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THURSDAY NOVEMBER 10, 1927

ADVENTURERS.

(Madison Cawein)

Seemingly over the hill-tops,
Possibly under the hills,
A viewless wing that never drops,
And a song that never stills.

Enlce heard on the stars' lips?
Lyrics read on the dew?
To sing the song, if our finger-ips,
And live the world anew!

Cavaliers of the Quester kind.
Bold and stern and strong—
And, oh, for a free and muscular mind

To sing a knowable's song!
Sailing seas of the silver morn,
Winds of the balm and spice,
To put the Old-World art to scorn
At the price of any price!

Danger, death, but the hope high!
God's, if the purpose fail!
Into the deeds of a vaster sky
Sailing a dauntless sail.

THIS, THAT AND TOTHER

A Page From The Diary Of A Country Editor

Up fairly before the o Sabbath day and the morning cold, as that the breath steamed in the frosty air and I do find a shim of ice on my bird bath. When reminds me that I must prepare my Feeding tray for feathered winter guests. And corn cakes for breakfast, rolled brown with frilled edges and sausage, a combination which surpasses my lord Coolidge's buck-wheat cakes and sausage. Yet doubtless the cowgirl man would not think so, for behind his cook would sweeten his corn buttycakes, which is a shame and little less than a culinary crime.

And so the summer is gone. "Chill November's surly blast" lays bare the fields and the golden garments of my horse maples are piled about their feet like a russet gown slipped from the shoulders of a lovely lady. Stark branches now, where a little while ago the summer's wind whispered through glossy leaves that fluttered the springtime recesses of a pair of shy sweethearts.

"A tree that looks at God all day And lifts its leafy arms to pray."

Naught else can exist in prayer now, against the torment of icy winds and sleet. Yet dignity abides with my maples still, and hope, for all through the long winter days the alchemy of sunlight and air has been at work and deep, deep down in the life blood pulses beneath the earth. There will come another springtime.

A premise this it seems to me, that one may see in bare branches, in sere fields and the hovering skies of autumn, if now but look. For autumn is not sad. Now Nature, like a tired mother, rests for a moment in the fulfillment of her fecundity, ready a semblance of death, that is but the beginning of refreshing sleep. Ever when I see the stark branches and the leaden skies of November and my spirit responds with the melancholy that mankind attaches to the fall of the year, there comes to mind some lines of Alice Cary:

"So when some your joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow."

Hope here, it seems to me, Toward a surety of resurrection man has attached scarer hands always. May it not be that Nature holds the glass for him to see? "Think how the roots of the roses are kept alive in the snow." At least it is a comfort to see in Nature no death, only change.

* * *

But Lord! to preach. So back to my breakfast and fragrant coffee, that best of those whose blend moves sluggishly the morning long, and to my battlewalks with the lazy edges. And hovering over my coffee I fall to reading the morning papers and find great tools of politics and much claiming of majorities by the rival candidates. So that if one should check up on these claimers after the election, what duffards at numbers, as well as at prophesying, they would prove. Such a hodgepodge of chaos and counterchange there is, that I think of a writing of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, a child-poem, but very aptly come to mind, I think, in the matter of politics:

"Dick and Will and Charles and I
Were playing it was election day,
And I was running for president,
And Dick was a band that was going to play,

"And Charles and Will were a street parade,
But Clarence came and said that he
Was going to run for president,
And I could run for school trustee.

"He made some flags for Charles and Will
And a badge to go on Dickie's hat,
He stood some cornstalks by the fence
And had them for the men to vote.

"Then he climbed on a box and made a speech
To the cornstalk men that were in a row.
It was all about the dem-o-crats,
And 'I de-fy any man to show.'

"And 'I de-fy any man to say,'
And all about 'It's a big disgrace,'
He spoke his speech out very loud
And shook his fist in a cornstalk's face."

Upon the reading of which your politician may see himself, if he have but a sense of humor. Law me! I wonder why I can not take my politics more seriously. Maybe 'tis because we who make the public prints are privileged to glance now and then into the "wings," to glimpse the den of machines, if my poor and reckless used Latin is of any meaning and not of the same ancestry as my sausage cakes. But a plague on politics! The fall shows blue though the wind blows cold and it is no day for moping indoors.

So that when my wife and boy put at me for a trip to our "mossy tains," which are only "knobs" I do fall in with the plan right heartily and soon we are away, dragging two guests, who look longingly at the grate fire, but remember their manners, if we do not. So we march valiantly away into the autumn sunshine, that has, it seems to me, a russet tinge, a champagne sparkle. Mighty pretty the grey fields of blue grass and the rioting colors of the weed fields. Which, if you believe not, try looking at a field of dry weeds "upside down." Yourself upside down, of course, though it is not necessary to stand on one's head. One may look backward 'twixt the legs, if one be a man, yes, or of the gentler sex, in these short-skirted days. You will find that Dame Nature has not spared her autumn paint brush on a common field of rag weed. Dead autumn? Dish autumn? No, the colors are there, sheerest, perhaps, but riotously plashed. Alack! I am descriptively color blind and know not a hawk from a handsaw in that regard, save that I know the colors are beautiful.

Mighty soon into sight of the purple knobs and to the horse-shoe circle of hills and the rocky bed of a creek, named Lulbegrud by Daniel Boone, when he and his companions looked first upon the fair table-land of Kentucky. Dry twigs aplenty we find and build a sulphur water from the spring to make coffee, which it does do after a fashion, but not like the real sort, making the fragrant cup foam greasily. And now the dry twigs are piled with sticks between two stones; a bit of tin serves for a pot and upon the aroma of wood mingles with the fragrance of coffee. And there are fried potatoes and eggs, which take up somehow the tang of the sunshine, the savour of the autumn breeze. Soon there falls upon us all a long, satisfying silence.

Into which silence comes an ancient man, to collect his tithe for our picnicing. And I would have him join me in a cup of coffee, but he will not, saying he had drunk one at dinner. Which strikes me as most worthy abstemiousness and perhaps I may learn it with the passage of the years. And doubtless will, if fate be kind, for I did hear a cynical fellow say the other day that virtue is but the death of desire. In which saying, no doubt, there is a modicum of truth and many ancients do prove themselves upon a virtue that is of age alone and not from choice. And I do seek to engage mine host in conversation, thinking the election a common ground, but he will not commit himself, being more interested in the corn saved by the late autumn and the possibility of coal veins in the shaly hills facing us. But at length he says that it matters little to him who is elected, so long as he be a good man. To which reply might have been made that much depends upon the point of view. But, again, a plague on politics, when a fire of drift-wood crackles and bacon and eggs and potatoes are splutter and the aroma of good coffee mingles with the perfume of wood smoke, the end satisfying fragrance that man has added to the spice-box of Nature.

The sun dips behind the rim of hills and we take coach again, and as we come out of the circle of hills, glows a purple orange across the level fields where alone in all his hunting grounds of Kentucky the Indian built a village. Now a model road cuts through the heart of this prehistoric land, coming out of the Blue Grass, into the hills, across the Indian Old Fields, last glimpse of blue grass beauties, and into the foothills of the Cumberlands. Some day soon this road will bring the silken swish of motors to remote coves, where the mule, sure-footed beast, walks carefully over rocky trails. Another thread in the knitting, together of the sections of a Commonwealth too long asunder!

The west flames; crows wing slowly across the distant horizon; a chill creep into the air and twilight comes. The corn fields are like ghostly camps of sleeping armies, to me still beautiful even in the half-light. For I think there are few of the scenes of autumn more lovely than a field of corn in shocks, unless it be the tented rows of the fragrant hemp.

Dusk and twilight there Nowember days and tonight the moon quickly lays her silver mantle over the sleeping fields, over the grey of stone fences, making them like drifts of snow, over the fields of blue grass, giving again a ghostly illusion of snow, until one shivers with thoughts of winter.

But at the end of the journey I will soon have a fire crackling on the hearth and that is good to know. What a gift to man is fire! What an appreciation from terror to the hairy form, cowering in tree or cave, dreading the native flaming eyes of his wild enemies! Fearful. Before its comforting warmth I sit dreaming, tired but peaceful and I wonder why. For today I am not a soldier mourning fretful at fate I set out into the forest sunshine. Tonight I am at peace. One wonders why. Is it because man was not intended to wander for long? Is it because he sores over books and Nature stirs up revolt in his heart? I come to Her and be healed? Or does something infinite, past understanding, speak through the forest, field and stream, to one who listens?

Perhaps it was because of these thoughts that there came to me as I sat before the fire, began to dance and the embers to glow red and midnight was not far off, a host of memories, for Bryant, poet of whom I like to think as one who looked through Nature up to Nature's God." So that I found the book and read the lines that came to me:

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 him, and bowed
His spirit, with the thought of boundless Power
And inscrutable Majesty. Ah, why Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the ground, 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.

So tired, but mighty peacefully to sleep.

Eleven o'Clock

30 Years Ago

Thursday, November 11, 1897

Local Christian church extends call to Rev. J. M. Tinder, of Maysville, and Rev. Tinder accepts.

F. A. Tabke, proprietor of the new "Bee Hive," opens his store in the Kimbrough hotel building.

Three tollgates on Mt. Sterling and Maysville turnpikes near Bethel and Sharpsburg destroyed by raiders Sunday night.

F. M. Spencer, of Columbus, Ohio, opens barber shop in the room in the Gruber building formerly occupied by John Brown.

Died—Mrs. Amelia Frances Kennedy, widow of Thomas Kennedy, at her home in Carlisle on the 25th.

—Mrs. John McIntire, 51, at her home in Carlisle on the 25th.

Married—Miss Nannie E. Linthecum and Mr. Thomas H. Waugh both of the county, on the 10th.—Miss Lida Fisher, of Carlisle, and Mr. James E. Plummer, of Millersburg, on the 11th.

Dr. A. B. Boyd, of Paris, formerly of Carlisle, struck over the head and suffers deep gash by blow struck by burglar whom he surprises in his office.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, November 12, 1885

Mrs. Victor, mother of the noted actress, Maggie Prescott, visiting relatives in Carlisle.

Died—Mrs. Mollie Brooks Miller, wife of C. R. Miller, at her home in the county on the 6th inst.

While handling a pistol at his home near Myers, E. M. Shannon is shot through hand when gun accidently discharges.

Married—Miss Mollie A. Wilson, of Moorefield, and Mr. Harrison Devine, of Mason county, at the home of the bride today.

Mrs. Pauline Robinson, formerly of this county, killed instantly when struck by a train while crossing the tracks near her home in Pleasant Hill, Mo.

Hogsheads of tobacco belonging to Hughes, Rogers & Ballengal, of Blue Lick, bring 24¾ cents per pound on Cincinnati market, the highest price paid for tobacco on Cincinnati market this season.

At a meeting of tobacco growers of the county held at the court house Monday the following officers were appointed from this county to attend a general meeting of tobacco growers at Cincinnati: John LaRue, A. J. Banta, William Wilson, Boone Ingles, W. F. Hughes, John Turley, G. W. Bramblett, W. E. Spencer and J. C. McCray.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

(Swinburne)

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's delicious laughter.
Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
For an exultant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

OLD FAVORITES

IT SNOWS

Mrs. S. J. Hale

"It snows!" cries the School-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered each his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow!
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile. "Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate,
And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-hardened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Poor child! is the pleasure-existence you can give,
When the fear we shall die only makes us live!

"It snows!" cries the Traveler, "Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,
As, thrice leagues intervened, he can see;
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the Belle. "Dear, how lucky!" and turns From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her rounded cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tinglings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow-flakes away;
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow, "and chill is the blast
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
To night, and her fatherless ask for bread;
She feels the young ravens their food;
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
Tis a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!

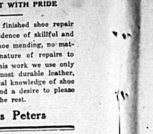
A TOAST TO WATER

A toast to Water, by Colonel Bob Maxe at the Annual Meeting of the Star Association of North Arkansas. It seemed a merry jest to ask the Colonel to respond to the toast "Water," but he was equal to the occasion, saying:

"Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: You have asked me to respond to the toast 'Water'—the source of man beneath the sun, that God created. I want to say to you that I have seen it glisten like dew drops on the sleeping lids of infants. I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth, and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age. I have seen it in tiny dew-drops like polished diamonds when the sun burst in splendor and glory o'er the eastern hills. I have seen it in the rushing stream rippling over pebbly bottoms; in the river rushing over precipitous falls in its mad rush to join the mighty father of waters, and I have seen it in the mighty ocean on whose broad bosom float the battle fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world—but, Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to say to you now that as a beverage it is a damn failure."

Seed from two to six months old yield cleaner oil than fresh flax seed.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE



to any of our finished shoe repair work, as an evidence of skillful and conscientious shoe mending, no matter what the nature of repairs to be done. In this work we use only the best and most durable leather, and our practical knowledge of shoe construction, and a desire to please patrons, does the rest.

Alois Peters

Announcing
The Buick
Autumn Display

WE cordially invite you to attend a special showing of motor car fashions for 1928—

—introducing lustrous colors of lasting Duco . . . rich upholsteries of the finest quality . . . smart new appointments.

The Buick Autumn Display opens Saturday and will continue all through the week. Don't miss this interesting exhibit.

NOVEMBER 12 to 19

Martin's Garage

FARM LOANS
KENTUCKY JOINT STOCK LAND BANK
ASK I. B. ROSS

City Taxes Due

1927 City Taxes are now due and payable at the office of the city Treasurer, and the city needs the money

W. H. FREY, City Treas.

FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE
No matter what you want to pay —no matter for what purpose you need the car we have above you one that will adequately fill the bill.
Look at these Headliners
Main Street Garage

Travel by Train
COMFORTABLE
ECONOMICAL
SAFE
Reduced Round Trip Fares for Short Trips
Ask Ticket Agents
SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

STATE NEWS BRIEFS

Inheritance taxes collected by the state during September totaled $33,192.

1,500 miners in the Muhlenburg county coal fields went on strike last Thursday.

D. M. Bonta, 61, chief of police of Harrodsburg for 21 years, died at his home last week.

A forest fire near Hazard was extinguished Saturday after several hours work by Boy Scouts.

Walter Wells, a native of Bourbon county, suicided in Huntington, W. Va., last week by shooting himself with a pistol.

Thomas Warren Rash, 92 years old, one of Clark county's oldest residents and life-long resident of Winchester, died last Thursday.

Mrs. John West, 80 years old, died last week from burns suffered when her clothing caught fire while standing before an open fire place.

48 arrests were made and 38 convictions secured for violations of the fish and game laws in Kentucky during the month of October.

John and Andrew Martin, brothers, were killed and two other men were injured in the slate fall at a coal mine in Harlan county, last week.

Miss Emma Morgan, school principal, died in a hospital at Pedcah Sunday from burns suffered Saturday night when she was trapped in a boarding house fire.

At a meeting of the Harrison fiscal court last week, an appropriation for the employment of a county health nurse was rejected by a vote of five to 3.

Smashing a window, unidentified thieves stole furs valued at $1,095 from Gordon's Fur Shop in Louisville and made their escape before police reached the scene.

J. C. Moore, of Winchester, was badly injured and his wife suffered cuts and bruises when their automobile collided with another machine near Clay City Saturday.

Fire believed to have originated in a produce house destroyed two blocks of Hopkinsville's business district Sunday, causing damage estimated at more than $400,000.

E. Russell McClure, managing editor of the Anderson News for the past two years, has purchased the plant of "The Kentuckian" at Shelbyville and will move it to Eminence and established a newspaper.

500 preachers and laymen of the state are expected to attend the annual general association of Kentucky Holiness to be held at Catlettsburg, beginning next Friday of this week.

The Fayette and Madison county fiscal courts have accepted the proposition of the state highway commission to construct and operate a ferry over the Kentucky river at Clay's Ferry.

The Rev. W. H. Few, pastor of the First Baptist church at Richmond, was stricken from his pastorate by a vote of 105 to 60 of his membership at a special meeting held last Thursday.

Taylor McClanahan, who conducts a store in Burkesville, negro suburb of Paris, Kentucky, afternoon shot Bud Puckett through the neck with a pistol, inflicting a painful but not serious wound.

Mrs. Samuel Webb, who lives near Perryville, was attacked by a vicious sheep on her farm last week and severely injured when she was knocked down and her head struck a rock.

The final assessment of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Kentucky was fixed at $1,912,200 by the State Tax Commission last week. This is an increase of $25,000 over last year.

A 13 year old school girl and a 20 year old youth were the principals in a marriage at the court house in Paris last Thursday when Miss Sarah Vickers and Vernon Spivey, both of Bourbon, were married.

The independent tobacco market in Lexington opened Wednesday, November 8, according to announcement made Monday. The Burley Association is expected to announce the opening date for pool sales within a few days.

Forrest McCullah, 24, railroad section worker, was shot to death Sunday in a camp car on the L. & N. railroad at Morning View, Kenton county. Thomas Roberts, 21, another section hand, was arrested and charged with the slaying.

Edward J. Kelly, state road engineer, stationed at Flemingsburg, suffered a double fracture of the right leg Sunday afternoon while horseback riding near Flemingsburg when his horse threw him and stepped on his leg.

Cletus Alfrey, 9 years old, of Rowan county, died at a hospital in Morehead Saturday from injuries sustained a week before when he was struck by an automobile said to have been driven by Albert Mundy, of Sharpsburg.

The state treasury was enriched three-quarters of a million dollars Monday when the L. & N. and C. & O. Railroad paid their franchise taxes for the current year. The L. & N. paid $515,753.51 and the C. & O. paid $227,648.31.

The opening of the coal fields of Harlan county to the Atlantic seaboard and the southern market has been assured by the purchase of the railroad on Martin's Fork of the Cumberland river by the L. & N. Railroad Company for $500,000.

The ten months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gid Mercer, of Harlan county, was drowned in a bucket of refuse water at the home of her parents last week. Other children found the child in the water dead, having fallen in head first.

Their automobile demolished by an L. & N. passenger train in Lexington Sunday night, two negro women barely escaped death, but were injured. The latter did so we would almost have a hundred per cent record thrown.

Playing the part of the Good Samaritan cost A. H. Starnes, of Louisville, $64 Saturday night when a pedestrian, who had asked him for a "lift" to Lexington held him up at the point of a pistol and took the money near Clay's Ferry, Madison county.

Florin Currens, 18, of Harrodsburg, a student at the University of Kentucky, is in a critical condition at St. Joseph's hospital as the result of injuries suffered at 6 o'clock Monday night when he was struck by a street car while delivering papers.

An order restraining W. H. Shanks, State Auditor, and T. Sam Parrish, Inspector and Examiner, from forcing county clerks to make daily deposits of fees collected for the state has been issued by Kelly Smither, Franklin circuit clerk.

Henry Spencer, 29 years old, a breakfast county constable, died at a hospital in Jackson last week from bullet wounds inflicted by Dexter Howard, 40, who killed Chief of Police John Miller when officers raided the latter's home at Jackson. Howard is still at large.

Anthony Watson, Marion county farmer, and several other men were attacked by a horse belonging to Watson, and the latter was severely injured in an examination and found it suffering with rabies. The horse was killed.

With the arrest of Walter Hilton, negro, escaped convict from the Ohio state penitentiary, Americus was last week, police believe they have found the robber who has burglarized stores in the district in Central Kentucky during the past two weeks. Clothing valued at more than $1,000 was found in possession of the negro.

A short time after J. C. Brooks, Bourbon county, reported a visit to Harrison county authorities that some of his turkeys had been stolen Saturday, two girls and a youth arrested Leo Kerns and Earl Wallace, both of Harrison, when six turkeys were found in their automobile. The men were returned to jail and placed in jail.

Nitroglycerine, mixed with gasoline in the coach of Dr. E. B. Porter, caused the explosion that resulted in the deaths of three persons and probable fatal injuries to two others at Central City last week, according to reports from experts from the General Motors Corporation, who made a test of some of the gasoline left in the main tank of the car.

PASTOR STABBED

Called from his home late Sunday night, Rev. Charles H. Bandy, pastor of the Paris Baptist and Christian church at Vanceburg, was attacked by James and Cecil Canady, brothers, of Lewis county, and during the fight which resulted the pastor was stabbed in the back but not seriously injured. Rev. Bandy is said to have been getting the best of the two men when he was stabbed. His wife rushed to his assistance and routed the two men, who were said to be intoxicated.

CANNED GOODS SHIPPED

The United States sent more than a million pounds of canned goods half way around the world last year to feed the peoples of Southeastern Asia and particularly to supply the demand of Malaya for asparagus grown in American gardens. Malaya also brought 54,000 boxes of fresh apples, 5,000,000 pounds of canned fruit, and 400,000 pounds of dried fruit including 180,000 pounds of dried raisins.

ATTENDANCE REPORT OF THE CITY SCHOOLS

Report For Past Six Weeks Period Shows Splendid Attendance and Punctuality

Herewith is published the attendance record of the public schools for the first six weeks of the current term. This is a splendid record, far above the average, but we want to do even better and to this end, we ask the earnest support of all patrons to help increase our percentage of attendance and to as far as possible eliminate tardiness. Nothing is quite so helpful to a boy or girl in school as prompt and regular attendance. He who stays on the job achieves success and so we are trying to instill in our students that they should be stickers not. Quitters. Irregular attendance also causes a student to be interest in his work and falling behind is often the result.

It is most encouraging to note that several of our classes average better than 99 per cent. We appreciate the splendid cooperation shown by the great majority of our patrons in securing this splendid attendance record. Many of our pupils come quite a distance each morning and are to be commended on their punctuality. There are some three or four families in Lesketers, and this name which Arrington trained and fought to be called, was disgraced, Friday. Maysville, dressed in the gold and white, the same as the Praying Colonels of Centre, displayed the old Centre fight and upheld the reputation of a team that never quits. They fought every step of the way and deserve praise of the greatest magnitude.

Captain Combs and Neal put up a great game for the visitors, making most of Maysville's yardage.

Lineup.			
C. H. S.		M. H. S	
Early-wine	L. E.	Slack	
Huddleston	L. T.	Foley	
Lee	L. G.	Nicholas	
Martin (c)	C.	Kensler	
Durham	R. G.	Thomas	
Berry	R. T.	Mullikan	
Curry	R. E.	Cullen	
Payne	Q.	Neal	
McFarland	L. H.	Lochnane	
Barnett	R. H.	Gill	
Conley	F. B.	O'Rourke (c)	

The team will journey to Richmond Thursday to play Friday morning. Eminence has a good team, so draw your own conclusions. The game will be called at 10 o'clock in order that the crowd may see the Shelbyville-News Castle game that afternoon.

Grade	Enrollment	Cases of Tardiness	Number neither absent nor tardy	Per Cent of attendance
Grade I.				
Boys	16	2	5	98.7
Girls	19	1	14	99.
Grade II.				
Boys	13	4	7	97.6
Girls	19	8	7	97
Grade III.				
Boys	12	4	9	95.2
Girls	15	3	9	98.2
Grade IV.				
Boys	20	3	12	93
Girls	16	3	12	97.3
Grade V.				
Boys	15	7	8	97
Girls	14	4	7	87
Grade VI.				
Boys	12	0	10	99
Girls	11	0	9	97
Grade VII.				
Boys	8	8	2	94
Girls	15	0	13	95
Grade VIII.				
Boys	14	1	13	96
Girls	19	3	17	97
Freshman				
Boys	32	6	22	95.9
Girls	31	2	25	97.7
Sophomore				
Boys	27	12	17	99.1
Girls	22	4	17	99.5
Junior				
Boys	11	3	7	99.7
Girls	21	3	16	99.6
Senior				
Boys	12	0	8	94
Girls	11	5	6	97.2
Summary Grades				
Boys	111	39	67	96
Girls	142	34	91	96.2
Summary High School				
Boys	82	21	37	97
Girls	85	14	61	98
Summary Schools				
Boys	193	50	105	96.5
Girls	227	155	152	97

E. E. Pfanstiel, Superintendent

FRANCES NASH AT WOODLAND AUDITORIUM

Frances Nash, "America's foremost woman pianist," will give the second concert in the Artist Series at Woodland Auditorium, Lexington Tuesday night, November 15 at 8.15 o'clock.

Miss Nash, a native of Omaha, Nebraska, is in private life the wife of Major E. N. Watson, military attache of the Dutch and Belgium embassies. She comes here direct from New York where she gave her opening recital in Town Hall last week before a capacity audience which demanded ten encores of her. The New York Sun said: "Miss Nash plays with a vigor that many masculine exponents of the resplendent art envy, and such virility of treatment is certainly an asset in presenting such an exacting program."

Order tickets now of the Lexington College of Music and the prices are $1.10, $1.65 and $2.20 including war tax.

TEAMS FIGHT TO SCORELESS TIE

Musketeers Lack Punch And Fail To Score On Visitors Here Friday

(By John Parker Ross)

The Carlisle high school, exhibiting a fighting spirit and a fairly smart listless game and Maysville held them to a 0 to 0 tie here last Friday afternoon. Maysville made 6 first downs and Carlisle made 6. Carlisle's defense was about up to standard, but oh, that offense! Conley and Barnett were the only ones that played the game and they were not called upon often. The team couldn't pass, run with the ball or hit the line, or do anything that they have done at other times this year. The line failed to open up holes for the backs to go through, and there was very little blocking. The locals were within Maysville's ten yard line twice in the last quarter but lacked the punch to carry the ball over. The last time Clark, substituting for McFarland, attempted a place kick which was wild. Maysville claimed to score in the first quarter but were repulsed. Only one team displayed any fight on the offense Friday, and that team was not the much-touted Big Green team which call themselves Musketeers, and this name which Arrington trained and fought to be called, was disgraced, Friday. Maysville, dressed in the gold and white, the same as the Praying Colonels of Centre, displayed the old Centre fight and upheld the reputation of a team that never quits. They fought every step of the way and deserve praise of the greatest magnitude.

Captain Combs and Neal put up a great game for the visitors, making most of Maysville's yardage.

Lineup.		
C. H. S.		M. H. S
Early-wine	L. E.	Slack
Huddleston	L. T.	Foley
Lee	L. G.	Nicholas
Martin (c)	C.	Kensler
Durham	R. G.	Thomas
Berry	R. T.	Mullikan
Curry	R. E.	Cullen
Payne	Q.	Neal
McFarland	L. H.	Lochnane
Barnett	R. H.	Gill
Conley	F. B.	O'Rourke (c)

The team will journey to Richmond Thursday to play Friday morning. Eminence has a good team, so draw your own conclusions. The game will be called at 10 o'clock in order that the crowd may see the Shelbyville-News Castle game that afternoon.

"DRY FACTS"

New Liquor Ruling

The United States Supreme Court, in a decision upholding the padlocking of three Chicago night clubs for furnishing cracked ice and ginger ale to patrons who carried their own liquor, dealt a severe blow to the practice of serving "setups" in cafes and clubs throughout the country.

Padlock Seventy-two Rum Sellers

Federal Judge Henry W. Goddard in New York City ordered 72 seventy-two establishments in New York padlocked for periods ranging from six months to one year for selling liquor, in disregard of one week's calendar recently.

Prohibition Costs America

America was paying $2,458,000,000 annually for prohibition, and in 1916 $753,000,000 was spent. In 1922 we spent $1,783,970,000 for public education and not one cent for liquor sold by public permission.

HURST HOME MOVES

Offices of the Hurst Home Insurance Company were moved from Millersburg to the new home of the company at 1809 north Upper street, Lexington, Tuesday.

The building erected by the company was recently completed, and is a one-story structure finished in yellow brick, and divided into two separate offices. One is occupied by the owners and the other will be leased soon.

Floor space in each of the two offices is approximately 1,000 square feet and both are well lighted with numerous windows and with all modern office fixtures.

R. H. Hurst, of Lexington, is manager and secretary of the company and L. M. Stewart, of Paris, is president. The executive committee, composed of L. E. Hillenmeyer, of Lexington, Charles Layson, of Paris, and Dr. Stephenson, of Winchester.

STEALING IN NICHOLAS, TOO

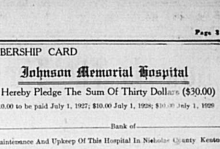
Mr. O. G. Harney, of Barefoot, Nicholas county, was at The Democrat office Tuesday renewing his subscription and informed us that Nicholas county farmers are suffering as well as Harrison county farmers from depredations of thieves. He says not so much stock has been stolen but chickens and turkeys have been taken wholesale. Mr. Harney doubted if he would have a turkey left by Thanksgiving.

WALNUT GROVE HONOR ROLL

First grade; Dorothy Garrison, Mildred Bailey, Thomas Mayhrier, Carl Mattox; second grade; Hazel Mayhrier; third grade; James Tootvine, Aileen and Woodford Mayhrier; fifth grade; Fenton Mattox; Eighth grade; Ruby Shaw.

Myrtle B. Parsons, teacher.

MEMBERSHIP CARD
Johnson Memorial Hospital
I Hereby Pledge The Sum Of Thirty Dollars ($30.00)
$10.00 to be paid July 1, 1927; $10.00 July 1, 1928; $10.00 July 1, 1929
At ..... Bank of .....
For Maintenance And Upkeep Of This Hospital In Nicholas County Kentucky.
Signed: .....



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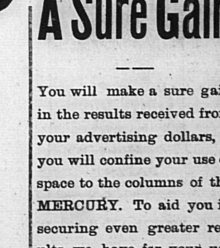

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