

**SON OF "FIGHTING BOB."**

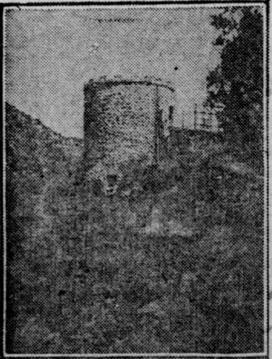
Lieutenant Evans Seems to Have a Good Deal of Fight in Him Too. "Fighting Bob" Evans has a son, Lieutenant Frank Taylor Evans, who has inherited the combative disposition that has made the elder Evans famous, and the son, too, is an officer of the



LIEUTENANT FRANK TAYLOR EVANS, navy. Lieutenant Evans is now with the big warships in the Pacific as an officer of the battleship Louisiana, and charges against him presented to a court martial have occasioned much interest on account of his relation to the former commander in chief of the fleet. According to these charges, young Evans was guilty of doing a little fighting that was not called for by naval rules. He was also charged with being absent from his station, with using profane language to a superior officer and with intoxication. While the fleet was at Honolulu Evans had an altercation with a fellow officer, and it was then reported the incident would be made the subject of an investigation. In San Francisco he got into a fight, too, but on this occasion his conduct was very creditable, as he defended sailors from his ship against a crowd of roughs that had attempted to rob them and kept the thugs at bay with his pistol while the police restored order. Lieutenant Evans came into notice when he was appointed aid to President Roosevelt on the latter's historic trip to the isthmus of Panama. He entered the navy in 1894, reached his present grade about five years ago and was then assigned to duty on the Louisiana. His marriage in August, 1907, to Miss Gertrude Pullman, daughter of Major John Pullman, U. S. A., was a leading event of the season in Washington.

**SMALLEST OF POSTOFFICES.**

It is Located in California and is a Tiny Affair—Its Owner's History. The smallest postoffice in the United States and probably in the world is at Moosa, in southern California. It is 43 by 32 by 84 inches, the last measurement representing the height, which is barely sufficient to allow Postmaster Ike Frazee to enter without his hat, for he stands over six feet. Three times a week the mail arrives at Moosa, and then the tall postmaster opens the little door at the back of his tiny postal station and drives out the flies, lizards and an occasional rattlesnake to squeeze in with the mail bag. Postmaster Frazee is as wonderful as his office, for he was a portrait painter of note and was compelled to adopt the simple life for his health's



THE SMALLEST POSTOFFICE AND THE POSTMASTER'S HOME, WORELAND TOWERS. He spends most of his time outdoors and lives, with his wife and a family of seven children, in a stone castle, circular in shape and three stories high, called Woreland Towers. This remarkable habitation stands on a knoll and has a commanding view. It was built by the Frazees and a wandering Scotch stonemason of native bowlders and fashioned after a famous Scotch redoubt of feudal days.

**DECREE ON FOOTBALL**

When Gridiron Sport Was Against the Law.

**PRISON WAS THE PENALTY.**

King Edward III., Wishing to Encourage Archery, Prohibited Football as a Useless Game—Why James I. Debarred It.

Did you ever know it was once against the law to play football? Well, it has been. The same game—or a modification of it, at all events—that we will now enjoy until after Thanksgiving once came under official displeasure of so pronounced a type as to make of it a prohibited pastime.

However, in justice to the game that our colleges have made famous—with all due regard to earlier champions of the older country—it wasn't because King Edward III. was opposed to football as a sport, but because he feared that its playing would interfere with the proper pursuit of archery, which he looked upon as the national game, much as we look on baseball today, only more so in the case of the good old king, says a writer in the Indianapolis Star. England during the reign of the ancient Edward was foremost among the nations in archery, and it was the wish of the strenuous monarch that this position be maintained. But his subjects didn't altogether share in this view, and when they had leisure they didn't devote all of it to archery practice, but took a whirl at football or other sports, each to his liking, and it was this attitude which resulted in 1349, in a letter being sent from the king to the London sheriffs.

In this royal complaint King Edward said that the skill in shooting with the bow and arrows was almost totally laid aside for the pursuit of various "useless and unlawful games." He therefore commanded them to prevent such idle practices within the city and liberties of London and to see that their "leisure time on holidays was spent in exercise with the bow and arrows." The penalty for football was imprisonment at the king's pleasure.

But notwithstanding royal edicts football had a mighty firm hold on the citizenry, particularly the common folk, and the late Mr. Barclay has referred to this in his unsimplified spelling, thus:

The sturdy plowman, lustie, strong and bold, Overcometh the winter with driving the foote-ball, Forgetting labour and many a grievous fall.

King Edward had an able second in his antagonism to football in King James I., who regarded the dangers of the game as serious and gave out this one: "From this court I debarre the foote-ball, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof."

The football itself hasn't always been the highly scientific contrivance we of today are used to seeing on Indiana college fields or other college grounds. The rustic boys of the long ago used a blown bladder without any leather covering, and inside the bladder they placed peas and horse beans, which made a rattle as the ball was kicked about. This is the way our friend Barclay saw the picture:

And now in the winter, when men kill the fat swine, They get the bladder and blow it great and thin, With many beans and peason put within. It, ratteth, soundeth and shineth cleare and fayre, While it is throwen and caste up in the ayre. Eche one contendeth and hath a great delite, With foote and with hande the bladder for to smite, If it fall to grounde they lifte it up agayne, And this waye to labour they account it no payne.

Even the shoemakers were keen for the sport, and it was for long the custom on each Shrove Tuesday for the cobblers of Chester to deliver to the drapers in the presence of the mayor of Chester at the cross on the Rodebee one ball of leather called a football to the value of 2s. 4d. or more to play at from thence to the common hall of the said city, which practice was productive of much inconvenience, and therefore in the year 1540 by consent of the parties concerned the ball was changed into six glayves of silver of a like value as a reward for the best runner.

In an old comedy called "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," by John Day, acted in 1650, this line is spoken of himself by one of the characters: "I am Tom Stroud of Hurling. I will play a gole at campball or wrassel a fall at the hip or the hin turn." By campball the modest and retiring Mr. Stroud probably was referring to football, which was played to the best advantage in the "camp," or open country. Certainly a champion footballist of 1908 needs to be well able to "wrassel a fall" as well as to be proficient in about every other applied form of outdoor athletics. He must be a fast runner and a battering ram!

Certain it is that King Edward III. would have cause to fear for archery in this day. Although baseball remains the great national game, football has become a good second. And since many reforms have been introduced in the rules of the gridiron sport less and less is heard about its brutality.

Wild Cotton Experiments. Wild cotton from Jamaica will be made the subject of experiments by the department of agriculture with a view of providing a new point of departure for breeding purposes with the domestic cultivated plant.

**FOR Ladies Ills**

J-22

Great suffering is the lot of all women, who neglect the health of their womanly organs. No reason to do so, any more than to neglect a sore throat, colic, or any other disease, that the right kind of medicine will cure. Take

**Wine of Cardui**

for all your womanly ills. It can never do harm, and is certain to do good.

Mrs. Sallie H. Blair, of Johnson City, Tenn., writes: "I had suffered from womanly troubles for sixteen months, and had four doctors, but they could not help me, until I began to take Wine of Cardui. Now I think I am about well." At all reliable druggists, in \$1.00 bottles. Try it.

**WRITE US A LETTER**

Write today for a free copy of valuable 64-page Illustrated Book for Women. If you need Medical Advice, describe your symptoms, stating age, and reply will be sent in plain sealed envelope. Address: Ladies Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

**Too Much of a Tease.**

Blough and Neighbors were chatting on the porch. Mrs. Blough was in the parlor near the window. Blough knew she was listening and wanted to tease her.

"Had a little experience today" he said to Neighbors confidentially. "Prettiest little girl you ever saw." She was sauntering along the street some feet behind a strolling couple. I was walking faster, and as I caught up with her I couldn't help looking at her, she was so pretty. She caught my look and smiled. I had no intention or flirting of course, but that smile was irresistible. Then our hands touched accidentally, and we let them linger a minute. She began walking faster to keep up with me, and we passed the couple ahead together. When we got some distance ahead of them I mustered up nerve enough to speak. "Good evening," I said, and she replied the same very roguishly.

There was a swish of skirts in the parlor, and Blough turned in time to see his wife vanishing toward the hall.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "Of course the little girl was only about six years old, but my wife didn't wait to hear that. She's gone upstairs to cry now, and even if she accepts my explanation it means flowers and a party dress. What fools we husbands be!"—St. Louis Republic.

**What Night Riders Cost.**

Over \$104,000 has been spent by the State from January 1 to September 1 for soldiers who have been used in putting down the night riders. The figures were compiled by those who had access to the books and could learn the exact amount. Gov. Willson has used the soldier freely and has had several companies in the field for several months. All this has cost money, but the Governor believes that it has been worth while, and he is going to see whether or not it is worth the enormous outlay by making speech in Western Kentucky and personally investigating conditions.

**What Are Your Boys and Girls Reading?**

They are bound to read something. They will read trash unless you give them something better that is equally interesting. Try The Youth's Companion. There is plenty of adventure in the stories, and the heroes and heroines are of the real kind, finding in the line of duty opportunity for courage and unselfishness. More than 250 such stories will be published in the 52 issues of the new volume for 1909. There will be fully as many articles, sketches and reminiscences to impart useful information in the most agreeable way, familiarizing The Companion's readers with

the best that is known and thought in the world.

Full illustrated announcement of The Companion for 1909 will be sent to any address free with sample copies of the paper.

The new subscriber who at once sends \$1.75 for 1909 (adding 50 cents for extra postage if he lives in Canada) will receive free all the remaining issues of 1908, besides the gift of The Companion's Calendar for 1900, entitled "In Grandmother's Garden," lithographed in 13 colors.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

**Hogwallow News.**

(From Hogwallow Kentuckian.)

Miss Flutie Belcher will go to Tickville to-morrow. Later—Since writing the foregoing she has decided not to go.

There will be no preaching at Hog Ford Sunday. Raz Barlow tore up the floor yesterday looking for a hen nest.

Dock Hocks let his buggy set in the pond too long this week and the tires got so tight the mule can hardly pull it.

Washington Hocks, our esteemed postmaster, has closed the postoffice while his cow is very bad off with hollow horn.

Tobe Moseley finished his new corn pen to-day. It is built on the plan of his old one, and he will bore the rat holes to-morrow.

Yan Sims has been very busy all this week writing a letter to Miss Gondola Henstey, of Buzzard Knob. The mail carrier will grease his buggy good and depart with it early Monday morning.

The Hog Ford preacher is organizing a donation party to be given at his house Tuesday night.

Poke Eazley fell from the top of a tall tree last Wednesday over near Rye Straw. He took out his watch and timed himself during the fall, and says he broke the record.

A preacher once said: "You editors do not tell the truth. If you did, you could not live. Your newspapers would be a failure." The editor replied: "You are right; and the minister who will all the times tell the bare truth about his members, alive or dead, will not occupy the pulpit more than one Sunday, and he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go hand in hand with the white-wash brush. The pulpit, press and gravestone are the great saint-making triumvirate." The minister went away, looking very thoughtful, while the editor turned to his work, telling of the surpassing beauty of the bride, while in reality she was as ugly as a mud fence.

**A Warning.**

[Lexington Herald.]

From what we are able to

**THE CAMPAIGN IS ON**

WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT?

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP POSTED

RE THE

**Courier-Journal**

**Louisville Times**

AND

**The Adair County News.**

**Fifth Avenue Hotel,**

PIKE CAMPBELL, MGR.

Refurnished, Redecorated, and Remodeled. A First-class Hotel at Popular Prices. Convenient to Wholesale and Retail Districts, Churches and Theaters. "FIFTH AVENUE" LOUISVILLE.

FIFTH AVENUE, BET GREEN AND WALNUT STREETS.

Louisville, - - - Kentucky.

gather from friends and acquaintances in different parts of the state, we believe the Republicans are better organized than the majority of Democrats give them credit for being; that the apparent apathy among their leaders is only apparent; that they are doing all in their organization to carry the state for Judge Taft if possible. And it is not unreasonable that they should have hopes of so doing. With the state administration Republican and every city of the first and second class, with the exception of Lexington, in the hands of the Republicans; with the majority of the state election commissioners and a majority of the election commissioners in all the counties in which there are cities of the first or second class, except Fayette; with the police and fireman in those cities; with all the Federal office-holders in Kentucky; with ample funds and the record of the state having been carried by Governor Willson by 15,000 majority, there is ground for them to hope to secure the electoral vote for Judge Taft. It is, however, beyond question true that a very large majority of the white voters of the state are for Mr. Bryan, and that an appreciable number of negroes will vote for him in preference to Judge Taft, if they vote at all. But between now and the election arrangements must be made by the Democrats to get every voter to the polls, to dispel the feeling of overweening confidence with which some of our leaders seem to be affected, which confidence is being encouraged by the news sent out from the Republican national headquarters that the Republicans do not expect Kentucky's electoral vote, and are not making any effort to secure it.

Three Pinkerton detectives have arrived in Lexington to work on the case of Willis E. Smith, the missing State University student, believed to have been the victim of college hazing, and whose whereabouts are still a mystery.