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PADUCAH DAILY REGISTER.

Register, Est. May, 1896.
Standard, Est. April, 1884.

PADUCAH, KY., FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1906.

VOL. 22, NO. 283

JUROR HAS CONFESSED HE ACCEPTED TWO BRIBES

W. E. MONROE, SR., OF
NEWPORT, MAKES AFFIDAVIT.

Prominent Damage Suit Lawyers
and Officials Sus-
pected.

Newport, Ky., March 29.—Commonwealth's Attorney W. A. Burkamp, of Newport, has secured from William E. Monroe, Sr., an affidavit in which, as a juror in three cases, he admits that he had been bribed. He swears he got \$25 in one case and \$45 in another. A judgment in the one case was secured for \$21,000. The defendant in the second case got off free. Monroe swears that he was bribed by one representing the winning side in both cases.

The affidavit implicates a damage suit lawyer, a former Campbell county official, a present official of the county and five others. For two years the members of the Campbell county bar have been morally certain that juries have been packed, jurors bribed and that the grand jury has been tampered with.

It is understood that warrants will be issued against prominent people; that disbarment proceedings will be begun against members of the bar and that arrests will be made.

WORKING MANGRUM MURDER BY FLOATING DOWN RIVER

The Louisville Post is surely down to business in writing up the Mrs. Rose Mangrum murder at Nashville, Tenn., as yesterday morning there left this city for Cairo, Mr. Silas Bent, one of the correspondents who had come to Paducah all the way in a skiff from Nashville, floating down the Cumberland river to see if he could find anything that would unravel the great mystery apparently surrounding the death of the Nashville woman whose body was pulled out of the Ohio river at Cairo, to which place it floated from where she was killed.

Mr. Bent said his paper was doing everything possible to help unravel the mystery, and that he left Nashville last Saturday in a skiff and floated all the way down the Cumberland river to this city, which he reached Wednesday night. At the different towns en route down he would see if he could find anything that looked favorable to unraveling

SHERRICK MUST GO TO PRISON

Former Indiana Auditor Is Sentenced for Embezzlement.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 29.—David E. Sherrick, former auditor of state, who was ousted from office last fall by Governor Hanly, was yesterday sentenced by Special Judge James E. McCullough to serve from two to twenty-one years in the state penitentiary at Michigan City. The crime for which he was convicted was that of embezzling \$120,000 of state funds. The court overruled the motion for a new trial.

The action of Governor Hanly in ousting Sherrick from office caused a great sensation in Indiana, as the state auditor was one of the most popular men in the commonwealth and named his personal friends by legion.

Loans the State's Money.

Word was first passed to Governor Hanly that he should watch Sherrick, who, it was rumored, was loaning large quantities of the state's money to friends on bad security. The governor started an investigation and found that large sums had been placed in this manner by the auditor. Hanly forthwith asked his resignation and an accounting.

Sherrick before he was nominated for auditor was in the insurance business. He is married, but has no children. His wife is an invalid. His home is at Noblesville.

Many a girl who has money to burn doesn't seem to care for a match.

to contribute out of the public treasury, to Commercial clubs, for purpose of helping advertise a town and bring in new industries. This bill is not effective until June, but the local club is taking it up right away to see if the city boards here will not make an allowance of \$1,500 yearly. Mayor Yeiser says he favors the idea, but thinks the city should allow only so much each month, and not turn over the whole \$1,500 to the club. By monthly allowances, the contributions can be stopped by the city when it is seen the money is not being properly spent.

PASTOR WILL ARRIVE TODAY

REV. CULPEPPER IS EXPECTED TODAY FROM IUKA.

Rev. C. W. Welch, of Jackson, Tenn., Anticipating Call From Some Paducah Church.

Rev. J. E. Culpepper, of Iuka, Miss., has not yet arrived to help Rev. T. J. Newell at the Broadway Methodist church revival, but will get here today and immediately take an active part in the protracted gathering. Last night Dr. Newell preached a strong sermon on "Manifestation of Divine Love" and it was heard by a large congregation.

The services were started Wednesday evening and are being held only of evenings, but after arrival of Dr. Culpepper it will be decided whether the day service shall be held each morning or during the afternoon.

Second Baptist.

As the meeting at the Second Baptist church continues the interest grows deeper and larger congregations are coming out to hear the good sermons delivered by Rev. E. H. Cunningham and his assistant, Rev. E. B. Farrer. Everybody is most cordially invited to participate in the revival.

Mite Society.

This afternoon at 3 o'clock the Ladies' Mite Society of the First Baptist church will meet with Mrs. Richard Calissi of Tenth and Madison streets.

Expecting Call.

Rev. C. W. Welch stated last night that while it is true a Paducah, Ky., church may call him, yet he will not accept if called. He is pleased with Jackson and has no idea or desire of leaving. His church is in excellent condition, but Rev. Welch expects to make even greater advances in the future. — Jackson (Tenn.) Whig.

Society Sale.

The Ramsey Society of the Broadway Methodist church will hold their cake sale tomorrow at Ogilvie's store on Fourth and Broadway.

SCHOOL ESSAYS.

award the composer a prize, and Eagerly—Preaching at Schools.

Twenty members of the junior class in English in Miss Emma Morgan's room, are writing essays on "The Need of An Athletic Field in School Work," and from the entire number a disinterested committee will select the best one, awarded the composer a prize, and the article be published in the daily papers. The children are eagerly entering upon the contest.

It is understood the revivalists of the city what permission for use of the schools. The board takes up the matter next Tuesday, and it will probably be rejected, as this might interfere with the scholars' studies, although upbuilding religion.

New Jersey's Trial Trip.

Washington, D.C., March 28.—This is the date set for the trial trip of the new battleship New Jersey over the Pockland (Me.) course. Her builders and officers say she is as fit as a race horse. Although no speed premium depends upon her work today the rivalry between the Fore River company and the older shipbuilders insures her being pushed to the limit of her possible speed. The New Jersey is a sister ship of the Nebraska and the Rhode Island, of 14,948 tons and 19,000 horsepower.

DEPOSITIONS IN ROSE CASE

F. G. RUDOLPH, THOMAS CRICE
AND H. H. LOVING
BACK HERE.

They Took Depositions of Bank Officials in Rose Life Insurance Case—Other Litigation.

Messrs. Felix G. Rudolph, H. H. Loving and Attorney Thomas Crice returned yesterday morning from Louisville where the day before they took depositions in the suit of Felix G. Rudolph, administrator of Herbert A. Rose, against the National Life Insurance Company. They took the evidence in the county courtroom at the Falls City, and will see it when the suit comes to trial next May in the local circuit court.

The depositions taken were from parties connected with the Western National Bank of Louisville, which claims the \$1000 policy the insurance company had on the life of Rose. The Kentucky Mill and Lumber Co., of which Rose was a member before death, claims the proceeds of the policy on the ground that Rose owed the firm. The Western National Bank claims Rose hypothecated the policy to them to secure a loan they made him. The Rose estate, represented by Felix Rudolph claims the policy, hence the suit filed in the courts to decide who gets the money.

Some Evidence Heard.

Judge Lightfoot in the quarterly court yesterday heard evidence in the suit of A. L. Hayes against the Paducah Music Company for \$142, plaintiff claims defendant owes him as commissions on pianos he sold for the music company. After hearing some of the testimony, the judge continued the action over and left it open for more evidence and the arguments.

Sued on a Note.

William Schroeder filed a suit against Henry A. Douglas for \$300, claimed due upon a note defendant executed plaintiff September 6th, 1905, when Schroeder sold to Douglas the grocery on South Third near Norton street. The note was due in twelve months but Schroeder claims nothing has ever been paid on it. Douglas quit business several weeks ago because trade was dull.

ELKS ELECTED

JUDGE R. T. LIGHTFOOT
PLACED IN THE CHAIR
LAST EVENING.

The Meeting Was Attended by Perry Applegate, District Deputy For Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Elks lodge room on North Fourth street was last night crowded with an unusually large throng of members, drawn out by the annual election that was held, and proved quite lively. The gathering continued until nearly eleven o'clock, and although a spirited session, was very harmonious and interesting.

The new officers chosen to serve during the coming fiscal year are: Exalted Ruler—Richard T. Lightfoot.

Esteemed Leading Knight—Richard D. Clements.

Esteemed Loyal Knight—Earl Walters.

Esteemed Lecturing Knight—A. W. Grief.

Secretary—Henry P. Nunn.

Treasurer—Dow Wilcox.

Tyler—Al Foreman.

William H. Farley, the retiring exalted ruler, was elected Paducah delegate to the grand lodge of the United States which meets during July at Denver, Colo. Mr. Harry G. Johnston, was named the alternate, to go in case the regular representative did not.

Mr. Samuel B. Hughes was re-elected lodge trustee for a term of

three years, while there was accepted the resignation of Dr. C. E. Whitesides, the trustee chosen last Scholars Entering Upon Contest resigned now on account of going to Cincinnati to locate. His successor to fill out the remaining two years of the term will be selected at the next lodge session.

The meeting last evening was attended by Mr. Perry E. Applegate, of Owensboro, Ky., who is district deputy for the grand exalted ruler of the United States, Hon. Robert W. Brown of Louisville.

BUILDINGS CONDEMNED

COMMITTEE WILL RECOMMEND THAT 118-120 BROADWAY COME DOWN.

The Committee Found Edward Morgan the Lowest Bidder to Overhaul Hose Wagon.

Yesterday the joint fire committee from the city legislative bodies, and Chief James Woods of the fire department, inspected the buildings at 118 and 120 Broadway, and decided to recommend to the council next Monday evening, and the aldermen the Thursday following, that the two structures be condemned, and owners compelled to tear them down. This is on account of their old dilapidated condition.

For several years complaint has been made about them, the one at 118 Broadway being where the Kahn liquor house formerly stood, and which is owned by Mr. Jake Weil. The 120 Broadway house belongs to Mrs. T. H. Puryear and was occupied by the S. F. Groner installment firm which discontinued business some months ago.

The places have stood for many years and declined into a dilapidated state which the committee and fire chief thinks render them liable to collapse. The earth underneath the foundations has sunk and let the walls bulge to one side, while large cracks exist in them it is deemed advisable they be torn down, before they take a tumble and catch someone, for they are a constant menace to persons passing.

There is a provision that if the city authorities find a building is unsafe, it can be condemned and ordered torn down. Both buildings are now empty.

Contract Let.

While the committee was together yesterday they opened the bids put in by different parties, showing for what these respective bidders will overhaul and remodel the hose-wagon of No. 3 fire department house. The propositions showed that Blacksmith Edward Morgan of South Third street was the lowest bidder, and the contract has been awarded him, of course, subject to ratification by the full board next week. He agreed to do the work for \$360.

New wheels, axles and frame will have to be put on, rubber tires will be attached, the wheels made half-bearing, and improve in every way all the defective parts needing it.

RETAIL DRUGGISTS

Yesterday afternoon the Retail Druggists Association held at the City Hall its weekly session for the purpose of discussing different matters of interest to the organization that consists of every retail drug dealer in the city. The members have decided to meet every week and more thoroughly organize for their mutual benefit. Although the body has been organized for a number of years, still no regular sessions were ever held.

Yesterday Dr. Jesse Gilbert and Dr. Bythe Wallace were selected as the Paducah delegates to attend the annual gathering of the National Association which meets October 6th at Atlanta, Ga.

The druggists say there is nothing in the report from New York that a syndicate would open cut-rate stores in Paducah.

JAMES WILL BE THE NOMINEE

FIRST DISTRICT DEMOCRATIC
COMMITTEE MEETS AT
PRINCETON.

Next Tuesday No More Entries
Being Made, the Primary Will
be Called Off.

Probabilities are that one week from today the First Congressional District Democratic Committee will meet at Princeton, Ky., and declare Congressman Ollie M. James as the party nominee of this district to succeed himself. This Princeton meeting was decided upon several weeks ago when the committee gathered at this point to arrange for the primary, etc.

The first session of the committee was held here the 15th of this month, and at that time it was decided a primary should be held June 9th to select the party nominee for Congress. Provision was also made that all candidates should put up by April 3rd, their entrance fees, out of which the expense of the primary is to be paid. The final clause is that if only one candidate enters by April 3rd, the primary for June 9th shall be called off, and April 7th the district committee meets at Princeton to declare this lone candidate the nominee.

Congressman James is the only one who has entered the race and will doubtless be declared the nominee at Princeton one week from today as none other is coming in, although there are the usual number of "would-be's" who have announced that their friends wanted them to run, but they could not do so. These announcements are the usual ones given out every two years but none have ventured up against the stalwart congressman in an attempt to wrest the office from him.

LARGE DEED OF MORTGAGE

HOME CENTRAL PEOPLE
EXECUTE ONE TO COLUMBIA COMPANY.

Wilson Drug Company Transferred
State Liquor License to The Jackson St. Drug Store.

Yesterday in the county clerk's office was filed for record the deed if trust or mortgage executed by the Home Central Telephone company to the Columbia Finance and Trust company of Louisville. The Home company is the syndicate that has bought up all the independent telephone systems throughout the section of the country, including the Paducah company. The Central Home concern issues \$5,000,000 mortgages and grants a deed of trust to the Columbia company to protect the loan. The mortgage covers many pages and is printed in pamphlet form.

Liquor License.

The Wilson Drug company of 112 South Second street has transferred its state liquor license to the Jackson Street Drug company of 1029 Jackson street.

Property Sold.

Mamie K. Wheeler has sold to J. W. Nabb for \$890.77, property lying on Guthrie avenue. The deed was filed for record yesterday with the county clerk.

Notary Public.

L. K. Taylor qualified yesterday before the county clerk as a notary public.

PROSECUTE TELEPHONE COMPANY

JUDICIARY COMMITTEE WILL
SEE ALL LAWYERS.

They Will Have in at Next Week's
Full Board Session a
Recommendation.

Alderman W. T. Miller of the judiciary committee for his city legislative board, stated yesterday that today or tomorrow the committee would get figures from the balance of the lawyers, showing the cost for assisting in the litigation instituted against the East Tennessee Telephone Company by the municipality. The committee has gotten figures from a number of lawyers, while the others they wanted to confer with have been out of the city this week, but have returned. The committee will report to the council next Monday night and aldermen the following Thursday evening.

ADVERTISE CITY

COMMERCIAL CLUB WANTS
\$1,500 FROM PUBLIC
TREASURY.

Mayor Yeiser Favors the Measure,
But Wants Payments Made in
Monthly Installments.

Yesterday meeting of the joint finance committee of the city boards was held at the City Hall, to confer with a Commercial club delegation headed by Mr. George C. Wallace, the object of the discussion being to get an annual contribution of \$1,500 from the city treasury towards helping the club continue its work. The club delegation and finance committee talked the matter over at some length, but no decision will be made until tonight when the finance body meets in regular session to check over bills held against the municipality, and get them in shape for allowance next week.

The state legislature session just past, adopted a bill permitting cities

PRINCIPALS TO BE ELECTED

SUPT. LIEB WANTS THIS DONE
NEXT WEEK.

The Principal's Session Was held
Yesterday Afternoon—Issued 177
Identification Cards.

Superintendent C. M. Lieb of the public schools, is urging the trustees to elect next Tuesday night those principals who are to serve for the scholastic year, commencing the second Monday of next September. The superintendent thinks this should be done now in order to let the principals now serving know whether or not they are to be employed for another year. If they are not they will then have time to seek positions in other cities.

For a number of years the trustees waited until June before naming the principals and teachers who were to serve. This proved a handicap for those not re-elected, because June was so late in the year they did not have time after being unsuccessful here, to get employment elsewhere, as other cities selected their corps of educators about the same time. Seeing the advantage the applicants for local positions are placed in, the trustees last year during the April board meeting, elected the principals for the present school year that began last September and ends next June. Now Superintendent Lieb wants this done again this year, and then elect next Tuesday the principals who are to serve during the 1906-07 school year. If the election were not held ones will be re-elected.

Another reason the superintendent wants the election next Tuesday night is the principals can right away commence outlining work for next year. If the election was not held until June the principals chosen would not be in good position to outline much work, as vacation exists between June and September. By selecting them now, they can get into their work for next year, between now and June and have much outlined by the time this session closes. In this manner if any principal happened not to be re-elected next Tuesday night that special one would not help outline next year's work, as it would be useless, he not being in the service after June.

Principal's Meeting.

Yesterday afternoon at the office of Superintendent Lieb on West Broadway the weekly meeting of the principals was held. Ordinarily it is conducted each Friday afternoon after school hours, but the last calendar week of the month closing the school month, and the teachers all make out monthly reports showing room attendance, etc., the principals session is held on Thursday afternoon. This will give the principals a chance to remain at school following study hours this afternoon, in order the monthly reports can be turned over to them by the teachers.

177 Issued Cards.

Superintendent Lieb has issued to 177 school children over twelve years of age the identification cards they will need when riding on the cars or buying the half rate checks which are used regularly by all little ones under twelve. Those above that age are required to have these cards in their possession in order to show they are school children.

LIQUOR PLOT IN ATTACK

St. Louis Girl Who Was Slugged Is
Daughter of Reform Leader.

La Junta, Col., March 20.—Rev. John L. Brandt, pastor of the First Christian church of St. Louis, passed through La Junta today on his way home with his daughter, Nina Brandt, who disappeared mysteriously from St. Louis last Saturday. Don Summers, assistant circuit attorney of St. Louis, is with them. Mr. Brandt says his daughter had been drugged, slugged and robbed.

Dr. Brandt is the head of a temperance society in St. Louis that made a special fight on drinking clubs. Attorney Summers intimated that the girl is the victim of the fight between the liquor interests and the law-enforcing interests in St. Louis.

ROBBED A PENITENT.

Somebody Stole the Diamond Rings
from the Girl's Fingers.

Evanville, Ind., March 20.—Miss Eva Clay, a pretty girl, reported to the police that last night, while she was at the mourners' bench at the Gospel Mission, at Fifth and Sycamore streets, seeking religion, some one stole two diamond rings from her fingers.

Hadley said to the Standard Oil people "I'm from Missouri and you'll have to show me." They did.

Amusements

"The Christian" Tonight.

Tonight The Rodney Stock company will present Hall Cain's five act pastoral drama "The Christian." This is Mr. Rodney's feature bill of the entire repertoire and special scenery and electrical effects are carried by this company especially for this production. Every theatre goer is acquainted with the merits of this popular bill, and Mr. Rodney promises that no expense or time has been spared in making this one of the strongest pieces to be offered here this week.

The company always plays this piece at the last week as they can always count on a packed audience when it is put on.

Tomorrow afternoon another matinee will be given, the bill to be offered is a beautiful four act comedy drama entitled "Reaping The Harvest." The piece is specially adapted for children as well as the grown folks.

Before and After.

Fritz Williams has the enviable distinction of being the most-kissed man on the American stage. At least, he has been the victim—of willing subject—of more kisses before the footlights than has fallen to the lot of any other actor in recent years. As the nervous Doctor Page, in "Before and After," who swallows the mischief-making "Sunny Jim Powders," he is obliged to kiss his own wife before the audience. In his time he has had to kiss other men's wives before delighted audiences, or submit to being osculated by them, and so the novelty of playing stage lover to his own wife does not make the piece lose in appealing realism. Katherine Florence, the dainty comedienne, who scored so brilliantly as the manicurist in Maxine Elliott's original production of "Her Only Way," and as Gretchen, in "It Happened in Nordland," is Mrs. Fritz Williams in private life. "And I want to tell you," she confided to an interviewer the other day, "marriage adds piquancy to stage love. There are no make-believe kisses between us in 'Before and After.' I like to kiss Fritz and I don't care who knows it." At The Kentucky on Monday night.

Adelaide Thurston Coming.

Theatregoers are soon to have a chance to see Miss Adelaide Thurston, a little star who has made herself very popular over the entire country. It has been often said of this fascinating young woman that the lights in theatres are made to seem dim by the radiance of her smiles. She is to appear here next Tuesday night at The Kentucky in her enormously successful play, "The Triumph of Betty." A well-known writer after seeing Miss Thurston as 'Betty' gave as his impression that she was everything a perfect interpretation of the role demanded, as dainty as a violet in an untrodden dell. As magnetic as only the real fire and strength of a strong personality can be. And yet, with it all, so natural and almost ideally human that one forgets the footlights and thinks only of Miss Thurston as she really is—not the character, but the plain, simple, unassuming ingenuous Adelaide Thurston.

STILL WORKING MIRACLES IN PLANT LIFE.

Now Striving to Produce New Variety of Tobacco.

"Wizard" Burbank's seedless-apple experiments which caused a flurry among fruit growers a short time ago, were of small importance compared to experiments now being made by the bureau of plant industry for the purpose of developing a suckerless tobacco. If the end aimed at by the experts is achieved, revolution will be worked in tobacco growing. A tobacco crop free from suckers would mean a crop that would be handled at a decreased cost, and yield a crop which would be more valuable because the strength of each plant would go into its leaves instead of being partly wasted in sucker growth.

Mayfield Movement for a Women's Monument.

The Mayfield camp of Confederate Volunteers intends raising funds to perpetuate the memory of the gentle patriotic southern women who back in the dark days of the 'sixties aided the cause so dear to their hearts. The Mayfield camp of Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy have secured General H. A. Tyler to deliver his famous address "Campaigning With Forest" for Monday night, April 2nd and the proceeds will form the nucleus of the monument fund.

A true man is always a truthful man.

JUDGE O'SULLIVAN'S CHARGE

To Grand Jury on Political Contributions.

Judge O'Sullivan of New York in his charge to the grand jury in regard to contributions to political campaigns from insurance companies said:

"Officers of a corporation who are employed to manage and invest corporate funds for the profit of the corporation are limited in that respect to financial investments. So watchful is the law over funds intrusted to such officers that it prohibits in certain instances investment even in securities frequently considered in the business world as standard securities. There is a wide range between such investment and the giving away of corporate funds to a political party. If you find that they have been so diverted, you will find that they have been misappropriated, and to that extent in violation of the law. You must find, however, the operation colored with felonious intent before you may call it crime. Your question, 'Was there felonious intent?' must be answered by yourselves; but the court gave you the law on the subject, and you are bound to take it as the court gives it. If corporate funds were diverted from its rightful owner and given away without the slightest expectation of profit or financial return, was any person deprived of his property? Has any citizen a right to expect profit or financial return from such a transaction with a political party? If a person was deprived of his property and the transaction was falsely accounted for, or not accounted for at all, or if there were false entries to conceal it, or no entries whatever, have you evidence of intention to defraud? The answer is with you, under instructions from the court, already given, namely: That felonious intent is criminal intent, and criminal intent is to take with the intent to deprive and defraud.

"If you find that such officers did so misappropriate property, the court charges you that it is your duty to find that the crime of larceny has been committed."

Bud Dales smiling countenance and sunny disposition are quite sufficient to drive away the blues from one.

With the exception of the Smiths, Joneses and Browns, there are few families as old as the Hills.—Chicago News.

A MINUTE WITH THE HUMORISTS

The Silent One Heard From.

"And you say you did not give this interview which appears in to-day's paper to my reporter?" asked the newspaper man.

"That is precisely what I say," replied the indignant caller.

"Why, my reporter said he called at your office and talked for four hours with somebody."

"Oh, that was my silent partner."—Yonkers Statesman.

So Do We All.

"There are some disadvantages in being a millionaire."

"For instance?"

"Well, millionaires are continually getting letters threatening them with all sorts of awful fates unless they immediately pay the writers large sums of money."

"That's nothing. I get just such letters every month."—Cleveland Leader.

He Didn't Start It.

The Beak—Defendant asserts that you provoked the assault by throwing a doubt upon his veracity.

The Prosecutor—Tain't true, sir, it was 'im who done the throwing. "You're a bloomin' liar," was all I sez, sir, and with that he ups with a big lump o' brick and chucks it slap at my head.

Expected of Him.

"Mr. Henpeck laughs uproariously at his wife's jokes, and I can't for the life of me see any point to them."

"Why, I can see why he laughs every time."

"You can?"

"Yes; he laughs because he is Mrs. Henpeck's husband."—Houston Post.

A Good Excuse.

Sweet Little Innocent—Do you think it wrong for a woman to wear feathers?

Spooner—That depends.

Sweet Little Innocent—What on?

Spooner—On the woman. Now you, for instance, are a little duck; so you of course can wear them.

Consolation.

"I fear I shall not be able to attract much attention," said the new congressman.

"Don't worry," answered Senator Sorghum, "in this era of accusations and investigations it is sometimes a luxury not to be noticed."—Washington Star.

Of Course.

"Which is the most theatrical state?" inquired the idiotic citizen.

"Give it up."

"Texas."

"Why so?"

"Ain't it the lone star?"—Chicago Sun.

One Explanation.

"Did you ever notice that you seldom find a woman who stutters when she talks?"

"That's so. I wonder why?"

"I suppose they haven't got time."—Cleveland Leader.

Looking for Trouble.

She—Where will we stop for dinner dear, if we go out in the automobile?

He—Oh, we had better take our dinner along, and we'll eat wherever we happen to stop.—Yonkers Statesman.

Corrected.

Gebhart—I suppose he is breathlessly awaiting the possible outcome of that will-contest?

Carsone—More likely breathlessly awaiting the possible income.—Judge.

His Last Words.

A girl in an automobile ran down an old man with a squelch.

When they picked up the pieces he said: "Excuse me, please. You don't know how funny I die."

—Houston Post.

IN POSITION TO BE OVERLOOKED



"That's rather a long nose you've got, isn't it? Have you never noticed it?"

"Yes; but I generally manage to overlook it."

Dead Eggs.

Yeast—Did you ever try to dye eggs?

Crimsonbeak—No, I never did; but I've tried 'em after they were dead.—Yonkers Statesman.

J. W. HUGHES

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116 Fraternity Building

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AND IN OUR LINE YOU WILL FIND THE CHOICEST STYLES FOR SMART TAILORING THE MARKETS AFFORD. THE PATH OF THE GOOD DRESSER IS BOTH EASY AND ECONOMICAL IF HE COMES HERE FOR HIS CLOTHES. WE STAND FOR EVERY GARMENT WE TURN OUT.

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'Little Sums'

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Office
and Monroe
Both Phones

P. D. Fitzpatrick, Supt.

Sporting News Baseball Dope

That Man Hudson of Shelbyville, Ill., has nerve enough to supply a couple of umpires with. Last year he managed an independent club and paid no salaries. This year he proposes to pay his men and is picking up timber to make the best team in central Ill. He has secured Chippis, Fultz, Martin, Anderson and Brown. His club last year beat Mattoon two out of three times and Chippis were then playing with the Kitty club.

At Memphis.
The diamond of the Sunken city was so wet the White Sox did not play their practice game there—mud and water knee deep—so for exercise, they ran all the way back to their hotel one mile away. Wasn't that a realistic home run for your whippers?

Tot Yer Ter Stay Away from Dar.
Judging from the following squib from a Chicago paper Commisky's White Sox are getting ready for a low down percentage. In spite of the warnings of the prophet they went from Wichita to Memphis where of course their spirits sank with the town. Now then if they wind up the season with a place in the last section it is to be attributed to water and climate. Commy won't let 'em have anything stronger but it 'pears dey needs hit now jist ter stiddy der nerves 'deed dey do.

"The Chicago players declare they will be injured more by coming from the hot climate of the south of the weather such as Memphis is, having than they would had they been in this climate all of the time.

"They have been ordered to the field at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. There is not enough room for them to dress at Red Elm park and so they will take their baths at their hotels."

From the column in the Cairo Bulletin; adorned at the top by a medallion portrait of its handsome sporting editor we clip the following bit of baseball news as we wonder what he means. He must think all the other clubs in the K. I. T. League are a lot of old stiffs also:

PLASTERS.

Anniversary remedy for pains in the back (so frequent in the case of women). They give instantaneous relief. Wherever there is a pain a plaster should be applied. **Rheumatism, Colds, Coughs, Weak Chest, Weak Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc., etc.,**

Wrong Kind of Balls for Him.

At the National Bowling Tournament held in Chicago, old Pap Anson lost \$3,000.00. That famous old baseball player, manager and patron is still a sporty old sport. Its a hundred to one shot he'll die game. During the tournament the betting was fast and furious.

A Paragon of Perfection.

Williams is a twirler and if the reports sent out about him are correct he will make some of the other pitchers in the Kitty League look like amateurs. The new arrival's home is in Edwardsboro, Mich., where he played independent ball for several years. He is a big, fine looking fellow and will no doubt become popular among fans, particularly the fair rooters.—Danville Press.

That fellow will have to wear a mask all the time to keep from being Hobsonized. The same paper has the following righteous retort to a contemptible slur against its club and city:

The baseball writer on a newspaper published in one of the old cities of the league recently made a statement to the effect that the members of the Danville association did not have much money and might not be able to finance the club. For the benefit of this dreamer it can be stated that each member of the association can sign a check sufficient to carry the team through for several seasons if there was not a dollar taken in at the gate. The members of the association are baseball fans first, then business men.

Slide Kelly Slide.

The National Commission has decided that no player under reservation to a national agreement club may manage any other team operating under the laws of organized baseball unless he shall have obtained his release from said reservation. As Mike Kelly is still a playing asset of the St. Louis Americans, it would seem that this ruling debars him from managing the Millers, until he has secured his freedom from the Browns. Watkins, of Indianapolis, whose interests in the Flour City club are paramount, will put up a hard fight for Kelly.—Louisville Times.

Kelly don't seem to be worrying any about a little matter like that and just keeps on buying big league players for his Minneapolis team.

Can't Judge by Looks.

The directors of the local association

HIS ONE LAST LOOK

By JOSEPH KEATING

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Gloom was in her pretty face. "What ails you, Helen, dear?" asked her husband, in his kindest tone. "It is nothing, Reginald," was her reply, which, of course, meant at that moment: "It's whatever it was, was everything."

"Was there anything in the post this morning?"

"The post!" she cried. "How can you think that?"

"Well, is it my going—"

"No—no. Why, you are often away. Why should that trouble me?"

"Yet you grew serious as soon as I mentioned it just now."

"Did I? Oh, no; it is not your going. Still, Reginald, you seem very eager to be off. Especially as you won't be home to-night."

Reginald's turn came now for evasions.

"Upon my honor, Helen, one would think from the way you said that, that I was always anxious to be away."

"No. But can't you come back to-night?"

"Impossible."

"You are trifling."

"Trifling!"

She had roused his indignation. She smiled.

"Well," said he, forebodingly. "You'll come back to-night?"

"Yes; good-by. I shall not be back in time for dinner."

Five minutes later Mrs. Reginald went out heavily veiled. She went far away from the house, and did not stop till she reached the general post office. Any other place in London was too small for the telegram she had to send.

"You are quite wrong. There shall be no 'one last look' in my history; I have insisted upon my husband being home this evening. Take this to mean definitely you must never dare communicate with me again."

There was no signature. The sender's features were hidden, and not the slightest clew was left whereby the origin of the message might be traced.

"That is definitely settled," said she to herself, outside the building. "If there is one proof of Reginald's being fond of me, it is the fact that he is still jealous of the man to whom I was once engaged. The mention of his name sends him into an absurd rage. What would happen if he knew he had written me a letter? Then if it ever came to his ears that he had actually been to see me in Reginald's own house! And if they were to meet there!"

When Mrs. Reginald got home the first thing she did was to take a letter out of her pocket, put it on the fire and watch it become ashes. Of course she read it once again before burning it.

"When I returned to London and found you married as a retaliation upon my indifferent conduct, I knew I should never be happy in this country. I determined to leave London straight away. But I want to see you—I want to see you so much. I know it is wrong, but right or wrong is nothing to me. I am coming to take one last look at you, hear your voice for the last time. I have discovered when the hateful being (that's my husband) commented the reader will be absent. I implore you to let me see you this evening."

Perhaps it was because Mrs. Reginald's common sense was so pronounced that she decided not to tell her husband anything about the letter.

"Why should I do anything to hurt his feelings, to arouse bad blood? It might forever make his life and mine unhappy. Besides," she added, with the generosity that women extend to men whose extravagance takes the form of this personal adoration, "this poor fellow could not help himself, I suppose. No; instead of causing any unpleasantness, I have done the wisest thing. I have put a decided stop to the man's antics. He was always good-looking and well-dressed, too," she commented, irrelevantly.

A little rest soon restored the good spirits of Mrs. Reginald. She had just taken a cup of tea, which cheered her considerably; and after Jane had cleared away and lit the lamp, she sat thinking of her eventful day. The hour at which the upsetting visit had been threatened was past.

"Jane, if anyone calls, send them up."

"Yes, m'm," said Jane. The door bell rang. Jane hurried down.

Mrs. Reginald's best intentions were frustrated; the man who had caused all her perturbation was now ushered into her presence.

He was young, tall, dark, handsome and well dressed. The intense excitement of standing before the woman he loved, and the pain of seeing her for the last time, gave his face a glow which seemed to surround him like the halo of a martyr.

But anguish also found a home in the heart of the woman.

"You will not speak to me, Helen?" said the man.

"Mr. Greatrex," she returned with a cold manner, "why have you been foolish enough to do this? You deliberately endanger the happiness of husband and wife. Has all sense of honor left you?"

"You are cruel. I thought you could spare me one little moment in which to be happy."

"The past is the past. I am a wife. You have intruded yourself here after my forbidding it."

"You had the message?"

"What message?"

"The telegram I sent this morning."

"Where did you send it?"

"To the hotel address on the letter."

"I am sorry. That letter was written in the afternoon. I have not been to the hotel since."

The woman groaned.

She looked pleadingly at Greatrex.

"If you have any kindness left for me," she said, "leave my husband's house this moment. Do not let us delay. Go at once."

"Without a kind word from you, Helen?"

"I am deeply sorry, Mr. Greatrex, that I should ever have caused you a moment's unhappiness. I can say no more. The past is the past. I was not a wife then. Now, I have no right to be more than polite to you. Your right is limited in the same way towards me."

"Ah, Helen, my right is not so easily defined. By right you are mine. My feeling for you has never lost its power. I think of you night and day."

"You were not always so ready to show it. Your treatment of me was not all that could be desired. But that is the past. I ask you to be silent on that and leave me. Can't you see how your being here terrifies me?"

"I did not know how I valued you till I lost you. Now I know—"

The street door was thrown open. She dreaded to think that this might be her husband. If so, then her punishment was complete.

A sound of pain came up from the hall.

"Helen, Helen!" called the voice of her husband, in unmistakable agitation.

Helen covered her face with her hands.

"They will kill one another!" she cried.

Mr. Greatrex stood motionless. The terror of the woman took away for a moment his presence of mind.

"Helen, Helen!" called her husband again.

She wondered why he delayed coming up.

A groan came from the hall.

Helen recovered herself a little. She looked up.

"Stay here," she whispered, tremblingly.

She ran softly to the landing and saw her husband at the foot of the stairs, moving strangely about the hall like a man in the dark, although the hall lamp had been lighted. He seemed to be trying unsuccessfully to take off his coat with one hand.

"Helen, is that you?" asked Reginald.

"Yes," she replied, trying to suppress her agitation.

Now she perceived that something had happened to him. He held his hand tightly over his left eye.

"Has anything happened?" asked his wife, delaying him at the foot of the staircase, while she slowly took off his coat.

"The beastly horse went down on a hill just as I was driving to Jenks & Co.'s place this afternoon in Hallwell. The hansom went all to smash. The front window was broken and I was thrown on to it. I think it's ruined my left eye. The doctor dressed it and put a cap on it."

Helen's sorrow was as great as her husband's pain. But in a moment the feminine quickness of thought caught at a means of salvation for her own and her husband's happiness. (What- ever might be the effect upon his left eye.)

"The gas light is terrible," she cried. "If the sight of one eye is injured, it will endanger the sight of the other if left exposed to gas light. Let me bind it."

Without waiting for permission, she swiftly drew out her handkerchief. In another instant she had bandaged his right eye, and he was completely blind.

"Now, dear," she said, taking his arm, "let me lead you up to our room."

"What a kind little woman you are, dear," said Reginald.

He stumbled upstairs beside her. Without hesitating she led him into the room where Greatrex stood in wonderment.

As she passed over the threshold, Helen made a sign indicating that he must leave at once.

Greatrex went slowly down the staircase and out of the house, which he should never again enter.

The wife stood with her hand upon her heart, at the door of the room, watching the man till the hall door closed behind him. Then she burst into tears, and returning to the sofa knelt at her husband's feet.

REAL LIFE.

It was back in old Missouri. In a peaceful farming valley. And the folks were plunged in trouble—

Hushed the music of the fall.

There a villain held a mortgage On the dear old farmhouse roof; Much he loved the widow's daughter And betrayed the cloven hoof.

But, alas! there was no hero To arrive with manly grace, And with ringing cries of "Dastard!" swing the gold into his face.

Yet the villain paled and faltered, While he muttered: "Folled again!" For his par had caught the candle Of the mortgage flaring hen.

—McLanaghan Wilson, in N. Y. Sun.

An Accomplishment.

Patience—Is she an accomplished conversationalist?

Patience—Indeed, she is! Why, I never knew a woman who could talk with hairpins in her mouth as she can—

Generally Admitted.

Whatever may be said of a sweetheart, "Too old," "Too young," "Too new," There's one point admits of no question: She can't be "too good to be true."

—Philadelphia Press.

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TO ADVERTISE OUR NEW PLACE OF BUSINESS I OFFER THIS GREAT SALE OF WALLPAPER AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES. THIS SALE BEGINS MARCH 26TH, ENDING SATURDAY MARCH 31. IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT GREAT OPPORTUNITIES COME TO EVERYONE, BUT MOST PEOPLE FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEM. SUCH WALLPAPER OPPORTUNITIES AS THIS SALE AFFORDS ARE NOT LIKELY TO EXIST AGAIN FOR MANY HOUSE CLEANING TIMES. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY. SHREWD BUYERS DON'T GIVE OTHER PEOPLE MUCH TIME TO GET AHEAD OF THEM WHEN SUCH BARGAINS AS THESE ARE OFFERED.

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PEOPLE OF TASTE ALWAYS COME TO US TO FIND WHAT THEY WANT. REMEMBER THE DATE AND PLACE.

March 26th to 31st.

C. C. LEE, 315 Bway.

AN INVITATION.

To our friends and patrons:

It is with pleasure we announce the formal opening of our new store and factory at 121-123 North Fourth Street, March 29th, 30th and 31st.

We will give an electrical show on those dates. A great many manufacturers of electrical novelties will have on display a line of their specialties. We will also have in operation the many new automatic machines for manufacturing our novelty specialties. Our automobile showroom will also be an attraction.

Thanking our many friends for past favors, we remain, very truly,

Forrest Bros. Novelty Co., Inc.
Paducah, Ky.

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Regular Price \$8.50 per pair. **4.80**
We introduce **WILL SELL You a Sample Pair for Only** (CASH WITH ORDER \$4.80)
NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES.

Result of 15 years experience in tire making. No danger from THORNS, CACTUS, PINS, NAILS, TACKS or GLASS. Serious punctures, like intentional knife cuts, can be vulcanized like any other tire.

Two Hundred Thousand pairs now in actual use. Over Seventy-five Thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. That "Holding Back" sensation commonly felt when riding on asphalt or soft roads is overcome by the patent "Basket Weave" tread which prevents all air from being squeezed out between the tire and the road thus overcoming all section. The regular price of these tires is \$6.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C.O.D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.56 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. We will also send one nickel plated brass hand pump and two Sampson metal puncture closers on full paid orders (these metal puncture closers to be used in case of intentional knife cuts or heavy gashes). Tires to be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination.

We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. Ask your Postmaster, Neighbor, Express or Freight Agent or the Editor of this paper about us. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look better than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a small trial order at once, hence this remarkable offer.

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DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

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Anyone failing to receive this paper regularly should report the matter to The Register office at once. Telephone Cumberland 318.



Friday, March 31, 1906.

The Newport Bribery Case.

A juror at Newport, Ky., has confessed that he was bribed by a damage suit lawyer in three cases tried before the jury of which he was a member. The confession has created quite a sensation and the court and bar association propose to probe the matter. The strangest part of the affair is that it is stated that the members of the Campbell county bar have for two years been morally certain that juries have been packed and grand juries tampered with. If the lawyers of that court have been morally certain of these things, why is it that they have not taken action before?

Some days ago The Register had a pointed editorial relating to the legal profession and pointed out that the shysters had brought the once honorable profession into disrepute, and also said that unless the honest members had the courage and manhood to rid the profession of such characters, before many years the profession would fall into downright disrepute. We also remarked that the legal profession was rapidly being converted into an agency for the overthrow of law and order, by reason of the fact that lawyers for the sake of paltry fees found avenues for the guilty to escape. We learn that our remarks were not relished by some of the local attorneys, but that does not change the truth of what we said.

The Newport case is not the first one wherein lawyers have bribed jurors, nor is it the only case or the last case. The very character of some lawyers both in a private and professional way, together with the character of cases they take and the methods used, are such as to not inspire either confidence or respect. Such men are not above doing anything for the sake of the dollar, and with their natural intellect and professional knowledge they are a menace to the peace and welfare of the community. The members of a profession who are not disposed to weed out the shysters must expect odium to rest upon their calling.

Ex-Auditor Sherrick of Indiana who was ousted from office last year by Governor Hanly has been sentenced to serve from two to twenty-one years in the penitentiary. He was convicted for embezzling \$120,000 of the states funds, a large portion of which he loaned to friends on bad security. Sherrick was one of the most popular men in Indiana, but now that he is a convict many of his "friends" will know him no more, and Sherrick's experience in ignoring other people's money to his friends should serve as a warning to others who may be engaged in the same business.

An echo from the great reform victory in Philadelphia two years ago comes in the shape of information that many franchises secured by the traction company in that city several years ago, and for which the city did not receive a cent, has been surrendered to the city at the demand of the mayor. For the privilege of an extension of time in completing a subway the company pays the city \$400,000. This but demonstrates that a city can get compensation from public corporations when the authorities take a determined stand.

It is now but about seven months before Paducah will have to elect one-half of the general council, to serve for two years. Every taxpayer and voter in the city should keep a close watch on every vote cast, and position taken by every member of the present board. Some of those men expect to ask re-election, and we will be frank enough to say that their position on certain matters of vital importance to the public, is such, as to make it a waste of time and energy to ask the people to re-elect them. The voters have a perfect right to hold their representatives to a full account for every act, and the honest representative is the one who makes it his business to find out what the people want and to obey their wishes, no matter whether it suits his private views or not.

While the authorities are arresting insurance officials for contributing to campaign funds, why not go further and make the republican national committee "cough up" and repay the stolen funds. A New York judge says such contributions is stealing, and if so, the receiver of stolen goods is also guilty of a crime.

If political campaign contributions is stealing, then the man who established a newspaper out of campaign funds that he swiped, stands a show to lose his newspaper.

Will wonders never cease? Twelve women on a jury gave a verdict for a dressmaker against a patron.

Larceny In New York.

(Louisville Courier Journal.)

In commenting on the decision of Judge O'Sullivan that, if made with unlawful intent, payment of subscriptions to a campaign fund of trust moneys by trustees is larceny, the Courier-Journal remarked that the decision was not in accordance with common law, but related to a statute of the state of New York. So much of the statute as is pertinent to this question reads as follows:

"Section 580. Larceny Defined.—A person who, with intent to deprive or defraud the true owner of his property, or of the use and benefit thereof, or to appropriate the same to the use of the taker, or of any other person, either—
"2. Having in his possession, custody or control, as a bailee, servant, attorney, agent, clerk, trustee or officer of any person, association, or corporation, or as a public officer, or as a person authorized by agreement, or by competent authority, to hold or take such possession, custody, or control, any money, property, evidence of debt or contract, article of value of any nature, or thing in action or possession; appropriates the same to his own use, or that of any other person other than the true owner or person entitled to the benefit thereof."
"Steals such property and is guilty of larceny."

Precisely what was done by the managers of insurance companies in paying the money to political bosses is matter to be proved, and so Judge O'Sullivan told the grand jury. The public can only judge by what has been published. If the facts appear in evidence substantially as they have been recited in the reports of the various investigations, it would seem that the definition of larceny as given in the New York statute covers the case about as effectually as the law can be made to fit the facts of any public offense.

PADUCAH CENTRAL.

Paducah Central, business college, 306 Broadway, reports a number of positions filled by its pupils this month. Those who took new positions in Paducah are Miss Evans and Miss Robinson, stenographers at Paducah Traction Co.; Miss Ora Radford, stenographer and assistant bookkeeper for Meyer-Schmidt Clark Co.; Miss Elizabeth Kelley, stenographer for A. M. Laevison & Co., and Miss Alice DuMoulin, bookkeeper and stenographer for Faust Bros. Lumber Co., Fraternity Bldg. The latter young lady who has taken charge of the double entry books of this new \$25,000 corporation has studied bookkeeping less than six weeks and stenography about four and a half months. Two of the above are to receive salaries of fifty dollars per month. Paducah Central has won the confidence of the employees, and employing public, by good work. It is Paducah's institution and a strong advertiser of Paducah wherever its catalog or pupils go.

Dr. Hicks' office 609 Broadway. Phone 432. Residence 627 Broadway. Phone 1280.

He who has no sense of humor has but few friends.

ELECTRICAL OPENING

FOREMAN BROTHERS GAVE
AN UNPRECEDENTED
AFFAIR.

Place Was a Glitter of Display
Beauty and Mechanical Effect

Last Evening.
The opening of "electrical display" at Foreman Bros. novelty works on North Fourth street last night, was one of the grandest occasions ever conducted in this city as throughout the evening until midnight the large stores were crowded with hundreds of people, looking into the marvels of electricity, and inspecting the many other superior departments of this progressive and leading firm that has built up a business in this line second to none in the state. It was a very handsome and entertaining affair, and although the stores are open every day, still the "electrical shows" and featured displays are best fitted for night, and will be given again this evening and tomorrow night.

The big double store on North Fourth just off Broadway, is divided, one half being their display rooms, and the other devoted to their electrical and mechanical departments. Suspended from the display room ceiling are about 150 handsome gas and electrical light chandeliers that present a blaze of glitter and beauty. In this department they show their outfits for burned wood work, their self-lighting gas and electrical apparatus, newly patented globes, and in fact everything possible in the fixture line.

In the mechanical department are their up-to-date machines utilized in the business, while here Mr. Samuel Foreman was kept constantly engaged throughout the night exhibiting his patent for prevention of railroad wrecks. He has miniature tracks, engines, etc., to show how the outfit works and it is pronounced one of the greatest inventions ever looked upon by the community.

During the evening fine music was furnished by the orchestra and everybody cordially welcomed, and shown through. Many ladies were down, and to them an especial invitation is extended, while all will be welcomed. Handsome souvenirs are given everybody. About 1,000 people were overjoyed with the excellent display last night.

GIVE UP FRANCHISE

MAYOR WEAVER'S TERMS
MET BY PHILADELPHIA
TRACTION COMPANIES.

In Addition to Surrender of Recent Franchises City Also Gets \$400,000.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 28.—Mayor Weaver today signed the ordinance granting the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company an extension of three years for the completion of the Market street subway. In consideration for this extension the railway company filed with the secretary of the commonwealth at Harrisburg and with the city solicitor of Philadelphia a full surrender of all other franchises the corporation acquired several years ago with the exception of those for the Broad street subway and for the elevated railroad to the northeastern section of the city. The company also agrees to pay to the city \$400,000 to be applied to the cost of removing railroad grade crossings. In 1901 a number of newly organized street railway companies obtained without the city receiving anything therefor franchises for the building of underground, surface and elevated railways on many streets leading to all parts of the city and suburbs. Two years later these companies were merged with the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company.

RELATED HERE.

Professor Cunningham Has Many Cousins in This City.

Yesterday near Cadiz, Ky., there was buried Professor Alfred Cunningham, the superintendent of public schools for that county. Tuesday

Special Prices For Friday and Saturday

Five pieces of Fancy Dress Silks, neat grey patterns, our 60c quality, Friday and Saturday price—

39c per yard

Five pieces Kaikai Silks, in small checks, suitable for shirt waist suits and children's dresses, our 49c quality, Friday and Saturday price—

39c per yard

Ten pieces of White Dotted Swiss, small dots and figures, our 20c quality, Friday and Saturday price—

12 1-2c per yard

One piece of pink Mercerized Spun Silk, our 38c quality for—

12 1-2c per yard

Gent's Fast Black and Seamless Socks, our 15c number, Friday and Saturday for—

10c per pair

Gent's White Shirts, small pleated bosoms, last year's number, for—

69c each

...MILLINERY OPENING...
OF MRS. CORA WILLIAMS CLARK
Occurs Friday and Saturday
...You Are Invited....

L. B. Ogilvie & Co.,

AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS.
BROADWAY AND FOURTH
WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHEST.

he had been out to practice shooting with a party and had a negro boy carrying a rifle supposed to be empty. The lad, while fingering with the gun, discharged it and sent a bullet into the brain of the professor. The deceased was a cousin of Rev. E. H. Cunningham, Mrs. D. A. Menzies and Misses Ella and Maud Cunningham of this city.

Many a man would be glad of an opportunity to decorate the grave of an enemy.

The different department employees of the I. C. shops here and at other places, are preparing to frame up their scale of wages they want adopted for the coming year, so same can be submitted to Chicago headquarters for acceptance by

the road officials. The old agreements all expire within the next month or two.

Dr. Sidney Smith

DENTIST.

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Framed, right up to date in five minutes at the

PADUCAH MUSIC STORE
428 Broadway.

FRANCHISE FOR CAR LINE

THE TWO GRANTS WILL BE
MADE TO CONFORM TO
EACH OTHER.

Old One Says Company Keeps Up
Street For Two Feet, While
New Bill Ordered Was For
One Foot.

It is probable that next Monday evening some changes will be made when there is brought before the council the ordinance granting the street car company to lay track over many new streets, throughout the city. These anticipated changes will arise as result of it being ascertained the new franchise to be granted the company for these additional tracks does not conform with the old grant under which the company is now operating the service.

under which they conduct the tracks now down, provides that the company shall pay for keeping in good condition, the public street between the tracks, and also for two feet on the outside of the rails. This maintenance is exacted from the company on the belief that inside the track and for two feet outside, the repairs made necessary are because of existence of the track along that respective thoroughfare.

Now the car company wants to lay new tracks over many streets in addition to the highways already covered by their system, and in preparing to grant them a franchise for the new tracks, the ordinance committee Monday evening instructed the city solicitor to bring an ordinance in, providing for the grant, together with the provision that the car people shall keep up the street inside the rails, and also for "one foot outside." By this it will be seen that the old franchise for the streets now used, provides for two feet outside the rails to be maintained and repaired, while the grant for the new proposed rails will be for only one foot.

One of the officials yesterday said he would bring up mention of this discrepancy when the council meets next Monday evening, and have a change made, so both franchises will conform exactly in this respect.

It is understood that many protests will be in from people living along the new streets the car line wants to cover. These people do not want the cars running in front of their homes. General Manager John S. Bleeker of the car line, says this is trouble they encounter everywhere, protests from those people on whose streets cars never ran before, while the people living along the highways now covered with tracks, kick just as hard to keep the company from taking them up.

LINCOLN'S DEATH

MR. THORNHILL HAS COPY
OF PAPER GIVING AC-
COUNT.

The Publication Was By The New
York Herald The Day Follow-
ing Assassination.

Mr. J. W. Thornhill of West Trimble street, has in his possession an old issue of The New York Herald, published April 15th, 1865, and the copy is made additionally interesting on account of it containing several columns about the assassination the night before of President Abraham Lincoln in Ford's theatre at Washington, D. C. The paper is yellow with age, and is an extra gotten out by The Herald one of the leading papers of New York. It covered the assassi-

nation in detail, and reported great excitement at the time.

The issue also makes mention of Jeff Davis being at Danville, Va., and the unusual excitement incidental to his invasion that far North. The paper is well preserved and has been owned by Mr. Thornhill for several years, he considering it quite a relic. In memory of the deceased president every column of that issue was surrounded by a deep black border of mourning.

The date shows that the 14th of next month will be the forty-first anniversary of the martyred president's assassination.

CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE CO.

HON. MIKE OLIVER GOES TO
FRANKFORT TO INCOR-
PORATE CONCERN.

"The Southern Life Casualty Com-
pany" Is the Little of the
New Company.

Hon. Mike Oliver, the attorney, will tonight leave for Frankfort, Ky., to file the articles of incorporation for "The Southern Life Casualty company" of Kentucky. He will lodge in the office of the secretary of state the documents which incorporate the concern.

The new company will do a life, accident and casualty business, but have no capital stock, its method being that of a co-operative nature, which means that those taking out policies pay certain sums when another member dies, so as to pay the claim against the concern for the death.

The company will issue a policy for as much as \$1,000, and then allow in addition \$100 to liquidate the expense of burying whatever member dies. Sick benefits, accident claims and such will be allowed.

The members of the company, elect the officers after the articles of incorporation are lodged, and they called together for that purpose. The headquarters will be here in this city and Mr. Oliver and others interested believe a great future is before the company, as it is inaugurated upon a base not followed by any other concern of the kind. There is only one other company of its character in the state of Kentucky, and after the organization details are completed, agents will be appointed everywhere and business opened up on a wide scale.

The character of the men behind the project are sufficient to guarantee its success, of which they are quite sanguine.

LOOK FOR RELATIVE

DETECTIVE MOORE RECEIV-
ES INQUIRIES FROM
OUTSIDERS.

Mrs. Rose Bowman, of Iowa, Wants
to Locate Uncle, While Louise
Matthews Wants to Find
Mother.

Yesterday Detective T. J. Moore received two letters from people making inquiry as about relatives supposed to be here, or who at one time lived here.

Louise Matthews, of 1318 Hickory street, St. Louis, wrote the detective that she was trying to locate her mother, Mrs. R. F. Matthews, whom the daughter had not seen for nearly fifteen years. The daughter said there were several other children but that she had not heard from them for years.

In the other communication the detective was asked by Mrs. Rose Bowman of Sigourney, Iowa, to see if he could not locate some relatives of her uncle, Thomas Goley, who lived in this city when last heard of. The writer said he left quite an estate and she was desirous of getting some word about him or his descendants. Mrs. Bowman said she had not heard anything of him for years.

TORE DOWN THE SHACK

SAM STARKS CAME NEAR
BEING "TOUCHED UP"
BY OFFICERS.

Russell Hughes Put Under \$100
Bond, Because He Cursed Annie
Cox Out On Court Street.

Yesterday morning in the police court there was dismissed the warrant taken out against Sam Starks, who runs a grogshop on South Second street and who was charged with violating that city ordinance prohibiting anyone from erecting any kind of a frame house down in the business portion of the city. The warrant was dismissed on it being shown that Starks had torn down the little house that he put up behind his saloon on South Second.

The city ordinances provide that down in town no new frame buildings shall go up. Not even to replace old rickety frame houses and shacks that now cumber the ground and are a disgrace to our city. In this manner the frames are gradually weeded out of the business section, which is thereby relieved of the great danger from fire frame buildings render. Starks went and put up a little frame structure behind his saloon, in violation of the law, but rather than be fined, tore it down.

The only other case before the court yesterday was that charging Russell Hughes, one of The Kentucky attaches, with using bad language towards Annie Cox, a lewd woman of West Court street. Hughes was fined \$10 for cursing the woman, but the fine was set aside, and Hughes placed under \$100 bond to be good for twelve months, otherwise he forfeits the \$100.

What this world needs is fewer creeds and more true charity.

"Don't worry about me," says Senator Platt of New York when friends pity him about his very shaky leg. "I have a brother up in New York state who has had legs like these for twenty years, and he's over 80 and going business every day."

PYTHIANS TONIGHT

BIG MEETING TO BE HELD
THIS EVENING BY THE
ORDER.

Mr. John Carter, Great Keeper of
Records and Seal, and District
Deputy Moore Will Be Here.

This evening a large and interesting meeting will be held by the Knights of Pythias at their hall on Broadway near Fifth street, as on that time there will meet with the Paducah members, two of the ranking state officials, Sir Knights John W. Carter, grand keeper of records and seal, and J. A. Moore, district deputy.

These two gentlemen will arrive at 6 o'clock this evening, and have important business to lay before the local organization, which will be out many strong to welcome them.

The clubrooms opened here by the Paducah Pythians at their hall, have sprung into unusual popularity already, as although open only a week or two, nightly can be found large crowds of the brethren there enjoying the many privileges furnished them by the new social feature. The rooms are handsomely furnished and contain many conveniences.

The Knights of Pythias all over Kentucky are preparing for their next state gathering which will be held before many weeks. The meeting will be of unusual interest to all as there comes up the question of starting the home for the widows and orphans. This proposition has been hanging fire for several years now, but now something definite will be done.

NEW TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS.

List of new subscribers added by the East Tennessee Telephone company today:

2023a—Cartwright & Carr, Grocery, Clay between 16th and 17th.
1584—Graham, J. W., Res., 414 Tenn.
1409—Holt, E. E., Res., 1004 N. 12th.
597—Robinson, Eugene, Res., 120 S. 4th.
772r—Smith sisters, millinery, Broadway.

Like other commodities, telephone service should be paid according to its value.

We have in the city about 2,800 subscribers or five times as many as the Independent Co., outside the city and within the county we have 63 times as many subscribers as the Independent Co. Yet we will place a telephone in your residence at the same rate the Independent Co. is supposed to charge and provide in addition, long distance facilities which will enable you to reach fifty million people from your home. Call 300 for further information.

EAST TENNESSEE TELEPHONE COMPANY.

Henry's Headache Powders

Will be keenly appreciated after a trial by people who suffer from headaches—severe or mild, occasional or chronic. They never fail to

GIVE QUICK
RELIEF.

Easing the pain in a very few
Minutes.

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DRUG GIST

SIXTH AND BROADWAY

TELEPHONE 63.

Rock, Rye and Honey Compound

Not a drink, but a reasonable preparation especially adapted for coughs and colds accompanied by fever as in La Grippe, etc.

Very Palatable.
50c and \$1. Bottles.

BACON'S
DRUG STORES.

7th & Jackson Sts. phone 33;
& Clay Sts. phone 32.

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MONTHLY PAYMENT LOTS FOR INVESTMENT. WESTERN
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GUY NANCE Undertaker and Embalmer,

PRIVATE AMBULANCE
for Sick and Injured Only.
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Next to Washing Dishes

The most despised drudgery of housekeeping is the care of the several fires and the sweeping up of the ashes and dust they produce. Unless, of course, you own a

Hot Water or Steam System

Only one fire then needed and no dust or ashes in the living rooms. Estimates free.

Ed D. Hannan

Both Phones 201. 132 South Fourth St., 325 Kentucky Avenue.

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Green River Stone

THE BEST STONE ON THE MARKET for Monumental and Building purposes, as it BLEACHES WHITE UPON EXPOSURE AND THEN RETAINS ITS WHITENESS; does not become dark and discolored.

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SOLE AGENT, 1609 TRIMBLE ST., PADUCAH, KY.

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SHOES.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED

We Make Shoes to Order

309 Broadway, Paducah, Ky.

Harness
\$5.00 to \$100.00
Per Set.

We have any style you
want, or will make
it for you.

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Incorporated.

Corner Fourth and Jefferson Streets. Paducah, Ky.

Buggies
\$30.00 to \$150.00
Each

We have any style you
want, or will make
it for you

HER EYES.

Flowers are her garden's eyes
They watch for her alone
Within whose smile there lies
A beauty like her own:
Their fragrant lids they open
In haste at morn to see
Her who is all their hope,
So fair is she!

Stars are her heaven's eyes—
They watch her while she sleeps
Lilies of paradise!
White pearls in azure deeps
For her glow and gleam
Throughout the tranquil night,
Bringing the lovely dream
For her delight.

Nor flowers nor stars are eyes
For me, I follow one—
Her lover—shadow-wise,
Companion to the sun!
Her eyes, both flower and star,
In jeweliness outshine;
Mirrors of Love they are,
Reflecting mine!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Smart Set.

The Man Who Got a Pass

By CHARLES BATTRELL LOOMIS
(Author of "Cheerful Americans," etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Yes, sir, I'm going to Chicago on business," said Binkersley to a suburbanite who had stopped in to buy a pair of gloves. "It's quite an expense, but my wife thinks I'll get it back in health. Chicago is quite a bustling city, so I've always heard, and I may get ideas for my business. Castor gloves? No, we're all out of those just now. How would you go to Chicago? What train?"

"Why, there are a half dozen ways," said the suburbanite, who was a traveling man. "Why don't you get a pass?"

"No, sir, I've always paid my way."

"That's all right," said the traveling man; "but you know these railroad corporations are soulless affairs, and if you can get a pass, I'd do it."

"Well, how do you do it? Don't you have to be rich?"

The suburbanite was something of a practical joker and he saw that Binkersley was already inoculated with "pass fever," so he said:

"Rich? No. It all depends on the way it's done. Let me concoct a letter for you. The general passenger agent of the eight-track road is a jolly fellow, and if you hit him right he may pass you all the way to Chicago, and then you can do him a good turn by crying up the road whenever you sell a pair of socks. See?"

"Why, certainly," said the tradesman, quite delighted with the prospect. "I'll advertise his road, and may be worth a great deal to him before I get through."

"That's the idea exactly. You let me write the letter and then you copy it."

So the waggish customer sat down to his desk and wrote as follows:

Mr. J. C. Gregory.—Dear Sir: I am nearly 45 and I have never let a man pay my fare even on a street car. Now I'm going to Chicago. Do you think I will let you send me a pass? If you do, just try it and see what I will do with it. You will find my address on the heading, and any time you want socks or gentlemen's furnishings, drop in. Be quite sure that even my wife will send me a pass I would never send a thing about you road, as I think all roads are monopolies. Yours,

JOSEPH BINKERSLEY.

"There!" said the customer when he read what he had written, "Gregory will either think you're a crank or a very clever man. If it hits him all right you'll get a pass, and I'll have saved you \$20."

"Say, this is awfully nice of you," said Binkersley. "Have a dress shirt?"

"Thanks, but I only wanted to buy a



"THEN WHAT DID YOU COME FOR?"

pair of gloves, and you're out of those you say."

"You don't understand me. I want you to accept a shirt. I never would have thought of trying to get a pass. I'll save at least \$20, and I like to feel independent. Take a shirt along."

"Oh, you want me to have a shirt on you."

"No, on yourself," said Binkersley, to whom humor is an unknown quantity. The suburbanite allowed himself to be "blown off" to an open front dress shirt and a pair of patent cut clips, and then he departed, smiling inwardly.

After the customer had gone Binkersley copied the letter in his own hand and mailed it.

Next morning in Binkersley's mail was a letter from the general passenger agent. It was short but in the same vein as that which Binkersley had sent. It ran:

If you don't want to break that record of yours on passes, you'd better not come up to my office and have a talk with me or I might fix you out so you'd remember it.

When Binkersley read this he was frightened at first. It looked a little like a threat. Then he handed it to his clerk

and asked him what he thought of it. Now the clerk was a wide-awake New Yorker and he said at once:

"He isn't going to do a thing but give you a pass. You go up and see him."

So Binkersley went up to the offices of the railroad company and asked to see the passenger agent. The passenger agent had gone out to lunch.

"Pshaw!" said Binkersley in a nettled tone. "I came here expressly to see him. It is on business that is important to him. Something relating to the road."

Binkersley said this so sincerely and looked so as if he had come a thousand miles, that the clerk, who was a new one, asked him in to one of the inner offices and settled him comfortably and offered him a cigar from the agent's box, and Binkersley—the little "gent's goods" man sat back in a swivel chair and smoked a perfect that tasted very strange to him, and felt that he was practically one of the high officials of the road.

He sat there until he was so hungry he didn't know what to do and then he asked where the railroad restaurant was, and he went down there meaning to spend at least a quarter on his lunch, but it looked so very swell that he felt it would be sin for him to spend less than a dollar, and that is what the lunch cost him, exclusive of the tip. He had no change smaller than a half dollar, so he asked the waiter to change the silver for him, and that obliging fellow brought back two quarters, which was in the nature of a hint. Binkersley took it—that is, he gave a quarter to the waiter.

After lunch he "felt fine," and he went up to the offices again.

"Very sorry, sir," said the clerk, "but we've just received a telephone from Mr. Gregory and he won't be back until tomorrow or next day. He's called out of town."

Binkersley was disappointed, but he was a philosophical sort of chap and he had had a good time, and it was only a prelude to big business.

That evening he took his wife to the theater, a thing he had not done since he stopped getting bill-board tickets. The theater cost a good two dollars, for he got the very best seats in the second balcony, and after the play nothing would do for this man-about-to-get-a-pass but a supper at one of Young's restaurants, and that made another dollar look extremely ill.

Next morning Mr. Binkersley went uptown, and he went in a cab. It was expensive, as he well knew, but it could be charged to expenses eventually.

The passenger agent was in, but he was busy.

"Tell him," said Mr. Binkersley with an importance that he could not conceal although he tried to, "tell him that my cab is waiting for me outside and that I'd like to see him at once. I have been here twice before!"

This had the desired effect. That is to say, the boy delivered the message, and in a moment Mr. Binkersley heard a roar of laughter from the inner room and said to himself: "He's in a good humor."

A moment later the boy returned and said with a deference that seemed the real thing to simple Mr. Binkersley: "Come this way, sir."

Mr. Binkersley went that way and was ushered into the presence of a white-haired, bristly-bearded man who looked more like a genial farmer than the manager of a great business.

"Is this Mr. Binkersley?" said Mr. Gregory.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Binkersley.

"So you don't want a pass, don't you?" said the passenger agent, carrying out the spirit of the letter which the suburbanite had written for Mr. Binkersley.

"No, sir," said Mr. Binkersley in a puzzled tone. "I came here to see you."

"Then what did you come for?" said Gregory.

"Why—er—why, I mean I want a pass to Chicago and back, and in return I'll tell people to take your road."

Mr. Gregory had pictured a different sort of man from the one who stood before him and some of the humor of the letter seemed to leave it. He had evidently been put up to writing it.

"Suppose," said he, "we gave everybody in the country a pass to any place he asked for on condition that he advised his friends to buy tickets. How soon would we go into bankruptcy?"

"That would need some figuring," said Mr. Binkersley in such a simple manner that Mr. Gregory took pity on him and determined to give him a pass.

"Well, look here, Mr. Binkersley, I hear that your cab is at the door and I don't want your coachman to catch cold waiting for you, but I also want you to understand that I am general passenger agent of this road and if I want to give passes that is my own affair. You dared me to give you a pass and I am going to take your dare. Here is an order for a pass as far as Albany and return. That will take at least six dollars off your expenses. I am accustomed to having my own way and I insist upon your accepting the pass."

Mr. Binkersley was filled with mixed emotions. He was disappointed at the mileage of the pass, but he also wanted to set himself right with this man and he said:

"Well, thank you, sir, but you misunderstood the letter. I meant all that in a joke. The fact is a friend of mine wrote it and I didn't quite see what he was driving at. I wish I'd written it myself because I wanted the pass all the way to Chicago and back. The fact is I am in a position to influence a good many people."

The passenger agent had risen. "I'm very glad to have had this opportunity to see you, Mr. Binkersley, and I do hope the driver hasn't caught cold. You will exchange this order for a ticket to Albany and return. If you need any more passes write the letter yourself, as it will be a safeguard. Good-day."

He heard a roar of laughter as he passed from the room of the passenger agent.

"A very pleasant and jovial gentleman," thought Mr. Binkersley.

Miss Pym from the West

By AMY F. CACKETT

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It was quite by chance that Miss Norah Illington Pym found a place in our quiet boarding house; and to us it was a subject for constant wonder that she remained where things generally were so "slow."

The first night, arrayed in splendor, she looked around the room in amazement and pity, and then beguiled us with stories of the style people in our station kept up in the west.

On the second night three of our ladies turned in the necks of their blouses and wore lace. By the end of the week our ladies all appeared in evening blouses, our hostess introduced menus and entrees at dinner, and the kitchen girl was pressed into cap and frills and brought up to help in the waiting.

Our ladies made still further efforts to reach her level by wearing all their jewelry and making a show of everything they possessed.

One afternoon, after an interview in our hostess' private room, a suave, polite stranger was ushered into our midst and introduced as a new boarder.

Within an hour he had won all hearts except that of Miss Pym. She looked on in silent scorn while he waited on the ladies with ingratiating smiles.

As soon as he was safely out of hearing quite a chorus of voices said:

"What a charming man!"

Miss Pym hedged for a moment, and then suddenly jumped to her feet. "I reckon," she said, nodding her head, "we know a thing or two in the west. If a man comes fooling around, bowing and scraping, where the womenkind aren't young and good-looking, we put a double lock on our jewel cases and tell the police to keep their eyes on him."

"Good gracious! You don't mean to suggest that Mr. Compton—"

"Never you mind," broke in Miss Pym. "I've got a safe upstairs, so I



VERY BUSY.

am all right. But you watch if Mr. Compton isn't real interested in me to-night when I wear my diamonds."

Mr. Compton appeared to see Miss Pym for the first time when she entered the room for dinner, her diamonds scintillating in the gaslight. But from that moment he had eyes for little else, and she looked around at us with a smile of knowing triumph.

The iron entered into our souls and we watched him narrowly. Hour by hour and day by day our suspicions were fed by small events, to which our attention was called by Miss Pym, until, at the end of a week, our views had become quite definite and decided.

During the whole of this time Mr. Compton paid her very close attention; in fact, she could scarcely move but he was behind her. This, as she pointed out, was owing to the fact that she wore rather more jewels than the other ladies, and he was only waiting the opportunity she never gave him in order to appropriate them.

One afternoon Miss Pym came into the drawing-room quietly but hastily, with a look of triumph in her eyes.

"Major Belshun," she said, excitedly, "Mr. Compton has broken open the wardrobe in my room and is now rifling its contents. Come and see!"

The ladies gave a little scream and huddled together at this startling statement.

"Hush!" she said, "you will spoil it all if you make a noise. You keep quiet here and nobody will hurt you, while the major and I creep up and look the door on the thief. There are two doors to that room, major, and I want you to lock one at the same moment that I lock the other."

As usual, Miss Pym's nerve and confidence carried complete conviction. So, leaving the ladies quiet but thoroughly frightened, we crept softly upstairs to carry out her idea and catch our man red-handed.

Following her pointing finger, I saw in a mirror which hung on the landing a reflection of a door slightly open, and in the room beyond, Mr. Compton, very busy with the contents of the drawers of the wardrobe.

In a moment Miss Pym reached the other door, and simultaneously we slammed them and turned the keys. It did not seem strange to me then that both keys should be on the outside.

As the keys clicked there was a shout of rage from Mr. Compton.

"You stay here and guard the door, major," said Miss Pym. "While I run for the police. I shall go quicker than

you, and she went as hard as she could, while the man inside began to bang on the door and demand his freedom.

"Do you hear? Is anyone there?" he cried. "Let me out at once."

"Oh, yes! I am here," I replied. "And you are there, and there you are going to stay until the police come."

"For Heaven's sake don't be a fool, man. I can soon prove to you that it is all right. Let me out quickly. Such a lot depends on every moment."

"I can quite believe that," I answered, with a knowing smile. "Every moment brings the police nearer."

"The police won't come, you idiot!" he shouted.

"You must have a little patience," I answered, sardonically.

"I tell you, man, they will never get here, unless you send a servant for them. For goodness' sake, send some one. I am a detective. They will know me."

"I can quite believe your last remark," I chuckled, "but I am not going to move from this door even to send for more police."

He then offered to push his credentials under the door for me to read, but I assured him that I was no judge of forged documents.

Something like a groan came back in reply, and I concluded that my man had given up hope of escape.

After awhile it struck me that Miss Pym had been a long time away, and on referring to my watch I found that almost half an hour had elapsed.

Quietly slipping downstairs, I discovered the servants huddled together in the kitchen. One of them went forth with instructions to hasten back with the first policeman she could find, and I returned to my station at the door.

In a few minutes I heard the welcome heavy steps, and two policemen (the maid did not believe in the efficacy of one) hastily presented themselves and prepared for a rush from the room as I opened the door.

But the rush did not come, and we entered to find Mr. Compton calmly brushing the dust off his clothes.

A word from him immediately gave rise to a look of surprise on the policemen's faces, and after listening to some hurried instructions they quickly retired from the room, leaving Mr. Compton and myself alone.

"As for you, Major Belshun," he said, turning to where I stood in amazement, "I am half inclined to have you arrested for aiding the escape of a criminal. You have done that pretty effectually," he went on, looking at his watch. "She has had almost an hour's start."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "you don't mean to tell me—"

"I mean," he interrupted, "that I am Detective Norton, and that I have been staying at this house for the sole purpose of watching Miss Pym. Unfortunately she must, apparently, have identified me, but she was very careful to keep the knowledge to herself. This afternoon I saw her fast asleep in the dining-room, and availed myself of the opportunity of searching her room. The little evidence that I have gathered here would be sufficient for my purpose. But now, owing to your clumsy interference and her cleverness, she has slipped off. There is only one thing to be thankful for, and that is that she hasn't taken anything with her this time."

"Are you sure of that?" I groaned.

"Quite," he answered; "the ladies had all their jewelry on last night, and I know Miss Pym has not been near any of their rooms to-day."

"You had better come down and see them," I said, helplessly.

He hastily explained to them how matters stood. But they were at first too frightened to understand.

"Now," he finished up, "I hope, ladies, you all have your jewelry and money safe."

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Molesworthy, timidly; "we gave it all to Miss Pym last night to lock up in her little safe."

Almost before she had finished speaking, Mr. Norton was up the stairs and I followed quickly behind him. When I entered Miss Pym's room he was standing with the door of the safe open—and it was practically empty.

I am I regret to say, quite convinced of the cleverness of Miss Norah Illington Pym, for she is still at large.

YE HUNTSMAN.

Now doth ye cite huntsman
Take "hunting license" oute
And with a brand-new "outfit"
He goeth forth to scoute
And seek ye beastes ferocious
That haunt ye woodes aboute.

He seeks with zeet ye rabbit,
And eke ye doe and bukke,
But presently he shooteth
Ye farmer's gentle ducks,
And as he payeth for lute,
He darneth of hys lucke!

Anon he tries another,
Clept ye "stifle-hunt" plan,
And sneatheth through ye forest
As softly as he can,
And suddenly he baggeth
A costly hired man.

Mark well ye cite huntsman!
Hys gunne he keeps attie cocke,
But when he heere hee seeth
Hys kinne together knocke—
And hys kinne hee guide hee both kinne
Ye rabbit with a rocke!

Beware of ye same huntsman,
And walk behind hym nothe,
The which of hys village
For there hee where hys comrade
Most frequently gets shott!

Meanwhile, observe ye Nimrod—
He stoppeth for to buy
A goodly bag of beastes,
And personally doth he
Unto hys trusting wife, who
Just winketh at her eye.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The wife of a well-known author has a fad for collecting trees. Fitting sort of pastime for an author's wife to pursue. Coal comes high.

HIS FRIEND ED.

HOW THINGS LOOKED TO TOMMY LATER ON.

One of the nicest boys in the office is Tommy Swikehart, but how he used to bore us about his friend, Ed. Kempley, when he first blew in from where the tall grass waves. You ought to have seen him then. Honest, he looked as if he was just going to do a vaudeville stunt and was dressed for the part. I didn't think they made that kind of clothes any more, even in Lichtenburg, where Tommy came from.

Wattles, the manager, turned the kid over to me, to give him pointers on the work. Then he noticed Tommy's shiny black catchel, w' re he'd laid it down. "Where are you going to stay?" he asked, and Tommy looked bewildered and said he hadn't found out yet. "You take the afternoon off and find him a place, Sumter," says Wattles to me; and so that's how he came to be my roommate.

"I guess I'm pretty green," says Tommy, as he toddled along with me to the joint. "Ed. Kempley told me that the crows'd eat me if they saw me on the street. Ed's been here twice."

"Who's Ed?" I asked.

"Ed's my friend back in Lichenburg," he says. "It might have been, 'Ed's the prince of Wales and all the royal family,' from the way he said it. 'His father runs the bank there,' he went on, 'and Ed's in the bank now. We always run together a good deal. They don't make any smarter fellows than him.'"

"Oh, you'll catch on, all right," I told him. I kind of took a fancy to him, you know. He looked at you like a lost dog that's found somebody to put him—kind of scared and yet as if he trusted you and was tickled to death anyway. He thought the room was the greatest ever, although Ed had a mighty fine room all to himself in his father's "residence."

"I took him around to a barber shop when we'd settled about the room. His hair was lopping down over his coat collar behind. Then we went back to the room and I showed him how to tie his necktie. He had the ends just pushed up under the collar in front and then brought down through the loop without going around the neck at all. You know the way."

No, he didn't mind me telling him. Ed. always told him things like that. Ed. was a dandy dresser—spent more money on his clothes than any fellow in town—or his father did for him.

Well, he certainly looked a whole lot better when I got through with him. And in a couple of months you wouldn't have known him for the same boy. He caught on all right. Not that he tried to put on agony. He wasn't that sort of a chap. But he kept his eyes open, and he soon got to know what was what. The new suit he got, when he got one, was a peach. He quit talking in the Rube way he did at first. But the boys joshed him a lot. They all liked him, though. He was just as clumsy as could be with everybody, from Wattles down to Pete, the janitor.

But it was funny to hear him. We'd be talking about something—it wouldn't much matter what—when Tommy would chirp up: "A friend of mine back in Lichenburg, Ed. Kempley—"

It wasn't any use trying to break him of it. He'd prattle on about the admirable Ed. in spite of anything. Ed. could do this, and Ed. could do that; Ed. was so-and-so and toter. And his face would be all of a glow with pride. You didn't have the heart to stop him.

He wrote to Ed. about once a week—when he wrote to his folks, but there was only one time I ever heard him say anything about getting a letter from him and that same night I saw him slip something into an envelope that looked to me like a money order, though I couldn't swear to it.

So I had Ed. pushed at me for close on to three years—and then Ed. came up to Chicago for a visit.

I never saw anybody so excited about anything in all my life as Tommy was over the news that Ed. was coming. He couldn't eat; he couldn't keep still. He hurried to see Mrs. Barker about a room for Ed. And he even arranged to take him to dinner and then to the theater; then he was going to treat me to a sight of the paragon—if I cared to sit up—and, of course, I did.

It was close on to 12 o'clock when he got back. He rapped at the door and as he entered I started back almost scared. He looked pale and queer and had that old-dog look that seemed to say "Don't hit me, please." Then he said: "Bob, this is my friend, Ed."

So that was Ed.—that flashily dressed, pig-eyed, loud-mouthed, cheap, jay sport! That was what he was. It was kind of pitiful to see the way Tommy tried to head him off and steer him where he thought the fellow might shine. If he had had any good points about him Tommy would certainly have brought 'em out. But it wasn't any use, and I could see Tommy knew it wasn't, and was all broke up over it.

Ed. stayed a week, and Tommy stuck to him like a brother. There wasn't anything he didn't do to make that skate have a good time. He might have showed him off, but he didn't, and he bragged about him worse than ever for a time.

He said to me: "Ed. has changed some, but that boy has got a heart 'ke an ox." Then he sighed.

"You're off, Tommy," I said. "He ain't changed. It's you. You've got your eyes open since you've been here."—Chicago Daily News.

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It is a trip of pleasure, comfort and rest; good service, good tables, good rooms, etc. Boats \$6 each

RECREATION HOURS

PLAYS AND GAMES WITH WHICH TO AMUSE.

Clever Scheme for Place-Cards—Unusual Way to Arrange Partners at Informal Evening Affair—Pretty Table at a Birthday Party.

A Souvenir Postal Card Party.

Nearly every town of any size has its own individual postal, and in this day and generation everyone is the recipient of many of these charming reminders of travel, both at home and abroad. Something original in the way of entertaining for either dinner, luncheon or "afternoon" was given by the hostess when she planned this affair.

The rooms were decorated with postals fastened together by holes punched in the corners and ribbons run through them. Panels were formed in this way and made a most effective decoration. Cards were stuck in picture frames, placed on tables, on the mantels and every spot where they would attract attention. These cards were topics of conversation which were very animated. "Do you remember?" and "that reminds me" were expressions heard on all sides.

Invitations were sent out on 15-cent souvenir cards. Then for "place cards" at this luncheon the hostess had mailed cards to each guest, ten in number, addressing them to her own house number. By these they found their places at the table. Each one was asked to come prepared to relate some incident of travel, either "humorous," "startling" or "pathetic." A vote was taken as to the best story in each class, souvenirs were awarded. Inexpensive articles which the hostess had collected with this party in mind. Souvenir spoons were used and the table linen came from Ireland.

The menu consisted of grape fruit, creamed potatoes served in ramakins, whole wheat bread, cherry salad made by replacing the pits of California cherries with hazel nuts, serving it on head lettuce leaves with a rich mayonnaise dressing, and cheese wafers; ice cream was served in halves of canteloupe with small cakes. The bonbons were in dress-suit case boxes, and the almonds in miniature hand-boxes, which the guests were given for favors. Iced tea was the beverage, with a bit of lemon and a candied cherry in it.

Fun with Soap Bubbles.

Here is a pretty way to amuse one child, or any number of children. Cover sewing tables with an old blanket, or any soft material that will make a soft pad. Then procure little bowls of blue, yellow, or the so-called "Dutch" ware, a quantity of clay pipes and several bolts of baby ribbon—the penny-a-yard quality will do.

Wind the pipe stems with ribbon, tying a jaunty bow at the bowl. Of course it will get wet, but it looks pretty when the pipes are passed. Fill the bowls with a mixture made from boiling shaved castile soap with water; to every pint of this liquid add one teaspoon of glycerine. This formula always produces the largest and most gorgeous bubbles imaginable.

Offer prizes for the bubbles lasting the longest; for the one with the most vivid coloring, and for the one largest in circumference. By the way, grown people have been known to indulge in "soap-bubble parties" with great satisfaction. They may be blown or fanned about the room, and it is a beautiful sight to see 25 or 30 of them in the air at the same time.

An entertainment which furnishes amusement for a young people's society or club is a corn party. Invitations were issued and everyone wondered what the affair could be. "Do eat it, pop it, or what?" No satisfactory replies were given; those in the secret kept the facts to themselves, so all the expectant guests could do was to wait and see.

When the date arrived, the rooms were found decorated with ears of red and white corn; they hung as a frieze, from grill-work, from gas jets, and portieres were made from corn kernels strung on a heavy thread. The kernels were first soaked in lye to soften for the needle.

A long basket filled with ears of corn, each tied at the large end with ribbon, were passed to each guest with the request to count the kernels. Wooden plates were furnished on which to put the shelled corn. After all had finished counting a memorandum was taken, then the contents of each plate were emptied into a large bowl, which was conspicuously placed in the hall, and each person requested to guess the number of grains of corn in the bowl. A record was kept of each guess. An account was taken and the two who had come nearest the correct number were awarded prizes.

The refreshments were hulled corn, served in bowls with Jersey cream and sugar; hot corn, sautés, with maple syrup; popcorn, doughnuts and coffee.

A hostess who wished for something new in the way of place cards for the six guests whom she had asked to lunch with her, devised this clever scheme. She set about illustrating each girl's especial fond or individualism by pictures, which she mounted and marked with the date, but no name.

One girl had a fashion of sitting Turkish fashion on the floor, and an advertisement was found to suit this case to perfection. The girl's name was easy, also the boating girl; the equestrienne was soon provided for, as was

HUNTING BIG EGGS.

HOW THE COLLECTOR GETS AND PRESERVES HIS SPECIMENS.

It Is Necessary to Have Outfits as Extensive as Those of Hunters of Big Game—Some Particulars.

Those who think deer or mountain lion hunting to be hard work ought to try hunting hawks' nests for awhile and get a taste of the really strenuous life. Hawks nest all over the world, from the equator to the far north; they make up one of the largest and most widely known of any of the bird families. To them belong the great bald eagles and the tiny sparrow hawks everyone knows. But their habits are all different, so that methods which will result in the finding of one hawk's nest, says the Los Angeles Times, will take the hunter directly by the home of another species. The little sparrow hawk lays its eggs in a hollow tree, while the eagle builds a bulky nest of all sorts of sticks and places it in the very tip-top of the highest available tree.

The hawk hunter—who, by the way, calls himself an "oologist"—takes with him as much of an outfit as would a deer hunter. First of all, he wears a suit of duck or khaki, lemon, or, preferably, forest green in color, and instead of the usual heavy shoes of a hunter, light leather creations which yield to every movement of the foot and cling as tenaciously to the bark of trees as would the barefoot. To aid him in climbing still further, he carries a pair of the "climbers" used by telephone and telegraph linemen. Added to this is a tin box having straps on each end so that it may be easily carried, and in which the eggs are carefully packed in cotton.

Entering the forest or the cliff-walled canyon, the modern hawk hunter strikes out carefully, treading as silently as any deer hunter, searching the skies frequently with a field glass for the great birds he seeks. Hawks, eagles and most of the owls nest in early spring from the first of February to the end of May, so that the collector must be alert early in order to get eggs in which incubation has not commenced. He scans the tops of trees, or such likely places as he knows and, finding some great bulk of sticks looming darkly against the sun, he lays down his paraphernalia and ascends the tree if the hawk be one of the large species known as buzzard hawks, a rap on the trunk of the tree will usually send the nesting bird in screaming flight from her home. With the smaller hawks this test does not apply, but the experienced hawk rarely climbs to a nest from which no bird can be induced to fly.

Once secured and brought safely home, the next thing for the "oologist" to do is to preserve the eggs. This he does by drilling a small hole in one side of the egg and removing the contents by means of a blowpipe. Instruments are manufactured for this purpose, and many are of intricate make for use when the eggs are valuable and so far incubated as to be unsavable with the unaided blowpipe. When the eggs are emptied of their contents, they are thoroughly dried with hot air and then laid carefully away in trays of cornmeal to become entirely dry in case the air has left any drops of moisture. In a day or two they are placed in their final nest of cotton in the drawer of a cabinet where many other hawks' eggs have preceded them. Each collection is catalogued, and the eggs are marked with a known symbol, so that not only may each set be distinguished from all the others, but each species may also be known by a glance at the egg and without reference to the printed catalogue.

Many thousands of dollars' worth of hawks' and other birds' eggs pass annually through the mails of this country. They are sent in exchange between collectors living in widely separated parts of America, and many come from Europe, where the study of birds' eggs and the sport of collecting them have been developed to a much greater extent than here.

A rare merlin found only in the northern part of Canada during the breeding season lays an egg worth \$15 to its fortunate finder; and not only this, but the merlin usually lays some three to five eggs in every nest, so that a "set" (as the full number of eggs laid by a bird is called) may be worth a neat sum to the hawk hunter who finds it. But it is not for money that most of these men who have taken up this kind of sport go out; many of them are independently rich, others are in lucrative positions, but they take it up as a means of getting out into the world of the wild, and bring home the eggs as souvenirs of their trips. In time this has grown to be a regular study, until now almost all the large museums have a department devoted exclusively to the study of the eggs of birds, living and extinct.

An Exceptional Occupation.

A Parisian actor who formerly made a good income in his profession is now earning his living as a cab driver. He has taken this step to spite his divorced wife. Whenever he went she put a lien on his salary. The actor found that the only occupation in which his wife was helpless against him was cab driving, because he drew no wages and had to pay for the hire of the cab. He says he is making a good living and is quite happy.

Getting His Shape.

Molly—I hear your brother is wearing corsets, now?
Cholly—Oh, yes, he's trying to get in shape for the winter afternoon tea.
—Yonkers Statesman.

WAYS OF CHARITY.

The millionaire stood at the foot of the throne.

"How are you?" said the poor man.
"Pretty well, I thank you," the millionaire replied, in a low voice.
"Dine out last night?"
"Yes—I thank you."
"Overeat yourself?"
"Oh, no," said the millionaire quickly, raising his head. "Oh, no, I have not any appetite left."

The rows of poor people behind the throne grinned.

"Ever give anything to the poor?" asked the poor man.
"Yes, yes," said the millionaire, eagerly. "I subscribed \$5,000 to—"

"Did you miss it?" asked the poor man.

"If you wouldn't mind asking one of my secretaries," the millionaire went on, ignoring the last question. "Any of them would tell you—"

"Did you ever give away anything yourself, with your own hand, with your heart?"

The millionaire's heart beat furiously. He looked about him for a chance to escape.

"I did once," he said, in a low, hurried whisper.

"How much?"

"A penny," said the millionaire, scarcely audibly.

A ragged man came forward from the huge company behind the throne and deposited a penny on the table by the throne.

"It'll make it \$20,000," said the millionaire, hurriedly.

"Sit down," the poor man said, sternly. "By that penny are you saved."

The millionaire sat down and a lady took his place before the throne.

"I gave some money once to a poor beggar," she began.

"You are very proud of your charity?" asked the poor man.

"I have given away a great deal considering," she replied, briskly.

"Considering what, madam?"

"Oh, considering what other people do," she said.

"With your whole heart did you give it, for pity, for real love's sake?"

"I'm not a sentimentalist," she said, hotly.

"Did you ever refuse to give to anyone?"

"Never," she said, in a loud voice, "never."

"Never once? Think of 20 years ago?" There was a question in his voice.

The lady turned red and tried to hide her confusion, but a million pair of eyes were on her.

"Once," she said.

"Well?"

"A poor woman came up to me as I was getting into my carriage. I was only a girl—her voice died in a whisper—she looked as if she were dying, and she said she was hungry. I told her to go away; hated the sight of her."

"Did you give her anything?"

"No," she hung her head.

"She had a baby?"

A light came into the lady's eyes which turned them from their hardness into soft orbs of wonder.

"Yes, she had a baby; I gave it a flower."

A woman came out from the great assembly and put a rose upon the table by the throne.

"You may sit down," said the poor man.

Now there came a man of about 40 to stand before the throne. He was very exquisitely dressed and his mustache was dyed black.

"You have done a lot of charity, have you not?" asked the poor man.

"Oh, nothing really, you know; nothing much," he replied.

"Bazars, theatricals, dances?"

"Well, yes, I have done what I could, don't you know?"

"Have a good time yourself?"

"Oh, yes, thanks," said the man. He felt he was getting on well.

"Did you get into society that way?" asked the poor man.

"Yes, perhaps I did."

"Have you ever given anything in charity and love?"

The man stood silent for some time and pondered. Before that vast assemblage his cocksureness was giving way; he began to look shabby.

"Once," he began, "but that was nothing—I was walking home—but it won't count—I had no money with me and a man asked for something; he was cold and tattered; I gave him the cigar-ettes out of my case because I was sorry for him."

Out of the crowd came a poor man to lay a little handful of cigarettes upon the table.

The man of the world had not noticed him and the sweat stood on his forehead; he seemed ashamed of his action.

"You may sit down," said the poor man, and at the sound of his voice the man looked up and seeing his gift on the table he looked with unutterable relief at the poor man—then sat down.

An old man now came up before the throne.

"I ain't done nothin' as I can think of," he said, in a faltering voice; "I ain't no means no position nor no nothin' to give away."

From out the crowd behind the throne there came 30 or 30 men and women, each bearing in their hands a cup of cold water.

Then the millionaire woke up from his dream and shivered with cold. His fire was out, his room was dark, but he could see in the dim light a ghostly procession of starving, cold figures who passed by and pointed at him.

He rose, shaking, and went to his desk. He unlocked a drawer and drew out a roll of bank notes. With them in his hand he passed quickly downstairs and into the dark street.—Chicago Chronicle.

So Consistent.

Mrs. Subbubs—I was cleaning on silver on Sunday when Mrs. Straitleace called on her way home from church. Fortunately, though, she didn't find it out.

Mrs. Naybor—She's very strict about the Sabbath, isn't she?
Mrs. Subbubs—Yes. She apologized for calling upon me on that day, but she thought she just ought to tell me that scandalous story about Mrs. Gidday.—Philadelphia Press.

From the French.

Dramatist—It's the first performance of my play to-night; I feel so jolly nervous.

Dramatic Adapter—Do you? I never feel nervous about mine.

Dramatist—Ah, but you have an advantage over me.

Dramatic Adapter—What's that?

Dramatist—All your plays have been played before.

Pleasanties.

He (six weeks after the honeymoon)—I suppose you think you were a fool when you stood up and married me?

She—Well, I was the next thing to a fool.

He—That's true, or I wouldn't have been there.—Yonkers Statesman.

Just Half Way.

"You will understand," said the editor of the new semi-humorous publication, "that we don't wish our writers to be either too funny or too serious. We just wish a happy medium."

"I understand," chuckled the buffoon scribe; "you want them to be half witty."—Chicago Daily News.

Her Aim.

"We can get you the divorce quickly and without notoriety."

"But I don't want it that way; I want to have to put up a fight for it and get it after a protracted scuffle through the newspapers."

"Oh, you're going on the stage, eh?"—Houston Post.

His Fatal Error.

"You say Rev. Mr. Newman was a failure at your church?"

"Yes; he made the mistake of attempting to bring the congregation into harmony with his ideas, instead of bringing his ideas into harmony with the congregation."—Philadelphia Press.

A Difference.

"She is exceedingly well read," said the admiring young woman.

"Indeed?" rejoined Miss Cayenne.

"Yes. She reads all the new books as fast as they are published."

"That means she is abundantly read, but not well read."—Washington Star.

Must Be Hamletting.

Beattie—It's quite a come down for him.

Tessie—What do you mean?

Beattie—When he is at home he belongs to the upper ten, but here at college he is on the second eleven.—Town Topics.

Odd, Indeed.

"He's an odd fish."

"Is, eh?"

"He is, for a fact. I don't suppose that fellow ever bought a share of worthless mining stock in his life."—Chicago Journal.

Could Stand Pat.

"I can't understand why they called Henry VIII. 'Bluff King Hal.'"

"Well, why not?"

"A man with six queens doesn't need to bluff."—Cleveland Leader.

The Line.

Mary had a little waist
Where waists were meant to grow.
And everywhere the fashions went
Her waist was sure to go.
—N. Y. Sun.

A PRECAUTION.

Jigson—I just joined the Don't Worry club.

Higson—Why?

Jigson—Going to be married next week.—Chicago Sun.

Room for Doubt.

"How do you know she makes splendid biscuits?"

"She boasts of 'em."

"Yes; but her husband doesn't."—Houston Post.

Educated.

"You say her daughters are highly educated?"

"They have been taught to say 'this is so sudden in every modern language.'—Judge.

He Had.

"Did you ever do anything philanthropic?"

"Sure, I done the ol' geezer dat runs de aid society outen de price of an overcoat."

He Had.

Knicker—Have you ever been at the telephone in a storm?

Bocker—Um—yes. My wife occasionally calls me up.—Judge.

More Important.

"Ah! Mrs. Newcomb," said the up-pish Mrs. Subbubs, "my many social duties have prevented me from calling upon you as I should. However, I will surely return your visit some day—"

"Oh! that doesn't matter much," replied Mrs. Newcomb, promptly, "but I do wish you'd return the groceries you've borrowed from time to time."—Philadelphia Press.

An Expensive Age.

Father (looking over the paper)—More bad news. A hitherto unknown frog pond has been discovered in Central Africa.

Mother—What is that to us?

Father—What is that to us? It means that every one of our eight children will have to have a new and revised edition of Highprice's geography.

—N. Y. Weekly.

Re-Engage.

"Of course, Tommy," said the new minister, "you believe there is such a place as hell?"

"Yes, sir," replied little Tommy Hardman, "that's what pa sez, any-how."

"Indeed? What did he say about it?"

"Oh! he don't say anything about it. He just sez it."—Philadelphia Press.

Serious.

Mrs. Bubble—Oh, James, that young De Gaul has eloped with our daughter!

Mr. Bubble—Well, let 'em go. He can have her.

Mrs. Bubble—They went in your automobile and—

Mr. Bubble—Great Scott! why didn't you say so at first? Telephone to the police at once!—Cleveland Leader.

He Knows the ropes.

"Glad to welcome you into our little family, Mr. Newcome," said Mrs. Starvorn. "Our boarders almost invariably get fat."

"Yes," replied the new boarder, who was not, however, new to boarding, "I've noticed the same thing in most boarding houses. It's cheaper than meat, isn't it, ma'am?"—Philadelphia Press.

Flight of Time.

"Myra, dear," called the anxious mother from the head of the stairs as the clock in the hall struck the midnight hour, "have you any idea how late it is?"

"Yes, mamma," answered the dutiful daughter, who was plump, fair and 32; "but it's better late than never. George is busy measuring my finger for the ring."—Chicago News.

Confidence Game.

"I've seen a good many balloon ascensions," said the star boarder, "and they were all fakes."

"Didn't they go up all right?" asked one of the other boarders.

"Yes, but they were so tame. I've never seen a balloonist get even the slightest fall."—Chicago Tribune.

That Magnanimity.

First Footpad—No; de guy was bigger dan I fought, an' he wouldn't cough up.

Second Footpad—An' what did you do?

First Footpad—Oh, I displayed some of dat Japanese magnanimity an' let him go.—Chicago Sun.

Domestic Needs.

Husband—Anything you want downtown to-day, my dear? Shall I order some more of that self-raising flour?

Wife—We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office and order me a self-raising servant girl.—N. Y. Weekly.

Pastoral.

Mary had a little lamb
Upon a famed excursion.
But Mary only sighed and wept
Because he wasn't Persian.
—N. Y. Sun.

A GREAT PROTECTION.

Sambo gets caught in the rain without his umbrella.

How he solves the problem.—Philadelphia Press.

Not His Fault.

I tried to kiss the rosy cheek.
Beneath that charming bonnet.
And yet I failed; I only touched
The fine complexion on it.
—Life.

Modern Convenience.

Little Girl (in church)—Why does so many people put those little envelopes on th' contribution plate?

Little Boy—Them's to keep the pennies from makin' so much noise.—N. Y. Weekly.

Stale.

Stubb—There goes Miss Flasher. Says she is just back from Newport and her complexion is as brown as a nut.

Penn—Yes, a chestnut.—Chicago News.

Thrifty Girl.

Her—I'd never marry a penniless French or British duke.

Him—Good for you.

Her—Not if I could

BARGAIN In Stationery

We have a few boxes of Hurds' and Cranes' stationery in latest styles. On account of boxes being slightly soiled we are closing out at less than manufacturers cost.

M'PHERSONS Drug Store.

WANTS

WANTED—For U. S. Army, able-bodied unmarried men between ages of 21 and 35; citizens of the United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English. For information apply to Recruiting offices, New Richmond House, Paducah, Ky.

FOR RENT—Paducah Wagon Works machinery, new and complete. Apply to L. S. DuBois.

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WANTED—Boards at the old reliable "Rest House," 315 South Second street. Mrs. Anna Kennedy.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A lot of first-class household furniture, rugs, dining room table and stove, etc. etc. 913 Trimble, Phone 323.

WANTED—Two log or tie barges about 28x40 feet. Advise description, present condition, location and cash price. GEO. T. HOUSTON & CO., No. 824 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FOR RENT—One office over Walker's drug store. Apply to D. A. YEISER.

LOCAL NEWS

—Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Menser's infant child died at Melber, and was buried yesterday there.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rogers of South Third, have a new boy baby.

—The appellate court at Frankfort yesterday affirmed the local circuit court's decision wherein Geo. Johnson lost his suit against the Paducah Laundry of Fifth and Jefferson. Johnson stepped behind the laundry one night, fell into an open hot water vat and was badly scalded. He sued for damages, but loses.

—All the newboys of the city attended The Kentucky performance last night as guests of Manager Thomas Roberts.

—Oscar Perkins, dishwasher at Hotel Lagomarsino, fell into the elevator shaft and broke his leg and two ribs, that were re-set by Dr. Jeff Robertson.

—The towboat, Pacific No. 2 passed down yesterday with 22 barges of iron and steel, and many barges loaded with coal.

—Tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock The Farmers' Institute meets at the City Hall.

—The I. C. blacksmiths are preparing to give their big annual ball, the arrangements committee having been named.

If your blood is not right
take

Walker's Sarsaparilla With Iodide Potash

It is a new, pleasant combination of best known vegetable alternatives and tonics.

IT CLEANSSES.

IT PURIFIES.

IT VITALIZES.

Carefully prepared in our
own laboratory.

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INCORPORATED.

Druggists,
Fifth and B'way.
Both Phones 175.

SALARY OF CIRCUIT JUDGE

THIS MATTER COMES BEFORE
THE FISCAL COURT NEXT
WEEK.

County Physician Is to Be Elected
by the Magistrates—Poor Farm
Probably Be Sold.

During the meeting of the fiscal court next week there comes up the question of increasing the salary of Circuit Judge M. Reed, according to the provisions of the law recently enacted by the state legislature. It is not yet known whether the magistrates will raise the pay of the judge, or let it remain like it is. The circuit judges over the state now get \$3,000 per year, while the late legislature passed a law stipulating that the fiscal court of counties containing second class cities, could increase the judge's salary, out of the county funds. Some seem to think the pay of the judge should be raised to at least \$5,000 per year, while others say the state laws provide no officers salary can be changed during his term of office, and that this provision cannot be gotten around by a bill leaving the increase of pay to the fiscal court. One lawyer in talking of the matter yesterday said that the laws prevented the legislature from increasing any officeholders pay during his term.

County Physician.

The county physician will be elected during the fiscal session next week, for two years. Dr. J. W. Pendley has been county physician for several years and is a candidate for re-election, while Dr. Young is also an applicant. It is expected several others will seek the place.

Judge Lightfoot will during the fiscal court term have taken up the question of selling the poor farm, that stands at the end of West Tennessee street. He has an offer of \$9,000 for the property and there will be discussed the proposition to sell it, and build another poor farm house on the twenty acres of ground the county bought beyond Mechanicsburg for poor farm and county cemetery purposes. The present farm was established years ago, at which time that spot was a mile from the city which has now branched out so that the farm is right at the limits.

MRS. DENNIS DEAD

PASSED AWAY AS RESULT OF
TREATMENT SUBJECT-
ED TO.

She Was the Second Wife of Major
Hugh Dennis, and Not One
Who Lived Here.

Telegraphic dispatches from New York yesterday morning stated that the night before Mrs. Hugh Dennis died in the Merselles hotel, as result of abortive treatment she subjected herself to to conceal a scandal and her guilt.

The afternoon papers here yesterday published that the deceased was the Mrs. Hugh Dennis who was here eight years ago with her husband, Major Hugh Dennis, the well known life insurance man, but who later achieved world wide notoriety by his get-rich-quick concern in St. Louis where two years ago he died. This woman who died in New York is the second wife of the deceased major, and not the first wife, who on her husband recovering from sickness here took him to Canada, and then to her parent's home in Vincennes, Ind. She separated from him, got a divorce, and is now living in Indianapolis, Ind.

Hugh Dennis went to St. Louis, became a Croesus in his get-rich-quick concern. There in St. Louis he married Miss Blanche Turner, of Texas.

She went to New York several weeks ago and died without divulging who caused her unfortunate condition. She passed away at a fashionable hotel and is the daughter of a Texas planter of wealth. She never was in Paducah.

While Major Dennis lived here he resided at The Palmer and also the New Richmond Hotels.

Ex-President Cleveland has sold his farm lying a short distance outside of Princeton. He bought the farm soon after going there to live and intended to make it an industrial farm for poor boys. The project proved a failure.

A man in trouble always appreciates a favor—until he gets it.

GOOD WORKERS OF THE MISSION

Rev. Chiles Solicits Contributions to
Enable the Mission to continue its
Noble Work of Obtaining Good
Homes for Orphaned and Abandoned Children.

Mr. Chiles who conducts the Union Rescue Mission, finds himself so busily engaged through the demands of the various interests of the Mission, which are ever increasing, that he has been compelled to neglect the collections for the expense account; therefore takes this method of asking that all subscribers and all who are interested in the maintenance of the Mission will kindly hand him their contributions for the work.

Mr. Chiles is doubly busy in trying to secure the funds necessary to purchase the property. He will appreciate the favor if those interested and who wish to subscribe will call him up by telephone or stop him on the street, or wherever they may find him, and make their subscription.

The needs of the Mission are many and any contributions will be thankfully received.

Rev. and Mrs. Chiles yesterday placed a young girl in one of the best homes in the city. Just as they were going from the Mission with her they received by telephone a request to call at another place to receive into their care a beautiful little girl; she is a bright, obedient, sweet little lady, who received into a home will take with her a ray of sunshine which will irradiate the whole house.

Before returning to the Mission they called at the hospital and received into their hands an eight-day old baby boy, a pretty, lusty little fellow. He has been named Thomas Joyce Perry, the first name for his father, the second for Bishop Joyce. This little fellow, a baby for adoption, is a healthy, well-born infant, whose parentage brings no stain to him nor to any family into which he may be received by adoption.

These children can be seen at the Mission and any further information will be gladly furnished by the Rev. or Mrs. Chiles.

THE RIVERS

There came out of the Tennessee river yesterday the steamer Kentucky. She lays here until five o'clock tomorrow afternoon before getting away on her return.

The Dick Fowler skips away for Cairo at eight o'clock this morning and comes back tonight about eleven.

The Joe Fowler comes in from Evansville today and gets out immediately on her return that way.

The John S. Hopkins came in from Evansville yesterday and skipped away at once on her return to that city.

The Buttorf gets to Nashville tonight and leaves there tomorrow afternoon, bound back this way, reaching this city Sunday.

There passed out yesterday en route to St. Louis from the Tennessee river the steamer City of Saltillo.

The Peters Lee passed up last night bound for Cincinnati from Memphis.

The steamer Katherine left yesterday at noon for Island No. 63 after a load of cypress timber for Cincinnati firms. The boat carried with her the big Barrett barge that came down last week from Pomeroy, O., with 3,000 barrels of salt for the J. R. Smith and son wholesale grocery establishment of this city and the Tennessee and Cumberland river Packet companies. Capt. Meyer who unloaded the salt by contract is going mate on the towboat Woods that tows Pittsburgh coal from Cairo to St. Louis for the gas companies of the latter city.

Mrs. C. H. Fowkes and children of Dyersburg, Tenn., are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Alice Hawkins.

-:- The KENTUCKY -:- TO-NIGHT

Hall Caine's Five Act Pastoral Drama

The CHRISTIAN

Special Scenery and Electrical Effects
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Prices 10, 20 and 30c

Seats Now Selling

The KENTUCKY
TELEPHONE 548.

To-Night

AND BALANCE OF WEEK

MATINEE TOMORROW

The Rodney Stock
Company

Featuring

Miss Vane Calvert
and G. Bert Rodney

In a repertoire of all new
royalty plays

The Great Five Act Pastoral Play
"THE CHRISTIAN"

8-BIG SPECIALTIES-8

SEATS NOW SELLING.
Prices 10, 20, and 30c.

The KENTUCKY
TELEPHONE 548.

Monday Night,
April 2.

Direct from its brilliant New
York Run of 107 nights at
Theatre.
THE LAUGHTER HIT OF THE
YEAR DITTRICHSTEIN'S
Smartest, snappiest, sunniest suc-
cess

BEFORE
AND AFTER

Latest and greatest farce triumph
by the author of "Are You a Mason?"
With Leo Littrichstein, Fritz Wil-
liams, Katherine Florence, George
Lawrence, Geo. Boniface, Jr., and
the original New York cast.
"It will cure your blues"—New
York Herald.
"Do you know Sunny Jim?" You
ought to.
Prices 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50.
Seats on Sale Saturday.

The KENTUCKY
TELEPHONE 548.

Tues. Night, Apr. 3

DAINTY AND SWEET

ADELAIDE
THURSTON

In Her New and Exquisite Comedy

"The Triumph
of Betty"

BY W. A. TREMAYNE AND IR-
VIN HALL.
COMPLETE SCENIC PRODUCTION
AND ACCESSORIES.
PRICES: 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and
\$1.50.
SEATS ON SALE MONDAY

man, has gone to St. Mary's, Ind., to
visit his daughters who are attending
school there.
Mrs. Cora Beck has gone to May-
field to reside.
Lawyer Charles Gressham went to
Cairo last night.

SPECTACLES



EYE GLASSES

Properly
Fitted
and
Adjusted
\$1 Gold Filled
\$2.50 Solid Gold
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per cent per annum on time certificate of deposits. Safety boxes in
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key and no one but yourself has access.

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Buy TRADEWATER COAL now and save money

COAL FOR WAGONS AT ELEVATOR

LUMP 13 CENTS PER BUSHEL... NUT... 12 CENTS PER BUSHEL

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Street.

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