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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1926

A "LIFTED" EDITORIAL

The following editorial, by L. S. Fitzhugh, was awarded first prize at the Kentucky Press Association in 1925.

The editorial appeared in Mr. Fitzhugh's Wilmore Enterprise, in 1924.

THE WORLD'S MEMORIAL DAY

Eleven o'clock on the morning of November the eleventh, six years ago, marked an hour and date that will go down in record as one of the great epochs in the world's history. The furious din of battle raged along a line of two hundred miles. When the finger of time rounded to the hour dead silence fell. The war was over and slaughter had ceased. It was the momentous event in the annals of the world. All over the earth the about of joy mingled with the tout ensemble of bereavement. The dead silence that fell, as if by magic, over the long contending lines, was the most profoundly solemn hush that had ever been impressed on humanity since human records have been made.

The war was over. The battle was on. The cause for which millions offered their lives and fortunes was satisfied in the salvation of a threatened civilization. And Johnny came marching home, his duty done, his sacrifice hallowed in the blood of the companions he left behind on the poppy strewn fields of France and Flanders. He came joyously and was received with tumultuous acclaim. He had seen Hell and his memory was scarred with the horror of it. But he was through with it now and loving arms embraced him and loved hearts yearned over him and how again was he in the vigorous young manhood that sprang forward to greet his country on his return from Home again and what a blessed home.

But with him, in his springing vitality, came broken and shattered forms, maimed and crippled shadows, who went forward as vigorous and hopeful as he; now wasted do relects in the rushing sea of life, ruined bodies with living souls yet holding them together. The sudden spectacle of all the horrors that had convulsed a planet and created a new era. Not far from the flowing bantiness streets of cities and the green march under triumphal arches. Not far from the hand acclaim of shouting thousands waving flags and echoing the roar of welcome. He was the by-product of war's savagery; the wreck that limped into port not to sail again on the sea of endeavor or answer pilotment. He came in quietly and quietly he goes away when what is left of a once glorious promise flickers out in the final passage.

The widow with trembling hands, the mother with aching breasts, was there to watch the home coming. The boy who did not come back from war asleep and the tears flowed afresh for the sacrifice made for the triumphal progress. The grief buried fathers also watched, lost a silent grief at the sight of the swinging column. Its boy lay asleep in a cross in France. Ah, the pity of it; the ceaseless longing, the aching sorrow; the agony of anticipation! Ask three mourners and those broken wrecks of war is not Earth's Hell?

And the parade goes merrily on. Why not? We WERE glad to welcome our boys home. They went forth as living sacrifices for us and our deeds. Should we not shout and acclaim them when they return safe, rejoicing at the end of danger and experiences that tried their souls. The extremes of joy and suffering met here. There were other wives, mothers and fathers who embrace the boy they had offered up on the altar of their country when he came back to them from life spared and the home regained.

For each is war's contrast and each its ending—joy, weeping, broken lives wrecked homes, happy reunions.

The far flung battle fields of France and Belgium are strewn with graves. The lands are strewn with wreckage and ruin. Nations are bankrupt and suffering. America is still the hope of starving millions. Once prosperous nations have been disrupted and are now in the agony of reconstruction. The face of civilization has been changed. The weary travel of a shattered continent is now going on, in its slow crawl upward toward normal condition. Our own country, thrice blessed in its strength and stability, stands on a bleeding world.

And this is war! Is it not a prosper, and a sacred charge, that we hold in memoriam the day which gave us end to a war which created such brutal misery? Is it not the duty of all civilization to work and pray to the end that this savage foundation be driven from the earth, in the mass resolve that such barbarity shall not happen again if Christian civilization can prevent it?

THIS THAT AND THOTHER

Being a Leaf From The Diary of a Country Editor

Up to find the day warm and not at all like the autumn, except that Jack Frost has been lavish with her colors and the maples flame in scarlet and gold. And yet with all the riot of color, there is a sadness in the rustle of the drying leaves and I do feel lonesome and depressed at the thought of winter.

Meeting in town, my neighbor, we go for a walk through the cemetery, which is quite as beautiful in the fall as it is when the budding birds in their spring love songs in the blossoming apple trees of the nearby field. And there comes to me a feeling of peace, as always, when I do lie down upon beauty of field and tree.

And we walk awhile in silence, when Mr. Howe tells me of many that he once knew who sleep beneath the trees, whose names are not known to the generation which comes on now. And he marvels at how soon we are forgot when we are gone and I tell him of the rather the late Joseph Jefferson could put into those words, which in the character of poor, forgotten Rip Van Winkle. And so somewhat saddened—and yet surely someone remembers. And if no sad dose—sleep is sound beneath the pines and the hemlock. Sleep peace.

Heights! One grows and is proud of his position in the fall. So we pass on and talk of gayer things. We see a fox, a little crossed eyed, row and his mate, resting for a few hours on their peaceful ward. And we note the nodding birds still linger and wonder if they find shelter in the evergreens all winter. And we do mark a yellow-bellied sapsucker, ringing a tree with his drilling, while seven prowise little holes. He is one of the few birds that do harm to trees and yet he is a gallant and bravely colored rascal and I think I really not find it in my heart to slay him.

My neighbor Howe tells me as we walk that predictions of the "evident winter ever was" are in bounds made in the public prints, yet neither of us believe the prophets prevalent. The season ahead may appear so undisturbed on the post-card that our farmers there would sell Indiana turkeys nearly.

It's a pretty sight, but alas, if you have ever viewed Dix Dam! The hills and the crest of the gorge are as naked as a Wyoming prairie; the ruins of a national eyesore, chastise, holes left by blasting and such heaps are still there and not an shrub or tree is visible within several hundred yards of the dam by the highway leading out of town.

It may be that an artist's paint brush will soon be seen upon Cumberland Falls in the same high-handed way; it has "saved" at Dix Dam.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

(Samuel Woodworth)

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood near it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house too,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I had as a treasure;
For dear to me, e'en now, return-ed from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and coolest that ever can yield.
How ardent I seized, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of innocence, blushing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim, to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it rests quivering so nigh!
How cool to a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
How pure! Ah, 'twere sacrilege to quench that Jupiter sips.
And, now for renewed pleasure, lovingly swell,
As I carry sweets to my father's plantation,
Full to the brim the bucket which hungs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

The Nation's Answer!

Sales-O-Phone
Courtesy of the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, Nov. 12, 1896

Reconstruction of the Christian church at Bronskett, recently occupied by fire, begins.

Allie Sorrent purchases from W. E. Ross the Carlisle Laundry and will continue the business.

Dan Mitchell leaves for New York with nine head of fine Kentucky horses which he will dispose of.

S. F. Stone, of the county, sells 275 head of sheep to Street Hotchcraft, of Paris, at $2.50 per hundred pounds.

John H. Stewart opens lottery pens in Carlisle and will begin shipping for the Thanksgiving market in a few days.

Kentucky to have six congressmen and five Republicans. Ed. Pugh, Republican, wins in Ninth district.

Died—Mrs. Henry George, formerly of this county, at her home at Danville, Ill., on the 7th.—Mrs. Jessie B. Hollon, at her home near Bortersville, on the 4th.

Married—Miss Jennie B. Linville and Mr. L. B. Taylor, both of the county, on the 5th.—Miss Rose and Mr. Green Peabody, both of the county, on the 12th.—Miss Lula M. Crouch and Mr. A. J. Stephenson, both of the county, on the 11th.

FLORIDA LEADS RELIEF RECORDS

Heads Major Disasters of 1926. Red Cross Active in 62 Emergencies in Year.

ALSO SERVES FOREIGN LANDS

Preparedness to Cope with Great Disasters Has Had Good Results in Action.

Facing one of the largest rehabilitation efforts of its whole history, as a result of the Florida hurricane, the American Red Cross already had before it a record of service to 62 disasters at home, up to the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1926.

When the hurricane struck Florida with such unprecedented severity, the Red Cross National Headquarters was just congratulating itself that a year had passed without a major disaster within the borders of this country. The destruction in Florida has been estimated at upwards of a billion dollars, Robert Bruce, Director of Disaster Relief of the American Red Cross, in charge of relief work about the stricken nation. This takes into account all suffering and loss caused by the storm.

Careful surveys by experienced engineers place the loss of life, directly exclusive of the stricken Gulf Coast cities of Moorehaven and Clewiston, Of the 1,200 injured sent to Miami hospitals, 100 were admitted for fractures. In two other cities combined hospitals, the injured numbered nearly 1,000. The homeless were conservatively estimated at 50,000. Such is the magnitude of the relief problem and material problem which the Red Cross is still doing its utmost to solve.

For comparison the other outstanding recent disasters, the Midwest tornado of March 18, 1925, can be described in more detail. In that catastrophe, 695 persons were killed, 2,027 were injured and 4,847 families, of approximately 20,000 men, women and children, were made homeless. The aggregate estimated at $9,000,000. Such was the magnitude of the human and material problem which the Red Cross faced in all five States.

Not so extensive as the Florida disaster, but more widespread in its effect was the Mississippi Valley flood of 1927. Property losses were estimated at $400,000,000. The Red Cross conducted every resource in trained personnel and in the stricken region.

The New Jersey manifestos aspirations, in fact, while laudable as a theatric, could not compare with either of these other two disasters in their destructiveness. It gave the Red Cross an opportunity to serve in the world Red Cross names created 18 related disasters in 18 foreign lands, and assisted in the rehabilitation of 17 foreign countries.

This year has seen a new instance of disaster relief preparedness inaugurated by the Red Cross, under which a trained reserve of medical men and women is ready on call for any service. This preparedness has already had the Red Cross Juniors, and in the Florida disaster, in the Mississippi Valley flood and all over the United States. Thousands of Junior Red Cross members have had a part in this work. The Junior Red Cross is a movement that the country is better prepared today than ever before to cope with such misfortunes as happened in Florida.

Had we seen domestic disasters in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, some of these would be in same time have been comparable, either in Mexico or Mexico. Although the American Red Cross served in the name of the American people in more than 15 foreign catastrophes.

The Red Cross Annual Roll Call for membership to maintain such activities will be held from November 11 to 26, and is an opportunity for all to aid themselves in the activities of the Red Cross.

JOB A DEMONSTRATION RIDE

Auto Salesman: Now I'll throw in the clutch.

Customer: Good, I know you're going to something if I waited long enough.

THE PERILS OF JOY RIDING

(Paris Kentucktian-Citizen)

Each Sunday as regularly as the church bells ring automobiles roll in on the highways near Paris. Either speed, carelessness, liquor or just plain unadulterated cussedness is back of a majority of the wrecks.

The road hogs, those despicable bestial general that command and intimidate the right of way under contemptible heedlessness of others' rights, seem to be subjected to punishment commensurate with the highhandedness of their crime. The sports of the brute is probably the cause of a majority of the wrecks. When people go out for pleasure rides they generally like to assume, though, traveling just fast enough to rip up the boards. The road hog speeds by to the right of the road, and when they meet the left side hankers who automatically turns them into distant fields or drops them headlong or head-on without fair warning, then you may know the pleasure seekers for wanting to convert their motor vehicles into road aeroplanes.

Within the city limits of Paris only authentic accidents occur. It's on the open road where the hog operates, there are perhaps no cars.

But what's the use to write sob-sonnets of swine? Usurping power is the innermost desire of the hollowed soul.

AND THAT'S WHY

"Did you know they don't have any house cleaning in the afterlife?"

"No, why don't they?"

"Because there are no dead people in the country."—The Open Road.

Great Writer's Ideas on Child Training

Guy Fight-hurled and defeated Joseph Robert Lucas thousand years during most of his life, he had shown little of the qualities of a conqueror. Now this, were acknowledged wonder. Mr. Lloyd-enhance, his step-writing, in Children's Magazine, described a conversation that occurred when he and Lucas were about three years old and his poor health. Lucas was suffering at Dover in the swine flight.

Lucas commenting I heard him have with a visitor at the chalet, says Mr. Lloyd-George, "I remember the visitor was a foreign officious person, who, in the course of conversation, said to Lucas Stevenson for the way he was behaving, he would be a good boy when he grew up. Lucas, Mr. Lloyd-George, described a conversation that occurred when he and Lucas were about three years old and his poor health. Lucas was suffering at Dover in the swine flight.

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The regular monthly meeting of Silver Chapter, Kentucky Blue, will be held Monday night. All officers and members are requested to be present on business of importance. Refreshments will be served.

J. H. Tilton has taken a position traveling salesman with G. E. Stewart & Company, Lexington, wholesale grocers. He will have charge of the same territory as in former position.

Nicholas county clear hogs was only brown, will now be the only county number to be exhibited at the fall cattle show at Louisville next week. Club hogs will be exhibited.

This section experienced its first real weather Tuesday night when thermometer descended to 24 degrees. Snow and snow fell for several hours, but the snow melted as it reached the ground.

The 295-acre farm of J. E. Coleman, near Little Rock, was sold at public auction Saturday—it was withdrawn after it had been bid up $127 per acre. Edwell Chandler Smith were contending.

County Clerk John A. Woodall has received the supplies for new case numbers issued in the county, and the plates are expected to arrive in time for the first Monday in November. 1927 licenses will be issued on December 2.

W. D. McIntyre, administrator of the estate of J. E. Wagoner, sold at public auction Saturday 40 acres of land on the Jacksonville pike in Bourbon county. The purchaser was J. W. Stone, of this county, who paid $129.50 per acre.

Quite a number of parents and persons attended the meeting of the P. T. A. held in the city school auditorium Tuesday night. An interesting program was given and refreshments were served by the young lunch room after the meeting.

Sheriff L. B. Barton reports the collection of taxes as being very slow. Although the time limit for paying property for taxation has expired, Tax Commissioner Jim Mann stated that many property owners have failed to list their property.

Boys who are operating wireless telegraph sets here may find themselves violating a federal inspector, if local radio users should decide to notify the federal inspector of the local interference which has been in evidence since inception in Carlisle recently. A government license is required to operate these wireless telegraph sets.

The annual state inspection of Bourbon Company, 149th Kentucky, will be held at the armory next Tuesday night, beginning promptly at 7:30 o'clock. Capt. Everett J. Brown has issued an order to all members to be present at the formation in full uniform. Colonel Malcolm Dunn, U. S. Army instructor, will be the inspecting officer.

A fairly large audience attended the concert given by the Breton artists at the city hall last Friday night as the opening number of the lyceum course to be given here this winter under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce and Woman's club. The program was well received. A number of tickets remain to be sold before the guarantee is realized.

Mob of about forty persons came to Carlisle jail Tuesday night looking for Charles Baker, colored, in Bath county for safekeeping after he had assaulted a woman in Bath county. Marshal Sammons, assisting the mob, succeeded in locating the prisoner in the home of Sheriff Brown, where he was kept.

Married—Miss Allie F. Hunter and Mr. John W. Smith, both of the county, on the 3rd.—Miss Laura F. Sears and Mr. E. Logan, both of the county, on the 5th.—Miss Bettie Berry, of Mount field, and Mr. Wallace B. Ratliff, of Carlisle, on the 12th.—Miss Rosa A. Ashley and Mr. George W. Barr, both of the county, on the 12th.—Miss Matilda Harbert and Mr. James E. Berry, both of the county, on the 6th.

We Have A Complete Stock Of

Remington, Western and Economy
Shot Gun Shells

Rifles, Shot Guns, Single Barrel, Double Barrel and Pump
Shell vests and Hunting Coats

Wm. Howard & Son

THE TOURISTS ARE COMING

(Owen County Democrat)

Recent news from many other states is that Kentucky next year will be a tourist center. The crowds that came to visit the state this year from Canada and other parts of the Union returned well pleased and will spread the news which will cause many others to come. Prepare to meet and entertain them, furnish early vegetables, chickens and the fat of the land. Prepare comfortable camps along the highways that they may linger and visit in your county. You will find it pays. They have so much money to spend on the trip and they will spend it here if well entertained. They are coming through next year. Get your commercial club busy and fix to entertain them.

The Reduced Rate is for You
Why not Use it ?

TELEPHONE users frequently wait until 8:30 o'clock at night to make a long distance call at the reduced rate, and then make a person-to-person call at the higher rate.

The reduced rate, both day and night, applies only to calls for a number, but it is not necessary for you to know the number. To make such a call, give the operator the number of the distant telephone if you know it, or if you do not know the number, tell her the name and address under which it is listed.

This is a "station-to-station" call. If you cannot remember this term, tell the operator you wish to make a call at the lowest rate, and do not wish to speak to a particular person.

It is a simple matter and you can make a big saving on your toll calls if you will let the long distance operator help you.

L. K. WEBB, Kentucky Manager

BELL SYSTEM
SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
Incorporated
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

BOOM!

Are you prepared for the Hunting Season?

If not we can help you as we have a complete line of

Hunting Boots, Duck Pants — Laced Pants, Moleskin Pants — Duck Coats, Leather Leggins

Everything for the Hunter

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

HAULING

Day or Night — *Phone 25*

Coal That Burns

GOOD BLOCK COAL

HENRY & LEDFORD

PROGRAM

Tonight, Thursday, comes Tom Mix in "Tony Runs Wild." This is a dandy.

Friday—Monte Blue in "The Limited Mail," a picture full of wild action.

Saturday—Tom Tyler in "Tarzan Gallagher," a good Western. Also a comedy.

Monday—James Alice Joyce in "Dancing Mothers." Come and see what makes Dancing Dotties. We are living in a fast time and soulless will change anyone. Come and see.

LYRIC THEATRE

The Carlisle Gun Club will shoot Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. All members urged to be present.

The city council has appointed L. Curtis, H. B. Bryson and George W. Taylor as city tax assessors.

Attention of hunters is called to the fact that it is necessary to secure a license to hunt, whether with gun or dogs.

The Carlisle banks will be open on Friday, Armistice Day, which is a holiday. Postal employes will not be given a holiday.

The Kentucky Utilities Company has commenced additional high tension wires in the business district, to take care of the increased business.

A short meeting of the Rotary club was held Tuesday morning, at which time a number of claims were allowed and other routine business transacted.

12 prisoners, one a negro murder, under life sentences, escaped from the Boyd county jail, at Catlettsburg, Monday night and all are still at large.

Samuel Wolf, 44 years old, Cincinnati traveling salesman, was killed by a passing Richmond car night when he was struck by a passing Lexington car.

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Social—Society

THE UNKNOWN

(By E. O. Laughlin)

(do not understand it.
They being so many, many flowers to me—
Bouquets of roses, wreaths—from every land;
And bunts of salmon strangers come to see
Up beside here on these quiet, wooded heights;
My book here seems to be
One of the sights.
The low-voiced men, who speak
Of such quite family, call me The Unknown;
Or's now and then at dusk, Madcap, Madcap.
Sweet, mournful mothers come to see
And whisper down—the flowers and those
Such names as "John" and "John" . . . .
I wish they knew.
And now my sweetheart came, she did not — nay, of course she did not know
Of such—known
Of thousands of me, and crossed to me the same
Who said no by—how many years ago?
A very precious name, Her eyes were wet,
Yet, drawing, fleeing as — I'm sure I forget!

Miss Winnie Hanna spent the week end with friends in Lexington.

Miss Maude Burton has returned from spending a week with friends in Louisville.

Mrs. L. T. Pitts has been quite ill since Sunday, at her home on West Main street.

Miss Florence Anderson spent the week end in Lexington with Mrs. Nelson Corbin.

Mrs. Ed. Stamper, deputy sheriff, was at the hotel while in town the past week.

Mrs. T. B. Parker, of Ewing, is the guest of her brother, W. H. Tilton.

Mrs. A. L. Mansfield, of Ewing, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Howard and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bing and family, of Lexington, were guests of Mrs. T. B. Parker, Sunday.

J. B. Dunnard and H. S. Ewing, of Ewing, were business visitors in Carlisle Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Genty Kenney and family, of Lexington, were guests in Lotsom with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenney.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Fuller and family, of Ewing, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. Linhoyd Taylor will celebrate the 10th anniversary of their wedding at their home near town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel and daughter Elizabeth Lowrey, of Ewing, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Blake, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fuller returned home Tuesday, after spending several days in Lexington, where they underwent a throat operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fuller, Misses Griffin, of Covington, were recent guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Griffin, Sunday.

Mrs. Ed. Stamper, deputy in enumerating slowly at St. Joseph's hospital in Lexington, following a throat operation on last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fuller and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fuller, of Lexington.

Book Party

Mrs. Cortlon Lambert entertained the progressive whist club Tuesday afternoon the following friends: Mrs. Robert Bruce, Mrs. William Ewing, C. Norton, Mrs. James B. Ross, Mrs. Ernest Anderson, Mrs. Shannon Burton, Mrs. Taylor Mathews, Mrs. William Frey, Mrs. Frank Jones, Mrs. John O'Connell, Mrs. Fannie Lyons, Mrs. Henry Brumfield, Mrs. Jillson Fillmer, Mrs. Everett Jones, Mrs. Ernest Fuller, Mrs. Robert Parker, Mrs. William Willett, Mrs. Ed. Stamper, Mrs. Ben Henry, Mrs. Chris Frey, Mrs. Harry Kennedy, Mrs. Joseph Hamilton, Mrs. Lucien Turesman, Mrs. Jett Pitman, Mrs. Gordel Hanna, Mrs. Lambert Fillmer, Mrs. Everett Jones, Mrs. Ed. Stamper, Mrs. Robert Parker, Mrs. William Willett