THE MERCURY

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THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1926

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMMED

Cecil Williams, of Somerset, president of the Kentucky Press Association, is one of one hundred newspaper men who will be the guests of the Governor of New Hampshire during the week of July 12 to 18. The visiting newspaper men are being entertained with a view to "acquainting them with the beauties and historic sites" of the New England commonwealth.

One wonders if the "beauties and historic sites" will include power dams, which some of our exchanges would have us believe tourists will travel thousands of miles to see.

COUNTS US IN

Writing of the three-for-one road bond proposition made to counties by the State Highway Commission, the Shelby News says:

The State Highway Commission made the three-for-one proposition to fifteen counties. Harrison county is the fourteenth county to accept it, leaving only Shelby county yet to vote on the proposition.

Don't you count us, brother? Or perhaps you have so much confidence in the good judgment and common sense of the people of Nicholas county in the matter, that you regard our bond issue election, set for July 17, as good as won.

The proposed bond issue, which will be submitted to the voters of this county on July 17, might appropriately be entitled: "A bond issue to put the side roads of Nicholas county in good condition." For its effect will be to release $25,000 each year for this purpose.

AN IMPORTANT LAW.

A most important law goes into effect this month. It is important to every tax-payer, because it will enable him to see where every dollar of tax money is spent. It will react for the good of the office-holder, himself, preventing insinuations that funds in his hands are being squandered or improperly used. For the new law provides that "every public official of any county, city, town, political subdivision or graded school district, less than a county, whose duty it is, by virtue of his office, to collect, receive or have custody of public funds," shall prepare an itemized, sworn statement at the end of each fiscal year and have same published. A heavy fine is the penalty for failure to comply with the terms of the new law.

The part of the act, which was passed without a dissenting vote by the last Legislature is as follows:

"Every public official of any county, city, town, political subdivision or graded school district, less than a county, whose duty it is, by virtue of his office, to collect, receive or have the custody of public funds ...

... court, which fine shall be paid into the treasury of the county or town in which the officer convicted of said misdemeanor shall hold his office."

OLD "OVER-SUPPLY" AT WORK

The Shelby News thinks the outlook for tobacco growers is "not so good." Shelby county, we are told, is "setting out a crop of tobacco as large as last year." "Evidently," says the News, "but little consideration is being given the unsettled outlook for this crop in determining the acreage to be planted."

As a result of the wide-spread tendency of all growers of burley tobacco to do just what the growers of Shelby county are doing, produce more and more of the weed, The Mercury must agree with the News that the pool faces a most difficult task.

It is difficult to determine whether the growers will sign up their crop for another five-year period. Opinions differ and The Mercury is not predicting the failure of the pool, when it agrees with the editor of the News that "it is well for the Association to be in position to protect its members in the event another pooling arrangement is not made."

Says the News:

"While an opportunity will be given its old members, as well as the independents who stayed out and reaped rich profits as a result of the high prices made by the pool, to sign up for another five-year period, the Association undoubtedly must be in a position to protect its members in the event another pooling arrangement is not made. In other words the Co-operative must be prepared for the worst. As a matter of safety it should make arrangements to dispose of the large holdings it now has in storage before the present crop is ready for market. If they do this they will be in a position to meet the independents on an equal plane when the market for the 1926 crop opens.

"Indications therefore point to the disposal of the co-operative's holdings this summer. What effect it will have on the price of the new crop this fall no one can predict with any degree of certainty, but the natural conclusion is that it will result in much lower prices.

"The same reason that would cause the co-operative to clear out its tobacco in storage will also probably induce it to sell the 1926 crop of its members, because to continue to hold tobacco after they have practically gone out of business would be suicidal so far as any profits for its membership is concerned.

"With such conditions facing the growers of Burley tobacco the outlook for the present crop is anything but bright."

BOBBED HAIR.

Our friend, Fitzhugh, of Wilmore, with his accustomed chivalry, jabs with trenchant pen in the cause of the Whitesburg damsel who slapped the near cheek of a garrulous and insulting "minister," so called, who averred while in a state of emotion, induced, one supposes, by the hypnotic power of his own rounded, doubtless nasal and perhaps sidewindal periods, that "all bobbed haired women are headed for hell," and being questioned before the slapping as to whether he intended to convey the meaning that all women wearing bobbed hair are lewd women, replied: "that's gospel; that's gospel." We note that the lower case is used in the report in the printing of the word "gospel." Doubtless it is done advisedly.

But to return to Fitzhugh and his screed. After paying his respects to the jury, which he mildly terms a "peculiar bunch," for having jailed the slapper and let the slappee go scot free, he pens so much good common sense about the yet-much-mooted-in-rural-districts subject of bobbed hair, that we are reprinting it here:

"There has been put forth, first and last, a lot of silly, or worse, comment on the bobbed hair woman by people who have let a foolish prejudice run away with their ... started during the war in camps, hospitals and women's work in the field, when there was neither time nor facilities to keep the "sweeping glory" tidy or clean. It was found to be so sane and eminently comfortable that it survived the horror of war to become a part of daily custom.

"For it was here that the first bobs appeared and they were worn over dying soldiers, in the field hospitals, in the emergency tent, by the flying squadrons of devoted women who gave their service to their country and its needs. It was not an invention of flapperdom but an aftermath of war and its intensive demands. That it has survived and grown to a national custom is only an evidence that there is a quality in it to commend it. No fad, so called, ever lives longer than the effect of novelty draws attention. That this custom has become universal, and there seems no reason to doubt that it has come to stay, is the strong indication that it is based on common sense and has become not a fad but an institution.

"Reverting to our text. If Mr. Brown is guilty of so insolent and sweeping a charge, as he stands accused of, he should apologize to womanhood in this broad land. The fact that he used the pulpit to broadcast it from only aggravates the offense. That he used a sacred rostrum to cast so indecent a charge from is deplorable. The fact that he turned his other cheek to be slapped is only a bit of melodramatic buncombe that will be properly discounted by those who know what an intemperate orator may do to appear sensational.

"Furthermore we venture to say that ten years from now the fervid orator of this meeting will probably look back on his intemperate utterance with surprise, if not regret. For he will have become so used to a settled custom that it may even rouse him, then, to thunder forth against the long haired women for being so exceptional to the common style as to be odd and therefore, to men of his temperament, sinful because they are different."

THIS, THAT AND 'TOTHER

A page from the dairy of a country editor.

Lay late, it being the Sabbath and so sleepy-headed that I am induced to rise only when I learn that there are to be waffles for breakfast. Which brings me up forthwith, but little stomach for their golden glories, alack, having nibbled at candy late last night, a bad habit to which I do persist. Out after breakfast to watch my cat bird in the cherry tree and she has finished her nest and ornamented it with string and bits of paper. And no doubt there are now eggs and perchance fledglings there, yet I am loathe to climb and see, so distressed is a mother cat bird, when one has discovered her home. But now she sings blithely and almost as well as her cousin, the mocking bird, I think, believing her nest to be securely hidden. A very aristocrat of birds is the cat bird and mine does take her morning's bath very prettily with great splashings and I am told by a bird lover that it is very droll to see a mother cat bird lead her young to the morning bath where she does seize them by the nape and plunge them under until they learn to make their own toilet.

The day being fine, I slip away to make a picture of a dove I have found nesting in a cedar bush in our cemetery. But, alas, the storm of last Sunday has drowned the fledglings, one of which hangs by its neck in a crotch of the bush, a sad sight. Strange it is that all young doves do not tumble from the ill-constructed platform of sticks which must serve as a nest, for the female mourning dove is a sloven builder and a poor housekeeper, yet the male does sing his mournful love-note to her, as though she were the finest of wives. And very like he thinks so, after the manner of many husbands. As I walk on I do hear his coo-coo-coo-oo-oo, crooning to her, and methinks there will be another nest and more white eggs and no tragedy this time perchance.

... and lined with horse hair, very neat, and so well hidden that one might search for hours and not find it, unless shown the spot by the nesting bird. In it there were four fledglings with orange-pink mouths, if such a color there be. At least the mouths were larger than the tiny birds almost and they stretched them mightily when the nest was touched. And all the while the parent birds did chip plaintively, both fluttering near, the female nearest, as is the custom of mothers, forgetting her fear in her anxiety for her children. Very soon I passed off touched by the solicitude of this feathered mother.

So across the fields home, seeing a pair of cardinals, the male a streak of flame against a background of green leaves, and a ruby-throated humming bird poised near me for a moment. And I was fain to think how different is this darting little bunch of feathers from the dove, for he is but a sad dog of a husband and his wife a model housekeeper, for she does labor diligently to saddle her tiny nest on a twig, lashing it securely with cobwebs, strand after strand and camouflaging it to match the color of surroundings with innumerable bits of lichen, the while he flits from flower to flower and does no whit of work. Very like some men is this bird also.

In the cemetery I find the nest of a brown thrasher in a cedar bush and the parent birds both so frantic that I left them at peace, but I note one croons a liquid "pee-a-wee," that is almost a sob, when she thinks her young are to be harmed.

Home to make slight pretense of eating lunch and eager to be back in the sunshine, though the air grows cool for June. So to the lake to pick wild strawberries, which tempt me not so much as the fishing and I yearn for a bucket of black-head minnows and my rod, for it is June and there is always prospect of hooking a fat bass, many of which live in the lake, but feed I think mighty well on smaller fishes, for they do take the hook a bloom. At the lake it is pleasant to watch the martins and the barn swallows flit and dip and a purple grackle walked sedately to within a few feet of me. Very like a crow is this fellow and well named the crow blackbird.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE.

And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

TO A WATERFOWL

(William Cullen Bryant)

Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou're gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

... and two knives. Mr. Webster offers $50 reward for arrest and conviction of culprit.

City Council purchases fire engine and will dig five fire cisterns.

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, June 11, 1896

Miss Katie Armstrong takes position as clerk in Bryson & Neal Store.

Rev. A. N. White purchases lot near electric light plant from Dr. N. H. McNew for $575.

Joel Day, Sr., attending reunion of veterans of Mexican War at Lexington.

New church at Mt. Pleasant to be dedicated Sunday by Rev. G. W. Young, of Richmond.

W. P. Ross, president of the Old Settlers' Association, calls annual meeting to be held in Carlisle on June 20.

Sam K. Veach and John I. Williamson re-elected trustees of the Carlisle Graded School at special election Saturday.

Rev. J. B. Jones and family leave for Columbia, Mo., where Rev. Jones goes to accept the presidency of Columbia College.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Harney, of the county, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Luther Platt, of the county, a daughter.

Hanson Kennedy, of Carlisle, elected member of the State Central Committee at Democratic convention in Lexington last week.

Died—Mr. Henry Rafferty, 25, at his home near Blue Licks on the 6th.—Mrs. Tracey Waugh, at her home near Moorefield on the 3rd.—Mrs. Nancy West, at her home near Myers Station on the 6th.—Twin infants of Mr. and Mrs. Alva West, at their home in the county on the 7th.—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Stitt on the 5th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, June 12, 1884

Thomas B. Talbott, formerly compositor in The Mercury office, locates in Marshall, Mo.

C. W. McIntire purchases residence in Glendale, Ohio, and will move to that place to reside.

Congregation of Methodist church purchases Dallas residence for $1,600 and will use it as a parsonage.

Miss Sue Huff returns from O'Fallen, Mo., where she was instructor in music in a seminary the past year.

Hon. Robert Riddell nominated as candidate for Appellate Judge from this district in Democratic convention in Winchester last week.

Unknown person enters store of Thomas Monday night and steals, pistol, several boxes of cartridges ...

Hot Weather Specials

We have a few numbers left in Men's Summer Suits, of which we are offering at a very low price

Men's All Wool Gaberdines $15.00
Men's Genuine Palm Beach $10.00
Men's Tropical Worsted $12.50
Men's Panama Cloth $10.00

We Have Only a Limited Supply Of These at This Price. Select Yours Now

R. T. KIRKLAND & COMPANY
"The Store of Real Value"

Read
what your County Agent has to say of the value of LIMING on the last page of Section 1.

Have your Rock ground into Limestone this summer. Everyone will want Lime next spring when the results of its use are seen. Now operating on Pleasant Spring pike. Call Warren Fisher, or Fisher Henry, phone 20.

Coal That Burns

GOOD BLOCK COAL

HAULING

Of All Kinds---Day or Night Phone No.25

HENRY & LEDFORD

GUM-DIPPING
the Extra Process for Extra Miles!
Breaks all Tire Records

The 500 Mile Speed Classic at Indianapolis has always been a Battle of Tires. In 1911, Firestone won with fabric tires at 74.59 miles per hour. In 1920, Firestone won with cord tires at 88.55 miles per hour. In 1925, Firestone won with Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons at the record breaking average speed of 101.13 miles per hour.

In 1926, Firestone again won with Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons. The ten cars to finish "in the money" were all Firestone-equipped. They went the distance without a single blowout and with but two tire failures—one due to a puncture and the other to a leaky valve.

The Firestone Record in Battle of Tires at Indianapolis

Year	Driver	Car	Tires	Miles Per Hour
1911	Harroun	Marmon	Firestone	74.59
1912	Dawson	National	Michelin	78.70
1913	Goux	Peugeot	Firestone	76.92
1914	Thomas	DeLage	Palmer	82.47
1915	DePalma	Mercedes	Goodrich	89.84
1916	Resta	Peugeot	Goodrich	83.26
1917	No Race—			
1918	World War			
1919	Wilcox	Peugeot	Goodyear	88.06
1920	Chevrolet	Monroe	Firestone	88.55
1921	Milton	Frontenac	Firestone	89.62
1922	Murphy	Murphy Sp.	Firestone	94.48
1923	Milton	HCS Spec.	Firestone	90.95
1924	Corum-Boyer	Duesenberg Special	Firestone	98.23
1925	DePaolo	Duesenberg	Firestone Full-Size Balloons	101.13
1926	Lockhart	Miller Spec.	Firestone Full-Size Balloons	95.88

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

L. A. MARTIN

Porto Bello Gold

By A. D. Howden Smith

CHAPTER XV

The Attack on the Stockade

A yellow crescent moon was riding over the treetops, and we halted in the gap the attackers had torn in the stockade to survey our situation by its light. Half-way down the hill a group of the Walrus' men rallied and commenced to fire up at us; and Coupeau was for pushing after them, but my great-uncle checked him.

"No, no, Coupeau! Yonder is John Silver, astraddle of the stockade. See, he is helping up another fellow. They have been cut off by our charge, and, if you please, we'll deal with them first."

I will admit a pang of sympathy for Silver. He was not more than twenty yards from us and by dint of well-nigh incredible efforts, with the other man to boost him, he had succeeded in scaling the stockade and was sitting there, with his one leg dangling inside. When we discovered him he started to swing his leg over the top, evidently intending to abandon his companion. But whether because of something the other man said or because he feared he must injure himself in dropping the eight feet to the ground without anyone to check his fall, he abruptly changed his mind and faced about toward us very resolutely, seizing hold of the crutch which hung from his neck by its thong.

The man at the foot of the stockade gathered himself together like a coiling serpent and plucked a long knife from his belt. He had been in the shadow until then, but now the moonlight shone over his torso and we recognized him for the blind man, Pew. He had lost his green eye-shade and his pock-marked face was cadaverous in the yellow glow. His eyes were open, and they seemed to smolder dully as they strained at us. His knife glinted in his hand.

"Will you be assisted down and be hanged whole, or must we cut you down, Silver?" hailed Murray.

He, like the rest of us, ignored the blind man. Our attention was fixed upon Silver, his broad face very calm in the moonlight.

"Them there ain't exactly tempting terms, Cap'n Murray, sir," Silver answered temperately. "Couldn't ye be a mite more generous?"

"I am serving you a dish no more highly sauced than that you intended for me," returned my great-uncle dryly.

"Now, sir; now, sir," remonstrated Silver. "How can ye say that? All we done was to try and persuade ye to give us our share o' the treasure—you havin' eight hundred thousand pound stowed away special, accordin' to your own story. And if we come in by the back door after it, why that was so's we'd hurt ye least."

"You'd argue yourself to a block of ice in hell, Silver," rejoined my great-uncle amusedly. "Throw down that crutch! Drop that knife you, sirrah, Pew—or whatever your name is!"

Sword in hand, he advanced ahead of the rest of us, who were strung out all the way from the gap in the stockade. Coupeau was at his elbow, and Peter and I close behind.

"Come," he adjured them a second time. "I'm in no mood to talk terms, and if you delay 'twill make your end the more painful."

Silver's face went livid in the moonlight.

"Aye," rasped the one-legged man, "ye'll lash us bloody-raw like the lads as let us in tonight."

And as Murray continued to advance, he struck out with his crutch.

"Keep off," he shrieked. "Keep off!" And then: "I can't reach him, Ezra. Let him have it!"

Pew crouched with his knife-hand drawn back.

"Aye, it takes blind Pew to let him have it," he croaked in his hateful voice.

(To Be Continued)

"Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest."

TACTFULLY PUT

Judge: Tell the court, Alexander, exactly where the auto hit you.

Alexander: Jedge, ef I had been carryin' red lights, they sho' would have been busted all to pieces.

A large pipe organ in Milan, Italy, has pipes made of paper.

One Drop of Bourbon Poultry Remedy Cures Gapes

Sold By HOPKINS DRUG CO.

SICKLY, PEEVISH CHILDREN

Children suffering from intestinal worms are cross, restless and unhealthy. There are other symptoms, however. If the child is pale, has dark rings under the eyes, bad breath and takes no interest in play, it is almost a certainty that worms are eating away its vitality. The surest remedy for worms is White's Cream Vermifuge. It is positive destruction to the worms but harmless to the child. Price 35c. Sold by THE CARLISLE DRUG CO.

Old papers for sale at this office.

FOR EARLY TOBACCO

Put your tobacco in the barn ten days to two weeks earlier by using

ARMOUR'S
Big Crop Burley Tobacco Grower

Tobacco Will Be Late!

Invest your fertilizer dollars in a plant food that will give the plant a quick start, a quick growth, adding pouuds and color to your crop and money in your pocket.

Carlisle Coal and Feed Company

In the Kitchen with 6 Famous Cooks

Expert Pacific Coast Cooks Give Choice Recipes for Unusual Desserts

With Any Fruit

Strawberry Meringues! Doesn't it sound like a most palatable dessert? Mrs. Vaughn has a simple recipe for it.

3 egg whites
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg whites stiff. Add the vinegar to the egg whites and beat. Add sugar gradually, beating it with wire whip. Drop the mixture in spoonfuls on oiled paper placed on baking sheet and bake in a slow oven. When finished, cut the meringues through the center and fill with crushed strawberries. Serve topped with whipped cream.

Other fruits may be used in season instead of the strawberries. This makes a dainty dish to serve at parties, too.

An Unusual Pie

Mrs. Vaughn's fig pie is an unusual change from the ordinary pie. Here are the ingredients:

1½ cups boiling water
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons flour
¾ cup sugar
Juice two lemons
Grated rind one lemon
¾ cup finely chopped figs
2 eggs

Sift dry ingredients into top of double boiler. Pour boiling water on them, stirring constantly. Cook for 15 minutes. Beat eggs slightly, and with figs add to cooked mixture. Let cook 3 minutes. Remove from fire and add lemon juice and rind. Turn into plate lined with pastry, wet edge. Make lattice of pastry strips across top. Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 6.

Everyone likes a change of cooking. These "different" desserts will please the most particular.

(You'll be interested in the special cooking article on this page next week.)

Saves "Guesswork" Baking

A device that registers the degree of heat in the oven is now on the market. It takes the "guesswork" out of baking and roasting. It is easily fitted to almost any glass oven door.

LEFT to right: Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, Miss Rosa Michaelis, Mrs. Belle DeGraf, Mrs. Kate B. Vaughn, Miss Lucy G. Allen, and Miss Margaret Allen Hall.

"If men did the cooking they would insist on a good stove"

Where is the woman who does not agree with Mrs. Rorer's statement? Yet why will so many women put up with an inefficient stove day after day?

PERFECTION Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

Endorsed by 6 famous cooks