

First National Bank Offers Prizes For Boys

\$200 For The Youthful Corn Growers of Christian County.

Awards to be Made on Certificates of Agriculturist Casey---Details For The Plan.

The First National Bank of Hopkinsville, Ky., in order to show its interest in agricultural affairs and especially to encourage the boys to further endeavor, has offered \$200 in prizes which will be distributed among the boy corn growers of the county during 1916.

This money is divided up into forty prizes of \$5 each and it will be awarded to the forty boys of the county who make the best records in their corn growing operations during the coming summer. In growing the corn the boys are to follow the instructions of County Agriculturist Casey and the awards will be made on certificates made by Mr. Casey.

An unusual feature of this award is that the yield plays an unimportant part in the matter, as the awards will be made for the best general records which are made. The boy who follows the county agent's instructions most implicitly and who reports his various operations most completely will win over the boy who may have produced a little more corn yet who didn't do these other things so well. The verdict of the county agent will be the sole authority upon which the prizes will be awarded.

The money will not be paid in cash at the time of the award but will be placed to the boy's credit at the bank and left there until he is twenty-one years of age. But while it is remain-

ing at the bank it will draw interest at the rate of three per cent and will finally represent a considerably increased amount over the original deposit.

This money will be deposited in the Savings Department on a regular savings account, and the account may be added to, or drawn upon at will, though, of course, the premium sums are not to be encroached upon.

The bank hasn't made any further announcement than for 1916 but have intimated that if the proposition is accepted by the boys in sufficient numbers and spirit to make it worth while, they may continue it indefinitely. If they do this a boy stands a chance to win year after year and when he reaches the age of twenty-one to have a tidy sum coming to him. If the proposition is continued in the future any boy in the county, whether he has ever won a prize before or not, will be eligible to compete.

This offer is expected to create much greater interest among the boys' corn clubs of the county. It means much to the boys in addition to financial gain, for such a contest will stimulate each boy to put forth his best efforts, which in turn will be of inestimable value in teaching him the most approved methods of agriculture and at the same time he will be acquiring business knowledge too.

MISS SINDBAD

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Vale Benson was fishing off Bass Rocks when the brisk little motor boat whisked under his very nose and darted away around the point.

"There goes Miss Sindbad, the Sailor," he chuckled at the nickname given to the saucy owner of the launch. "And, by Jove, she's running off with my line!"

The reel was spinning merrily and the line sang a tune as it ran tautly after the vanishing boat. Vale's hook and sinker were caught in the propeller of the little craft.

"Hi, there!" he shouted.

Miss Sindbad did not turn around.

"Hi, there! Miss Sindbad!" he yelled in desperation.

The brown head turned, the boat swung a wide circle and came about.

A pair of big, brown eyes looked up into his.

"You called me?" she asked sternly.

"Why—why, yes—you are running off with my line," he explained, pointing downwards.

"Oh—I didn't know—I am very sorry. Can you come down and get it off?" she asked crisply.

It took him half an hour to disentangle the line from the propeller.

At last it was off and Miss Sindbad was free to pursue her way. During the half hour Vale had learned that she lived in the red-gabled house at the extreme point.

"Red Gables," he muttered, starting after her. "Why, that is where Freda Frake, the writer, lives. By Jove, it's Miss Frake herself!"

All that evening he dreamed of Miss Sindbad's brown eyes and flushed cheeks, of the dimple in her chin and the soft curve of her face. How lovable she was! And to think that she should turn out to be Freda Frake, that mysterious writer of fascinating romances whose stories he had eagerly bought for his magazine, but whose personal identity was a mystery to him and his staff.

"Tomorrow," he told himself, "I will call upon her. Who says there is no romance in this workaday world?"

When the morrow came a walk out to the end of the point brought the young publisher all too soon at the end of his journey.

Seated at a table under the vines was an enormously stout woman writing rapidly in a leather-covered book.

"Mr. Benson! I have always hoped to meet you some day," she cried with outstretched hand.

"Miss Frake?" he faltered.

"Yes, of course—but how could you know me?" she laughed. "Sit down here. James, serve tea at once."

An hour later Vale took farewell of the popular authoress and without one glimpse of Miss Sindbad wended his way down to a group of cozy little cottages on the sandy slope.

He glanced casually at the last one and stopped abruptly. On the gate was the neat sign, "Red Gables," and coming down the steep steps was Miss Sindbad herself, a white duck hat on her brown head, her dark eyes dancing with pleasure.

"So this is Red Gables!" exclaimed Vale, and then at her amused glance he went on recklessly. "I've been calling on Miss Frake—I thought you lived there!"

"Such a pity—and such a difference," she sighed. "We're not a bit literary at our Red Gables—just plain, everyday folks."

"I like everyday folks," interrupted Vale enthusiastically. "They're easy to get on with."

"That's nice of you," she smiled as they went down to the shore. "Father's a painter—he's down there painting my boat. That's mother in the white sunbonnet—she's holding the pot—she's always around where father is."

Vale saw a tall, bearded man in paint-splashed overalls plying a brush vigorously, and near him stood a slender little woman holding a big pail of paint.

"Oh, Jean," called the woman, as the girl approached.

Benson thrilled at the name. It was his favorite of names for women.

"Coming, mother! And I'm bringing a sort of celebrity—I know it's forbidden, but he somehow walked into my life and I had to bring him along." She laughed gayly and introduced Vale, and as her father swung around the two men leaped toward each other with outstretched hands.

"Hammond!" exclaimed Vale heartily. "Dick Hammond!"

"Vale Benson," cried the painter, "where did you run across my girl?"

Vale explained while Mrs. Hammond murmured dismay at Jean's daring, sea-faring ways.

"To think you should prove to be one of father's friends," said Jean laughingly.

"Once upon a time I saw you—you were only five then, and I was fifteen. You—promised to marry me," he teased her.

But Jean had vanished into the house and he saw her no more that night. "But tomorrow is another day," he told himself gayly as he went back to the hotel.

Tomorrow is always another day for lovers. Tomorrow he would see Miss Sindbad once more. And the next day would be another day. And then would come the great day when Jean would agree to give up being plain folks and agree to marry a celebrity.

"Miss Freda Frake shall be the bridesmaid," he chuckled.

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MISS LUCILLE PUGH

Woman Lawyer Says Girls Should Propose.

Listen, girls! If you know the nicest man on earth, and are sure he has a comfortable bank balance, and he has not yet asked the question just remember it is leap year and propose to him.

This is the course advised by Miss Lucille Pugh, New York feminist, suffragist and lawyer.

But—don't propose unless you are sure he will accept, even though it is leap year. And—this is most important—be absolutely sure about his commercial rating.

"Of course, girls should propose," said Miss Pugh. "All girls must look out for the future. The great trouble we lawyers find is that women are too impulsive with their affections. Look at the great number of women plaintiffs in divorce cases. That suggests to me that women are too glib in listening to the love songs of a fellow who hasn't got a nickel. Girls should select their husbands, but be discreet about it."

Worth Practicing. Reckon the days in which you have not been angry. If a man passes 30 days without losing his temper, he might justly render thanksgiving.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

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FOR ALL COLD TROUBLES

RUMANIAN FRIENDSHIP FOR FRANCE.

Whether the modern Rumanians are, indeed, the sons of Trajan's legionaries, is exceedingly doubtful. But after all, the truth or falsity of this theory does not make much actual difference. In these race questions the essential point for practical politics is not what people really are, but what they think they are. The Rumanians think they are Latins; so passionately—and one of the practical consequences of this conviction is a positive veneration for France as the head of Latin civilization. Of course this Francophilism hardly reaches down to the peasant masses, but Rumanian upper-class life is consciously modelled on French life, Rumanian literature upon French literature, and educated Rumanians usually speak French almost as well as they do their mother tongue. The stranger in Bucharest might frequently believe himself in Paris. During the last few decades, it is true, an increasing number of Rumanian intellectuals have gone to Germany for their education instead of, as formerly, exclusively to France; and these men are to-day pro-German. But they are a decided minority. The main current of Bucharest sentiment cleaves to France.—From "The Rumanian Sphinx," by T. Lothrop Stoddard, in the American Review of Reviews for January, 1916.

GROWTH OF MISSION'S

India's Social Conscience Awake as Shown By Results.

India's social conscience is awake. Societies for social work and study have been organized, and several conferences have recently been held. Every one of these gatherings discusses the education and elevation of women, the condition of depressed classes and the evils of caste. The native states of Travancore, Baroda and Mysore now make primary education compulsory, and Travancore has refused to establish a separate school for low castes.

During the year 1890 the circulation of the Scriptures in Sinn totaled 9,265. During 1914 the total was 172,930, which is nearly twenty times the total of 1890, and almost double the circulation of two years previous. The increase for the past year amounted to 11,873.

Word of Encouragement. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins. "I'm so glad that you have gone in for marksmanship instead of horse races. It's much more patriotic."

"What're you talking about now?" "Your recreations. You don't know how pleased I was to hear you say that hereafter you weren't going to bet on anything but long shots."

Essential Endeavor. "Do you think there is any way of bringing your constituents around to your way of thinking?"

"My way of thinking hasn't anything to do with it," replied Senator Sorghum. "My job is to keep up with their way of thinking and see if I can change my mind every time the majority change theirs."

Rebuffed. "I hope you are prepared to discount the foibles of humanity and look for the good beneath the surface," remarked the altruist.

"Oh, yes," replied the man whose curiosity is never satisfied, "but every time I ask people a few simple questions they act as if they thought I was none of my business."

Explained. "Women step off a street car and apparently pay no attention to where they are going," growled the cynical observer.

"You are wrong, my friend," answered his fellow strap-hanger. "As a matter of fact, they are thinking so hard about the places they are going to that they forget where they are."

"Doubling Up." "The Twobblers say they are living very simply now."

"Oh, they have merely reduced the number of their servants."

"But it must be so. Why, I've actually seen their chauffeur raking leaves on the lawn."

Method in His Behavior. "A lazy man," remarked Uncle Eben, "is allus good-natured. He's got to be to keep 'um bein' put to work."

PUBLIC HEALTH

Report of The Secretary of The Treasury.

The annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury as it relates to the Public Health Service contains numerous recommendations bearing on interest of this department in the extension and expansion of the governmental agencies for the protection of the public health.

In the development of general public health work, according to the Secretary, there is great need of additional officers. The number of requests for advice and assistance in health problems received from states and municipalities during the past year has far exceeded that any similar period in the history of the Service, but the limited number of officers available for the work has prevented in many instances compliance with these requests.

The field investigations, the Secretary states, have served as stimulus to state and local health agencies, and every effort should therefore be made to encourage and turn to practical account the interest in health matters awakened in the general public. For this reason an increase in the appropriation for the field work is requested.

An additional building for the Hygienic Laboratory is urgently needed. The work of this institution has been greatly extended, particularly as it relates to the examination of viruses, serums and analogous products, a vast market for which has been recently created abroad. The safeguards of these therapeutic agents requires great accuracy and precision and overcrowding is a serious handicap. In order that the public health may be better protected, an annual appropriation of \$25,000 is recommended to be expended in carrying out the provisions of the law relating to the examination of these products.

The United States is the only government of importance which does not provide for the care and isolation of lepers. The establishment of a national leprosarium where the numerous lepers, most of whom are native born Americans, may be properly segregated and treated, thereby eliminating a menace to the health of others, is urged.

The further recommendations of the Secretary relate to the need of additional clerical assistance in order to meet the demands which are increasingly made on the Public Health Bureau.

Had Enough. "Muh wife mar'd me to refawm me, sah," stated Brother Hilsandigger, "and I'm so plum bodaciously refawmed dat I wouldn't marry ag'in if I done lived to be as old as Methooze-lum!"—Judge.

Col. L. W. Gaines' Paper.

In 1886, just thirty years ago, the present editor and publisher of the Progress, became its owner and has been its continuous editor and publisher ever since. We have a number of subscribers on our books who began with us at that time and have never missed an issue through those years that have passed. The paper, like its editor, is yet young and active with youthful ways and ambitions, and hopes for many more years of useful living.—Trenton Progress.

Will Pay Indemnity.

A proposal to pay indemnity for Americans lost in the Lusitania disaster was made to Secretary Lansing by Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, who also gave assurances that noncombatant ships of any character would not be attacked without warning and that safety would be accorded with passengers and crew. No official indication was given as to the acceptability of the proposal, but some officials took the view that it would not end the controversy.

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