

SALE

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### SUTTON & McBEE

MT. VERNON KENTUCKY

### INTERESTING LETTER FROM ED GENTRY

Paris, France.  
Mr James Maret, Mt. Vernon, Ky.  
My Dear Mr. Maret:—  
In my last letter to Edgar I promised him to write about the reception of the President in Paris, if I reached here in time to see it, but I have been wanting to write you for so long and have neglected it so long that I decided I would write you and you can turn this letter over to him after reading it. I have neglected my promise to Albright any way, but the fact is that the reception of Kings and Presidents in Paris has been so frequent in the last month that I have been surprised at how the people have turned out. I have been fortunate enough to be present at them all except that of King Albert of Belgium, or

rather to be explicit and use the real title, "King of the Belgians". In order to be present on the arrival of President Wilson, I had to leave Dijon at 2 o'clock in the morning. Nearly everybody else must have been going also, as when I got to that train it was so crowded that it looked impossible to get on it. If you know how a first class French coach is built, the compartments were full and the aisles, which are filled like sardines in a box, standing, but another Y man and I had made up our mind to go to Paris on that train. Finally two American soldiers looking out a window said that we might squeeze in the aisle beside them, if we could manage to get to them which was about the middle of the coach. We handed our baggage in the window and then tried to get in but it was impossible. The aisle was packed at both ends right against the doors with people, who could not have opened the doors if they

had wanted to and were not very much inclined to do so any way and I did not blame them. We went back to the window and the soldiers suggested we try that, but there was an iron bar square across the middle of it and not a large window besides. The man with me was a long lanky fellow from Spartanburg, S. C., and I felt that if he could get through with his surplus length, I could make it with my surplus thickness so I persuaded him to try. With my help on the outside and the soldiers on the inside, we managed to get him in, to the great amusement of a great crowd of French soldiers both in and out of the coach. This left me in rather bad shape for there was no one to boost me up to the window, but when I started a Frenchman came to my assistance and they dragged me in. We stood or sat on each other all the way, but I want to give credit to that train. It was the fastest one I have ever seen in France. It made that two hundred miles in less than four hours, which is not bad time, getting started late and putting us into Paris before eight o'clock. The President was to arrive at ten so we hustled to a hotel and thence to the Place de la Concorde. It was then little after nine o'clock, but the place was crowded and people pouring in from every direction. Across the Concorde bridge down the left bank of the Seine back across the Alexander III bridge and as far as you could see up the Champs-Elysee toward the Arch of Triumph the parks, sidewalks and houses were black with people and only kept out of the street by the French soldiers who lined the street on both side for the whole distance of four miles. My friend and I perched ourselves high on a captured German cannon and began our wait. Just past ten o'clock the first of the big gun salute of twenty one shots shook the air announcing the arrival of the party at the station and with the shot went up a shout from the

crowd which must have been heard for miles. The guns continued to roar at regular intervals but it must have been almost a half an hour before the advance guard of the party appeared before a detachment of the famous Cuirasseurs (Don't think that is spelled right), splendidly mounted with all the magnificent trapping which you have read about, their helmets glistening in the sun no less than the flowing black plumes which fell from the top of their helmets down the back of their necks. It was a sight to bring back the days of Napoleon's famous French cavalry so admired in history. Following them came the personal body guard of the President in closed automobiles and then the two Presidents of the greatest republics on earth in a modest carriage drawn by the same fine span of blacks which I had seen at the 4th of July celebration; which I had seen draw the King of England and President Poincare on Thanksgiving day and which I afterwards on Dec. 19th saw draw the King of Italy and President Poincare on that Kings visit to Paris. I have wondered just how much money it would take to buy that pair of horses. Following the Presidents' carriage came one with Mrs. Wilson, Madame Poincare, Miss Wilson and others, which was followed by still others containing French notables from M. Clemenceau on

down, the last official carriage containing some French Generals and our own "Black Jack" Pershing, looking for all the world as innocent and modest as a school boy, not a sign except the roar of the "doughboys" as he passed to indicate that he had just led to victory the greatest army our great nation has ever produced. I am persuaded from the smile on his face that he was enjoying himself immensely. Of course the crowd went wild when the President and party went by. You could hear expressions everywhere of "Grande President Wilson (Great President Wilson), Madam Wilson Tres joli (Very Pretty)". A very amusing thing was a movie operator on top of a limousine following the party getting a picture of the whole proceeding. I also saw a movie man perched high on one of the window sills of the American Peace Commission headquarters and he must have gotten a splendid picture of the whole parade across the Place de la Concorde. On Monday I ran into the President's parade twice, accidentally. Parades in Paris have been so frequent of late that you are always bumping into them. The fact is that for the past month all you needed to start a parade was a snare drum and flute, the Tri-color, Union Jack and "Old Glory", and you never fail to get a crowd, even though your crowd really had no idea what the parade about lots of times. The celebration in honor of the President kept up from Saturday morning until Monday night, snatching American hats and caps being a prominent feature of the celebration. At first I thought it was only a joke, and when a Mademoiselle snatched my over seas cap and ran, I stood round for a while, expecting her to bring it back, but I soon learned they were keeping them for souvenirs. I saw many officers and men, from Majors on down going in that night bare headed, and not in too good a humor. I also saw the entrance into the city of the King of Italy on Dec. 19th. You will not be so much interested in that, although they turned out and gave him a royal welcome.

Perhaps you will wonder what I am doing in Paris so much. I spent a part of my vacation in Paris the last week in November. Two weeks later I was notified to report in Paris for service in Germany. I have been here for more than ten days getting clearance orders, being completely re-equipped for four months service with the army of occupation, and incidently spending Christmas in what has been termed recently the political capital of the world. I went down yesterday afternoon to see the annual Christmas swimming race across the Seine which the French have made an event for many years. This year it was open to any one connected with any of the allied armies, both men and women. There were fifteen men and two women took the plunge into the almost icy water of the river for the more than a quarter of a mile swim, including four American soldiers, two of which came out fourth and fifth in the race, while the first three places were won by French soldiers. The French swimmers really had the advantage as they had swam the river there before and knew how to take the current. One of the women was a dispatch rider and the other an ambulance driver for the French Government. I have never so longed to be at home as in these last few days during Christmas. I am leaving tonight for Coblenz where I am to report for work. I do not know whether I will be located there, but will be somewhere in that region along the Rhine. I will go by way of Chateau-Thierry, Chalons, Toul, Epemay, Nancy, Metz and Treves and will likely reach Coblenz sometime tomorrow night. I will give you my impression of Germany soon. Mrs. Gentry writes me that you have been enjoying your car to the limits this summer instead of doing your work on foot. I hope to be home sometime during the summer. My address will be the same as while in France, 12 Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris. Your friend, E. R. GENTRY.

## CIRCUIT COURT

FEBRUARY 3, 1919

Come and see me when you come to court. I need the money.

Sugar, granulated per lb	10c
Lard..... per lb	24 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> c
Laundry Soap, per bar	5c
Salmon,..... per can	20c
Coffee (GOOD STEEL) per lb	25c
Quaker Oats, per box	12c
White Fawn Flour, PER BAG	\$1.40

Hundreds of Bargains in Men's Hats, Work and Dress Shirts, Shoes, Etc.

Harness, Saddles, Automobile Tires, Enamelware, Tinware

I just can't keep this: I have a nice assortment of "Arrow Brand" Collars to go at 10c each.

### W. F. BAKER

The Bright Spot Just Opposite the Court House

Mrs. Adams is very old and on account of the great excitement, the severity of her burns and her weakened condition, her recovery is very doubtful.—Mr. and Mrs. Baker, of Laurel, spent several days last week with her parents, Eld. and Mrs. L. N. Bowling.—Henry Price, of Bridgeport, Ind., was here the first of the week the guest of Mrs. John Riddle and family.—Mrs. Beaty, of Science Hill, and her daughter, Miss Bettie, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. John Riddle, over Sunday.—Miss Mary Adams, of Crab Orchard, is with her mother, Miss Smith Adams, who was burned last Saturday.—Mrs. Bert Owens died at her home near Maretburg, Tuesday morning, with pneumonia, and her remains were buried here Wednesday afternoon in the Baptist church cemetery, after short services by the Rev. A. J. Pike. Besides her husband, she is survived by a large family of children, several sisters, one brother and a father—Chas. and D. B. Chandler sold a farm of about 100 acres, recently purchased from Morgan Helton, and known as the Cyrene Lawrence farm, to Robert Lee Wilson, of Virginia, for \$2,000.—Mrs. Doug Roberts, of Junction City, was here this week the guest of Mrs. J. R. Cass and other relatives.—W. P. Rigby bought a farm from John A. Osborne the first of the week. This farm contains about 100 acres and is a part of the old Isaac Grabeel farm.—Mrs. J. D. Pike, and little Miss Frankie

Sproule, were here from Lebanon Junction, the first of the week with her father, F. Francisco.—Mrs. S. E. Chandler was in Mt. Vernon, Tuesday, between trains.—Dr. E. J. Brown, of Stanford, was here Tuesday to see C. H. Frith in consultation with Dr. W. F. Carter. Mr. Frith has a severe case of rheumatism and don't seem to get any better. His condition is rather critical.—H. T. Young, of Mt. Vernon, and his brother, Jas. L. Young, of Cincinnati, were in town Wednesday.—O. V. Jarrett sold his residence property on East Main street to W. G. Ballard this week for \$700.—Mrs. John Robins, and her sister, Miss Clyde Watson, are in Pineville for a few days.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

NO GREAT ACT OF HEROISM REQUIRED.

If some act of heroism was necessary to protect a child from croup, no mother would hesitate to protect her offspring, but when it is only necessary to keep at hand a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and give it as soon as the first indication of croup appears, there are many who neglect it. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is with in the reach of all and is prompt and effectual.

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Made from selected Red Winter Wheat

For Sale by all Merchants.  
A trial will convince you. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back,

Made Only by  
**Crab Orchard Milling Co.**  
CRAB ORCHARD, KY.

### Watch this Space for Bargains AND Save Money

### JOHN ROBINS BROADHEAD