

# THE PROGRESSIVE.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL, BRIBE NOR GRAFT

VOL. I. NO. 10

LIVE HILL, CARTER COUNTY, KY., JANUARY, 23, 1913.

Price: \$1.00 per year In Advance

## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED

By the Executive Committee of the Progressive Party in Carter County.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Executive Committee of the Progressive party of Carter County, at a regular meeting duly called and held in Olive Hill, Ky. on Saturday, January 11 1913 at 12:30 P. M.

WHEREAS; under the wise leadership of ex-president Theodore Roosevelt (one of the great world leaders of his time) the Progressive Party has been organized and is now in point of numbers, influence and ability second only to the Democratic party in the United States, is founded on the principles of human justice, for the advancement of the welfare of the whole people, opposed to all kinds of machine rule and boss domination it becomes the only hope of the people in recovering the control of their own government and again establishing it on the foundation of our fathers as a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

THEREFORE, be it resolved that it is the sense of the Progressive party of Carter county, Kentucky, that it should hold itself aloft from all compromise or alliance with either of the old parties (as they have each been thoroughly tried and found wanting) that our people cannot hope for a restoration of their government to their own hands from either of said parties and that the Progressive party should remain free from any such entangling alliances and nominate candidates of its own at the next primary election to be held in August, 1913.

RESOLVED, further, that all the good citizens of Carter county, who are opposed to ring rule, exploiting the county by individuals for private gain believe that the affairs of the county should be conducted solely for the benefit of the people (with economy and fidelity to their interests,) wish to aid the people in selecting their own officers, managing their own affairs and dethroning all self-constituted bosses, and schemers, be and they are hereby cordially invited to unite with the Progressive party in redeeming our country from the errors into which it has fallen, in having a full and complete knowledge of the public business, in selecting candidates at the next primary and in the management of the affairs of the county.

### New Undertaking Business.

This week finds Olive Hill with two undertakers, the latest one being a business of our townsman U. S. G. Tabor. He has arranged a part of the ground floors of his Olive Hill Skating Rink for very convenient use for the business and has gotten in a splendid line of caskets and burial furnishings and is ready to conduct burials in a proper manner

### Livestock Market Strongest in 25 Years

The livestock market at Mt. Sterling Monday reached the highest mark in 25 years, yearlings and feeders bringing \$7 per hundred. Mules sold readily at \$250 a head.

### \$157.50 In Prizes to Be Given Away.

Wm. Durham is offering very attractive premiums for those patronizing him during the next twelve months; premiums in all totaling \$157.50, by way of giving coupons with purchases. All who care may participate in the contest. Go in and have him explain the proposition.

On and after February 1st, I will be located in rooms over N. D. Tabor's store.

J. L. McCLUNG, Dentist, Olive Hill, Ky.

(Written for a Member of the W. C. T. U. by request.)

"The Drunkard's Family—Our "Politicians"—and "Prohibition"

Ot Deamon! O! Devil! of Whiskey and Rum—

From thy blighting curse, what ruin hath come

To innocent ones—whose hearthstones so cold—

To give sorrow, and suffering, that can never be told.

In this chill of Mid-Winter, with cold hungry blasts—

In the house of the Drunkard—all in poverty fast—

No fire—no comforts, no bedding—no light—

God pity these sufferers, this cold, piercing night.

These are drinking the dregs, of the father's "Wine-Cup"—

While he all besotted, is beyond reach of hope—

Oh! Our hearts melt with pity, for these in their gloom—

While they quail when drunken, he enters the home—

Oh! Whiskey has ridden, o'er earth's farthest shore—

And enslaved in its chains, both the rich and the poor—

But saddest of all, in the ruin it's wrought—

Is the poor Drunkard's Home, where nothing is brought.

Oh! How long, Lord! How long, can a just, loving God—

Hold these helpless and innocent ones "under the rod?"

Lord! if in thy Mercy, they can claim a share—

Hear! Oh! hear, from the Nation, one universal prayer

For—the glorious success of the Temperance cause—

And Statewide Protective "Prohibition" Laws.

Oh! God of the Drunkard's pitiful poor

Spare thy wrath for guilty, who in office and power

Enact "License of Law" to make, and to sell

This dregs of damnation—this beverage of Hell.

When seeking for office, these loudly proclaim

"We'll make laws for your good, only, we care not for fame;

Then in treacherous turn, when safely in power

And barter your interests, in less than an hour

For the Liquor Men's "thousands, and laugh as they say—"

"The People be damned, we will vote for our pay."

These are the villains, not saloon men as much

For these "Lawmakers" hold the "balances in touch"—

And if the whole "Church," would "vote as they pray"

World-wide "Prohibition" would reign in a day!

Until clean men for office, who are proven and true.

We elect for "Law Makers, and to administer r them, too:

We'll suffer on with our burden, of a Nation accursed;

By "Boodle and Booze," as our chief glory, first.

Yes, we too are guilty, as you, and it's me

Who are blinded by "Parties," to not even see

That the "Whiskey Men's," Money, has only to buy

The "Party" Law Makers, and have "Wet" or "Dry."

There's only one sane way for the "traffic"—it's short—

Prohibit Sale, Manufacture, Export and Import.

For as long as it's made—and made legal for sale—

We'll have abuse, woe, and ruin, just as now prevail.

But hope is fast breaking on the long cheerless fight.

The people are thinking, and voting for Right;

Independently acting—to vote and to choose.

And may begin to consider, the W. C. T. U.

So rally anew! all ye friends of the cause

Of Temperance, and world-wide "Prohibition" Laws.

It may be that God, in his justice and love,

Will yet reward the struggle, with victory from above.

### Can't Do Without Booze.

At a recent meeting of the Clark County Democratic Committee a resolution to use no money or whiskey in the coming election was defeated by a vote of 9 to 7. Truly no Democrat can be a Prohibitionist.

### Some Improvements.

The Olive Hill Calceined Clay Co. has just added a new boiler to their "dinky," also a railroad loading switch at their tipples, thus greatly increasing their shipping facilities. The trade demands on them are already beyond their capacity and increasing.

We are glad to note the thrifty

condition of all these brick and clay interests, as their "business runs the year round and gives employment to everybody who wants to work, and good, prompt cash wages.

We are justly proud of our industries as they sustain good business for Olive Hill merchants and laborers, too.

### FOR SALE.

Farm of 200 acres; 1 under cultivation, balance in timber. Fine house, good outbuildings, plenty water and coal. Located on county road between Leon and Willard, this county.

T. R. HEABERLIN, Olive Hill Ky,

Try Advertising; it pays.

## LOCAL NEWS BRIEFS

J. H. Moblely was at Grayson Monday.

Ernest Scott was over from Corey Tuesday.

Dentist McClung is housekeeping in White Town.

Dempy Ross has moved into Erwin property on Main.

H. Clay Brown will preach at Christian Church Sunday evening.

Mrs. John Davidson has returned from a few days' in Ashland.

A number of cases of measles have been reported by our local physicians, some serious.

Of every million people, 800 are blind, and the balance can't see their own faults.

Rev. J. W. Gee will move to Jenkins where he expects to operate a boarding house.

Misses Alma Tyree, Carrie and Georgia Fields visited at Hitchens this week.

Marshal John Crawford is in the tie and spoke business as an addition to his livelihood.

Levi Oppenheimer shipped 3 hogsheads of tobacco to Huntington and will follow it in a few days.

City Clerk has arranged a financial report of Olive Hill which most probably will be made public soon.

After an illness of almost one year David Branson died Thursday last and was buried Saturday in the Junior cemetery.

Rev. McMurry has accepted a call to Lynchburg, Ohio, and will move his family there in the near future. They take with them our best wishes.

Don't have your printing done away from home and then comment on the purchase of a hat of a mail order house by some eccentric home town lady.

Squire Tyree has been requested to begin the proposed Industrial School building in ten days. The Squire reports ready and we may look for something doing in the near future.

The protracted heavy rains of the last few weeks have caused great embarrassment and prevention by land slides on the tracks and in the mines to the brick and clay operators here. These are one of the unavoidable however of Winter.

### Davidson—White.

John Davidson, of Ashland, C. & O. railroad, and Mrs. Sarah White, widow of the late Col. W. White, of this place, were quietly married in Huntington, W. Va., Jan. 17th.

Eleven witnesses in the defense of the assassin of ex-sheriff Callahan have been indicted on the charge of perjury.

### "Uncle" Dickey Takes Vacation.

Mr. W. P. Dickey, bookkeeper for the Calceined Clay Co., made a flying visit this week to old friends at Mt. Sterling and Carlisle.

"Uncle" Dickey is snugly located at their remodeled office at the Calceined kilns, and it repays the trip to call on him there any time and see the calceining of fire the clay at their kilns.

"Uncle" Dickey will always give you a cordial welcome.

## Couldn't Walk!

"I used to be troubled with a weakness peculiar to women," writes Mrs. Anna Jones, of Kenny, Ill. "For nearly a year, I could not walk; without holding my sides. I tried several different doctors, but I grew worse. Finally, our druggist advised Cardui for my complaint. I was so thin, my weight was 115. Now, I weigh 163, and I am never sick. I ride horseback as good as ever. I am in fine health at 52 years."

## TAKE The CARDUI Woman's Tonic

We have thousands of such letters, and more arriving daily. Such earnest testimony from those who have tried it, surely proves the great value of this vegetable, tonic medicine, for women.

Cardui relieves women's sufferings, and builds weak women up to health and strength. If you are a woman, give it a trial. It should help you, for it has helped a million others. It is made from pure, harmless, herb ingredients, which act promptly and surely on the womanly organs. It is a good tonic. Try it! Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Social Instructions, and 64-page book, "Hints Treatment for Women," sent free. 10c

## LIST PROPERTY WITH COUNTS THE REAL ESTATE MAN

Office in Old National Bank Building. HE BUYS. SELLS. RENTS OR TRADES.

He is in touch with Real Estate dealers and Buyers, and can find purchasers if you want to sell, and can find a Seller if you want to Buy.

List Your Property With Him.

## Rare Bargains

Lot 7, Nine room dwelling, good out front; three other buildings on same \$18 a month; known as the Joe Eifort property; will sell at a sacrifice; cash or terms.

### Red Card Sale at Whitt's

We have just completed some advertising matter for the big Red Card Sale, now on at J. P. Whitt & Son's. These are among the best advertisers in this section, which together with their courteous treatment and sound business methods, has placed them in the front ranks among Carter's many progressive merchants. By a test advertising effort on the part of this firm an increase of \$10,000 worth of business was experienced in one year; they appreciate the value of judicious advertising. Call on them during their present sale.

### Will Be Governor Until March 3.

President-elect Wilson doesn't propose to lose any time from his duties, having announced his intention of holding his office as Governor of New Jersey until March 3, the same day he leaves for Washington. No private car will be engaged to carry him to Washington. He has advised against the usual inaugural ball, so this popular and time custom-function will be omitted from the inaugural programme. He certainly is a warm advocate of the simple life. \$25,000 has been appropriated for the expenses of the inaugural ceremonies.

### Bertha Keller Given Freedom.

Bertha Keller, the character connected with the trio tragedy at the Alver Hotel in Catlettsburg several weeks ago and who has since been in jail waiting the grand jury, was released Tuesday, the grand jury having no evidence against her. During her incarceration she has become infatuated with a moonshiner, who will end his sentence Feb. 8

when it is understood they are to wed.

### C. & Q. Telegraphers to Ask Raise.

Officers of the Railway Telegraphers' association of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway met at Richmond, Va., Monday, to demand an increase of approximately 20 per cent. in the present wage scale.

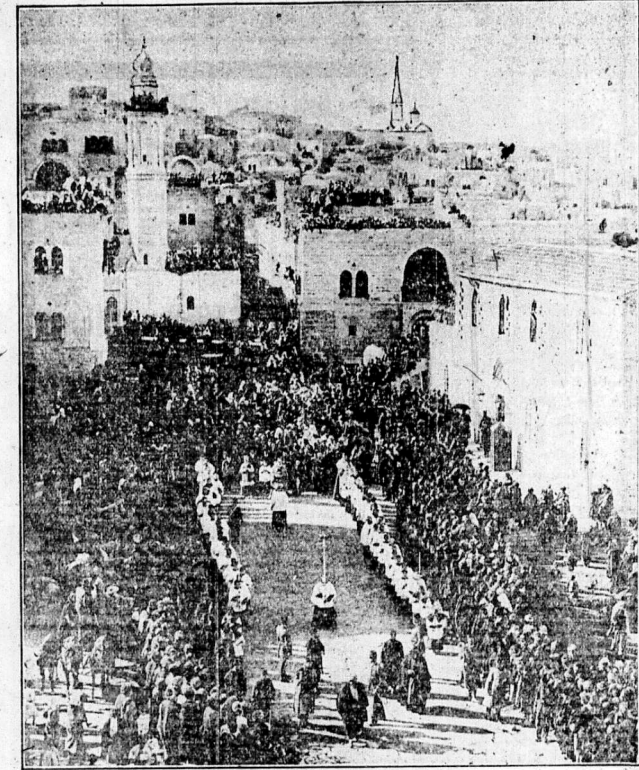
### New Defense For Dr. Buck.

From Kansas City Journal, Jan. 7—"Several physicians are of the opinion that a terrible injustice has been done Dr. C. H. Buck of Greensburg, who was convicted of murdering his wife, it being alleged he administered cyanide of potassium to her.

Drs. J. C. McClintock and W. F. Bowen, both of Topeka, widely known surgeons, wrote to Governor Stubbs that they had recently learned the details of the Buck case. They state the cyanide found by the chemist who examined the viscera at Mrs. Buck was in the form of sulphocyanide, a normal product of the animal body, and not in poison. They attribute the woman's death to another cause. Both believe that an injustice has been done and they ask a hearing looking toward a pardon. Governor Stubbs will take up the matter Friday morning.

Dr. and Mrs. Buck were married in 1909. Mrs. Buck died in October, 1910, following an illness of several days duration, during which time her husband gave her medical attention. A post mortem examination, experts testify, revealed cyanide. The Kiowa district court convicted him of murder in the first degree, a verdict recently affirmed by the supreme court."

# Within the Gates of Bethlehem



## Christmas In Bethlehem

Sights and Ceremonies Witnessed by Pilgrims Who in Large Numbers Journey to the Birthplace of the Christ Child Every Christmas.

LET us go even unto Bethlehem and see the things which are come to pass, which the Lord thus made known unto us," were the words of the shepherds on the first Christmas morn.

From that day, when these believers turned their expectant faces toward the city of David, pilgrims have yearly made it the scene of their worship. Thousands of persons of many beliefs visit Bethlehem at Christmas time to look upon the scenes and places so closely connected with the Redeemer's birth and life. They come from the ends of the earth and from all countries to breathe a prayer of praise and supplication at the holy shrine of the manger of the Lord.

Among the hills of Judea a few miles outside of Bethlehem are the green fields in which the patient shepherds watched their flocks by night and from which they journeyed to the humble cradle of the infant Jesus.

### THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

The little city of Bethlehem lies about five miles south from Jerusalem. A good carriage road leads to the city, but the majority of the pilgrims who visit Bethlehem either walk or ride on horseback, going along at a leisurely pace, bringing to mind incidents in the life of Christ when he walked over the same roadway as they are traveling. To the side of the roadway is the well of the Magi, where the wise men are said to have drunk and to have got a fresh glimpse of the star of Bethlehem.

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Like most of the oriental cities, Bethlehem is situated on a hill. It sits like a glowing crown upon the brow of one of the low Judean mountains. The fertile hillsides are terraced into marvelous gardens and orchards which bloom luxuriantly in the balmy climate. The fig and the olive are carefully cultivated, and the many grain fields produce an abundant harvest. From the position by the well the city looks like a mass of angular architecture. The roofs of the houses are mostly flat, the streets are narrow and winding and sometimes run like tunnels through the houses. No trees or shrubs ornament the streets, but the gardens are rich with bloom and fragrant with delicate perfumed vegetation.

All around the entrance to the city

**HIS STAR.**

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

Suppose when the waiting shepherds Had risen at angel song You had been one among them, Had you found the journey long?

The way that led to the manger, The path to the Christ Child's— If you had been a shepherd, Had you found the summum?

Suppose when the Magi traveled, You, too, had been then a king, Had you hastened as they, I wonder, Your offering rare to bring?

To worship the great Fulfillment Of prophetic old record, Would you have given gladly, Spurring not time nor gold?

Then let your own heart answer, Whether lives again, Lives in a guise so humble, As to be scorned of man.

Is there a duty near you, Let it not wait you vainly, Follow, as then, his star— Worcester Christmas Poem.

are places filled with wonders about which we have heard almost before we were able to comprehend their significance.

The manger in which the Christ Child lay is the objective point of all who visit Bethlehem at Christmas time. To reach this you pass through narrow and sometimes crowded streets, where are to be seen numerous little bazaars, where are sold souvenirs manufactured from the basaltic rock of the Dead sea and from mother-of-pearl. Many of these articles are purchased by pilgrims who take them to their priests to have them blessed.

A center of interest to all, whether reverent worshiper or curious traveler, is the Church of the Nativity, for in the crypt of this quaint old structure is a spot that is pointed out as the authenticated birthplace of our Lord. This massive structure has been built over the peasant's home. The inhabitants of Bethlehem are nearly all Christians of the Latin or Greek churches. The Church of the Nativity is used equally by the Latin and Armenians on Christmas eve, while the Greeks hold their services ten days later.

The entrance into the church is through a small door in a high stone wall, and all those entering have to stoop to go in. It is said that this was purposely kept low so as to obligate visitors on entering the sacred building to bow to the crucifix opposite the door.

This spot in the days when Christ was born was probably a mere cave in the limestone rock. There are many such caves in the hilly country of Palestine, and some are still used as stables around Bethlehem.

**SIGNS OF ANCIENT SPLENDOR**

Having entered the building, you find yourself in the splendid basilica which St. Helena erected in 327 A. D. It is the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. The shafts of

the forty columns which support its fine architecture and decaying roof are each of a single piece of marble more than two feet in diameter and sixteen feet in height and are surrounded by elaborately carved capitals. The upper parts of the columns are frescoed Greek and Byzantine figures of saints and martyrs. The columns are believed to have been taken from the temple at Jerusalem. These and the faded mosaic on the wall and the roof, made of cedar wood from Lebanon, reveal the ancient splendor of the church. One walks reverently through the old building into the adjoining one, which is the old one in use.

The nave of the church is crowded on Christmas eve with men, women and children, all seated on the marble floor. It is with a good deal of difficulty that you can make your way to the chairs, which are reserved for English, American, German or other prominent visitors. Evidently they are right in front, so that you are able to see the whole of the ceremony in the chancel, which is filled with richly attired ladies and archbishops in glittering robes of lustrous cloth and satin, brilliantly embroidered with gold and silver. This is the Latin ceremony. The choir is composed of monks and priests, whose rich, melodious, well-contrasted voices make the music as grand as is usual in the Latin church. From time to time during the singing one or other of the heavily cinctured bishops passes out with much ceremony to return later in a new and still more gorgeous robe.

**IMPRESSIVE SCENE**

At midnight comes the most interesting part of the service. The music ceases for a few moments while the bells are pealing. Then it is resumed in a grander strain than ever. The great organ roars in glorious accompaniment to the joyful "Gloria In Excelsis," which thrills the hearts of the listeners. A curtain is suddenly drawn aside, and, behold, above the chancel appears to the wondering gaze of the worshippers a cradle in which is an image of the babe. The cradle is lowered with great pomp and reverence and is then borne at the head of the procession to the chapel of the manger.

This procession is composed of all the bishops and archbishops, in their ecclesiastical robes; the consuls from Jerusalem in their official costumes, accompanied by glittering caissons, carrying gilded staves; then long rows of priests in their order, two by two, and lastly all the members of the congregation who can still crowd in after them. Each one in the procession carries a long wax taper light, and they move slowly along the priests chant in deep, low tones.

Lighted tapers are offered to all the visitors, and they too stand up and follow the procession down to the crypt of the Nativity. This is now a small chapel of from thirty to forty feet in length and about one-third as wide. It is lined up floor to ceiling. Over the manger is an altar, decorated with gold and silver ornaments, where incense burns continually.

The walls are covered with alk tapestries and gilded saints. Thirty-

two lamps each the gift of a king, shed a dim radiance over the scene. The light of these lamps is never allowed to go out. Near the foot of the flight of steps is a marble slab, in the center of which is a large star of brass, which marks the supposed spot of the Nativity. It bears this inscription: "Hic De Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est."

On an altar in the chapel above the manger they move, with much devotion, by the little silver manger with the wax image of the infant. Here it remains during the week of Christmas, shielded from irreverent hands by an iron grating. The long procession slowly proceeds from chapel to chapel, amid the rapturous singing of the priests. This service continues for the greater part of the night without much variation.

On Christmas day the regular Roman Catholic service will be held in the same church, and the remainder of the day will be spent in merry-making.

### FESTIVE SIDE OF THE DAY

During the evening friends will visit each other and exchange congratulations. The spirit of peace and joy will brood over the old town, and when the evening comes and the Christians of Bethlehem meet to pray, the great hall will be filled for us, as for so many generations of our ancestors, this has been a happy season.

During the winter period an alumnus of the office, investments and to become well before the fact will be held in the hands of matrimony. Cyballs are favorite instruments in the east, and their music is never louder than during Christmas week in Bethlehem.

With such music the pilgrims are welcomed, and the same music is heard continually as long as the ceremonies last.

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### Peter the Great's Respect For Richelieu

"I would give one-half of my empire to such a man as you that he might all his own country the other half." These words were addressed by the great czar to the old statesman of Richelieu, which he embraced with fervor. Richelieu had the great honor of being the first to enter the room of the Bourbon. The episode is noted in "Secret Memoirs of the Regency."

The book also tells how this simple emperor objected to the rich statesman, Louis, who the czar had invited to dine in the queen's apartment, which was lighted up and furnished superbly. "He found it too handsome, asked for a private house and at once reentered his coach. He was driven to De Lesdiguiers's residence, close to the arsenal. As its furnishings were not so magnificent as the other, he had to make up his mind in the matter. He caused to be taken from a baggage wagon which followed him a field bed and had it set up in a closet."

### Didn't Kick Him in the Mouth.

Daughter—Father, you shouldn't have kicked George last night. You broke the bottle.

Father—I didn't even anywhere near his head.—New York Sun.

### Stepout Motorcycle Track.

Los Angeles has the steepest motorcycle track in the world. It is circular, being one-third of a mile in circumference, but having the entire surface leveled at an angle of fifty degrees. This angle is so steep that terrific speed must be attained before the riders can mount to the top, and a long inclined runway is utilized to aid speed before the riders strike the track itself. A speed of fifty miles an hour must be constantly maintained, or the riders would be thrown to the bottom of the track.

### Judge A. A. U. Championships.

The national indoor championships of the Amateur Athletic union will be held in Madison-Spange Garden, New York, March 6. One night will be given to double tennis. Hereafter two nights were necessary. The junior championships have been eliminated for this meet.

### Thoroughbred Racing.

A revival of thoroughbred racing in its competition with hunt club contests

# Grist From the Sport Mill

By STADIUM

An A B C of horsemanship published in Country Life in America says: Before learning to mount the rider should look carefully to the saddle and bridle. Be sure that the second girth comes over the first, so as not to chafe the horse.

See that the bridle fits comfortably over the horse's ears. Lift up the bits or pull them down to gauge the length of the chin strap. The chin straps should be shortened so that the bits fit snugly, but not too tightly. Into the top of the horse's mouth, then shorten the curb chain by hanging it a link or two near the middle to the curb bit chain hook.

In mounting stand facing and opposite to the horse's shoulder, with the rider's shoulders parallel to the horse's back. Grasp the main rein and the horse's mane with one arm, grasping the rein through your left hand with your right hand until you take up all the slack. The more the reins are held in the right hand, the more the left hand will be free to take up all the slack. With your right hand place your strap in position for your left foot. In dismounting, as in mounting, the rider's body should "sing" the horse's sides.

To hold the reins properly grasp the right rein with the right hand, palm down. Grip the right rein with the left hand. A good rider should be able to shift the reins easily from one hand to another or to use both hands.

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### New Rules in Game of Squash.

The rules committee of the National squash association has made two changes in the game. The hand rule, heretofore no fault service can be played, or can a man lose his service on fault.

Regarding the changes, the principle that has been eliminated is that of playing a fault service if he chose to have been eliminated by one of the amendments. All services that fall out of their amendments must be served over again as in lawn tennis. Heretofore, also, if the service hit the side wall before the front wall a player lost his service. Now he keeps his service, no matter where the ball strikes, unless a double fault is committed. Service of other amendments passed over amendments in the code rather than actual changes in playing methods.

Both the national championship and national handicap tournaments will be held in New York in January.

The Metropolitan Interclub tennis tournament will be launched again with fifty teams in the race. Harvard club, Princeton club, Columbia club and Heights Club club.

### Explaining an Oversight.

"I'm explaining the oversight of Tommie Jones' examination papers, the teacher's heart thrilled over Tommie's unexpectedly good showing, for not one of the questions remained unanswered. But upon subjecting the papers to a more careful perusal her pride in Tommie's proficiency had a fall. After seven of the ten questions Tommie had written nothing.

"I'm sorry that this is a subject on which I have no information."—San Francisco Chronicle.

# Jokes Santa Sent on Ahead

### Taking Time by the Forelock.

When the village school that it could afford to have his street grinning old Fritz Frankuchen was put in charge of the wagon.

One day while on his rounds he stopped not to gossip with a woman. And she gave him a look at the sky.

"Meln Gott," was his exclamation as he started his horses, "It is going to rain."

He turned in farewell and discovered an amazed expression upon his friend's face.

"I must hurry up," he called back, "and eat those apples. Otherwise it is no use."—Harper's.

### Merry Christmas Can You Beat It?

"No, indeed," assured his partner. "He never touches a drop. What put such a suspicion in your mind?"

"He has been so busy lately the last three months and he looks as if he'd been on a spree."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed the partner. "It gave him a bit of a drink for Christmas."

### Waiving Faith.

Johny—Believe in Santa Claus, do you, Bobby?

Bobby—Naw!

Johny—Don't you expect any presents?

Bobby—Sure, but I'm afraid I'll take all the money what I saved in my bank.

### Smoothing the Way.

"So you want to interest yourself in politics?"

"Well," replied the energetic woman, "I don't think maybe that if I could tend to the politics for the family, John would mind time to stay home and put up some sash in the pantry."—Washington Star.

### Be She Isn't Kicking.

Florence—What do you think? Horace never once kissed me under the mistletoe!

Bobby—Dolly—Want to kiss me? Florence—Hardly. You see, he kissed me beneath my nose.

### I Should Worry.

Christmas is coming And Santa Claus, too. And, being dead I do not know what day I do. The children will cry: "Mother, mother, what post-I'll have to go try." Put my watch on the spot. —Florida Times-Union.

### A Safe and Sane Christmas.

"I want to buy a necktie suitable for my husband."

"Sorry, madam, but we are not permitted to sell neckties to women who are unaccompanied by men."—Puck.

### Accepting Advice.

"My boy, you shouldn't hang up more than one stocking."

"I've always said there was nothing like being in it with both feet."

### Poor Fellow!

Howard—Hans! Bachelor waited rather long before choosing a wife.

Coward—Bless you, He's only had a marrying income since he was sixty. —Life.



After Christmas Cheer.



He seems to be very happy today.

"Yes, he's bought his Christmas presents and has scurried left."

### Well, He Let Off Some Steam.

Mrs. Crawford—The janitor got angry when I told him the apartment was cold. Crawford—I hope he was angry enough to answer his own heat. —Judge.



Johny—Believe in Santa Claus, do you, Bobby?

Bobby—Naw!

Johny—Don't you expect any presents?

Bobby—Sure, but I'm afraid I'll take all the money what I saved in my bank.

### Smoothing the Way.

"So you want to interest yourself in politics?"

"Well," replied the energetic woman, "I don't think maybe that if I could tend to the politics for the family, John would mind time to stay home and put up some sash in the pantry."—Washington Star.

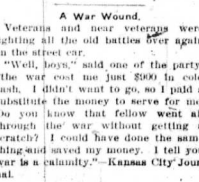
### Be She Isn't Kicking.

Florence—What do you think? Horace never once kissed me under the mistletoe!

Bobby—Dolly—Want to kiss me? Florence—Hardly. You see, he kissed me beneath my nose.

### I Should Worry.

Christmas is coming And Santa Claus, too. And, being dead I do not know what day I do. The children will cry: "Mother, mother, what post-I'll have to go try." Put my watch on the spot. —Florida Times-Union.



Veterans and non-veterans were fighting all the old battles over again on the street car.

"Well, boss," said one of the party, "the war cost me just \$900 in cold cash. I don't want to go, I could substitute the money to serve for me. Do you know that fellow went all through the war without getting a scratch? I could have done the same thing and saved my money. I tell you war is a calamity."—Kansas City Journal.



"My boy, you shouldn't hang up more than one stocking."

"I've always said there was nothing like being in it with both feet."

### Poor Fellow!

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# The Household and Christmas

Something Different In Dolls



Photo by American Press Association

Christmas dolls are feeling the fashion revival of old time styles in their clothes just as the gowns of real people are doing this season. Naturally the modern girl does not go to the extreme Victorian modes as does the little miss seen in the illustration, but she adopts many of the dress features introduced by Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie of France.

Children love dolls dressed in quaint costumes, and if mother will look into her place box she is sure to find a bit of brocaded silk that will fit out Mistress Dollie with a skirt like the one pictured. Then a yard or so of lace will make the bonnet and the bertha and the old world coil scullie bonnet.

The bean that accompanies her will have to be measured for a pair of light colored trousers and a swallowtail coat of black broadcloth.

## CHRISTMAS CAKES.

**Children's Sweet Cakes.**—Half pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, two quarts of sifted flour, three table-spoonfuls of baking powder, six eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, roll thin and bake.

**Angel Coconut Cakes.**—Beat to a cream one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of powdered sugar, add three cupfuls of sifted flour, one-half cupful of sweet milk and the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat for fifteen minutes, then add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of almond flavoring. Bake in jelly cake pans and spread with icing when cold. Sprinkle each with grated coconut, with a thick layer on the top.

**Citron Cake.**—Cut one pound of citron in very thin slices and stand in a warm pan. Beat one pound of butter and one of granulated sugar to a smooth cream. Add the well beaten yolks of ten eggs and beat vigorously five minutes, add one winged salt of sherry and one of brandy. Beat the whites of the eggs very light, but not stiff, and by degrees add three and one-half pounds of sifted flour. Bake the citron with flour, add to the cake batter and bake two hours in a rather shallow square tin. If baked in a thick loaf more time will be required.

**Almond Jumbles.**—Beat to a smooth, light cream two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar and one of butter. Add six eggs, one at a time, and beat the batter thoroughly. Stir in half a winged salt of brandy, half a cupful of cornstarch and three cupfuls of sifted flour. Blanch and chop one pound of almonds, pour a molasses board, roll out the dough rather thin, cut with a jumble cutter, sprinkle over the almonds meats, press in well rolling pin, sprinkle granulated sugar over the top and bake on buttered paper in shallow tins in a hot oven. If this amount of flour is not sufficient add a little more.

**HOLLY FOR THE TABLE.**  
Pretty ideas That Make Christmas Dinner All the More Enjoyable.  
If not much time can be devoted to the work of trimming the Christmas table have supply for a centerpiece a low bowl filled with holly twigs and the red berries.  
At each corner place a boutonniere of the holly—for the men merely a leaf (holibole spray) for the women a larger "corsage bouquet," tied with scarlet ribbon.  
With an hour's work something more elaborate may be evolved from the Christmas greens. For example, the centerpiece may consist of three wreaths lashed together and laid along the backbone of the table. The central wreath must be considerably larger than the other two, and all three may be of holly or, prettier still, the larger wreath of holly, the other two of some decorative ferns. In the center of each wreath is arranged a low flower bowl containing rich red carnations or roses.  
Here is an idea that will please the children: Arrange a large central wreath of holly and, if the table is round and large enough to bear it, another wreath just inside the center. Within the smaller wreath place a small white image of Santa Claus in a sleigh drawn by reindeers and fill the sleigh with small candy snowflakes.

- ### A CHRISTMAS MENU.
- Oyster Cocktail
  - Crepe of Tomatoes Soup
  - Roast Turkey
  - Cranberries
  - Peas
  - Crabapple Sauce
  - Spinach
  - Boiled Dressing
  - Crackers
  - Olives
  - Plum-Pudding
  - Cake
  - Coffee

## Saint Willie



Washington Star.

## CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

**Popcorn Balls.**—Six quarts of popped corn, one pint of molasses. Boil the molasses about fifteen minutes, then pour the corn into a large jar, pour the molasses over it and stir briskly until thoroughly mixed. Make into balls of the desired size.

**Toasted Marshmallows.**—Take a string on the end of a cane or stick, fasten a bent pin on the end of a string and stick the pin into a marshmallow "drop." Hold the marshmallow over an open fire and let it gradually grow. When it begins to melt and turn down it is done.

**Molasses Candy.**—Two cupfuls of brown sugar, half cupful of molasses, two-thirds cupful of vinegar and water mixed, a piece of butter half the size of an egg. When the candy hardens in cold water pour into melted chocolate buttered tins, and as soon as it is cool enough to handle pull it until it is of a straw color.

**Chocolate Creams.**—To the white of one egg add an equal quantity of cold water. Stir in one pound of confectioner's sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Stir until fine and smooth, then pour into hot water and drop into melted chocolate.

**Chocolate Caramels.**—Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and one of non-sticky glucose. Stir your pot, put in sugar, molasses and milk; boil fifteen minutes and add butter and flour stirred to a cream. Let it boil five minutes, then add the chocolate grated and boil until quite thick. Grease shallow pans and pour in the squares before it becomes hard.

**An Accompaniment to Roast Turkey.**—Boil one quart of Spanish chestnuts ten minutes in slightly salted water. As soon as you can handle them strip off shells and skins. Both will come away easily if they have been boiled for the time indicated. Have ready heated some strained grape molasses and pour it over the chestnuts into a tin. Cover them and stew gently five minutes.

**Practical Presents For Boys.**—Don't spend the money saved for your small boy's gift upon the first senseless toy which is seen. Give him something that will help his interest and from which he can learn.

**Christmas For The Birds.**—A traveler in Sweden tells of a beautiful Christmas custom in that land which may well be imitated in our own country. One wintery afternoon at Christmastide I had been skating on a pretty lake three miles from Gothenburg. On my way home noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected in the middle of the dooryard a pole, to the top of which was bound a large full sheaf of rye. In answer to my question as to the meaning of it my companion replied: "Oh, that is for the birds—for the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas, too, you know."

**In Saxen Times.**—In Norman and Saxen times an ox was always roasted whole over the Yule log Christmas.

## THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

How the Poor Dutch Family Got Bread on Christmas Eve.

Poor Mrs. Van Loon was a widow. She had four little children. The eldest was Dirk, a boy of eight years. "It was Christmas eve. She had no bread, and her children were hungry. She folded her hands and prayed to God. "When she had finished her prayer Dirk said, "Mother, don't we read in the Bible that long sent ravens to a pious man to bring him bread?" "Yes," answered the mother, "but that's long, long ago, my dear."

"Well," said Dirk, "then the Lord may send ravens now. I'll go and open the door, if they can't fly in." Shortly after the burgomaster passed by. He is the first magistrat of a Dutch town or village. Seeing the poor woman who stopped, he looked into the room, he was pleased with its clean, tidy appearance. He could not help stepping in and, approvingly, "Why is your door open so late?"

Mrs. Van Loon quickly rose and dropped a courtesy to the gentleman; then, taking Dirk's cap from his head and smoothing his hair, she answered with a smile, "My little Dirk has done it, sir, that the ravens may fly in to bring us bread on Christmas eve."

"Ah, indeed," he exclaimed cheerfully; "Dirk is right! Here is a raven, you see, and a large one too. Come, you see, and I'll show you where the bread lies."

The burgomaster took Dirk to his house and ordered his servant to put two horses and a small cart of butter into a basket. When the other little children saw the bread they began dancing and clapping their hands. The mother gave to each of them a thick slice of bread and butter, which they ate with the greatest relish.

When they had finished their meal Dirk went to the open door and, taking his cap from his head, looked up to the sky and said, "Many thanks, good Lord!" And after having said this he shut the door.—Sphere.

**Warming St. Nicholas.**  
Little Edward's Way of Showing Appreciation For His Many Gifts.  
Christmas morning Edward, aged seven, was delighted with the shower of gifts and his glittering tree. "Wasn't it good of Santa Claus to bring me so many more things than I asked for in my letter?" he said at the breakfast table. Then he grew thoughtful and, suddenly jumping up, disappeared into the kitchen.

His mother followed and found Edward starting in front of the kitchen stove pouring out a cup of coffee. He looked up appealingly. "It is such a cold morning, mother!" But, Edward, you know I never permit my breakfast coffee!" his mother interrupted.

"No, no, mother; I do not wish to drink it. I want to give it to Santa Claus. He was so kind to send me more engines and things than I asked for. May I give him some coffee and rolls, mother—may I?"

Before his mother had time to think of a suitable reply the child had put cream and sugar into the cup; then, with his little face all aglow with appreciation and gratitude, he earnestly poured the steaming coffee into the fire.

"There, now!" he exclaimed, with satisfaction. "That will go right up the chimney and direct to Santa Claus, won't it, mother? And it will warm up his—"

"Little round belly that aches when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly!"

"won't it, mother?"—Lippincott's.

**Christmas Trees For Many.**  
For ladies—Spruce.  
For the winter belles—Fir.  
For lovers—Pine.  
For bad jokers—The chestnut.  
For sugar men—Maple.  
For politicians—The plum tree.  
For tobacco men—The smoke tree.  
For dentists—Gum.  
For slippery people—Elm.  
For disappointed people—The lemon tree.  
For swimmers—Beech.  
For petal trees—Dogwood.  
For all men—Olive.  
For doctors—Sycamore.  
For carpenters—Plane.—Baltimore American.

**Writing to Santa Claus.**  
Two of the many letters mailed to Santa Claus last Christmas read as follows:  
Dear Santa Claus, if you don't come to my house before you come to my house I'll never speak to you in my life.  
Dear Santa Claus, tell me your telephone number so I can order a ortomobile for a poor boy who ain't got no father on our street.

**A PRAYER TO SANTA CLAUS.**  
Edward M. Groat of New York city tells a pretty Christmas story.  
He said that a little girl relative was visiting her grandmother before Christmas and was speculating on what Santa Claus was to bring her, and, as children—especially girls—will do when they are at the home of an indulgent person, she began to rummage through closets and drawers.

In the course of her investigation she came upon a brand new white muff. It was the very thing she had wanted, and she knew that Santa Claus' chief purchasing agent—grandma—had obtained it for her.

"Dear Santa Claus, if you don't come to my house before you come to my house I'll never speak to you in my life."  
"Dear Santa Claus, tell me your telephone number so I can order a ortomobile for a poor boy who ain't got no father on our street."

# The Week's Illustrated Story

## A Christmas Vacation

By ELEANOR A. GREENE

SOMEHOW she looked out of place among the gay throng of Christmas travelers that entered the old waiting room. Whoever the station master's stentorian voice rang through the room she seemed, only to settle back stiff and alert, as before.

"She was small and slightly bent. Her decent black dress, though far from the latest cut, had a nativeness of its own. She had probably passed two-score and ten, yet there was a youthfulness about her that had defied hard work and trouble and sorrow. I felt sure that she had experienced all three. At last she glanced shyly in my direction.

"It's tiresome waiting, is it not?" I ventured.  
"Oh, no! It's all so new and strange to me, and then I've only an hour to wait."

"Perhaps you're unaccustomed to traveling?" I suggested tentatively.  
"This morning is the second time since I was ten years old that I've been on a train of cars," she answered, with suggestive accuracy. "I didn't need to mind that of late, but the longing to go somewhere has seemed to grow on me."

"How long did you say it was since you rode on the cars?" I asked.  
"Just forty years ago this morning. It was on my eighteenth birthday. I was born the day before Christmas."

"I wouldn't have thought it."  
"That's what folks all tell me. I should think I'd look as old as Methuselah, though somehow I don't feel it. I remember that day, forty years ago, just as well. 'Twas just such a morning as this, the snow all asparkle and crisp underfoot. Goodbye said 'twas like fairyland. It was Goodbye Morton—a fair fishy came on her faded cheek—who took me on the Christmas excursion to Buffalo. We was color to the falls, but something prevented. It was the next spring he asked me to marry him. Dear me! You wouldn't think to hear me running on that you're the first person I've ever said it to. I wouldn't let Goodbye tell it neither. I was that afraid mother might hear. She was growing worse fast, and it would have worried her to think I wouldn't leave home and marry like the other girls. Goodbye felt quite worked up for a spell, but finally he married Sally Skinner."

I fancied a slight reproach her, but after a moment she went on in her cheery way: "Well, as I was saying, the last time I rode on the cars was on my eighteenth birthday. By pushing a chair in front of her, mother could get out all the patents you want to welcome." So he had a photograph made of it. Afterward I got real kind of sorry I let him do it, he was so young and green looking.

"Well, you can see, what with mother's help and father's patenting, there wasn't much chance for me to set away, but I always had a hankering to see Niagara falls. It's a sight once seen stays by, they say. When our money was more plenty I laid out to go a number of times, but something or other always turned up to prevent. The first time father was took with a crick in his back. The next time the daughter of the woman who was coming to take care of mother had her leg broke in a runaway. Afterward I got real kind of sorry I let him do it, he was so young and green looking.

"Yes, mother did a little more than a year ago, just a year and three months after father. I was so thankful she was and that you see, you see, he had been sick so long, and then she was naturally pretty high spirited (she said I'd just let folks run right over her) she wanted to speak out pretty sharp, and sometimes it was awful hard to please her, but I never minded, for I knew she meant all right. Oh, you first time how low lost I was after she was gone."

"She was unable to go on for a moment. And I'm so thankful," she continued, regarding her self content. "The money held out till she was gone. I've had to let the place go. Last week after everything was settled up I had just \$22 left. That for two days, so to work for Mrs. Jennings at a dollar a week when one evening—it was just a week ago—I was setting alone feeling pretty blue and thinking you see, you see, now I'd ever see the falls, and in stepped Dr. Brown. "Well, he says in his offhand way, 'Miss Fannie, can you be good natured?'"

"Why, I don't know, doctor," says I. "I never had much experience at it. You see I was feeling blue red."

"Well, he says, with a twinkle in his eye, 'I guess you're going to have a chance now. I've just heard from the young doctor who wanted to get a patent on your mother's lifting apparatus.'"

"He gave me a letter which had a check in it and which said I'm to have \$10 a week my lifetime. It's half the price of the new car, and it's all yours. Well, when I realized it wasn't a story out of a book I never wanted to have a dress made nor nothing. I got the car sooner than I thought so here I am on my way to Niagara falls. The falls are pretty badly froze up, of course, but I ain't going to take any chances on not seeing 'em. Besides—"

"Train going west?" came in stentorian tones.  
"The hand clasp, and the last I saw of my little friend was a cheery, expectant face lost in the hurrying crowd of Christmas travelers.

**Looking Out For Sandy.**  
My mamma, when we build our house, Wants plenty closets to it. She says she'll let the architect That's how he must begin it.  
My papa says he doesn't care To be for big clothespresses, But what he wants is plenty room, And that he'll have, he guesses.  
But I don't care how little 'tis, A palace or a shanty, To want a chimney big enough To fit in dear old Sandy!

—Gerald Prince.



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# THE PROGRESSIVE.

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J. L. MADDOX.

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### A "Progressive" Cabinet.

PRESIDENT-elect Wilson has permitted the press to go forward with the assertion in substance that he proposes to select a "Progressive" Cabinet—his Cabinet members to be persons friendly to the Progressive political principles. Of course he expected the great common people to understand that he was far enough "progressed" to select real Progressives, who fought, bled, but never died for the Progressive party principles, to occupy Cabinet positions, but the "vaccination didn't take" and the great common people have tumbled that he means, not Progressives but so-called Progressive-Democrat and probably a so-called Progressive-Republican or two, and that would be about as far from a Progressive Cabinet as an Anarchist Cabinet would be, so far as a representation of the principles of the true Progressive party is concerned.

"No Democrat can be a Prohibitionist," quoting Mars' Henri, and it's as impossible for a Democrat, Republican or a What-not to be any such a complicated, double-jointed body of scrambled protoplasm as a Progressive-Democrat or a Progressive-Republican. We may expect to see those kind of creatures when elephants take wings and fly and live corpse stalk o'er this firmament.

The Progressive party was not an abortion of any political party or parties, but it is of true birth from the hearts of patriotic men of the greatest nation on earth who would have her maintain her position, and claims no right, title or interest in any other political party, save to establish justice, freedom and equal privileges, and bidding welcome to whosoever will throw away their blood-stained political wigs.

We have, near town, an interesting specimen of roadway, to-wit, an unfinished piece of graded pike probably 300 yards in length, being that part of the Grayson-Olive Hill pike built, as is best known, through the "slip way" from Old Olive Hill to the Winding Bridge, the old roadway route.

Not ages ago the hill above the road ripped across the back and the side the road was fastened on "went tumbling arter him" and picked itself up in the breach.

When came the pointing out the way for the pike, it was decided by those having the matter in charge, to build the pike right over the old roadway, which unfortunately was through the boggiest part of the slip, and work was begun.

When the slip came a road was made around the opposite of the hill, which but for mud in winter, is a splendid road with a natural grade. To have run the pike with this road would have taken less out of the road fund and a good, solid roadbed, as it is, would render a pike with practically no upkeep charge, whereas the work done last fall through the slip way will have to be done over, as the road has broken and slipped, leaving a convenient place to buy a few cows; along the banks the ditching has filled and the water has cut ways across the grading. It's an undertaking to brace a hillside with a road.

"LET the majority rule" is an old adage, but isn't at all an infallible rule to live by with the greatest degree of success, but it was, according to our opinion, the proper charge when last week, at a "get together" meeting of Republican and Progressive leaders, at Lincoln, Nebraska (William Jennings Bryan's home city) the Republicans came to the Progressive's side of the case and agreed on Theodore Roosevelt to President in 1916.

Taking the old adage as a moral; there were four million votes for the

Progressive ticket last November and only three million votes for the Republican ticket cast, in round numbers; then for the Progressives again to come under the lash of the Republican party would make of the cause of the great principles and ordinances commanding the world's attention to-day, a mockery, and in a degree superfluous.

OLIVE Hill should, and very easily could, eliminate much of our almost impassible "wet weather" mud, with very little attention by property owners, and city authorities; a little attention to temporary drainage; some permanent sewerage; a few minutes scraping off mud here and there on streets and crossings, is so easily done and adds to the benefit of pedestrians untold.

With the building and macadamizing of Main Street through the entire length of the town, with the opening Spring, (as is already contracted) and the brick paving of Cross Street from Main Street to the railroad, and with some brick on Front Street, with sewerage, Olive Hill could well high eliminate all mud for next winter, and add an attractiveness to the travel trade and visitors stopping here, that would speak volumes for Olive Hill and repay the cost a thousand times.

Our people should install some kind of street lights also, at once, and throw some public spirit into a city control. The cost would be so trifling.

We hope for agitation along all these lines and immediate results. Will you do it?

It is a duty every Progressive owes to the party and to his own self to discourage coalition with other political organizations of a nature that will hazard the future principle integrity of the Progressive party. Not failure, but low aims crime. Progressive political principles merit the support of all interested in a "greater government for and by the people."

It is said that dancing makes girls' feet large. It is also said that ice cream makes freckles. Doctors are of the opinion that changing on the frontage produces rheumatism. A few more opinions like these and the girls would have any fan-leaf them.

LAWYERS stand up in the court houses before jurors, in the presence of large audiences, and denounce men as liars, scoundrels, thieves and perjured villains, and when court adjourns the men appear to harbor no ill will against them; (reference, Olive Hill Police Court.) But let a newspaper faithfully intimate that a man's character is blamished and he has to stand a libel suit or confront a horse pistol.

SINCE December 31, last, the fields have been rid of enthusiastic hunters, with \$10 dogs and \$50 hats, who shoot away \$1 worth of ammunition, wear out \$5 worth of clothes, and spend \$2 worth of time to get 30c. worth of game.

### HEADACHES

**Caused by Eye Strain, ITCHING, Sore in Eye, Weak, Watery Eyes Remedy: Good Glasses. See physical eye Specialist, Dr. BEN F. THOMPSON.—adv.**

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# PRESENT DAY EMANCIPATION

The Drudgery of Farm Life a Thing of the Past.

## KEEP THE BOYS AT HOME.

Make Them Industrious, Thoughtful and Independent and They Will Want to Stay—The Corn Club is Best Agent in Keeping From the City.

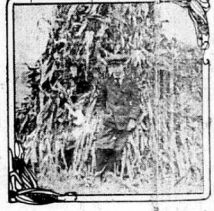
Gradually through the onward march of the centuries mankind has learned that slavery, the buying and selling of human beings, doesn't pay. Mankind has learned that no human being develops to its highest and best unless it is free. It must know and feel that it is constructing its own marvelous destiny.

The child doing almost meaningless chores; the boy slaving the hot summer day through for his father, the girl at work in the garden for the benefit of the family, are one and all in a measure enslaved. Of course every thing in the child's life cannot be made easy and pleasant, but to force the child to feel that he or she is the physical slave to the family interest must hurt and dwarf its growth.

Go out into the country when the vacation sunshine is making vegetation tremble in its eagerness to grow and chat with some farmer's son, a little fellow still in the grades. If you should ask him about the future he is almost sure to say enthusiastically, "I'm goin' to town to get my first chance I get. I'm shod-head first—off the farm right now."

Why does he say it? Why does he believe he will be happier in the city than in the country? He says it and believes it because he has never got anything more than his "board and keep" out of all the early rising and hard work he has known.

Wherever the boy has had an opportunity to grow a crop of his own he has shown that he is industrious, painstaking, thoughtful and mentally alert. Under such conditions he is a free man, working out his own destiny.



AN EMANCIPATED BOY, earning his own money and growing more manly as his crop advances. This is not a fancy, or fine spun theory trying to set aside the accumulated wisdom that the ages have striven to give us in the rearing of the youth of our land. It is the experience that a few short years in the Boys' Corn Clubs has given us. It has shown us that boys, mere boys of ten years, who have worked listlessly for their fathers in fields that produced at best forty or fifty bushels of corn to the acre, can be transformed into wide-awake youngsters producing from 50 to 100 bushels of good corn to the acre.

Let the children be freed, not because their labors have been too heavy, but that they may find themselves in a larger and finer world and womanhood that can make our country life into something better than it ever has been in the past.

**Breeding Tails.**  
An expert in corn judging was looking over a county exhibit to select the best ten ears. He had inspected the display carefully twice, when he hesitated and looked puzzled. He started to speak, but stopped and examined critically two piles of ten ears each which were merely known to him by their tag numbers. At last he touched the two piles and said: "I am going to hazard an opinion. These two piles of corn are Johnson county white, and they have been grown from the same lot of seed corn."

Again he inspected the corn in both piles, while the few people left in the room watched him with increasing interest. He smiled as he again began to speak. "Yes," he said, "I am absolutely certain of my first two statements, and I am going to make a third. The seed corn from which both of these exhibits were grown was not brought from a distance, but was selected and grown by an expert somewhere in their neighborhood."

Several of the bystanders laughed at such a sweeping statement. When the prizes had been awarded and the notebook which held the names and numbers of the exhibits had been consulted, it was found that the corn had been grown by brothers. The seed had been grown by their father, who had been a student of seed corn for eight or ten years.

IF THE FARMER IS UNWILLING TO HANDLE SCRUB STOCK OR BAZON, B. O. C. K. E. B. O. C. S. BE SHOULD ALSO BE UNWILLING TO GROW SCRUB CORN.

# Record Sales of Tobacco at the Huntington Tobacco Warehouse Co.

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The past week's sale:  
Monday, Dec. 30, our entire sale of 64,950 lbs. averaged \$14.51  
Tuesday, Dec. 31, our entire sale of 68,380 lbs. averaged 15.50  
Wednesday, Jan. 1, our entire sale of 25,095 lbs. averaged \$13.51  
Thursday, Jan. 2, our entire sale of 41,135 lbs. averaged \$15.65  
Friday, Jan. 3, our entire sale of 30,245 lbs. averaged \$12.83  
Monday, Jan. 6, our entire sale of 106,715 lbs. averaged \$15.36

## THE ABOVE RECORD FOR HIGH AVERAGES ON ENTIRE FLOOR SALES HAS NOT BEEN EQUALED BY ANY OTHER WAREHOUSE

To further inform you Mr. Tobacco Grower that it pays you to sell at the old house, read these crop averages:

B. F. Dillon, Martha, W. Va., \$23.25	Elmer Mcarty, Plina, W. Va., 20.57
Erwin Lewis, Wayne, W. Va., 23.25	Margaret Doss, East Lynn, W. Va., 17.88
Lewis Rawson, Belleville, W. Va., 21.24	Hennon Meeks, Priestly, W. Va., 17.82
J. W. Moore, Milton, W. Va., 20.38	M. J. Evans, Upper Tygart, Ky., 18.47
A. N. Sumner, Hurricane, W. Va., 19.95	J. C. Dillon, Bartram, W. Va., 16.21
John Adkins, Salt Rock, W. Va., 20.12	G. W. McGehe, Hurricane, W. Va., 22.89
Clarence Smith, Armilda, W. Va., 20.22	Marshall Dillon, Willowood, O., 17.95
C. H. Osborn, East Lynn, W. Va., 17.56	Tom Fritz, Greemp, Ky., 18.81
Erwin Egpling, Raccoon, W. Va., 23.84	

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Bible school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 9:30 p. m. Wm. DURHAM, Sup't.

METHODIST PROTESANT CHURCH—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday nights usual hour. Rev. J. P. ZIMMERMAN, Pastor.

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