The Crittenden Press-Record

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Entered as second-class matter June 26th, 1879, at the postoffice at Marion, Ky., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
CASH IN ADVANCE.

Single copies mailed	.05
1 month mailed to any address	.15
2 months " " "	.25
5 months " " "	.50
1 year " " "	1.00
5 years " " "	5.00

THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1907.

Sensible Step.

The Crittenden Press and Crittenden Record have consolidated. It was a sensible step. Marion has no need of more than one paper and experience has demonstrated it will not support two, notwithstanding no paper is published in Crittenden county except at Marion. The interests of Marion, the interests of Crittenden county and the interests of the publishers will be better promoted by one representative paper than by two, three or a half dozen papers constantly struggling for an existence.—Morganfield Sun.

Last Friday was hangman's day in Kentucky, four persons being swung into eternity, at Russellville Guy Lyon and Polk Fletcher for brutally assaulting Mary Gladder, a German girl, in May 1905. Lyon attempted suicide, by cutting a vein in his wrist, at Barbourville, Jesse Fitz gerald was hanged for the murder of Mrs. Robert Broughton, at Eddyville, Ben Huffaker, a convict, paid the penalty for the murder of a fellow convict named Shirley. Huffaker is a negro and was serving a life sentence for the murder of his wife.

Oratorical Contest

Be on hand Friday night for the annual Oratorical Contest. The contestants have very able speeches this year, and the Marion Silver Band has been engaged to furnish the music

Child Badly Burned

Last Wednesday the little two year old daughter of Louis Sliger was seriously, but not fatally, burned. Her mother also was burned severely in an endeavor to put out the flames which enveloped the little one. The baby was playing with her doll in front of the fire, when suddenly the doll's clothes caught fire and spread in an instant to the little girl. Had her mother not been near at hand she would have undoubtedly burned to death.

DR. DAVIDSON DEAD

Had Been a Sufferer from Tuberculosis and the End Came Last Friday Afternoon.

INTERMENT TOOK PLACE AT UNION.

Dr. J. Anthony Davidson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Davidson, of Union neighborhood, died Friday afternoon, Feb. 15, at two o'clock.

He was a victim of tuberculosis and had been ill for more than two years. He was a student of the Louisville Medical College, from which he graduated July, 1905 when he contracted a cold which settled on his lungs.

He was born June 10, 1873 near Union. He professed faith in Christ and joined Union church on October 10, 1890. He came to Marion to live and therefore moved his membership to this church, March, 1896, and was a member of it at the time of his death.

Anthony Davidson was a young man of splendid character. He was always pleasant and won many friends wherever he went.

He was elected county assessor in November, 1905, but on account of his delicate health he was not able to do his work.

Besides his father and mother, he leaves four sisters, Mrs. C. B. Stevens and Mrs. G. B. Taylor, of this city; Mrs. T. J. Davidson, of Corydon; and Mrs. Dave Carter, of Levias, and three brothers, T. G. Davidson, of this city, W. B. and W. T. Davidson, of Levias.

The funeral services were held at Union church Sunday, Feb. 17, at twelve o'clock, conducted by Rev. E. B. Blackburn. The interment was at Union cemetery. The pall bearers were Messrs. W. A Blackburn, C. E. Weldon, Carl Henderson, J. F. Flanary, A. H. Travis C. C. Taylor.

Storm Party

Friday evening, Feb. 15th, a party of girls and boys stormed Miss Marion Clement, and as usual these young people had a delightful time. Several games were played, and nice refreshments were served. Those present were: Maude Flanary, Katie Yates, Madaline Jenkins, Anna Elgin, Nannie Rochester, Jessie Crott. Orlin Moore, Joe Walker, Robert Jenkins, Emmett Clifton, Foster Brown, Homer Moore.

Bits of By-Play.

The Thaw murder trial is on in New York. As a trial of interest with dramatic scenes it is far ahead of anything before the courts of this country since the trial of Garfield's assassin, or the trial of Mrs. Surrat in Chicago, both twenty odd years ago. Harry K. Thaw's father was a Pittsburg millionaire. He also was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church in good standing and was a liberal giver to his church first and then to other charities. In the winter of 1882-3 Mr. Thaw made a handsome donation to a Cumberland Presbyterian college located in Waynesburg, Pa., through the solicitation and efforts of Rev. P. H. Crider, who visited him in his home in Pittsburg. Rev. P. H. Crider was a son of William Crider, who lived the last years of his life and died at the second farm east of Tribune. Foster Crider, of Tolu, and Bradley Crider, of Marion, were also sons of William Crider.

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A beggar woman was asking alms on Main street. She had a trunk in soak at the depot, so she said, and her one purpose was to "get that trunk out." Her statements were a trifle clouded. Her face was also clouded (with dirt). She talked with an eagerness born of an innate desire to get hold of the coin. An insurance agent with a business move on him approached rapidly and her auditors said, "Here comes the man you ought to strike. He is the Christian preacher and his one mission in life is to help the needy." As he hove to the beggar woman nailed him. It was Cam Wallace. She poured out again her never ending tale of woe and when she finished Cam said, "Now let me tell you something. It is true I am pastor of a little flock down here, but the flock is small and my salary is small. We have an organization in our church for charity and one of our iron bound rules is that we are not allowed to give a cent to anything outside of this organization, or rather without the consent of this organization, and therefore, my dear woman, it will be impossible for me under these circumstances and weighted down by these rules and regulations, to subscribe anything in a monetary way to this charity, which I see is most worthy, until I could call together the board of directors of my church and place the matter before them under the usual order of business and in regular session, and my dear woman—" The beggar woman dropped Cam like a hot potato and moved off muttering something about having never heard of any such rules and regulations in the Christian church.

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The knights at the banquet last Friday night were a brave lot. Their valor is unquestioned. Their bravery is of the kind that braves all kinds of unknown perils. Their chivalry would make a knight of old turn uneasily in his armor underneath the crypt of some old deserted abbey in a foreign land, if he but knew what we know or could have seen what we saw. The onslaughts of Bill Butler on the production of Conyer's larder surpassed anything known or heard of in ancient or modern history. He unearthed his trusty blade and fought turkey to a standstill. From the far end of the battle field it seemed to us he fought with much gusto and evident relish. He was a silent fighter. No sound escaped him. To better enable him to cope with the enemy, he left his fair lady love in his castle and went forth to this battle field unhampered. There were other silent fighters. All stood their ground bravely. Bob Flanary covered the left flank of Commander Haynes' forces with credit and honor. The right flank was held well in hand by G. C. Taylor. The van was sustained nobly by Will Cannan. At the close he told about it too and said that he had not observed a single knight without fear, except the speakers on the program. Fear got hold on John Wilson to some extent. Before his speech he could not eat for thinking of what was to come, and after his speech he could not eat because of the reaction. Therefore he did not enjoy himself as well as some others we know. The battle finally closed. Strong and stout men kept the corpses removed from the field so at the end it could be said that everything was done in decency and in order. These affairs are annual and the K. P. Lodge makes these events happy events.

The article in last week's issue of this paper, in reference to Lad and Mr. Candidate, calls to mind another stove wood story, recently related by this same Lad but with an entirely different candidate.

In Uncle Davy Woods' last successful race for County Court Clerk, his opponent, then an ex-hardware man, later engaged in the fire insurance business, and still later a "Record Rounder," and at present an associate editor of the PRESS-RECORD, was making the rounds of this county in an effort to oust Uncle Davy from the office he had held so long. One certain morning this distinguished gentleman of the foregoing appellations, had arranged with this self same Lad to make a tour with him over what he termed the Fritts settlement. When this Mr. Candidate and Lad had reached a point near R. B. Gregory's farm they met Uncle Jimmie Brown on his way to Marion with a load of stove wood that would have just about filled an ordinary wheelbarrow.

Mr. Candidate addressed Uncle Jimmie something like this:

"Hello, Uncle Jimmie."

"Howdy, Mr. Candidate."

"Uncle Jimmie that is certainly a fine load of wood; is it sold?"

"Sure."

"What is it worth?"

"Fifty cents," responded Uncle Jimmie.

"Why, my dear sir, don't you know that you can't afford to haul such a load of wood as that to town and sell it for fifty cents? Why, the very idea, here is a dollar and it is well worth that; just put it off at my lot."

In about ten days the election came off and Uncle Davy was elected for another term of four years. The following week Uncle Jimmie drove into town with another load of wood like unto the first, looked up his good friend and wood customer and said "George, I have another load of wood, can you use it?"

George inquired what it was worth.

"Oh, just a dollar, George, just a dollar."

"Gee whiz, man, I can buy all the wood I want from Sherman Clark for fifty cents a load."

Uncle Jimmie, almost stunned by the abrupt answer, could hardly believe it came from his recent good friend and wood customer, absolutely silent for a few seconds and apparently in a deep study, finally inquired:

"George, I hear that Uncle Davy was only elected for four years; ain't you going to run 'agin' next time?"

The aforesaid ex-hardware man, Record Rounder, insurance man and associate editor, shoved out the dollar and as he pushed it across the table to Uncle Jimmie, said with a deep sigh:

"I guess that they will run me until my new coal stove arrives."

Farm for Sale.

Farm near Hardin, Ky. for sale. Good land, good buildings and cheap. Write to Collins Waller, Morganfield, Ky.