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This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war

LAST TRI-WEEKLY.

With this issue, the tri-weekly issue of the Kentuckian will be dropped and for a few days all of its paid up subscribers will receive the daily, which begins Saturday.

EYES ON JAPAN.

The Government at Tokio will act energetically, but it is impossible to say in what way, it not being desired to have the enemy know anything of its plans.

It is quite likely that an invasion by Japan will give the patriotic people of Russia the courage and opportunity to attempt some sort of resistance.

Rodriguez Alves was elected President of Brazil with but little opposition from any source.

Since Sunday the Germans have left the Americans in comparative peace in their sector near Toul.

The nearest approach to a big battle has occurred between the French and the Germans in the Verdun sector.

MATTER OF FAMILY

By HILDA MORRIS.

Anita had been in Carterville for just two months, two long, lonely months, during which she grew to hate every dusty street of the shabby little town.

Anita taught English in the Carterville high school and as "teacher" she enjoyed a sort of social eminence.

At the end of two months, however, things began to be different. There was a young man who boarded at the Palace hotel, a nice-looking young man with brown eyes and the sort of nose one imagines to be aristocratic.

"What a pity," she thought, "that a man who looks like that should be common, after all. He talks to Jim Murphy as if he'd known him all his life, and he uses so much slang!"

When there is only one young man about; when he is very good looking; when he sits at a table near you in the hotel dining room every morning and evening, when you are a girl, and lonesome, it is hard to be bound by the traditions of the proudest of families.

After that Anita tried to avoid Carlton Davis. She refused to admit to herself that this man was the reason for her early breakfasts, and late dinners, yet deep in her heart she knew that she could not bear to sit there, in silence, so near to him.

One evening when she could bear the strain of depressed spirits no longer without action of some sort, Anita set out for a brisk walk. It was just supper time for Carterville; lights shone from the unshaded windows, and she could see family groups about the tables.

The girl scarcely noticed where she was walking, the rough, unpaved streets of the little town were no better than the country roads, and Anita realized, with a sudden start, that she had walked far beyond the last house.

Tears overwhelmed her suddenly. Is it not, to youth, a genuine grief to be denied the pleasures of youth, the simple joys of friendly living? Moreover, there was something else that made Anita weep, something that tugged at her heart like a wild longing, something she was powerless to stifle or control.

Suddenly as she sat there by the roadside, sobbing, a man approached. She could see him clearly. She shrank back against a tree for shelter.

"Who's there?" he called sharply. It was very strange, but all fear left Anita the very moment she heard his voice.

"It's I, Anita North," she called back, and her voice trembled a bit. "Miss North—Anita!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here alone?" He had taken her arm and helped her out to the road.

"Poor little girl," he said. "Could you tell me about it?" She shook her head. "Poor little girl!" he said at last. "I wonder if you are—lonesome?" She nodded in the dark, and he came a step nearer.

"So am I," he said slowly. "Lonesome for you." After that they walked back to town slowly, arm in arm. They passed lighted windows, where happy family groups were gathered about the supper tables, but neither of them noticed. Or if Anita did so, it was but to reflect that never, never again need she envy them, never, never again would she be lonesome.

Be Ready for Bigger Job.

Show by what's in you that you are in a place too small for your talents and the way will open for your advance, says the Pennsylvania Grit.

"A SPLENDID TONIC"

Says Hixson Lady Who, On Doctor's Advice, Took Cardui And Is Now Well.

Hixson, Tenn.—"About 15 years ago I was..." says Mrs. J. B. Gadd, of this place. "I suffered with a pain in my left side, could not sleep at night with this pain, always in the left side..."

My doctor told me to use Cardui. I took one bottle, which helped me and after my baby came, I was stronger and better, but the pain was still there.

I at first let it go, but began to get weak and in a run-down condition, so I decided to try some more Cardui, which I did.

This last Cardui which I took made me much better, in fact, cured me. It has been a number of years, still I have no return of this trouble.

Don't allow yourself to become weak and run-down from womanly troubles. Take Cardui. It should surely help you, as it has so many thousands of other women in the past 40 years. Headache, backache, sideache, nervousness, sleeplessness, tired-out feeling, are all signs of womanly trouble. Other women get relief by taking Cardui. Why not you? All druggists.

(Advertisement.)

Russia Originally Democratic.

Six hundred years ago it was the old Russia that arose out of Rurik the Norman's conquests, and had its capital at Kiev. There were czars and overlords after a fashion. But the real government of Russia was in the market place at Kiev and of every little town and village on the great wide steppes, where on the great days of the year the people gathered together, warriors, traders, women, too, chose their local officials.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Importance of the Follower. Not all can be leaders; some must follow, notes a writer. It may be that you are eminently qualified to follow the leadership of some one. If so, follow gracefully.

The Real Reason.

An Illinois woman wanted a divorce because her husband snored and talked in his sleep. He's probably one of those exasperating husbands who talks in his sleep just enough to arouse her curiosity, but not enough to tell her where he has been.

A Lone Tree.

On Dinis Island, in one of the lakes of Killarney, Ireland, is a lone tree which has the reputation of being the only tree of its kind in Ireland.

Preferred Locals

Smithson Water delivered Tuesdays and Saturdays. Phone 633-1. Advertisement.

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WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL COLD

According to Oldtimers, Weather We Are Getting Now is Nothing to What They Knew.

Edith Wharton, the novelist, is doing war work of all kinds in France, and at a Paris dinner, apropos of the coal shortage, she said:

"Well, let us be glad, anyhow, that a French winter is not like a New England one. Let us comfort ourselves, as we bend shivering over chill radiators, with the weirdest stories of New England cold.

"I know an aged New Englander who, coiled round the stove in the general store at Croydon Four Corners, talks about the cold in this fashion:

"Cold? Shucks, you young fellaers don't know what cold is! Take the winter of '67 now. That ye had cold. Why, in '67 it was so blamed cold that if ye heaved a pot of bilin' water out of doors it froze solid in four minutes' time. But the queerest thing of all was the way yer conversation would actually freeze up before it could be heard. Us boys used to have a practical joke we'd often play on strangers. We'd slip up and put a couple of armfuls of frozen shriecks and growls and curses in the stove unbeknownst, and as they thawed out they'd yell and carry on like demons, and we'd have a good laugh at the strangers' expense, they bein' mighty skeert."

TOO COLD



Mr. Beetle—Gee! I'm glad I'm not a water bug this weather.

PLANES WITH FOLDING WINGS.

In storing or sheltering the usual airplane there is a tremendous amount of space wasted. This is due to the fact that the airplane is shaped like a T, with the wings representing the cross stroke and the fuselage the stem.

THERE WERE OTHERS.

Mrs. Flatbush—Why, you're two hours late tonight, dear! Mr. Flatbush—Yes, I know it. "What happened?" "Same old trouble. Cranking the car." "But it didn't take you two hours to crank the car, did it?" "No, I had four other men taking a turn at it."

MADE IT GO.

"He's an ingenious fellow." "That so?" "Yes. He even found out a way to operate the electric train he bought for his son at Christmas time."

PECULIARITY OF SENSE.

He—The girl who marries me must have a sense of humor." She—And a darned queer one at that.—Judge.

ILLUSION.

"After all our pleasures are only imaginary." "I'm trying that theory out on the folks at home. I've got a thermometer fixed so that it will never register anything less than 60 degrees."

We Don't Solicit

The business of every man, but we want the account of the liable and trustworthy only. Always ready, able and willing to assist those deserving help, we have doubled our deposits in the last two and a half years, and point with real pride to the standing and general character of our customers. Are you one of them?

FIRST NATIONAL BANK Of Hopkinsville, Ky.

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Any girl or boy—any man or woman—would appreciate a good fountain pen. Every day of the year—almost every hour of the day—such a present can be put to a practical use.

There are many makes of fountain pens. And many styles and sizes in the various makes. So if we can be of any service to you in helping you choose the best fountain pen on the market for your particular purpose, just drop in and see us.

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