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THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1927

God Almighttie first Planted a Garden; and indeed it is the Purest of Humane pleasures; it is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man, without which Buildings and Palaces are but Grosse Handy works. —Francis Bacon.

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

A Page From the Diary of A Country Editor

". . . all though the night there's a little brown bird singing" rang the refrain. Hightower and radio-heard this chant that writhed in and out of my troubled dreams-ing, a thin, soiling snake of sound, till now when the dawn shone grey at the windows, a brown bird in very truth did sing its ringing, bubbling lay from the drying branches of the broken leaf that tapped against my window pane. Harbinger of the hope of Spring, this little brown wren, singing his "whereabill! whereabill! whereabill!" as jauntily and devil-may-care as ever was, he shies never so leaden and grey, and Lord! I did need the cheer of his song.

So it was that out of a mage of fevered dreaming I came at length, in the grayness of a winter's dawn, to the little brown bird that brought a moment's carcrane from the last centrated essence of all the aches and pains that flesh is heir to, pelept by the ancients of our times, "break-bone fever" and by modern medicos, "la grippe." And I do think the old name is the best, for no sooner does my Carolina wren finish his song than the little break-bone devils return with all their slings and arrows to haunt throbbing head and creaking joint and I do stretch shivering arm as the aspirin and gulp a potion, mean-and groaning nightly, after the manner of sick males. So racked and shivering, until the good drug begins to soothe and straightway I slip back into the mental hodge-podge of fevered imaginings of the night.

The butterflies about a roadside pool, these thought, cluttered in the subconscious, bubbling one rises on wavering wings, flicks into the sphere of semi-waking consciousness, flits aimlessly about, is gone, . . . another . . . another . . . bits of rhyme, scraps of philosophy, sentences, sentences, songs—up, across and gone, like the unsteady wingings of a wounded butterfly. As idle as a painted ship upon a ocean . . . and all the seams did crack . . . water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink . . . a waving piano, vacant, a hovering motionless sun . . . all a stream, bluegrass to the waters' edge . . . ocher flowers of gold and herb . . . chatter, chatter as I go . . . smoke rising straight and arrowy . . . hog killing time . . . old Mother Hubbard . . . and the sagacious dog had no bone . . . a poem lovely as a tree . . . good swimming in old Red . . . Sam's pool and diving in the salt—heard cold at first, but your hair soon dries before you have crossed the field of red clover. You had tried that before. "Yessir, Sir! Oh, ye foolish" and then "Let's go Swimmin'." Sport it's too cold to go swimmin'." "Too cold . . . . . a swimp a minute on the ice . . . what a funny, hollow sound a pebble . . . dippety, dippety . . . farther away, bobbing along . . . faintly, faintly . . . the horns of elfland faintly blowing . . . how the grass seams when a steer lumbers by . . . the sun . . . and the sky . . . and this . . . and that . . . and the rye also attracts . . . dippety, dippety . . . farther away, faintly . . . the walnut bounces on the hollow . . . bounces on the . . . farewell land of the cool Allegheny . . . crowed . . . early to bed . . . school, but a thin morning . . . dippety . . . dippety . . . puck . . .

And so on of this sort of fevered fantasy, in which I wrought a long story, very fine indeed, but disintegrated slowly before the acid test of daylight, and in which I retched old childhood scenes and place I never knew, but which came to me fancifully and always have, in flighty dreams of fevered fancy, until at length I awake to find myself shining and myself somewhat wan though still racked roughly with aches and twinges. So that I make moan as I shave and bathe as though my life were near its end, which I do think, but my wife reassures me, being used to my bewailings under sickness. And test she is right I am convinced, after two or three cups of strong coffee, for the savor of which bean and the fact of its being left to us by the reformers I do thank the Lord! For it does warm the cockles of one's heart right nobly, of a morning and brings a temporary glow of youth to the old, although age comes a-galloping after breakfast. Yet it is a respite worth the while, and in a comfort and a pleasure and so, alas! has many enemies.

At length to sit by the fire, very weak, but too ill to worry and that is a boon, at least it is to me, who do hold I think the world's record for worry in quantity and continuity, yet I do find my experience to be that of the wise man who said: "The greatest troubles of my life were those that never happened."

Presently more at ease and I begin to think of last night, when at about midnight I was seized with a chill that made my bones rattle and I did determine to fight it out and not to disturb those who slept, yet at length made such a clamor that my wife came from another room and piled me with hot drinks and a foot-warmer until I became warm. And straightway I fell to thinking of the sufferings that must have been endured by primitive man and even by our pioneers and I wonder if the "good old days" is not a misnomer after all. What did address to relieve the toothache, and did our ancestors of pioneer days get along quite as well without easing pain and poison? Perhaps they were made of sterner stuff and bore their sufferings more valiantly.

Whereupon I remember that my great grandsire lay ill for many weeks at Fort Defiance in the War of 1812. So I find the book of his life, which he wrote in the declining years, and conclude that my ancestor must have been a veritable "Little Iron" of a man—and yet my grandfather had fever dreams too, and perchance he made clamor too in his illness and would have made more, had their been aught but soldier men to listen. But for his dream:

"Very soon after this battle (Ft. Defiance) I was taken down with a low form of fever, called in their day, typhus. I was in an unconscious state and entirely helpless during a period of six weeks. Though unconscious of what was taking place around me, I seemed to be traveling in a dreamland all the time. I thought I was riding behind a heartless creature on rough, clumsy horse, over the roughest road I had ever known. At one time we were ascending rocky hights, with steep gorges on either side, with scarcely the width of a footpath between them. Again we seemed to go tiltdering down steep mountain sides at breakneck speed; and so, how it made my head throb and my bones rattle! I remonstrated with the wretch for carrying me over such rough ground, but to no purpose. At length my patience became threadbare and I slid off the horse, saying, 'I shall proceed this way on foot, farther,' and for the first time consciousness returned. When I awoke the boom of the cannon was roaring in my ears and upon learning that the Britain had again besieged the fort, I called for my musket, but soon came to myself sufficiently to realize the fact that I could not turn myself upon my cot, much less use a musket."

Grandther was gone, anyhow. But I doubt if he spoke as correctly to his d-mon horseman of dreams. At least such was not the vernacular of the soldiery of the revolt war.

And so I sit by the fire and begin to enjoy being sick, if that may be . . . for worry is patently futile, when one is too sick to stir and so I put aside all business concerns and devotions and browse in this book and that, for so many things have I thought to read, if I might have the time, that I am like a pig that goes from one half-eaten ear of corn to another. Not through lack of interest, indeed, but for sheer book-plenitude. Even I dip into Ecclesiates, thinking perchance to find a soothing little tale for the love story I dreamed the night and whose plot the sun nullied this morning. For the pessimistic writers, I think, are their titles from Ecclesiates and this is the very sweetest there is to be found in the Bible and the author of it will. Many books are titled first, I think, and the story written to fit. Some titles get poor fittings, alas!

Once more to run through the pages of "The Time of Man," which I did read slowly, by the fire, before undoing the pressure to end, for I am a very jewel of a book, without the false notes. This writer knows her Kentucky and the hopeless pathetic lives of a drifting, hopeless class that rises out of a vicious system. But I must smile at the efforts of a blurb writer for this book who refers to our tenant croppers as "peasants." If there be peasants in America, which I doubt, at least they are not to be found in Kentucky. These people came over the Wilderness Trail with those who pushed on into the Blue Grass and into the Pennyrile. Irresponsible souls, loving their rifles better than the plow, fearing like Henry, in Miss Roberts' book, to "take root in any place," they drifted on from hunting to "cropping," transmitting to their descendants the gypsy spirit, the shiftlessness of the rolling stone that gathers neither moss nor lands. Now and then there flares up in a generation a love of the land, of "fields to call our own" as it does so pathetically in the case of Ellen Chesser. That is a portion of their tragedy. But peasants, never!

To taken up with this book that it will long be a pleasant morning to me and I find one of the "best sellers" that I did put after reading it, flat, stale and unprofitable. Yet the soil is poor fertile to judge and I do think anyhow that adverse criticism of the theme of the sorts of any artist or artisan serves little purpose.

Presently supper, to which I do such justice that everyone is convinced that my wife was right and that I shall survive. After supper to read a bit to Stevenson, a most understanding critic for he makes pain and high glee and sickness and laughter and the quaint thoughts of little children. And I set me to memorize this rhyme, most befitting one who is ailing:

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

Soon to bed, the little imps of the bread-and-butter fever returning fit plague me with ache bare and twinge there, but ere I go I seek the pillows and in the poem, "Pegasus in Pound," I find the verse that is to me the most soothing rhyme in the world:

Till at length the hell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And from out a neighboring farmyard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Somehow it brings back always a room in which the fire in the grate has fallen to glowing embers, the smell of a coal oil lamp burned late into the night and I, a boy pouring over my heavy-eyed over lessons, cramming for examinations . . . of the rooster-crowing . . . and the dawn . . . after midnight and the blissfull knowledge of work done . . . the smell of the blankets and swift coming drowsiness . . . "loud the cock, Alectryon crowed."

A cheap saxophic this and a harmless one and so, well fortified with Stevenson, I lay my weary aches abed and with my rhyme seek to charm away that feeling of well-being that tired hophood knows. But tonight there comes to strive with my descriptive jingle another . . . all through the night there's a little brown bird singing" . . . so the fever is not gone and I must be careful yet another day. And I really must make ready my purple martins' house, for last night I dreamt they returned and were glad for it with frantic cries, leaving very sadly at length with their people. Perhaps the little brown bird pipes a warning.

So, fairly easefully, to sleep.

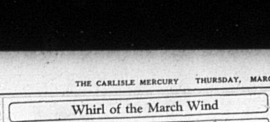
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

A young city couple had just moved into the suburbs and from an upper window the wife was exercising a new pair of field glasses.

"John," she cried, "that realtor who told you our house was only a stone's throw from the station is getting off the train now!"

"Well, answered her husband grimly, "hand me a stone and I'll do my best."

Whirl of the March Wind



30 Years Ago

Thursday, March 11, 1897

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fritts, of Carlisle, on the 8th, a daughter.

Married—Miss Essie Gillespie and Mr. E. W. Blake, both of the Nelson section, on the 10th.

T. D. Judy, who has been clerking at the store of Charles Howard, to open grocery in Millersburg.

Died—Miss Bettie Spencer, at her home near Carlisle on the 8th—Miss Fallie Bell, at her home near Headquarters on the 5th.

Sam Anderson, of this county, narrowly escapes death in stream in the mountains when he falls into the swollen waters and is swept down the creek.

President McKinley appoints the following members of his cabinet: Secretary of state, John Sherman; Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage; Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger; Attorney General, Joseph McKenna; Secretary of the Interior, Cornelius M. Bliss; Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson.

At a meeting of the Democratic County Committee Saturday, it was ordered that a Democratic primary be held to select nominees for county offices on May 15. So far the candidates have announced for County Judge; two for Sheriff; five for Deputy Sheriff; three for County Attorney; two for school superintendent; eight for assessor; five for constable and eleven for jailer.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, March 12, 1885

Thomas Hendrix sells his residence on Sycamore street to Willis Buckler.

Sam Huff, of Mason county, burglarizes H. C. Kimbrough in Pottsburg, Kimbrough livery stable.

John Herrin, former sheriff of Nicholas, removes to Clark county, where he has leased a large farm.

Rev. R. B. Garrett, formerly of Carlisle, to be editor of new temperance paper to be published at Maysville.

Dr. H. M. Scudder leaves for Little Rock, Ark., where he will conduct a revival meeting at First Presbyterian church.

R. M. Parks erecting two store business building on lot between passenger depot and Benjamin Summers store.

Willie Potts, little son of Thomas Potts, suffers painful injuries when he falls from wagon and is run over.

Dr. T. C. Washburne returns from Cincinnati, where he has been taking a post graduate course in medicine for several months.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. James A. McConnaughhay, on February 26, a daughter.—To Mr. and Mrs. Robert McVey, Jr., of Moorefield, a daughter.

President Cleveland names following members of his cabinet: Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard; Secretary of the Treasury, Daniel Manning; Secretary of the Interior, L. Q. C. Lamar; Secretary of War, Judge Endicott; Attorney General, A. H. Garland; Postmaster General, W. F. Vilas; Secretary of the Navy, W. C. Whitney.

Like the bat, the butterfly invariably sleeps head downwards.

THE SOLDIER OF THE RHINE

(Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton)
A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing,
there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him,
while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying gladness, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,
and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child,
My heart beat forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I felt what home was like—for they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where its bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with grief and fear,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant cheer;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without reference to fame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond and true and tender
To think of wealth or state, save as it might perchance offend
Her brother's gentle spirit; if he thought he cherished
Unworthy feelings in his breast, her image soon would vanish,
Nor would he rest contented till the evil thought was crushed;
Oh, sweet is love in Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the sloping hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, in its soft confidence, implicitly in mine:—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse; his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

QUIT MORNING EDITOR!

The Louisville Herald-Post Monday morning discontinued its week day morning edition. The newspaper will be published as an afternoon paper, with a Sunday morning edition. The last "morning" edition at 2 o'clock every night. James B. Brown purchased the Louisville Herald in 1924. The Herald, a morning paper, was consolidated with the Louisville Post, an afternoon paper, and both morning and afternoon editions were printed.

The latest move by the Herald-Post leaves the Louisville Courier-Journal alone in the morning field in Louisville for the first time since 1869.

R. L. CURTIS

Dealer In

Hardware, Harness and Stoves

Vulcan and Syracuse Plows and Repairs
Always on hands

The PUBLIC *enthusiastically* ENDORSES

DODGE BROTHERS *Latest Improvements*

Study these improvements carefully. Notice how basic they are—how each definitely contributes to the value and desirability of Dodge Brothers Motor Car. And remember—they are IN ADDITION to the new chrome vanadium five-bearing crankshaft, excellent new starting and lighting system and many other improvements recently announced:

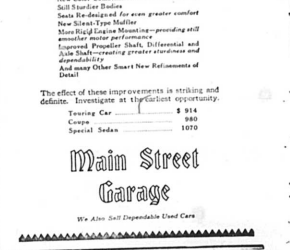
A New Clutch — *Simple, Prompt, Sure and Silent*
Softer Pedal Action
Easier Gear Shifting
Greater Steering Ease
New Body Lines—*smart and graceful*
New Color Combinations of Striking Beauty
Still Smaller Turning Radius
Seats Re-designed for *even greater comfort*
New Silent-Type Muffler
More Rigid Engine Mounting—*providing still smoother motor performance*
Improved Propeller Shaft, Differential and Axle Shafts—*creating greater sturdiness and dependability*
And many Other Smart New Refinements of Detail

The effect of these improvements is striking and definite. Investigate at the earliest opportunity.

Touring Car	$ 914
Coupe	980
Special Sedan	1070

Main Street Garage

We Also Sell Dependable Used Cars



In the Days of the Old "Hoss" Pistol

The head of the house didn't have electricity available at the touch of a button to flood the premises with light and frighten away the prowler.

He hauled out his trusty "weepin," lighted a smoky coaloil lamp, and, shivering in his knee-length nightshirt, tiptoed about the place—hoping to catch a burglar; sure to catch cold.

Kentucky Utilities electric service puts at your disposal, comfort, convenience and protection that your grandmother never dreamed of—and at a fair price.

A light or two left burning in your home when you go out for the evening will afford better protection than a sutchdog or pistol, at a cost of about 3 cents for current. The prowler works in the dark. He fears light.

KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY
INCORPORATED

STATE NEWS BRIEFS

S. S. Pinney, present postmaster of Mt. Sterling, was re-appointed by Senator Ernst last week.

At Newport the school tax levy has been fixed at $1.12 for each $100 worth of property.

At a special election Saturday Mercer county voted a $250,000 road bond issue.

The Kentucky court of appeals will adjourn March 25 for the spring vacation.

Cleil Coleman, comm ission of agriculture, Saturday announced as a candidate for state auditor.

Automobile license tags for 1927 have netted the state $2,879,561.35 up until the first of March.

Fred Blackburn, well known insurance man, was appointed postmaster of Winchester last week.

Two miners were burned, one seriously, when a keg of powder exploded at a mine near Madisonville.

be let by the State Highway Commission during March, E. N. Todd, state highway engineer, said last week.

Judge B. C. Allin, Harrodsburg, owner of the Graham Springs hotel, will build a sixty room addition to the hotel.

2,114 dog licenses have been issued in Mason county this year, the largest number in history of the county.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Judy celebrated their sixty-fourth wedding anniversary at their home at North Middletown last week.

The Bourbon fiscal court has fixed the tax levy for 1927 at 70 cents. The school levy will be fixed at a later meeting.

Three ewes and three lambs were killed and a calf and two sheep were crippled when dogs broke into a barn of B. F. Edwards in Madison county.

No contracts for road work will Mrs. Lou Ratliff, 70 years old, died at the home of her son, Jeff Ratliff, in Mt. Sterling last Thursday.

Three life-termers and 23 other prisoners were paroled from the Frankfort reformatory by the state board of charities and corrections Saturday.

William Sparks, of Lossburg, Harrison county, has a registered Shorthorn cow which recently gave birth to three bull calves, all of which are living.

Thomas Hart Talbot, 74 years old, former member of the State Racing Commission and Master of the colt clerk of Bourbon county, died at his home in Paris Saturday.

K. D. Cain, Louisville interurban car conductor, was beaten into unconsciousness and robbed of $24 and a valuable watch by two youthful bandits at Louisville.

A bundle of Courier-Journals tossed off the train at Butterfly, Perry county, bounced under the wheels of a passenger train and derailed the smoker of the train.

Sewell S. Combs was appointed a member of the State Racing Commission last week by Governor Fields to succeed Thomas A. Combs, of Lexington, his brother, who resigned on account of ill health.

Elzie Green, Louisville, was held under $1,000 bond at Covington last week on the charge of attempted assault on a 14 year old girl. It is said Green was drunk when the attempted assault took place.

Twenty-three prisoners, convicted at the recent term of the Fayette circuit court on felonies, were sentenced by Judge Stoll last Friday. The sentences totaled 107 years in addition to two life terms.

Grief over bad investments made by his brother, with whom he was inseparable, is believed to have caused Fred Greigenberg, 58 years old, to end his life by hanging at his home in Boone county last week.

A nine year old girl, paralyzed with fright at the approach of a train bearing down on her as she stood on the tracks, was snatched from the track by Archie V. Sergent, Deputy United States Marshal at Seco, Letcher county.

Former Governor Edwin P. Morrow, member of the U. S. Board of Railway Mediation, said in an address at Louisville last week that he believed a settlement was near in the wage dispute between the L. & N. Railroad Co. and its maintenance of way employes. The question has been before the board for two months.

John T. Vance, 70 years old, treasurer of Transylvania College, was stricken Friday night with heart trouble on the college campus and died a few minutes later.

C. O. Kelley, Fayette county dairyman, was arrested by prohibition officers at Lexington Saturday after he is alleged to have delivered two half gallons of moonshine whisky concealed in cans of milk to a storekeeper.

In the Mason circuit court at Maysville, Judge John W. Hughes filed suit against Mr. and Mrs. John M. Henderson, parents of Hiley, asking $5,000 damages for alleged alienation of the affections of Mrs. Hughes.

Three youths giving their homes as Columbus, Ohio, were arrested at Richmond and returned to Lexington on charges of stealing the automobile of Chief of Police J. J. Reagan, of Lexington. They were held under $300 bond each, which they were unable to furnish.

One man was killed, one was hurt seriously and two other men are in the Louisville jail as the result of an accident in which an automobile stolen in Louisville by the trio crashed into an abutment of a bridge near Shelbyville Saturday afternoon.

After spending their spare time for six days working through jail bars, two white prisoners, serving sentences for liquor violation, held a third prisoner, a negro, at the point of a pistol to prevent him from giving an alarm and made their escape.

Mrs. Bessie Glass, of Louisville, grabbed an automobile wrench and went to the rescue of her husband when he was held up by two bandits at their home, and succeeded in driving the men away. Their automobile, which was left standing, was found to have been stolen several days before.

Expose of a gigantic moonshine ring, operating since 1920 under alleged protection of Newport officials, and said to have controlled monopoly in the moonshine whisky trade in Newport, Covington and Southern Ohio is contained in the confession of a man arrested last week, who was a former member of the ring.

Roy Bozar, sentenced to six years in the penitentiary at the January term of the Pendleton circuit court on a charge of holding up a merchant in that county several months ago, has confessed, according to a confession made by Howard Bonar, uncle of the convict, and who also was arrested at Cincinnati last week on charges of burglary.

Speaking before the Winchester Kiwanis club last week, Rev. J. L. W. Gillon, pastor of the First Baptist church of Winchester, declared the law recently put on the statute books of Kentucky requiring the Bible to be read every morning in the public schools was one of the most radical pieces of legislation of the kind ever enacted into a law.

OUT OF DEBT

Predictions made by the state highway commission that the state road fund would be free from debt by the middle of March, and that it is now possible for the commission to put into effect its cash basis road building program.

March 1 the road fund had a balance of $2,576,423.23 to its credit, according to the books of State Treasurer E. B. Dishman. Outstanding interest-bearing warrants in the State Treasury, which are paid from this fund amounted to $5,008,080.78 or only $160,798.63 more than the amount to the credit of the road fund.

Twenty-three years today the state owed in interest-bearing warrants $11,720,582.93. Today the outstanding warrants amount to $7,-273,747.85, of which $4,267,664.07 were against the general expenditure fund and $3,006,090.78 against the road fund.

DUDLEY LEASES MINE

The Hazard Leader has the following account of the leasing of the Dudley coal property at Hazard, owned by W. S. Dudley, of Carlisle:

The South Chicago Coal and Dock Company of Chicago, has leased the Dudley Coal Company fee a period of ten years.

The new company coming into Hazard coal field is well known in Chicago. It will lease the mine but has bought the live stock and store stock from the company.

The capacity of the mine will be increased from 20 to 30 cars daily and about 20 new houses will be constructed.

W. F. Mandt will remain in charge as general manager and Wm. A. Payne will remain as superintendent.

The lease took effect on March 1. The new company operates docks at Chicago and has considerable capital behind it.

A. J. Mandt, engineer for the Dudley Coal Company, was a visitor here Thursday.

ON SALE 8—Every Wednesday at Harrison's. The Mercury is on sale at the Carlisle Drug Co.

A Million More People *in the* L&N Served South

More people, more prosperity—that's the story of the South's great development during the past few years. Over a million and a half new citizens in the States of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Louisiana, Florida—people who have come to these States from every section of the country—people who have come to make their homes and to take an active part in community building.

The railroads are very largely responsible for bringing new citizens to this vicinity. Through Northern and Eastern newspapers, through national farm journals, through magazines of enormous circulation and through the distribution of folders and printed matter, the L. & N. is constantly, and has been for years, advertising the agricultural, the industrial and the tourist attractions of these States.

Latest estimates of population show that since the 1920 census, the States above listed have an increased population of 1,657,229 and that this increase is above the average of any other section of the United States.

The furnishing of superior freight and passenger service and the up-building of the territory it serves, are the provinces of this Railroad.

L&N
LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE
NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT
Chas. Simon, Jr. et al., Plaintiffs
Vs—Advertisement of Sale
Mildred Simons, et al., Defendants

Pursuant to a judgment rendered in the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above style action rendered at the February Term, 1927, shall proceed to offer for sale on Monday, March 14, 1927, same being county court day in said county, at the court house door in Carlisle, Kentucky, upon a credit of six and twelve months the following described property, to-wit:

A lot or parcel of land with improvements thereon lying on the north side of Spring street in what is known as Dorseyville addition to the city of Carlisle in Nicholas County, Kentucky, and bounded and described by Spring street on the south; on the east by the other lot of T. H. Waugh; on the north by the L. & N. Railroad and on the west by the lot of Susan Trumbo; fronting on Spring street 125 feet and extending back to the L. & N. Railroad —— feet. Being the same lot conveyed to America Roberts by Annabelle Walker and husband by deed of date —— and of record in Deed Book No. 36, page 467, of records in the office of the Nicholas County Clerk's office, to which reference is made for more particular description.

For the purchase price the purchaser with approved surety must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, said bond to have the force and effect of a judgment upon which execution may issue. All bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

U. M. Swinford, M. C. N. C. C.

HOW TO GROW ALFALFA

(By P. G. Holden, Field Director, Agricultural Extension Department International Harvester Company.)

Alfalfa, when small, grows slowly, and is not a good fighter, that is, cannot compete with weeds, and especially with crab grass, foxtail, and other weeds during the dry weather of July and August. When sown in the spring without a nurse crop there is a constant struggle with the weeds during the entire season, and the weeds generally come out best, leaving a poor, patchy stand of alfalfa.

Several methods of seeding have been successfully used in the humid regions of the United States.

Probably no method will more certainly assure a good stand than to mature a piece of stubble ground and fall-plow it, or manure the ground in the winter or spring, disk it thoroughly as soon as possible in the spring (first part of April) plow the latter part of April and again disk the ground. It should be summer fallowed; that is, disked or harrowed often enough during May, June and the first part of July to kill the weeds and prevent the ground from becoming hard. Some time during the last part of July or the very first part of August the ground should be disked and harrowed and the seed sown at once with a drill, or broadcasted and harrowed in.

Oat or wheat stubble ground manured and fall plowed is especially good for alfalfa. Disk the ground the following spring as soon as dry enough to work, summer fallow, and seed as described above.

This method will almost certainly secure a stand provided the work is well done. It has the advantage of:

1. Clearing the ground of weeds, the greatest enemy of alfalfa.

2. The seeding comes at a slack time when the work can be done without neglecting other crops.

3. It insures a firm, solid seed bed, with sufficient moisture to germinate the seed.

The only trouble experienced from late summer seeding has been the occasional damage from grasshoppers along the side of the field where it joins pasture land or old meadow.

NAMES RADIO BOARD

President Coolidge last week appointed the new federal radio commission created by the radio control law to solve the "chaos in the air" now resulting from unrestricted broadcasting. He appointed the following commissioners:

Rear Admiral William H. G. Bullard, U. S. N., retired, to be chairman and to serve for a term of six years.

Orestes H. Caldwell, an editor of radio magazines, who lives at Bronxville, N. Y., for five years.

Eugene O. Sykes, of Jackson, Miss., former supreme court justice of that State, for four years.

Henry A. Bellows, of Minneapolis, director of the Gold Medal radio station, for three years.

John F. Dillon, of San Francisco, a supervising radio operator, for two years.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

As administrator of the estate of the late Wm. A. McClure, I will expose to public sale on the premises on the Whetstone pike, about five miles from Carlisle, on

FRIDAY, MARCH 18
at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property.

2 good work mares
1 good work horse
1 Draft stallion
1 4 year old cow and calf
1 7 year old milk cows
1 aged milk cow
1 brood sows
1 Ford touring car
1 buggy and haffens
1 Ford truck, 1 1-ha rrow
2 2 horse wagons
1 Randall harrow
Several plows and other farming implements of various kinds, and the entire lot of household and kitchen furniture.

Among the household goods are:
2 pieces of parlor furniture
4 feather beds
About 30 pieces of bed covering and sheets
2 cook stoves, almost new
1 Quick meeting machine
Will also sell about 50 shocks of unhusked corn in field.

Terms announced day of sale.

F. B. HENRY, Admr.
Tom Jackson, Auct.
5-10 2t

GRUDGE CAUSES SHOOTING

Paintsville Coal Operator Killed By Miner

Alfred Nichols, 50 years old, superintendent of a coal company plant near Paintsville, was shot to death Sunday by Charles Van Hoose, 35 years old, miner. Van Hoose escaped after the tragedy.

The two men had a grudge of long standing, officers said, and when they met Sunday an argument took place. Becoming angered Van Hoose drew a pistol and fired three shots into Nichols' body.

MILLER HELD GUILTY

Former Alien Property Custodian Convicted, Daughterty Freed

Thomas W. Miller, former alien property custodian during the Harding administration, was found guilty at New York last Thursday by a jury, which disagreed in the case of Harry M. Daugherty, former Attorney-General. The jury was out 70 hours.

Miller and Daugherty were charged with conspiracy to defraud the United States of their honest and unbiased services in allowing a claim for the $7,000,000 proceeds from the sale of the impounded American Metal Company share. On a motion from District Attorney Burkner, presiding Judge Knox nolle prossed the indictment against Daugherty.

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SPRING OPENING
March 15th and 16th

These are the magic days when Fashion draws the curtain and reveals to all in and near Cincinnati her newest creations. Styles that have traveled from the openings of famous Parisian artists are here here, too, are modish adaptations planned expressly for the smartly gowned women of America. And besides being distinctive, unusual and new, they have the added virtue of being both beaming and wearable.

So comprehensive are the Pogue styles this spring, so in keeping with the needs of the hour, that you cannot fail to find in this fascinating revue all that is desirable, charming and spring-like at reasonable prices.

Make your plans now to come to Cincinnati for the opening

The H. & S. POGUE CO.
Corner of Fourth Street and Race Street

ADMINISTRATOR'S
SALE OF LAND

As administrator with the Will Annexed of Elias Westfall, I will offer for sale on the premises on

Thursday, March 17th

at or about the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., the tract of land, with improvements thereon, owned by Elias Westfall at the time of his death, located near Millers Station, Nicholas County, Ky., containing 100 Acres.

The improvements on said land consist of a dwelling house, two barns and a tenant house. This land lays well, and is fertile soil, and well located.

Terms will be announced on day of sale, and will be fair and reasonable.

Also will sell at the same time some personalty, consisting of:

Corn in the shock	Fodder
Oats	Sow and 2 pigs
12 to 15 head of sheep	Few household goods

For further information, call upon the undersigned, or upon Thomas Westfall, who lives on the land.

Jas. F. Gaunce, Admr., with the will annexed of Elias Westfall