THE MERCURY

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1925

A COMMUNITY TREE

Carlisle should have another community Christmas tree this year and it is not too early to make arrangements for it. A modest donation on the part of each citizen will bring happiness to many youngsters to whom Christmas has little meaning.

The Mercury has always believed that the empty stocking is perhaps the greatest tragedy of childhood, and a tragedy which is preventable, if grownups will but give of their time and means to its prevention.

This newspaper will be glad to receive subscriptions toward a community tree and enlist the services of others in making it a success.

Won't some one start the donation?

KEEP THE CANNERY.

Receiving plants are opening throughout the Burley belt this week. This will mean, one hopes, a relief from a season that has proven a loss for many lines of business.

The Mercury believes that the farmer must learn eventually to depend upon some other crop besides tobacco. Up until comparatively recent years it was believed that white burley could not be successfully grown in central Kentucky. The stabilizing of the market by the pool, however, has proven this not to be a fact.

Good tobacco is being raised on the sheep hills of the South and it is as well to look frankly at the matter and to admit that this is a condition that will grow each year so long as the weed demands a good price. In the end the law of supply and demand will get in its work.

Because it believes this to be the case, The Mercury has always urged its former friends to give a fair trial to any money-crop that may eventually prove a substitute for the ready cash tobacco brings them. For the reason we have urged a fair trial of the growing of tomatoes and it is our sincere hope that the farmers of this county will put up the necessary acreage to permit a continuation of this experiment at Nicholasville.

A GOOD CASH CROP.

The Richmond Register says of the growing of alfalfa:

It is estimated that $200,000 is spent by Madison county farmers for commercial feed each year, much of which they could grow profitably on their own farms.

That alfalfa may be profitably grown in many sections of the county is being pointed out by Robert Spence, county agent who recently called attention to the fact that Green Dutnam, of Kingston, who tended four acres in 1924, this past season cut 14 tons of hay to the cutting and the third cutting was pinned for winter protection.

One can allow $50 per acre for growing 120 or better per ton for alfalfa hay. This indicates that the first year four acres brought the Kingston farmer a gross return of $240 and in other and your will be further increased.

No profitable did he find the experiment that he has sown his additional acres to alfalfa and will proceed to increase his acreage until further. Such figures indicate unquestionably that alfalfa is a profitable substitute for tobacco as a cash crop and it has the additional advantage of being a splendid soil builder.

Increased alfalfa acreage will mean increased livestock profits and added soil fertility as well as emancipation from that annual economic threshold in which too many have been placed by their reliance on tobacco.

The interest which is being taken in preparations for laying the foundation in Madison county just now would indicate that a majority of our best farmers will raise alfalfa next year. Absolute records prove that lime applied to soil increases the growth from 1,940 to 2,760 pounds per acre. It is true that much of our land requires the application of lime; but this crop may be grown with any degree of success, but on that land where alfalfa may be grown, the application of this fertilizer will easily pay for itself.

Here is another good cash crop that may prove a boon to the farmers in tobacco-growing district, should the wide-spread cultivation of the latter not eventually make it an unprofitable crop.

NOVEMBER

Nobody, to our knowledge has so far sung the song of November since the time Bobby Burns used it as a setting to his right poem, The Cotter's Saturday Night. And we show how deterred to it to be sung. Some of it like it is angry enough to be: "Wind wi' angry sweep" to hurtle a great fire in a comfortable room, and sullen temperament but lingering to the post; who still—and drop—like a chance on October, on which he was sadly thrown down this year. it is a fitting complement to the eloquent tribute paid to it each year, and well reflects the view of candidates who entered into it with hope, only to be scored under in its bleak dismembers.

So sob good friend. Col. Fitzhugh, of the Winona Enterprise, is perhaps he is right. And yet as the month passes, we would pay tribute, though it be sere-brown, by requoting a paragraph recently found in The Mercury, which we found in the Youth's Companion, formerly Colored, but a poet, inspired by the mouth of chill and "early blasts."

For those who know and love her November has the serenity of a good and kindly old age that still has all the faculties unimpaired and still retains its zest in life. The beauty and glory of the summer and the flamboyant reds and yellows of the fall she has seen before, and clothed herself becomingly in soft browns and tender greys, and about her floats a mantle of misty blue. She is not yet beyond the vanities of a knot of glowing black or silver berries at her throat or a pearly pink corsage bouquet of wild cherry leaves to set off the beauty of her friends. In the weedy corners of the fields she gathered seed of frills in unclothing flight from the frosts, and the sarbathers and the chickadees, those acrobats of the avian world, perform their antics for her. The chipmunk has not yet completed his winter store and he knows that the time is short, is sunnier than ever, for the sky is a deeper blue against the hazy blue tops. The corn has been cut in the fields, and golden seed cucumbers and bare and brown a Forgotten sprig lights the encampments with its yellow bloom. The wind has stolen away, and all is still. From the time wasp, the summer the call of crows and the cats, wrapping himself in a royal purple cloak of aloofness and mystery, sinks at last into his bed of amber and jade."

THIS HERE SETTLES HIT.

("Hoosfolks" in Courier-Journal.)

Many interesting letters were received from somebody in Louisville a week or so ago from The Courier-Journal. We hate clippings; women pictures-clipping, to our mind, and say, is about the soriest kind of reading matter they is. But this here clipping is right good. Hit mentions us folks in so fashion, to-wit:

"Some of the letters received from somebody in Louisville will be published from The Courier-Journal's office in the near future. Hit sure would sound like Christmas to us folks in the mountains ensconced all over the settling yonder, and, anyhow, we always like to see our letters in print. Hit mentions sorghum molasses are plumb essential to Christmas in the mountains