THE MERCURY

Established 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

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Grimes Caywood, News Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year (in advance)	$2.00
Six Months (in advance)	1.00
Three Months (in advance)	.65

Member Kentucky Press Association
Member Null Editorial Association

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1926

BACK TRACKING ON THE TRAIL

It was with some misgivings that we hailed our little family and nearly begged with the privilege of spending three days of youth, age and, we had Thursday morning and even a cousin made up and ready for the road made famous by Daniel Boone and C.H. Jim Morris. But the weather was ideal, the faithful auto "Nellie" was in the best of mechanical pure, before to stretch out for a long, glittering ribbon of a hard-surfaced road and on rather side by the pretty rolling pastures of the Blue Grass, clean enough to remind of the stately golden rod against the glossy background of morning glories. Brown thrushes are flanked their olive and buff coats as they scurried into roadside hedges; the blackbird trailed in the ribbon of dripping fence and from a telegraph wire that self-conscious tuxedo of twilight evening, the indigo-bunting, shrilled his incessant, high-pitched song.

Our spirits rose. Even the three miles of bad road on the Mount Sterling side of the river failed to dampen some of our exhilarating. Soon we were rolling smoothly on a broad macadam road winding through the thriving city of Irvine, amid a bank of beautiful home-yards and on of the many "gateways" to the Mountains. Into Beattyville, a splendid road and there we stopped for lunch at the Boone Tavern, a spotlessly clean and modern hotel, operated by Berea College. Here pilgrims of the Travers are all dead ends, working their way through college. The service is courteous, quiet, efficient, comparing favorably with that of the best metropolitan hotels in the larger cities. Boone, we reckon, was a worthy name to use. That the school cares for them students a great, we had proof the fact had small nothing to do. We were not prepared for such a model place as exists there. No wonder the young people from New York, recently attended there, who conducted us through the plant where each loaf of bread brought to date by girl that only expected herself as being somewhat disappointed in the beauty of this so-called "mountain school." Yet there are no "Spoon Bread Women" to be found here. Neither "Lord Alfred's ancestral home" nor "Julian's palace." Of the college students, Boone Tavern Hotel, Berea is "Started with faith, hope and charities and those three others are fitted because of the faith and hope and." Also a conscious somehow of the existence of the "Spirit of Christ" in the atmosphere of the place today.

Luncheon over, we take the "new road" for Mt. Vernon, which is easily manage if, theoretically, it is a road. Yes, we tried it day and night the worst nightmare ever, the worst nightmare ever, the worst nightmare ever,