

JUDGE AND PARSON LET PROGRAM CONFLICT

TWO COUPLES MARRIED IN HARTFORD AT PRACTICAL- LY THE SAME TIME.

"I pronounce you man and wife," said Judge Wilson, about 2:45 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and as if an echo, "I pronounce you man and wife," said Rev. B. W. Napier, but neither heard the other for the judge was in his office at the court house and the "Parson" was in the parlors of the Commercial Hotel. A few minutes later Mr. Willie Cox and his newly made better half, in the highest stage of ecstasy, tipped down the court house steps. About the same time Mr. J. H. Ridgeway and his bride, no less buoyant, were descending the steps of the Commercial Hotel.

When did it happen before? Two weddings in the little city of Hartford, with only a street separating the scenes and the ceremonies performed at the same time. The Judge looked out the window; the "Parson" did likewise. Each thought he carried the honors of the day, but when they saw, they knew, and when the Republican representative called at the County Judge's office they had got together and were talking it over. Of course, one being a "parson" it couldn't be done in Kentucky, but what promised at first to develop into a bitter rivalry had dwindled, and arisen to congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox, the latter being Miss Amanda Trull before her marriage, reside at Simons. They are of prominent families and returned to Simons immediately after the ceremony. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William McDaniel.

Before facing Rev. Napier Mrs. Ridgeway was Miss Sallie Gabbert. Mr. and Mrs. Ridgeway were accompanied to Hartford by Mr. Lester Wright and Miss Fannie Gabbert, sister to the bride. They returned to Pleasant Ridge after the wedding where they will reside.

The Golden Rule.

Be kind to the horse. Don't berate him because he does something which should not have been done. Perhaps he had the right motive, but in his dumb way was unable to express it. Perhaps he wanted to help you, possibly he meant no evil, though outwardly he seemed perverse and stubborn. Give him credit for at least trying to be good, for there are few horses which are naturally bad.

Many persons take it for granted that when a horse does wrong he intended to do so, and they therefore punish him for it. Now this action only aggravates the matter, and if continued will result in an incorrigible animal, made so solely from mistreatment by his master. This explains why some horses are bad.

The best policy is to be kind to the horse. Remember that he is a dumb animal. Don't expect as much understanding from him as you expect of men. Remember that of all the animals which aid men, the horse is the most useful. Give him credit for that. Don't punish him for all the wrongs he does, for possibly they are not so intended. Try to put yourself in his place, and don't forget that he is a slave.

Be kind to him, and see for yourself if your work does not proceed more smoothly than ever before. Follow the Golden Rule and treat your horse as you would wish him to treat you if your positions were reversed. Investigate for one and you will never say again that kindness doesn't pay.—Our Dumb Animals.

\$60,000,000 For Roads.

There is a movement in Illinois in behalf of a bond issue of \$60,000,000 for the construction of hard roads. It is stated that the programme contemplated would put Illinois up to fourth position among the States within a decade, leaving New York, California and Massachusetts ahead as road builders.

France, which is about one-seventh the area of the United States, has spent \$600,000,000 in original construction of public roads, and spends—in normal times—only 3 per cent of the amount of the investment in annual upkeep.

If the United States is to take position among the good roads countries of the world it will be necessary to spend about seventeen times as much as France has spent—making no allowance for the greater cost of labor in America—which would be \$10,200,000,000.

The proposed investment of \$60,000,000 in Illinois would be a drop in the bucket. Investments already made in States not among the leading road-making States in the Union are negligible in comparison with what must be spent if America is to realize the benefits of a comprehensive system of really good roads.

We have not learned how to main-

tain macadam roads at an annual outlay of 3 per cent of original cost in America. Possibly unscientific, and often dishonest, construction is to blame partly for the far too great cost of maintenance in this country. We need, as a beginning, to learn to make roads as they should be made. The knowledge is possessed, of course, by a limited number of engineers, but is not possessed and supplied generally. Had we as well-built roads as those of France we might get the maintenance cost down to something like 3 per cent. It would be a disaster to invest in good roads to the extent that France has invested in them before learning how to keep them in condition at far less expense than is estimated generally, and exceeded often, in America.

In the present state of road making in America maintenance means frequent resurfacing. In France it means constant attention to small damage and constant application of small repairs. The danger in a country so wealthy as America is that an enormous outlay for original construction may be made under plans that do not provide first-class construction and to entail an inordinate annual maintenance cost. If we could learn to keep our roads up at 3 per cent of their cost annually we could afford to outdo France in building hard roads. Until we learn to keep down maintenance cost, by improving the quality of construction by the use of the patrol system and by the elimination of "squeeze," we cannot compete with France in the matter of the completeness of the system of improved roads.—Courier-Journal.

Why The Tail?

In reply to a question, Mr. Ernest Thompson Soton has this to say in the December Guide to Nature:

It would take eleven large volumes to discuss the functions of a quadruped's tail. It is commonly believed that the original ancestor of quadrupeds was aquatic and used its tail for a sculling oar; but since then it has taken countless different additional forms,—in the giraffe and the elephant as a fly-flapper; in the South American monkeys as a fifth hand; in the alligator as a tail; in the skunk as a warning to enemies, the same in the rattlesnake; in the flying squirrel as a helm for volplaning; in the gray squirrel as a parachute to break a dangerous fall; in the whitetail deer as a signal to the young ones; in the porcupine as a dangerous weapon of offense; in the fox as a muffler for the feet in cold weather. In the cat its service is not very obvious, but it seems to be used as a directive mark when signaling one of its kind from behind; this is achieved partly by the color pattern and partly by the nervous twist of the tip. These are only a few of the uses which occur to me and each illustrates another development of the tail. I would add that in the beaver it is used as a plunging paddle in diving, as well as a signal sounder.

A Dead Loss.

Mrs. Hartley had for her cook a pompous young mulatto named Julius. One Monday morning Julius went about his work with a most lugubrious countenance. When Mrs. Hartley inquired as to the cause he answered dejectedly:

"I'm mighty unfortunate, ma'am; that's what it is. You see, it was like this: I went to church last night, and when they come round for the collection I give a quarter. Yes'm, that's what I thought. Then when I put my hand in my pocket again I found out I had made a mistake and put that \$5 gold piece you gave me in the basket. Five dollars!"

"Well, of course, Julius, that is a good deal," said Mrs. Hartley, sympathetically, "but don't feel too sorry about it. Just think how much good that money may do!"

"Yes'm, it ain't that; but you can't fool the Lord. He knows I only wanted to give a quarter. He won't write down in His book 'Julius one quarter.' That four dollars and seventy-five cents sure is a dead give in black and white, 'Julius, give five dollars.' No'm; He will put loss."

Envelopes Go Up.

Washington, Jan. 31.—Increase in the price for all stamped envelopes, effective February 1, was announced to-day by the Post-office Department.

The raise was made necessary by the increased cost of paper and the use of more and better material. The increases average 43 cents per thousand envelopes.

Upon some classes of envelopes the increase will go into effect only after old stocks are sold.

Post-offices throughout the country soon will be supplied with stamped "window" envelopes, with part of the address side transparent, which heretofore have been unavailable. The department decided to put on sale this class of envelopes as a means of enabling commercial concerns to do away with addressing as well as stamping.

HEADS ODDLY STRUNG

(By J. H. Thomas.)

Judge R. C. Tutor, of Somerset, who announced just after the election of 1915 he would be a candidate, on a State-wide platform, for the Republican nomination for Governor at the 1919 primary, has moderated his political aspirations and announced for Judge of the Pulaski County Court.

When we learned a woman would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Superintendent of Ohio County schools we made up our mind to demonstrate our faith in equal suffrage by supporting her, but now that we are advised there will be two female candidates we will support one of them and have our wife to vote for the other one.

A few mere warm days, like those early in this week, would have tempted the fishing worms to the surface, and McFluke's column would have taken a vacation to the mouth of Grassy creek.

We are curious to know why the dozen or so candidates for Jailer do not come forward with their announcements.

We want to announce that the writer of these paragraphs isn't that other J. H. Thomas, who is a "dickens" of a mean Democrat.

We ask unanimous consent to nominate Clem Moxley for Surveyor for life.

Most anybody can collect taxes or feed prisoners, but we hope the Republicans will nominate a man for County Judge who has grey matter in his head, starch in his backbone and sand in his craw.

We have not consulted the other fellows about it, but it is our candid opinion that Jim Bolling is the best man the Republicans could nominate for Magistrate in the Sulphur Springs district.

The Narrows people have not worried the County Farm Demonstrator much about farmwork but if he is up-to-date on fishing they would like a visit from him.

If the summer crop of tobacco equals the crop grown around the village grocery store, while the recent snow was on, chewing and spitting will be cheaper next year.

Al, it looks like all was lost. We can't ride on a pass anymore.

If the Kentucky Legislature does pass an anti-shipping law it will be good to live on the Owensboro branch line where we can just go after it. We are bantering Tins for a house-swap.

FORDSVILLE ITEMS.

Jan. 31.—There is quite a good deal of sickness in town at this writing.

Mrs. Josephine Rogers, who has been very sick for several weeks, is now improving.

Mrs. J. L. Denton is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. D. M. Jones entertained the young folks Saturday night with a rook party. All report a very pleasant time.

Miss Gladys Hines, of Owensboro, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. O. L. Shultz from Saturday until Tuesday.

Mrs. J. H. Lloyd, who was operated on in Louisville and then brought here to the home of her mother, Mrs. Rogers, is getting along very nicely.

Aunt Rachel Johnson is very low at this writing.

Druggist J. D. Cooper has sold out to Mr. Joe Bennett, of Cairo, Ill.

The play, "The Old Maids' Convention," given Friday night at the College Hall, was largely attended and proved a success. Proceeds went for the benefit of the hall.

Turks Change Calendar.

Amsterdam, Jan. 30.—A Constantinople dispatch to Reuter's says that the Turkish Parliament, on the recommendation of the Government, has formally adopted the Gregorian calendar.

The Mohammedan calendar, used up to the present in Turkey, was based on the changes of the moon and consisted of a year of twelve lunar months commencing in the Gregorian July.

Smoking Room For Women.

Convinced that womankind has taken the cigarette unto herself for keeps, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel has added its quota to female comfort by opening a cigarette shop, which will be labeled the "Humidor," opposite the team room beneath the main floor, says the New York Herald.

There the fair nicotine seeker may

choose her own brand of smoke without contact with rude men, and she may write a letter while she inhales the aroma of some gold-tipped Turkish brand. Until recently the room was given over to trade. In the guise of a broker's office. But Albert Keller, the manager of the hotel, determined that women need a quiet and secluded smoking room all to themselves.

Smoking for women, of course, will not be confined to the "Humidor" at the Ritz. For a long time the place has been there so far as indulging in a cigarette goes. They may smoke in any of the dining-rooms in the hotel. But they may now buy their cigarettes personally without sending a waiter into the cafe for them.

97 APPLY FOR COMMON SCHOOL DIPLOMAS

At the examination held last Friday and Saturday, for Common School Diplomas, there were 24 applicants at Beaver Dam, 12 at Madison, 23 at Fordsville and 38 at Hartford. So far we have not been able to find out just how many passed or made the required grade for graduation certificates.

FRENCH HONOR DOG HEROES

Four-Footed Soldiers Doing Work That Men Could Not.

The French orders of the day now frequently pay tribute to the heroism of France's four-footed soldiers. For France's army of dogs are doing brave work—work that a man could not possibly do.

They serve as sentinels, patrol scouts and liaison agents or messengers. And they are recruited like men are. A force of a dozen is gathered and sent to this army corps, a score is sent to another corps. A lot of one hundred was sent to the government by the farmers of South France.

These dogs are the short-haired, wolf-like shepherds of the French farms—stumpy, bony, thin, steel muscled and spiky haired animals. And yet, despite their unkempt, savage look, they are the oldest race of dogs, specialized back into the mists of time—the true and fighting guardians of the flocks of Europe's peasantry.

Mewor No. 6, one of these dog heroes, won a citation in the orders of the Tenth Army Corps October 8. He was dispatched to carry an order from one brigade to another, a distance of one and one-fourth miles, under fire. He was struck by a scrap of shell in the last 200 yards of his trip, but dragged himself to the commanding post, where he died fifteen minutes later.

Gendarme, a mongrel looking beast, doing sentry duty with a police named Durand in the Vosges hills, detected the approach of a German patrol and enabled Durand to call for re-enforcements. The entire German patrol was bagged, solely through the dog's intelligence.

The liaison dogs have become mighty factors in the great artillery struggle now going on. Liaison means linking, and these dogs are sometimes the only links between sections of the French army. During bombardments, and when a curtain of fire is falling, these liaison dogs are sent with messages and they get through when a man could not.

But now and then they do not get through, and occasionally when they do it is at the cost of their lives. So perished Follette 11 B, also mentioned in orders of the day. She was sent through a curtain of fire and had to go a mile to reach her destination. She was fatally wounded when half way through, but continued on and delivered her message.

Parisians Use Dummies

Paris, Jan. 30.—Parisians have already figured out one way to beat the new rule for restaurants which limits customers to two dishes. Over-hungry or fastidious eaters will take a stool pigeon into the restaurant with them.

Each will order two plates, but the stool pigeon will pass his food to the real consumer when the latter finishes what he ordered. It is expected the decoys will be recruited from among the Paris guides, who have little business now, since most of the sporting resorts are closed. These youths will stand outside the restaurants and accompany any person inside for a small fee.

Did you hear that Jiggs was killed while traveling in Kentucky?

"No. How was he killed?"

"In a feud."

"And I always told him not to ride in those cheap cars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A man of an inquiring turn of mind thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth it had, and the horse closed its mouth to see how many fingers the man had.

The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.—Our Dumb Animals.

CARSON & CO.'S Lower Prices Better Hurry!

You have yet a long time to use and enjoy our nice Coats, Coat Suits and Furs. We are now offering Ladies' and Children's Coats at less than what they cost.

Ladies' Coats

Regular price, \$ 4.00.	Now	\$ 2.50
Regular price, \$ 5.00.	Now	\$ 3.50
Regular price, \$ 6.00.	Now	\$ 4.25
Regular price, \$ 8.50.	Now	\$ 6.00
Regular price, \$10.00.	Now	\$ 6.75
Regular price, \$12.00.	Now	\$ 8.75
Regular price, \$15.00.	Now	\$11.25
Regular price, \$20.00.	Now	\$14.75

Children's Coats

Regular price, \$ 3.00.	Now	\$ 1.75
Regular price, \$ 4.00.	Now	\$ 2.25
Regular price, \$ 5.00.	Now	\$ 3.50
Regular price, \$ 6.00.	Now	\$ 4.25
Regular price, \$ 8.50.	Now	\$ 6.00
Regular price, \$10.00.	Now	\$ 6.75

Ladies' Coat Suits

LOT NO. 1—Three suits, sizes 14 and 16, choice for	\$ 3.50
LOT NO. 2—Two suits, at choice	\$ 6.75
LOT NO. 3—Six suits, ranging in price from \$16.00 to \$17.00, choice for	\$10.00

Also see Carson & Co.'s line of FURS before buying elsewhere.

Carson & Co.

Hartford, Ky.

"ARIZONA CHARLIE" GONE

Crazed By Death of Bride, He Traps Southwest Wilds.

El Paso, Tex.—They have taken "Arizona Charley" away. No more will trans-continental tourists catch a glimpse of the bent, grizzled old man trudging along the lonely tracks on the desert as they flash by. He was one of the best known characters of the Southwest.

Twenty years ago "Arizona Charley" was an engineer on the Southern Pacific. One day at the end of his run he got word that his bride of a few months had been killed in a train wreck. A broken rail had caused the wreck. He resigned and began walking the tracks over the 500-mile stretch of desert between Yuma and El Paso, looking for broken rails. With a blanket and a frying pan slung over his shoulder he has tramped his beat winter and summer for twenty years, reporting defects in the track to the nearest section house. He has never ridden on a train since his wife was killed.

Nearly every tourist over the Southwestern route has seen "Arizona Charley." Conductors and Pullman porter always pointed him out as the train sped past, leaving him a speck in the desert.

Of late years the old man has become feeble and now the Cochise county court has adjudged him insane and committed him to the State asylum.

Tobacco Factory Songs.

The singing of the negroes is a great feature of the stemming department in a tobacco factory. Some of the singers become locally famous; also I was told by the superintendent (of a Richmond, Va., factory), they become independent, and for that reason have frequently to be dismissed.

The wonderful part of the singing, aside from the fascinating harmonies made by the sweet, untrained negro voices, is the utter lack of pre-arrangement that there is about it. Now there will be silence in the left; then there will come a strange, half-savage cry from some dark corner, musical, yet seemingly meaningless; presently a faint humming will begin and will be taken up by men and women all over the left; the humming will swell into a chant to which the workers rock as their black hands travel swiftly among the brown leaves; then, presently, it will

die away, and there will be silence until the workers are again moved to song.

From shadowy room to shadowy room, past great dark bins filled with the leaves, past big, black, steaming vats, oozing sweet smelling substances; past moist, fragrant barrels; always among the almost spectral forms of negroes, treading out leaves with bare feet, working over great wicker baskets stained to tobacco color, piling up wooden frames, or operating the powerful hydraulic presses which convert the soft tobacco into plugs of concrete hardness—so one goes on through the factory. The browns and blacks of these interiors are the browns and blacks of etching; the color of the leaves, the old dark timbers, the black faces and hands, and the ragged clothing, combined with the humming of negro voices, the tobacco fragrance, and the golden dust upon the air, make an indescribably complete harmony of shade, sound and scent.—Julian Street, in Collier's Weekly.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

POND RUN NEWS.

Jan. 29.—Miss Carrie Southard left Saturday to go to school in Bowling Green.

Miss Ethel Don Robertson left Monday to visit her aunt, Mrs. A. F. Shull in Crossville, Ill.

Mr. W. H. Tomerlin is able to be out again after an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. J. Dudley Ford closed a very successful school at No. 19 Friday. We all regret to give Mr. Ford up. He will always be welcome in No. 19.

Mrs. Payton, of Wyaco, is visiting her son, Mr. Archie Payton and family.

Mr. Corbis Fulton visited his sister, Mrs. Eva Fulkerson at Corralvo Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Vera Miller, of Hopewell, left Saturday for Bowling Green, where she will enter school.

Mr. Marvin Ross had to give up going to school at Beaver Dam to stay with his mother and sister.

Mrs. Oscar Wade and children, of Cedar Grove, spent Saturday night and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Alfred Robinson.

Miss Alta Robinson, Ruth and Beside Graham and Margaret D. Tomerlin visited Cedar Grove school Tuesday afternoon.