

"Anything in particular, sir?"

"Yes, I'm looking for a girl about the size of my—I mean the lady I'm trying to buy a Christmas present for. That young lady with the billowy blond hair is just about the size."

"Well, what of it?" asks the floorwalker. "I want to borrow that girl for about five minutes."

"The deuce you do!" "Yes, to go upstairs to the French kimono section and try on a kimono for me—I mean for my—the other lady. See?"

The floorwalker sees; also he smiles. But Christmas is coming, so let him feel cheerful.

"Here, Miss Lou," says the floorwalker to the billowy blond. Miss Lou accepts the assignment gracefully, accompanies the gentleman up to the third floor, chatting amiably en route, and tries on French kimono after French kimono. At last one fits snugly.

Mr. Man pays the price. The dainty garment is bundled up and sent to his address, and his troubles are over. But are they? There's a sequel. It happens that Mr. Man is buying this kimono for the dearest girl in the world, who is to become his own and only wife on New Year's day. She has confided to him that she believes in useful Christmas gifts, something nice to wear, for instance, and he has paid \$18.85 for a nice French flannel kimono. Very well. It is three days till Christmas eve. That very night when he reaches home Mr. Man finds this note, left by messenger:

Mr. Man—All is over between us. I will send your ring and the dog collar and the bracelet tomorrow. I was in Goldenstein & Abraham's this afternoon and saw you making eyes at half the girls in the store; then I saw you openly flirting with a blond creature. I dropped my veil down so you couldn't recognize me. I heard you say "third floor" when you went to the elevator with her. I went up in the next car and watched you buy a beautiful French kimono for that horrid wretch! Is it necessary for me to say more?

So you see there are tragedies in men's Christmas shopping. But did this really happen? Ask the man.

The president of a steel-rolling plant in Northern Japan has offered to provide a house for a missionary and to equip him for the work of evangelizing his 6,000 employes.

Clean-up Sale

On Suits and Dresses - At - The Racket Store



We have had a wonderful season in our READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT, on the second floor. In fact, this new venture has been TREMENDOUSLY SUCCESSFUL, and the pleased patrons who are wearing the chic suits bought from us are our best advertisement. This is a reputation of which we are very proud, and could only come to any store by selling correct, up-to-date merchandise. We are in the ready-to-wear game for keeps and shall, from time to time, enlarge the lines and provide a means at all times for the ladies to procure CORRECT STYLES at REASONABLE PRICES. You will NEVER find a lot of LEFT-OVERS in the Racket Store's ready-to-wear lines. HENCE THIS CLEAN-UP SALE of all of this season's SUITS AND DRESSES.

Table with 2 columns: SUITS and DRESSES. Lists various items and prices.

SPECIAL—52-INCH PLUSH VELVET COATS .....\$24.75

When You Want Furs

We are the people when it comes to Furs, for judging by the quantity we have already sold and by what the people say, we have the largest assortment and lowest prices to be found in this section. Buy early, for the stock is getting low.

Table with 2 columns: Ladies' Cloth Coats and Caracul Coats. Lists various items and prices.

THE RACKET STORE



MARY AND THE INFANT JESUS.

RUSSIAN MONASTERY.

Establishment of Monks of Walamo on Island to Lake Ladoga.

The Monks of Walamo have a Russian monastery on a small island in Lake Ladoga. It would appear that in some measure the monastery is regarded, like the well known monastery of Mars Saba in Palestine, as a penal monastery.

The establishment consists of 30 priests, who are not monks; 15 deacons, who play an important part in the services of the Greek church, and 250 monks. These with the novices and laymen make a total of from twelve to thirteen hundred.

At the present time none of the monks live alone, but formerly solitary life was by no means an exception. The last hermit lived for over 50 years in retirement. He is buried near to his one-roomed hut, and plous phyrms chip bits of the wooden covering to his grave to cure themselves of toothache.

It is amusing to read that the monastery cows are so unaccustomed to women that if taken to the mainland they run from them in fear, and will only allow themselves to be milked by men. The monastery is entirely self-contained and self-supporting, and even in the way of lake navigation—for there are numerous branch monasteries in the Walamo Archipelago—it is independent of outside help or aid. Even the stokers and engineers on the monastic steam launches are monks, and it is a curious sight to see priests oiling an engine or shoveling coal.—Travel and Exploration.

Four Taste Qualities. Only four distinct taste qualities are discoverable by the human tongue, is the announcement of a scientist.

Sweets and salts, two of the taste qualities, are observable at the tip of the tongue, and in determining whether the white crystals be salt or sweet the tip of the tongue unconsciously is used. Sour and bitter flavors are the other strictly tongue tastes, and can be determined only upon their being carried back upon the tongue toward its root, when the sensations will be interpreted to the brain by the edges of that organ.

Dry substances that remain dry cannot be tasted, and many things remain tasteless to us, not because they are tasteless, but because they are not soluble in water. Again spices are differentiated through the correlative sense of smell. Holding the nose and chewing a raw onion and a raw apple by turns, the gustatory nerves will show little or no difference to the flavor of the two.—Chicago Tribune.

"How does that young man impress you?" "Not at all. I never take kindly to a young man who wraps a twenty-dollar bill around two ones and then insists upon displaying the bankroll."—Detroit Free Press.

You Remember—PURITANA MUSH

That you learned to like so well for breakfast last year—this healthy breakfast food can only be made during the fall and winter

Puritana is in Season Again

2 LBS. FOR 5 CENTS (Wrapped in Tissue)

KREUTZERS BAKERY

Sole Manufacturers for Western Kentucky.

On sale at all first class groceries.

E. D. HANNAN

219 Kentucky Ave. The Plumber

We are now located in our new Home opposite the new fire station.