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THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1927

There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. —John Ruskin.

RULERS OF THE EARTH.

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose.

One may easily imagine that a worm's-eye view of the situation would be identical. What fine tree leaves, what succulent vegetables, what luscious cabbages for his bugship! Trillions and trillions of tiny forms that crawl and hop and fly would starve man off the face of the earth in less than ten years, unless the ceaseless warfare against them went on daily.

Man is an ally in this war against the insects, the real "rulers of the universe." He is a rather weak ally at that and often more of a hindrance than a help, despite his sprays and dusts. The birds are his army of defense, the infantry that never leaves the trenches, the cavalry that sweeps in to the rescue of beleaguered fields.

Watch one of the tiny migrants now passing up from South America and the West Indies, if you don't believe that the birds are our first arm of defense against the insect world. Yesterday a tiny redstart, whose glossy black head sets off the salmon wing patches and the fiery spread of tail feathers, cleaned out a battalion of bugs from our cherry tree. "Candelita," little torch bearer, the Spanish imagination has dubbed him, and very like a tiny torch he flitted here and there, peering under each leaf, searching limbs and bark, curving down in graceful flight after some unlucky midge. He has been with us for a week and thousands of insects that live on leaf and bark, thousands of eggs that would have hatched into creepers and fliers have gone the way of all flesh.

Watch a rain-crow destroy a machine gun nest of tent caterpillars or a robin with her fat cutworm, fresh from your garden. Watch the martin feed its young, hundreds of trips daily and with each trip an insect gone. See the fly catchers and the flickers and the chimney swallows capture their daily quota of insect enemies and you will begin to build bird houses and place bird baths for the convenience of your army of defense. And surely no man will deliberately kill the soldier that helps defend him.

"Lords of creation!" That is the role in which man likes to cast himself. Let our feathered friends disappear and we should soon learn who are the real rulers of the universe.

MAKE IT UNANIMOUS.

Our good friend, Will Ardery, is a candidate for re-election to the Legislature from Bourbon county. What Will wants with the office, the Lord only knows, but that he is willing to take it is indicative of his good citizenship.

Bourbon is fortunate, in that it constitutes a legislative district, and the pestiferous system of "your-turn-our-turn" doesn't prevent a good man from "repeating." Inasmuch as the Representative who gets his bearings, so to speak, by the end of his first term is rare, we, of the two-county districts, are continually "breaking in" a green hand.

Bourbon county is to be congratulated that it has the opportunity to return to the Legislature a man who is experienced in the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain," which mark the goings on of the biennial swarming at Frankfort. Not that Will's ways are dark or that he has any vain tricks, but his two-years' schooling has taught him that some of his colleagues are that way.

The Mercury hopes that our neighbor will move that nominations close and make it unanimous for Will.

"DERBY" FOR OURS.

They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce.—Mark Twain.

"Darby" cabled the London Times last year, in reply to our own Louisville Times' query as to how the Earl of Derby pronounces it. And we, for one, are willing to admit that "Darby" it must be in Britain, usage having made it so. But usage has not made it so in Kentucky, save among those who have "gone across" and those others who haven't, but are willing and anxious and imitative.

Aside from our distaste for a pronunciation that is said to have had its origin in the derision of the cockney articulation of the word, we have never liked the sound of it in the mouths of Kentuckians, just as we have always abominated "dahg" and "hahg" and "cahfee," despite their correctness and the efforts of "very proper" schoolmarms.

We'll stick to "dawg" and "hawg" and "cawfee," thank you. We had an old maid teacher away back in the nineties, for whom, being afraid not to do so, we attempted to give to these words the vicious, staccato crackle that one hears north of the Ohio river. But it wasn't natural and it didn't "take." So let it be with "Darby."

And if by reason of our unfashionable articulation, we be branded as "a fearful bounder, y' know," we shall have lots of company. For we know that no one said "Darby," when we first began to be aware of that famous race, just after Ben Brush had nosed his way to victory; one may be sure that the fashionables who acclaimed the gallant Aristides went to the "Derby," and if any philologist proves us wrong, we mean to stay wrong, in that regard.

For we are at one, in this matter, with a picturesque old fellow, who lived at North Middletown, in Bourbon county, many years ago. "I have sir," said he "as much right to make a dictionary as old "Dan'l Webster!"

"CONGRESS MIGHT FOOL US."

Writing of the problem of flood prevention for the Mississippi and its tributaries, the Manufacturer's Record says:

> Still, the threefold problem remains: To confine the Mississippi as a drainage ditch, to maintain it as a commercial waterway and to utilize it as a source of supply for reservoirs which can be tapped when the dry season demands.

A man-size job, this, a task which calls for engineering skill of the best. But the magnitude of the undertaking should not dishearten a nation that built the Panama Canal. We have the money; we have the engineering skill and the calamity of the present flood should furnish the incentive.

Now, it seems to us, the matter is up to the Federal Government, which means that Congress must act. And there's the rub.

For the mills of the legislative gods grind slowly, albeit exceedingly large and copiously. There are postoffices to be built at Podunk and "pork barrels" to be tended and matters of morals to be fixed, all of which takes time and brings in per diem.

As Will Rogers advises the flood sufferers: "I wouldn't put too much dependence in Congress." However, the genial cowboy philosopher qualifies this with, "But Congress might fool us."

They might. Here's hoping.

WEEK'S WEATHER GUESS

The boys who manage the little cup-like whirligigs on some tall city building, study weather maps and draw a per diem from your Uncle Samuel have been all tangled up in their barometers recently

"Fair and warmer" is just as likely as not to be "rain and colder" and vice versa. As Mark Twain said of the New England weather, there is a sumptuous variety about their predictions, at any rate.

Even the layman couldn't do a sorrier job at weather prognosticating. So, borrowing a bit from Mark Twain and adding our own postscript, we'll venture a prediction for this Thursday, May nineteenth, anno Volstedi '27, as follows:

> Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between: high and low barometer, sweeping round from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning.

That's Twain, and a comprehensive weather prediction we call it.

Here's ours: Rain, probably followed by rain; after which cloudy, followed by rain. August probably fair.

A QUESTION.

Paris business men have already made efforts to have a loose leaf sales house operated by the Burley Association in Paris next winter. They are forehanded and rightly so. We will wager that Paris will have her loose leaf sales next season.

Does anyone know whether Carlisle is to have a loose leaf market? The fact that the Association owns three houses here does not mean that the Association will deem it expedient to open them for auction sales. At least it was not thought wise so to do last year.

There is no better time than the present to find out. Time flies; and another winter without local sales, with auction floors operating in surrounding towns, will knock Carlisle for the proverbial "row of goals."

Chamber of Commerce, ahoy!

AN "ALL-STAR" CAST

Richmond children presented a "drama" in a garage last week from which they collected $4.05 in admission fees, donating the entire amount for Red Cross flood relief.

We need no word of critic to dub that play a success. It was an "all-star" cast certainly and in their generosity their elders may well find a lesson worthy of emulation.

The conditions in the flooded districts are still distressing. When the waters recede, the need for help will be even greater. Nicholas county has responded to the call for help, but the response should be more generous.

Leave your donations at any of the banks, or The Mercury will be glad to receive them and see that the funds are turned over to the local Red Cross.

TIME AND OSCULATION

(William Allen White in Emporia Gazette.)

C. J. Elmore, a professor of biology in William Jewell college at Liberty, Mo., has written to The Kansas City Star a statement in which he would controvert an editorial in the Gazette in which this paper contended that the scientist was wrong who said "Every kiss shortens a human life three minutes."

The Gazette, replying to this preposterous statement about the danger of osculation, rose to a question of personal privilege, holding that if all the kisses which its editor had spent upon what might be called domestic and foreign service, counting 50 per cent off for kin, were counted at three minutes each, the editor would be wistfully waiting for the undertaker six months before the Revolutionary War. Professor Elmore refutes this statement with what he calls "a little calculation." He maintains that to lose 150 years in the form of penalized kissing would require 26,280,000 such romantic episodes which would take 75 an hour or 5 every 4 minutes, using every day including Sundays and holidays, at a 16-hour day.

At first glance this seems reasonable. But Professor Elmore is a mere biologist, and not a mathematician. If he will consult the tables in the back of the advanced arithmetic he will find that while indulging in osculatory exercises time passes 2,169.7 times faster than it does in the ordinary humdrum events of the day. Moreover, by using daylight savings and figuring the problem stepped up with the felicitous and more fraptious time he will readily see that any decent, courteous and domesticated human animal with his heart in the right place and his wife on the front step before and after work could easily be living in the Silurian age if as a matter of fact the loose statements of the biologist are true that three minutes are cut off every human life for every human kiss.

We are surprised, pained and, on the whole, a-wearied that a biologist of Professor Elmore's standing does not know more about mathematics. If he knows as little about kissing as he knows about mathematics he has probably never enjoyed a livelier thrill than grandma's kiss when he left home for college to go out and conquer the big, wide world.

OLD FAVORITES

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES

(William Cullen Bryant)

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over them, and bowed
His spirit, with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

The Last Day

EARLY RISING

(By J. G. Saxe)

God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it, as the lucky fellow might,
A close monopoly by patent-right!
Yes, bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration),
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name or age or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off, early rising.
"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!
The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who can not keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!
Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But he said it lying in his bed
At ten o'clock a. m., the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.
'T is doubtless well to be sometimes awake,
Awake to duty, and awake to truth,
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood, or asleep!
'T is beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin!
So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

30 Years Ago

Thursday, May 20, 1897

Spring chickens selling on the local market at $2.50 per dozen.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Pence, of Carlisle, on the 19th, a daughter.

Approximately 75,000 pounds of wool delivered here so far this season, for which buyers paid around 17 cents per pound.

Joel T. Hart's famous statute, "The Triumph of Chastity," destroyed in fire which almost completely destroyed Lexington court house.

At a meeting of the school board Thursday, Miss Mabelle Scott was elected a teacher to succeed Mrs. George Huff, who resigned. The remainder of the faculty was re-elected.

Married—Miss Nannie Carter and Mr. George Duncan, both of Carlisle, on the 19th.—Miss Sallie Endicott, of this county, and Mr. Reuben W. McCormick, of Fleming county, on the 19th.

Died—Mr. Amos Feeback, 75, at his home near town on the 15th.—Mrs. Lee Woodward, at her home near Miller Station on the 19th.—Mrs. A. B. Stoops, 76, a native of the Moorefield section, at the home of her son in Mt. Sterling.

In the primary election held Saturday to nominate Democratic candidates for county offices, R. M. Parks, candidate for sheriff, protests election because East Union precinct was not opened at the stated time and committee orders another election in that precinct on May 29.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, May 21, 1885

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. A. Mastin, at their home in Carlisle, on the 17th, a son.

Frank Adair suffers painful injuries when he is thrown from his buggy near town.

Charles Hukill and W. C. McCracken begin construction of residences in Dorseyville.

Buffalo perch weighing thirty-five pounds caught in Licking river by party of local fishermen Sunday.

James Shackelford sells his interest in Maysville Planing Mill and will engage in the lumber business in Carlisle.

Several local horsemen attend Kentucky Derby at Louisville Saturday and see Joe Cotton win in a hotly contested finish.

Married—Miss Lucy Adamson and Mr. Samuel Haggard, both of the Sharpsburg vicinity, at Aberdeen, Ohio, on the 18th.

T. J. Glenn, G. R. Keller, Dr. B. F. Reynolds, G. W. Adair, R. M. Parks and Judge Kennedy attending Knights Templar conclave in Frankfort.

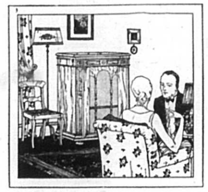
Died—Mrs. Nancy Long, 80, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Wise, on the 20th.—Mr. W. H. Abbott, 59, a former resident of Carlisle, at his home in Mt. Olivet.

98 YEAR OLD CONVICT

"Old Charlie" Lindwall, the oldest prisoner in Joliet penitentiary, and possibly the oldest in the country, last week observed his ninety-eighth birthday just as he had observed every milestone since 1900 and as he probably will observe every anniversary until he receives the pardon of death.

Lindwall, sentenced to the penitentiary for life in 1900 for murder, which he always denied committing, refused a pardon a few years ago, maintaining he was too old to face the world.

Let your own ears prove it!



THIS entertaining instrument brings you the world's great music—reproduced with absolute fidelity to the original. Every measured mood, each shading of a note comes to you with almost unbelievable realism. Symphonies . . . bands . . . dance orchestras . . . songs . . . whatever you wish—whenever you want. Let your own ears prove it. Come in—today!

The New Orthophonic Victrola

Q. T. Gatewood

MAYBE you saw "What Price Glory" or "The Big Parade," the most talked about stage play and movie of the war. Here is what Laurence Stallings, the author of both, and himself an officer who saw plenty of fighting, says about the story written by Capt. Thomason: "'Fix Bayonets!' is, in the opinion of many of us who ought to know, the finest account of their sons in battle which the American people have received in their sometimes military history."

We Take Pleasure in Announcing This Epic of the War Beginning in THE MERCURY NEXT WEFK

Don't Miss The Opening Installment

STATE NEWS BRIEFS

From present indications there will be no Montgomery county fair this year.

The new Christian church at Mt. Sterling will be formally dedicated on Sunday, June 5.

The Antioch Christian church in Fayette county will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary on Sunday, May 29.

Cecil Day, 19, was killed Saturday when he fell before a coal cutting machine at Fleming and was cut to pieces.

By a majority of 1,215 to 83, Danville citizens voted a $90,000 school bond issue at a special election held Saturday.

Lawrence W. Higgins, 75 years old, ended his life at his home near Lancaster by firing a bullet through his right temple.

Earl Osborne, of Mt. Sterling, was seriously injured Saturday when he was thrown from a motorcycle in Winchester.

Mark A. Donovan, 67 years old, retired newspaper publisher and capitalist, died at his home in Winchester last Friday.

Thomas J. Osborne, treasurer of Berea College, with which he has been officially connected for 38 years, will retire from the office this summer.

William B. Ardery, prominent Bourbon county sportsmen and attorney, has announced as a candidate for re-election as Representative from Bourbon county.

Stanley Bush, 21, of Richmond, and James M. Age, 48, of Louisville, were killed and three other persons were injured in traffic accidents at Louisville Saturday.

E. F. McDonald, serving a life sentence in the Frankfort penitentiary, has asked Governor Fields for a pardon so he can run against him in the next election.

County Clerk A. M. January last week sent checks for approximately $2,600 to Mason county farmers in payment for sheep killed by dogs during the past year.

Judge James McCue, 84 years old, former police judge of Sharpsburg, and Union veteran of the Civil War, died at the Soldiers Home at Dayton, Ohio, last week.

At a meeting of the Bourbon Business Men's Club at Paris, a resolution was passed asking the Burley Association to open a sales house in Paris next November.

A reward of $400 has been offered for the arrest of Clarence McQueen, negro, charged with the murder of Louis Williams, negro, in Cynthiana on April 26.

Twenty-two car loads of strawberries were shipped Saturday night from Paducah by the Warren County Growers Association, bringing the season's total to 71 carloads.

Unemployment decreased in Kentucky during the month of April, due to the opening of spring activities, according to a report of the United States Department of Labor.

W. T. Abbott, formerly of Dower, has launched a new newspaper, the Grayson Advertiser, to take the place of the Carter County Courier, which has suspended publication.

Guy Capps, 38, miner, was instantly killed near Greenville when his coat caught in the cog wheels of a large electric pump and his body was drawn into the machinery.

Thirty-one special trains, carrying approximately 8,000 persons, and at least 3,000 automobiles carried Chicago's delegation to the Kentucky Derby at Louisville Saturday.

George T. Reynolds, 79 years old, president of the Germantown Fair Association, banker and former representative from Bracken county, died at his home in Augusta last Thursday.

C. M. Allen, 40, manager of one of the shows with a carnival exhibiting at Fleming, was shot and fatally injured by two unknown men who were trying to force entrance to his tent Saturday night.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Emmons, of Mt. Carmel, Fleming county, was smothered to death Saturday when a feather bed was accidentally thrown over it. Housecleaning was in progress and Mrs. Emmons had placed her baby on the bed. Someone laid the feather bed over the baby, not knowing it was there. The child was dead when found.

Theodore Johmann, 14 years old, died at a hospital in Louisville last week as the result of being struck on the head by a wild pitch in a base ball game in which he was playing.

Col. Albert Scott, Louisville, was re-elected commander of the Kentucky Department of the Grand Army of the Republic at the annual encampment held in Louisville last week.

In an address before a meeting of business and professional women at Frankfort, Miss Cora M. Morehead, commissioner of pardons declared that there are now about 1,350 applications for pardons pending.

Approximately $850 in cash, jewelry and articles of clothing was the loot of a burglar who entered the home of Dr. E. J. Murray, superintendent of the Julius Marks sanatorium near Lexington Friday night.

Arthur Corbett, 11 years old, was killed on his father's farm in Grayson county, when he fell from a mule, caught his foot in the trace chain and was dragged 300 yards before his father and brother could reach the scene.

The Natural Bridge State Park, donated to the State of Kentucky last November by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, will be dedicated on June 25, Vance Prather, secretary of the State Park Commission, has announced.

Mat Foure, blind, former police judge of Livingston, charged with having aided and abetted in the killing of Chester Mullins, shot by town marshal William Gillis on December 30, was acquitted by a jury at Richmond Saturday.

Herbert Lawhorne, 25 years old, of Gilken, Ky., suffered serious injuries Saturday night when he leaped from a motor in which he was being taken to the Lexington jail by county patrolmen and was run over by another automobile.

Ruby Louis King, 9 years old, was drowned in a pond near Morganfield while his companion, Thomas Daugherty, looked on powerless to assist him. The boys were swimming the pond when King got into water over his head.

David Williams, owner of the land on each side of the Kentucky river, at Boonesboro, declared Saturday he would be willing to donate all land necessary if the highway commission would erect a free bridge, but declined to sell the land for a bridge.

Five slayers from Jefferson county, who were awaiting execution of death sentences at the Eddyville penitentiary, were granted reprieves Saturday until their cases can be heard by the court of appeals. All of the men were scheduled to die Friday morning.

Eben Thompson, escaped convict from the Ohio penitentiary, was arrested at Mt. Sterling by Chief of Police Tipton and returned to Columbus. Thompson was in the Mt. Sterling hospital suffering with a gunshot wound in the hand, sustained when he was shot by a guard while escaping.

Governor Fields last week stayed until Friday, June 30, the execution of the death sentence of Nathan Bard and Bunyan Fleming, negroes, sentenced to hang by a jury in the Hopkins circuit court on a charge of criminal assault. The negroes have appealed their sentence to the United States Supreme Court.

While the attention of Louisville's police force was directed toward the Kentucky Derby Saturday afternoon, the Market Exchange Bank was held up and robbed by two bandits who escaped with $8,000 at approximately the same time Whiskery was crossing the finish line at Churchill Downs.

C. Frank Dunn, manager of the Lexington Automobile Club, has started a movement to bring the body of Stephen Collins Foster, composer of famous Southern melodies, from Pittsburg to the Old Kentucky Home at Bardstown. A bill will be introduced in the next Legislature petitioning Pittsburg for the body.

Burt Jarrell, 30 years old, and his five year old daughter were instantly killed in their home in Floyd county, in a dynamite explosion. Mrs. Jarrell was injured but will recover. Jarrell, a miner, had three sticks of dynamite on his lap and accidentally touched it to a battery. An infant lying in a bed in the room was unhurt.

MANY AT FISH FRY

Between 700 and 800 persons, sportsmen from Bourbon and surrounding counties, attended the annual fish fry given by the Bourbon chapter of the Izaak Walton League at Xalapa Farm, the country estate of Edward F. Simms, which is located near North Middletown.

WHEN TO CUT ALFALFA

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

The proper time to cut alfalfa is when the new shoots at the crown of the plant are about two inches high.

If we wait any longer before cutting, the shoots will be caught by the mower and the tops clipped off. We may not realize it at the time, but later we will find that we have cut two crops of alfalfa and got but one.

The new crop which we have set back by clipping off its top will have to make a new start, and in the meantime, weeds will spring up and choke it out and the sun will beat down and take the moisture from the ground.

Here is one thing we must never forget: Lateness in cutting alfalfa always injures, and frequently, kills it.

Cutting alfalfa too early also is a bad practice.

When it is cut too early alfalfa often becomes rusted, yellow, sickly, and weeds and grass spring up and choke it.

Thousands of fields of alfalfa have been injured or ruined by being cut at the wrong time.

One of the things in growing of alfalfa which needs special attention, is the saving of the leaves. If we strip the leaves from the stalk we will find that about two-thirds of the plant is stalk but much the greater part of the feeding value is in the leaves. For this reason it is good business in harvesting to save as many of the leaves as possible.

If we wait too long after the plant is matured before cutting, the leaves have become withered and easily drop off and are wasted.

If we cut at exactly the right time and handle carefully—if necessary, in the early morning or late evening when the hay is less brittle—we will have little trouble in preserving the leaves.

We all know that when a limb is cut from a tree while the leaves are green, we can hardly knock the leaves off by beating the branch on the ground. But if the limb is cut after the leaves are withered and dead, the leaves shake off easily. It is the same way with alfalfa.

There is but one way to tell when to cut alfalfa. We must watch for the new sprouts and pay no attention to the blossom.

If we get down on our knees in our alfalfa field and separate the stems of alfalfa at the crown we can see whether little shoots or sprouts have started from the crown of the plants at the base of the stems or from the stems themselves.

If they have started, it is time to get out the mower and cut the alfalfa, no matter what the weather is.

The little shoots may not be over an inch or two long, but they will grow so rapidly that in three or four days they will be several inches long and it will then be too late to cut the alfalfa without doing injury to the next crop.

A LITTLE TALK ON THRIFT

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

Every day the newspapers tell of tragedies that have resulted from the unsuccessful efforts of persons who have tried to gather riches by sort-cut methods.

A man endeavored to amass a fortune over night in a number of real estate transactions. The house of cards fell, arrest and disgrace were in sight so he took suicide as the best way out. Another man, playing the market and losing, stole from his firm. He was sentenced to prison As the words which sealed his doom were pronounced by the judge, he exclaimed: "Well, this kind of business doesn't pay."

Hundreds of instances of this type might be related. Those who practice thrift may seem to be mere plodders. Their methods are not spectacular. They do not attract widespread attention in the press because of their sensational accomplishments. But slowly, steadily they build and develop. And, in the long run, success will be theirs. There will be no cause for regrets; no tragedies; no suicides; no prison sentences; no examinations of "Well, this kind of business doesn't pay."

Much of the crime and distress existing in this country today may be attributed to the unwillingness of many to accumulate wealth through the slow, steady process of thrift.

Not all of the tragedies of financial ruin and disgrace originate in evil hearts or through lack of knowledge. They are very often the results of impatience. Instead of taking things more slowly and systematicaly there are those who are willing to take a chance—they are ready to gamble their own funds in the hope of abnormal profits or, what is still worse, gamble money that belongs to others.

One of the elements of thrift is patience. Through it growth and progress, while slow, are absolutely assured.

The pathway of thrift is a safe one to travel. Those who are content to acquire possessions through slow but steady methods will never find themselves standing amidst the wreckage of a ruined life and exclaiming in their despair: "Well, this kind of business doesn't pay."

Picks You Up When Tired

This Delicious Drink Has Real Food Value

Only one way a drink can refresh you when you're tired—by replacing burned-up energy.

Orange-Crush — made from real oranges and containing real orange-juice—possesses more energy replacement value, or food calories, than an equal quantity of fresh ripe oranges. To the juice of luscious oranges is added the delicate flavor of their peel, the zestful tang of the fruit acid found in oranges, lemons and limes, a pure food color such as is used in cakes and candies, healthful carbonated water, pure cane sugar. Nothing else.

That is the reason why Orange-Crush is such an excellent "pick-up" drink—why it's served to convalescents in many of the better hospitals. It is not merely delicious, it has real food value.

Next time you're done out with the day's work, replace some of that burned-up energy with a cooling drink of Orange-Crush fresh off the ice. For your protection, ask for it by name, and see that it's served you in the Krinkly Bottle.

Drink Delicious Orange-CRUSH

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NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT

W. A. McClure's, Admr. et al., Plaintiffs.
Vs.—Notice.
James W. McClure, Defendant

All persons having claims against the estate of William A. McClure, deceased, are hereby notified to file same properly proven as required by the Kentucky Statutes with the undersigned Master Commissioner, of the Nicholas Circuit Court.

Persons failing to file their claims will be barred from participation in the distribution of the assets of the estate.

April 27, 1927
U. M. Swinford, M. C. N. C. C.
Conley & McCartney,
Attorneys for Plff.

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT

Emily C. McClure's, Admr. Plaintiffs.
Vs.—Notice.
James W. McClure, Defendant

All persons having claims against the estate of Emily C. McClure, deceased, are hereby notified to file same properly proven as required by the Kentucky Statutes with the undersigned Master Commissioner, of the Nicholas Circuit Court.

Persons failing to file their claims will be barred from participation in the distribution of the assets of the estate.

April 27, 1927
U. M. Swinford, M. C. N. C. C.
Conley & McCartney,
Attorneys for Plff.

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ONE can't feel well when there is a retention of poisonous waste in the blood. This is called a toxic condition, and is apt to make one tired, dull and languid. Other symptoms are sometimes toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Many people have learned the value of Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, when the kidneys seem functionally inactive. Everywhere one finds enthusiastic Doan's users. Ask your neighbor!

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Chief White Eagle is a dapple grey with white mane and tail, 16 hands high, 6 years old and will make the present season by private contract.

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