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THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1927

THIS THAT AND T'OTHER.

A Page From The Diary Of A Country Editor

Up mighty betimes for a Sabbath day and find the sunlight golden and the air that of a September morn. So that even the little fiddlers of field and tree that do set up their ceaseless scraping during the August nights are well nigh mute with the chill. Short indeed these tiny musicians must think is the span of life this summer, when the coolness of fall takes the place of the drowsing warmth of the eighth month. Even my purple martins are away for their winter home and there is about my garden a solemn stillness, if that may be of a summer's morning, and I miss their cheerful twitterings and mellow, caressing calls. For three weeks these purple pilgrims of the air have been sleeping out o'nights, a-roughing it for the benefit of their youngsters, or so it seems to me, in order that young wings may grow strong for the long flight. Each morning they would gather at the old home of a summer, atop the pole, totter about the porches on unsteady swallow legs and fill the morning with their mellow flutings. But of nights they were away to the woods, "learning to sleep out," or so I like to think, for there will be no cozy little houses atop poles, perchance, in which to spend the the nights of their flight to the tropics.

Now, strolling in the garden, I find my dream of the matted moonvines fulfilled and their waxen flowers vie with the dainty blue of the Japanese morning glories that riot over my pergola. Flowers of fascinating fragrance to me are these, the heady perfume of the moon flower bringing pictures somehow of shining atolls, of palm trees and sandy beaches, wide wastes of rolling sea and the deep silence of the jungle—all of which, alack! I have seen only in books and through the mind's eye. But the morning-glory with its dainty fragrance brings back the dew spangled mornings of boyhood, when each day brought its thrill of anticipation and adventure beckoned with every dawn. It brings the feel of grass to bare feet, the smell of garden loam, cobwebbed and dewy, glistening butter-bean tents, dry and dusty beneath the canopy of dark green leaves and fat pods. Lucky the lad who has lived intimately with gardens, though in very truth I hated them, when weeds were to be pulled and rows hoed and the cool shadows of the elms and willows arching over a swimming hole called and called to one down the endless rows—and sometimes would not be denied.

Yet there is a something in gardens, I think, that calls to something that lives in all of us,—from the smell of the fresh-turned earth in early spring, when the robin calls plaintively—"O, Charley, Charley, Charley—" and one gardens in small plats of lettuce and onion and little red radishes with a zest that is of the freshness of springtime and not be recaptured, until the corn blades begin to add a dry rustle to their whisper, the morning glories to flaunt their evanescent daintiness over the butterbean tepees undisturbed and from a nest of paw-paws ripening in dry grass, matted now where lettuce bed and radish row burgeoned in in April, comes an aroma of sweet heaviness and betraying strength—if there be other lads about.

Ah, lucky the lad or lass, it seems to me, who has known gardens and bird-song at dawn, the clatter of the binder in the wheat, the silver sides of minnows in a winding branch, sweat-stung bare legs from riding bareback, the warm little grass chairs where rabbits sit in the pasture, the ring of milk in a tin pail, the fragrance of milk cellars, flight of bats in the evening plaintive call of lambs, tinkle of sheep-bell, barking of dogs. Myriad are the sounds and scenes and odors that the fragrance of a morning-glory has power to bring to me this morning. And I fall to thinking of a writer who sees all of this more clearly, I think, than anyone whose writings I have read. Perhaps it is because Elizabeth Madox Roberts writes of a Kentucky childhood that she seems to me to paint with such delightful pen. And yet she is, I think, a great artist and great artists paint for all people and if the picture be true, it is true for all people and all places. For mighty alike are we all of this great ball flashing through illimitable space.

So I would quote for you from her poems of childhood, which to me have the power to evoke mental pictures mighty pleasant.

One of which is "The Butterbean Tent:"

All through the garden I went and went,
And I walked in under the butterbean tent.
The poles leaned up like a good tepee
And made a nice little house for me.
I had a hard brown clod for a seat,
And all outside was a cool green street.
A little green worm and a butterfly
And a cricket-like thing that could hop went by.
Hidden away there were flocks and flocks
Of bugs that could go like little clocks.
Such a good day it was when I spent
A long, long while in the butterbean tent.

And another, "Autumn Fields:"

He said his legs were stiff and sore
For he had gone some twenty-eight miles,
And he walked through by water-gaps,
And fences and gates and stiles.
He said he'd been by Logan's woods,
And up by Walton's branch and Simms,
And there were sticktights on his clothes
And little dust and seeds and stems.
And then he sat down on the steps,
And he said the miles were on his feet.
For some of that land was tangled brush,
And some was plowed for wheat.
The rabbits were thick where he had been
And he said he had found some ripe pawpaws,
He'd rested under a white oak tree,
And for his dinner he ate red haws.
Then I sat by him on the step
To see the things that he had seen.
And I could smell the shocks and clods,
And the land where he had been.

So to reading the morning paper and find an article on the Battle of Blue Licks from my humble pen, which pleases me, as always, for those who say they do not like to see their names or writings in print do fool themselves perhaps, but not one who has spent fifteen years piloting a country newspaper. Reading my screed again, though I know it all in very truth, I fall to thinking of the famous battle whose anniversary we celebrated last week; of how Kentucky appeared when pioneers hastened to the defense of Bryan's Station and to the loop of the Licking and their doom. Very beautiful it must have been then, even as it is now, for Daniel Boone, who had time to admire, despite his constant fights and narrow escapes, thought so, when first he looked out upon the table-land of Kentucky.

So to read a book lent me by Will Curtis, in which is printed: "The Adventures of col. Daniel Boon, one of the original settlers of Kentucke." In this the old frontiersman says:

"On the 7th of June, after travelling through mountainous wilderness, in a western direction, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians; and from the top of an eminence saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucke. . . We passed through a great forest, in which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, others rich with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight."

Again the woodsman, left alone while his brother returned to the Yadkin, writes:

"One day I undertook a tour through the country, when the diversities and beauties of nature I met with, in this charming season, expelled every gloomy thought. Just at the close of day, the gentle gales ceased; a profound calm ensued; not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On one hand I surveyed the famous Ohio, rolling in silent dignity, and marking the western boundary of Kentucke with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water and seated myself on the loins of a buck, which a few hours before I had killed. The shades of night soon overspread the hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture."

This man loved Nature, truly. Alone in the vast solitude of the wilderness, beauty called to him from river and forest. Boone heard, it seems to me, "the still voice." Very different, indeed, might have been the history of Kentucky had this man not combined, with his courage, woodcraft and ability to lead, this love of the beauty of forest and stream.

Soon to lunch and out to the lake to try the new skiff which my young son has bought, after a year's saving for it. Mighty pretty the water and the little boat floats nobly. So we drift quietly into the shadows and come almost to a little blue heron, usually shy and flying away with a harsh note ere one can come within a hundred yards. And neither are kildees shy as usual and we draw near enough to note their ringed necks and beautiful markings. Wonderfully camouflaged by Nature is the killdee, or as the books would have it 'killdeer,' so that he is well nigh invisible among the rocks and pebbles of the water's edge. And mighty cunningly he must hide his nest, though the eggs are laid on the bare ground, for though I have searched diligently, I have never found one.

Soon fish begin to jump in the still water and so I row to bank and all the bait I can find is a guinea feather, which I lash to a hook in the rude semblance of a "fly," which an unwary newlight soon accepted as such, so that I am quite proud of my artistry. But this crappie surely did suffer with myopia, for not another deigned to notice my lure. For which afterward I am mighty glad, for I do detest to clean fish and had rather forego the eating of them than cover myself and the surroundings with fish scales. Most anglers, I think, angle for the thrill more than for the fish and my thrill came in luring a newlight with a guinea feather, which does make me feel a veritable Izaak Walton as we start homeward in the twilight.

At least I feel so, until I think of the bone fish-hooks of the prehistoric Kentuckian and of the rude tackle of the pioneer and fall to wondering if Boone, perchance, may not have been as adept at angling as he was at woodcraft and my pride wilts as did the guinea feather after a few casts.

And still thinking of pioneer days after supper, I turn to Boone's story of his adventures in Kentucky. And in the light of his love of Nature, the call of beauty that came to him from woods and streams, from rugged mountains and level fields, from the flowers and the fruits and wild life of the "Kentucke" he knew, I wonder if he was far from wrong, after all, when he wrote at the end of the brief chronicle of his adventures:

"Two darling sons and a brother I have lost by savage hands, which have also taken forty valuable horses and an abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I spent, separated from the chearful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

TWO ROMANCES OF THE BATTLE OF BLUE LICKS

(Harrodsburg Herald)

When the call came to Fort Harrod for troops to aid in the siege of Bryan Station five stalwart young men left the home of Ann Pogue Lindsay (afterwards Ann McGinty). One was Ann's second husband, Joseph Lindsay, whom she had married in the spring of 1781 after William Pogue had been killed by Indians, and another was a handsome and gallant young chap named Overton. Not a one of them came back. All lost their lives at the fatal battle of Blue Licks, whence the Indians were pursued after the seige. Overton's will was afterwards found and in it he left all his lands and everything he owned to Ann's daughter by William Pogue, with whom he was in love. She afterwards married a Thomas and lived on the very land he had devised her—the old Harvey McFatridge place on the Louisville road now owned by Calvin Shewmaker. One of her children was named Overton Thomas, and the name of her lost lover has become a family name in the genealogy of her descendants.

Another romance of the Blue Licks was that of Major Silas Harlan. He came to Mercer in 1774. He was an officer under George Rogers Clark. He was betrothed to a Miss Caldwell, says Mrs. Daviess in her History of Mercer county. After telling his sweetheart farewell as he dashed away to join his troops, from the stile where she was sitting disconsolate, a clod of turf flung from his horse's hoof struck her. She took it as an ill omen that proved all too true, for her lover was among those killed in the battle. But God in time heals even the wounds of the heart, and the girl afterwards married a relative of the gallant Major and was the progenitress of the Harlans prominent in Boyle and Mercer counties. No victims that fell in McGary's fatal move at Blue Licks were more deeply deplored than were Major Harlan and Col. Trigg. The latter's land grants were on Cane Run.

30 Years Ago

Thursday, August 26, 1927

Died—Mrs Sallie Royce, aged 94.—Mrs. James King, aged 40.

Hail destroys much tobacco in Mason county Sunday.

Sharpsburg Fair grounds sold to a Cincinnati horseman.

Thieves break into the local armory and take several uniforms and other articles.

Last crop of tobacco sells in the Abner's Mill neighborhood for 7 cents a pound.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. George Smart, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Keller, a son.

The nation's wheat crop forecast at 500 million bushels. Farmers receiving 90 cents per bushel.

Wm. Clay Blount, formerly of Nicholas, killed at Farmers, Ky., when a saw log rolls over him.

Married—Mr. Wren Williamson and Miss Florence Fisher.—Mr. W. E. Fryman and Miss Lucy Green.

Governor Bradley offers $500 reward for capture and conviction of raiders who destroyed a toll gate near Maysville.

Mrs. Hugo Schilling leaves for New York to join her husband and will sail with Prof. Schilling and her three children for Europe.

The dedication ceremonies of the new church at East Union attended by two thousand people. Sermon delivered by Elder J. W. Herrin.

Col. Baldwin, in the suit of the Bourbon fiscal court to condemn 14 miles of the Maysville & Lexington road, gets $19,000 for the road.

J. C. Tureman, Ed Kennedy, Rogers Neal, Will Ross, Bob Spencer, C. F. Frey, Frank Taylor, George Secrest, Robert George and Mason Myers leave for a trip to Mackinac.

Carson Jefferson, tenant on R. N. Ratliff's place offers $5 to anyone who can find a tobacco worm on a row of his tobacco, after his dog has "wormed" it. The dog stops work and starts for the house when the dinner bell rings.

The following toll houses sold: Brayfield to Brack Dale for $735; McCann to Thomas McCann at $700; Hooktown to Thomas Collier at $234; Parks Ferry to William Wise at $225; Plum Lick to Hugh Highland at $250; Scrub Grass to William Hazelrigg at $160.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, August 27, 1885

Rain badly needed.

Scarlet fever reported at Moorefield.

Died— Clifton Gaunce, near Headquarters.

Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn a popular visitor at the Blue Licks.

Railroad from Midway to Versailles has been completed.

Doctor Carver, champion shot of America, to appear two days at the Paris Fair.

Bracken Baptist Association meets in Carlisle. R. B. Yancey, of Mayslick, moderator.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Burris, a daughter.—To Mr. and Mrs. Billy Hamilton, of Myers, a son.

"New sidewalks being laid in front of the Mozart Hall building and Ratliff & Howe's grocery.

No free district school in the Carlisle district. No school building to accommodate the children entitled to attend.

Married — Miss Nannie Edna Brown and Dr. Harry Genslinger.—Miss Lula Prather and Mr. Thomas Howe, of Moorefield.

Mrs. Jennie Dacres, Miss Bettie Ingles, of Paris, Mrs. R. A. Calvert and Mr. John I. Fisher advertise the opening of schools in September.

Editorial in The Mercury says: "The miscarriage of justice in Rowan county is causing much comment by the State Press, and concludes by predicting that the "results of a peaceable revolution are near at hand."

"A religious revival has been progressing at Rose Hill, this county, which outdoes anything of its kind ever held in this section. At times near the whole congregation would be on the floor shouting and singing. Many profess to have seen Christ and one man said he shook hands with him."

TUBAL CAIN

(Charles Mackay)

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierie red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Then they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they said, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air:
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—
And he fashioned the first plow-share.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sung, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

TAKE SERIOUSLY TO FARM BOOKKEEPING

As evidence of increasing interest in business methods, the farm economics department of the Agricultural Experiment Station points out that 151 farmers in Taylor, Green and Adair counties are keeping account book records this year. Only 20 farmers in these three counties have discontinued the work, 171 taking inventories the first of the year. The fact that so many have stayed by their bookkeeping is considered remarkable, and indicates, experts say, that farmers are turning with all seriousness to a study of their business.

A recent examination of the 151 books showed that 86 of them were accurately kept, no errors of any kind being found.

One farmer told the examiner he had made more money by spending a few hours each week planning his work and studying his business than he could have made in any other way. By analyzing his business he had found where unprofitable practices may be discarded and replaced with profitable enterprises.

The actual bookkeeping on 42 farms is done by the farmer's wife or daughter. This indicates to farm economics experts the existence of a strong tie between home and business. Most farm women make a considerable contribution to the income through the care of poultry and dairy produts, and are personally interested in keeping accounts.

The farm economics expert making the foregoing report on Taylor, Green and Adair counties, concluded with the following significant statement: "For the last five years these counties have been moving forward with a definite stride of agricultural progress."

Ring as Slavery Mark

The finger ring, says the Dearborn Independent, is believed to have been first used as a symbol of slavery, the master putting his ring on all his household, including his wives.

Mean Old Things

Whenever you try to talk about your interesting operation somebody insists on talking about his own trifling experience.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

NOTICE

Golden Loaf and Salt Rising Bread

One Pound Loaf

6c

at Bakery only

Whole Wheat 9c.; Raisin Cream 9c.; Rye Bread 9c.

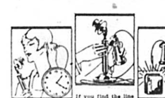
Saturday Specials

Marshmallow Devil's Food Cake, a real cake 35c
Cocoanut White filled Layer Cake ...... 25c and 35c
Marshmallow White Layer Cake 35c

Just a step off Main street in James George building

Carlisle Bakery
Phone 258

How to Get the Best party-line Service



To those who are subscribers to a party line telephone it must be evident that the quality of service they get is largely a matter of co-operation upon the part of the users themselves.

For instance, subscribers should be considerate of the length of time they use the line so that other parties may derive their share of its use.

Then, too, when a party line is found to be in use, the receiver should be replaced on the hook immediately; otherwise the conversation will be interfered with.

If the receiver on a party line telephone is lifted while the bell is still ringing, it causes other bells on the line to ring, too.

The observance of the Golden Rule among party line subscribers is certain to result in good service and friendliness.

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Public Sale

OF DWELLING IN MILLERSBURG, KY.

Saturday, August 27
2 O'clock P. M.

Located on the East side of Main street in Millersburg, Ky., within 100 yards of the Bourbon County High School. The dwelling contains six rooms and bath and large hall on main floor. Hardwood floors laid in building about two years ago. Living room is 15 feet by 26 feet. The second story is used as storage room and has sufficient space for five rooms and hallway. The building is heated by furnace and contains all modern improvements. Lot fronts 70 feet and ten inches and runs back to a depth of 227 feet. Basement always free from water and plumbing never freezes in coldest weather. Large pressure tank and power pump in basement. Water supplied from a cistern 15 feet in depth and about 15 feet in diameter. Garage.

Interested persons may inspect premises in afternoons prior to date of sale.

I am moving to Lexington, Ky., and will offer this home at auction on the premises at the above time. Possession given early in the month of September.

O. E. HURST

Geo. D. Speakes, Auctioneer Millersburg, Ky.

STATE NEWS BRIEFS

The Blue Grass Fair is in session at Lexington this week with record breaking attendance.

The 143rd annual term of Transylvania College will begin on Thursday, September 15.

John S. Sharp, 59, former postmaster of Sharpsburg, died at his home near that place last Wednesday.

Fire originating in a dry goods store caused damage of $150,000 at Bever Dam, Ohio county,Sunday night.

Francis Milton Hunt, 19, was drowned while swimming in Herrington Lake, near Danville, Sunday afternoon.

The annual convention of the Kentucky American Legion closed at Frankfort last night after three days session.

Mrs. Mary Sue Cunningham was arrested at Madisonville Monday on a charge of attempting to poison her 12year old step-son.

Mrs. O. L. Arnold, 30, was killed Monday when she fell three feet from the window of a hotel to the lawn, sufferinng internal injurjes.

Mrs. Eliza Pace, 61 years old, ended her life at her home in Winchester last Friday by drinking poison. Despondency is said to have been the cause.

After search of three years, Frederick Lane, 41, wanted by authorities at Pineville on a first degree murder charge, was arrested in Cincinnati Sunday.

Using dynamite, yeggs blew the safe of the postoffice at Bremen, Muhlenburg county, early Saturday morning and escaped with several hundred dollars in cash.

Jesse Fulton, 39, deputy sheriff of Letcher county, was shot and killed Monday night by J. Kilpatrick, who was attempting to arrest on a charge of moonshining.

James Tyree, convicted of murder in the Lawrence circuit court and serving a sentence in the Frankfort penitentiary, escaped from a guard while enroute to Greendale Saturday.

Lawrence S. Ashley, explorer and geologist, lost in a cave near Shell Mound, Tenn., for six days, dug himself out eight miles from the main entrance at 9:30 o'clock Sunday morning.

Mrs. Anna Saueter, 62, died at the city hospital in Louisville Sunday from injuries suffered when she was struck by an automobile driven by Bert Deluil, 19, at Logan and Breckinridge streets.

Clay Brown, 20, was shot and killed by Hobart Carden, 37, at Carden's home in Daviess county last Frdiay afternoon. Carden, it is said, had warned Brown to stay away from his home.

Griffin Kelley, head of the department of motor vehicles, has ruled that busses used exclusively in the transportation of the students to and from schools are exempt from the state bus tax.

The body of a youth identified as Lawrence Wedding, 17, of Berea, wah found near the tracks of the L. & N. Railroad near Henderson Sunday night. Wedding is thought to have fallen from a train.

What is believed to be a record lamb production in this section is reported by N. H. Anderson, Robertson county farmer, who raised 38 lambs from 22 ewes. The lambs were sold a few days ago for $410.

Ardelle Austin, four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Austin, of Falmouth, was perhaps fatally scalded when she fell into a bucket of boiling water at the home of Miss Anna Makemson at Morgan.

Judge Charles A. Hardin, of Harrodsburg, called a meeting to be held at Louisville yesterday afternoon of the Democratic state central committee for the purpose of selecting a campaign committee for the November campaign.

Charles B. Strother, former cashier of the Winchester Bank and city treasurer of Wincsester, who was convicted in April, 1925, and sentenced to serve five years in the penitentiary on a charge of embezzlement, was granted a full pardon by Governor Fields Monday.

Posing as an itinerant brick layer seeking employment on the new school building at Mt. Olivet, a federal prohibition agent stayed several days in Mt. Olivet, last week during which time he is said to have purchased liquor from a number of citizens. The agent left and later returned with a group of agents who placed a number of citizens of Mt. Olivet under arrest.

FAIL TO FIGURE IN THE RESULTS

Those citizens who are interested in "advertising Kentucky" in a sane and practical fashion no doubt found proof once more in last Saturday's primary that organized labor does not, as organized labor, wield a political influence in this State, whatever it may do in some other States. Time after time the Weekly Bulletin has pointed out—not in the way of editorial expression, but as news—that there is no such thing as the "labor vote" in Kentucky. The fact is impressive to those who consider the opportunities offered by the State to capital seeking investment.

Leaders in the Kentucky Federation of Labor aggressively, almost rabidly, before the primary attacked one of the candidates in the major contests and trades and labor assemblies through a handful of attendants on meetings resoluted against the candidate. In the sweeping victory won by the attacked candidate there was nothing to indicate that the votes delivered by "closed shoppers" as such had a particle of effect in any voting precinct. There were yet other successful candidates in the primary who had been "indorsed" by groups of "closed shoppers" here and there, and yet there was no indication of any contribution to their success by the "labor vote."

The only really tangible thing in the whole campaign so far as the "labor vote" is concerned is that two or three leaders in the "closed shop" group got their names in the newspapers conspicuously.

Timid Citizen comes forward quite likely to observe that with the unbroken proof year in and year out that leaders of unions cannot and do not determine how members of unions shall vote, yet candidates, regardless of parties or parts of parties, continue to disfigure their campaign literature with the "union label," admittedly in order "not to offend the labor vote." It has been cited that there are many fraternal and other organizations in Kentucky with membership greatly exceeding that of the union using the printers' label and in due course the really enterprising candidate may be expected to plaster his literature with the emblems of the various organizations in the hope of corralling the "solid vote" of each.—Bulletin Associated Industries of Kentucky.

HUMAN WASTE

The League for Conservation of Human Life says there are 8,000,000 persons seriously ill in the United States every day. That means about one in every fourteen. If this were necessary, it could be endured with more or less patience. But most of it is declared to be unnecessary.

The economic loss is tremendous. The league says American industry loses $1,800,000,000 a year through the absence of workmen caused by preventable diseases. If this is true imagine the total loss from incapacity of all economic classes. It must be two or three times that much.

Still more important, however, is the suffering caused directly by illness. Life itself is more than salary or wages or output, and the sick person is not really living.

A leading physician says there is only $5,000,000 a year spent on "pure medical research" to get at the cause of disease and suggest ways for its eradication. What a pitiful contribution, in the light of the figures given above!

The nation could well afford to spend a billion a year for a few years. The resulting improvement in health and productiveness would soon pay back the cost many fold and add inconceivably to the nation's sense of well being and joy of life.

CREDIT A REAL ASSET

The greatest of your assets, business or personal is your credit, yet you can not lock it in a vault nor insure it against loss. It is a part of you. You created it and you may destroy it.

Your credit is something apart from what you are worth in money. Your property statement does not create your credit; it merely settles the question of "how much."

Honor and truthfulness are two cornerstones of credit. They mark you as a reliable man; one who may safely be trusted with that which is another's. That is the essence of credit.

Individual capacity is an important factor in deciding your credit. Many honest, reliable men lack capacity . The capable man grasps opportunities; he forges ahead.

Here, then, is your credit. Your honor, your word, your capacity—these three make it. Your holding of this world's goods merely measures it.

You can destroy it. One obligation wantonly disregarded; one statement proved false, and the fabric crumbles. Built in a lifetime, it may vanish in a day. The most valuable of your assets, it is yours only so long as you carefully conserve it.

Ground has been broken for the new 150 x250 foot tobacco warehouse of the Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co. in Danville, says the Kentucky Advocate.

FACTS ABOUT KENTUCKY

All mines in Central City district are working full time with a rising demand from industrial consumers of bituminous coal, the Owensboro Messenger reports.

Hopkinsville is about to have a milk condensery, press reports say, which will require a minimum of 4,000 gallons of milk daily for the first year. The plant will be a branch of a Louisville milk company.

Two wells are being drilled in Trigg county with prospects for oil reported as encouraging, the Cadiz Record says.

Final settlement on this year's strawberry crop of the McCracken County Growers' Association shows a net income of $570,000 to the farmers. Fancy berries netted an average of $3.56 a crate and choice berreis brought $2.90. The average yield was about 33 crates per acre, or about half the amount expected before damage by frost and hail. The average net income per acre was $65.

Princeton has a new industry in the Princeton Hatchery & Produce Co. A plant with an initial capacity of over 12,000 eggs is being installed. The Princeton Leader says at least 200,000 chicks will be hatched and delivered by the plant during the coming season.

Citizens of Graves county last week received $45,000 in "milk checks" for the month of July. The sum was about twice as much as that paid in June. The milk is used by the new condensery in Mayfield.

The new Columbus, to supersede the village which is dropping into the Mississippi river, will be located on a tract of 80 acres on a high bluff, and a city planning expert will supervise the work of erecting the new village, the Carlisle County News, of Bardwell, reports.

REFRIGERATOR DEMANDS FILLED ICE CHAMBER

Refrigerators that are forced to operate with inadequately filled ice chambers waste ice and food and needlessly increase the family bill for both, Dr. Mary E. Pennington, Household Refrigeration expert, asserts.

Some of the efforts to economize in the use of ice that housewives are prone to make result instead in the worst of extravagance. The average cost of ice service, for all classes of household consumers, is not 5 percent of the value of food that may spoil in a day if the ice gets too low.

Yet in spite of the small cost of ice service many refrigerators cannot do good work because they are starved for ice much of the time, being properly filled perhaps no more than two days a week.

Real economy lies in taking ice regularly, so that the ice chamber always may be well filled. Whenever the chamber is less than half full the entire refrigerator, the air inside and walls and insulating material, become several degrees warmer. Then the remaining piece of ice melts faster. When the ice box is reiced a part of the refrigerating value is wasted in reducing the temperature back to refrigerator normal. The ice bill is increased needlessly, and food may have spoiled.

Covering the block of ice with newspapers or a blanket is another mistaken idea of economizing in ice service. Not only must ice melt to reduce temperature, but to produce proper refrigeration the air must circulate and come into contact with the ice cake itself. Then the chilled air will fall and push the warmer air ahead of it, making a circuit of the different food chambers before returning to the ice cake. Odors and impurities which the air current has absorbed will be deposited upon the watery film on the ice, and carried down the drain. Hindering the circulation of the necessary air current in a refrigerator produces a stuffy atmosphere, in which food flavors mix, with bad results.

Another hindrance to efficiency in the refrigerator is the practice of placing milk bottles or other food in the ice chamber itself. This not only hinders air circulation but is unnecessary. A good refrigerator can be depended upon to keep a temperature of 50 degrees or less, which is cold enough for the preservation of food. Highly perishable food should be placed in the coldest food chamber, which is directly beneath the ice chamber.

Good treatment of the refrigerator does not end here. The ice cake will last longer and the temperature will be lower for a few further kindnesses. Hot food should be cooled to room temperature before going into the refrigerator. The door of the refrigerator should be opened only when really necessary, then closed quickly and tightly. The use of a tray to remove at once several foods that may be wanted over a space of a few minutes will cut down ice meltage.

Finally, at cleaning time it is not necessary to give the refrigerator a hot bath. Nothing more is needed than a quick washing once a week, on Monday morning when food is low, with cold water and sal soda. One tablespoon of soda to four parts of water is best for the washing solution, with a double strength solution to pour down the drain.

IS YOUR CHILD READY FOR SCHOOL IN FALL?

If you have not prepared your child so that he is ready to enter school physically fit, there are several things you should do immediately, says Dr. Juanita McF. Jennings, Assistant Director, Bureau of Maternal and Child Health. First, have the best doctor for children that you can find examine him. Have him weighed and measured so you will know if he weighs as much as he should. Have his eyes, nose and throat examined. Have his hearing tested. Do this, even if you think he is all right.

If the doctor assures you that he is all right and fit to enter school, then you will know that all you have to do is to keep him physically fit. If the doctor advises treatment for him, of course, you will see that he gets it. If he has not been vaccinated, have it done now. It is wrong to enter a child in school and then have him vaccinated. He may be sick. His arm hurts. Instead of being in the best possible condition to begin the greatest experience of his early life, he is unfitted at the start. A vaccinated arm is likely to be hurt in the playground or even in the classroom. Have the vaccination out of the way before the child begins work in the fall.

If the child has not already been protected against diphtheria, have it done at the earliest opportunity so that when he comes in contact with the diphtheria carriers which are liable to be in the school, he will not contract the disease.

See that the child's teeth have been examined and repaired by a competent dentist. Decayed teeth will catch food and germs, ache and cause abscesses. Every mother should get advice from a competent dentist as to the proper care of the teeth.

If the child has to be fitted with glasses, have it done now. The child needs to become adjusted to the new classes. He cannot wear them with comfort for sometime. There is so much that he has to meet in the first few days that it is too bad to add anything to it. Let him have time to get used to his glasses.

A LITTLE TALK ON THRIT

(By S. W. Strasu, President American Society for Thrift)

' 'Save one hundred dollars, then decide whetrer you want to continue in the practices of thrift."

This advice recently was given by a banker to a young couple who had come to him for suggestions regarding ways and means of practicing thrift.

The advice to forget everything else, so to speak, and concentrate on the saving of $100 was sound and could well be accepted by any one who today does not practice systematic thrift.

The saving of $100 to many persons may mean a considerable effort of economy. But after their nest-egg has reached this amount, they begin to reap the mental and financial benefits of their economy. They find themselves stronger, and more easily able to resist the temptation to fritter away odd sums of money. Where the practice previously seemed a hard task, it now brings a glow of enthusiasm and interest.

They begin to feel the joy of getting ahead. They gain the sense of stability and moral courage which was not theirs before. They realize that at last they are on the right road.

Persons who are leading thriftless lives today should bear these thoughts in mind. To deny one's self certain pleasures and indulgences is not an inviting prospect to them. They feel that they should get the maximum amount of pleasure out of life from day to day, and the thought of knuckling down to a more prosaic mode of existence does not appeal to them. But by the time $100 has made its appearance in the colums of their savings bank passbook, the practice of thrift has become something of of a real pleasure and they go on accumulating more and more while the joy of possession increases constantly.

Do not refrain from practicing thrift because you feel that it will mean hardship and privation. The first few steps may be difficult. But after that it becomes the greatest dividend payer in happiness and peace of mind that can be found.

If you have never saved any money, try the plan suggested by the banker in the first paragraph of this article.

Citizens of Williamstown have under consideration the question of a municipal water plant, the Grant County News reports.

Jack Tipton, five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Tipton, of Mt. Sterling, was found unconscious in the garage at his home, having been overcome by gasoline fumes. The boy was restored to consciousness by artificial respiration and is now out of danger.

The Euphrates is termed in the East "the Royal River," from the fact that 672 kings have reigned on its banks.

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CALL FOR BIDS

I am authorized by the Nicholas County Board of Education to call for bids for four (4) car loads of Hazard four inch block coal. Bids will be opened at 1:30, Saturday afternoon, August 20.

Eda S. Taylor, Supt.

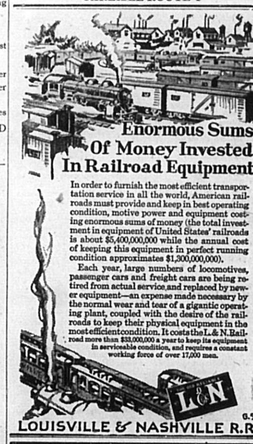
8-11 2t

Public Sale
Saturday Aug. 27
At 10 O'clock

Having decided to quit farming, I will sell at public auction, on my farm 4 1-2 miles south of Carlisle, 1 mile north of Jackstown, on the Taylor's Creek pike, the following property:

1 team work horses, 8 and 9 years old, extra good;
1 Jersey Cow, 6 years old, due fresh by sale day;
1 Jersey cow, 3 years old
16 Yearling Ewes, home raised;
1 Large Meat Hog;
12 Good Stock Ewes;
1 Sow with 6 Pigs;
1 Yearling Buck, a registered Southdown;
1 Wagon;
1 Combination Wagon Bed;
1 Two-horse sled;
1 Two-horse harrow
1 Breaking plow;
1 Three-shovel plow;
1 Single-shovel plow
1 Sheep Feeder;
1 Hog Crate;
2 Sets of Work Harness;
2 Sets of Hip Strap Breeching;
1 Set of Buggy Harness;
10 to 15 Barrels of Picked Corn
4 to 5 Acres Corn in the field;
1 Tarpaulin, 16 feet by 24 feet;
1 Log Chain;
1 New McCormick Deering Cream Separator;
1 Majestic cooking stove, a good one;
6 Dining Room Chairs;
1 Coal Oil stove
1 Bedstead, Mattress and Springs;
1 Large Sausage Mill;
1 New Boss Washing Machine and Wringer;
2 Plow Skimmers, right and left
1 Shot Gun;
Other things too numerous to mention.

RICHARD G. BOARDMAN
CARLISLE ROUTE 1



Enormous Sums Of Money Invested In Railroad Equipment

In order to furnish the most efficient transportation service in all the world, American railroads must provide and keep in best operating condition, motive power and equipment costing enormous sums of money (the total investment in equipment of United States' railroads is about $5,400,000,000 while the annual cost of keeping this equipment in perfect running condition approximates $1,300,000,000).

Each year, large numbers of locomotives, passenger cars and freight cars are being retired from actual service and replaced by newer equipment—an expense made necessary by the normal wear and tear of a gigantic operating plant, coupled with the desire of the railroads to keep their physical equipment in the most efficient condition. It costs the L. & N. Railroad more than $33,000,000 a year to keep its equipment in serviceable condition, and requires a constant working force of over 17,000 men.

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Pacific Northwest Colorado
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