THE CARLISLE MERCURY

Established 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

Warren Fisher, Editor
Grimes Caywood, News Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year (in advance) $2.00
Six Months (in advance) ..... .65
Three Months (in advance) ..... .40

Member Kentucky Press Association
Member Nat'l Editorial Association

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 24 1927

THANKSGIVING

Thanks be to God for the golden grain,
Gathered and gleaned from the fertile plain;
Freed from the chaff on the threshing floor,
Thanks to Jehovah forever more.

Thanks be to God for the dormant life
Snug in the heart of the kernels rife;
Thanks be to God for the season here,
Long-drawn night of the dying year,
Prescient hope of the glad new year.

Thanks be to God that I am I am;
Thanks be to God that I know that I am;
All through the ages of time we kin,
May there arise from the nations of men
Eternal thanks-giving and praise. Amen.

—W. F. Wheeler, in Kentucky, University "Transylvanian," November 1905.

YIELDING TO NEW ENGLAND

More than often we have expressed our scorn for the sweetened corn bread and the cold "baker's bread" of our neighbors to the north of the Line. We feel sorry for a man who has not known the delights of a golden-brown cornhalfcrusts with frilly edges and who has never seen good country butter transmute into flowing gold twixt the savoury halves of a hot biscuit. He has not known the delights of table in all their fullness.

And yet, with the approach of Thanksgiving, somehow or other, first of New England, of tall hats and buckled shoes, of snow and the whiz of Indian arrows, of wild turkey and venison, of pumpkin pie and plum pudding and treasured treats, brought from far countries by clipper ships and saved for the festal board. In the culinary arts, "Southern Cooking" is a term that has become synonymous for excellence in the kitchen and deservedly so, but at Thanksgiving time, it seems fitting to yield to that section of the country where the feast of the harvest first became a festival of thanksgiving for hardships and dangers past.

We love to read of Mr. Pilgrim's christmasing at Dingley Dell at Christmas time; we love to read of Miles Standish and Priscilla, of Elizabeth and Hanna, of the light streaming from old pepper-sauce lanterns over the snow, of fastened shutters and tight New England kitchens and roaring log fires, at Thanksgiving time. And so be in time for the feasting we would read about the feasting of Sleepy Hollow, of the groaning tables of the hospitable Dutchmen, of the love-tortured Ichabod, with mouth-water even in the midst of his sentimental longings, for "pumpkins buttered by the dainty hand of Katrina Van Tassel."

Yes, in the matter of celebrating the feats of Thanksgiving, we must yield to New England. Perhaps it is but a fanciful excellence we grant them, born of story books and their Pilgrim fictures. No doubt, that upon the occasion of the early celebrations of the festival, we should have found the atmosphere decidedly more to our liking in snow ways than one. Yet though they were courteous enough to be grateful to Omnipotence for preserving their lives; though they thanked God for the providence of worshiping in accord with the dictates of their own conscience, their sturdy Pilgrim sires clung to granting anyone else much latitude in this regard. They fell foul of their bitter end and then upon their subsequent woes one of their best sons poets later.

Doubtless we would have found them cold, the fun-hating ironsides of elder flint, the sombre men of our elder days and the turkey dressing was monotonous. But we greet no other to our story-book Thanksgiving. And its scene, deep-set and in childhood memory, is of snow and forests, of high Pilgrim hats and silver-buckled shoes of fifes, of flint locks with trumpet-like barrels, of friendly Indians bearing gifts of venison and wild turkey into that little outpost of civilization over which the genial Bradford ruled.

HOORAY!

Hooray! Begins to look, as this is written, like Calvinny Breathitt may be our next lieutenant-governor after all. Guess Marse Flem will be afeared to go a-tramping and leave a Democrat with the vote actually loose. For even if he didn't stick his hand in a wild cat's hole and get scratched, he might become socially quite undesirable through entanglement with one of those little striped-back woodland kitties and have to go around the back way and swim the river and climb the cliff to the Mansion.

It would be embarrassing and wouldn't do at all. Oh, well, one can't have everything; and in giving up his favorite sport, Marse Flem must realize that the glory and honor and prestige of his office will compensate for much. It will be hard on the Governor not to have a Republican understudy to watch the perky Democratic legislature, so that he may visit his line of traps. But then, it will be mighty fine for the Senate to have Jim Breathitt presiding. The Senate committees are rather important. But, of course you know that.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY

It is absolutely none of our business. A good start this for advice unsolicited and undesired and quite likely to be ignored. But when one sees a friend in error, one does not remain silent in order to avoid a rebuff.

To come to the point at once, this newspaper feels that the Burley Tobacco Association has blundered in abolishing the office of Publicity Director. As we are informed, J. Sherman Porter is to be retired on December 1 and the Burley Tobacco Grower, of which he has been the editor, has been farmed out to a printing concern for the advertising income.

In our opinion, Sherman Porter has been wrongfully cast to the Association as director of publicity than in his capacity as editor of the Grower. If any man ever possessed the key that unlocks the columns of newspapers to free publicity, that man is "Pop" Porter. During the existence of the Association Kentucky newspapers have carried free publicity amounting, at the lowest estimate, to $20,000 per year. There has been very little paid advertising.

The Director of Publicity has made his salary many times over; for many a column of publicity material that would have slumbered in the waste-basket "made" the Burley Tobacco "Pop" Porter, and known and liked by every member of the Kentucky Press, asked the favor.

The Mercury knows, of course, that expenses must be reduced, now that there is no pool. It does not know what other offices have been abolished, nor whether other salaries have been cut, but it does know that an organization which depends largely for its existence upon favorable publicity and the successful presentation of its case to members and to prospective members, either admits failure or adopts a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy in abolishing the office of publicity director.

BARNUM WAS RIGHT

Do people think? Not if they can avoid it, certainly. For using the old gray matter is made harder by labor than ploughing or ditch-digging. Try it some time and see. In support of which bold statement, this instance, that in all of the hospitable Dutchman's cake, wins the brass dog collar and in the cat's robe de nuit in the matter of the thickness of folk.

Last week a subscriber called the office and excitedly told us that she had found a coin minted in 1780. "What kind of coin is it?" we asked. "It's a penny," was the reply.

Now as the Cynthiana Democrat pertinently noted: "Some are born great; some have greatness thrust upon them and others bring the cold coins to newspaper offices." In words to that effect. So we hurried the excited finder of the "penny" to bring it in. She did. It was a penny all right, minted by these United States of America, and the first eight did look like a dime, for this penny had evidently had a oh-quoted career and was all gnawed up with one thing and another, as pennies and soon are apt to be in some forty years of hard service. But the rest of the metal coin. A hundred people or more had looked at it and passed it on, the excited owner said; one man had urged that it be "brought to Lexington," to be placed in a museum. He was "from Lexington," and naturally felt that the Hub of the Blue Grass should be the abiding place of a penny, aged five hundred and forty-seven years. Lexington wants everything, full say. Not content with taking all the little tobacco markets, she wants our ancient history. And modern, too, if you ask us.

But to return to the penny. Here was a coin, viewed by a hundred people, according to its owner, and not one of them had realized that Columbus had not yet been born when this penny was supposed to have been minted, by the United States of America, now enjoying "of its Independence the one hundred and fifty-second year," to quote the Thanksgiving proclamation of Mr. Coolidge. Barnum was right.

DATES AND DOGMATISM

4008 B. C. The world was created in autumn and in the 707th year of the Julian

3879 B. C. Cain and Abel offered sacrifices to God.

3472 B. C. Noah began to build an ark.

—From "The World in a Pocket Book," published at Philadelphia in 1859.

The author omits the month, day and hour of the original date, but doubtless he felt that he had gone far enough in setting the year. One is puzzled as to what the embalmers did with the body of King Tut, pending the creation of the world.

Only sixty-nine years ago these dates were seriously printed in a book and just as seriously accepted by the majority of its readers, no doubt. Sixty-nine years hence, one may be sure that many of the dogmatic assertions and beliefs of this so-called Wonderful Age will seem quite as naively childish. No doubt some editorial writer, forced to "write something" each week, will be glad to be winging his way to Europe for the week end will dig up some of his readers' "facts" and dogmas, predictions and "theories" in a caustic column and to provoke the mirth of his readers.

As for instance:

Cancer is incurable.

Old age is inevitable.

Man may never hope to fly to the moon.

Women are a queer variety never to be solved by men.

You can't beat a Jockey Club candidate.

"This generation is going to the devil."

The "voice of the people is the voice of God."

"They'll never try to prohibit tobacco."

You can't elect a Democrat president.

"This spirit communication is all bunk."

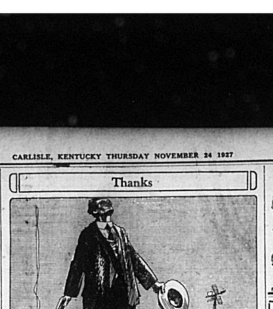
"I do not choose to run."

In fact we would venture to be dogmatic about one thing only regarding the future, and that is the same old stand in the good year 1956. And that is two. We'll admit that even love, as between the sexes, may be something so free and unfettered as to horrify the old fashioned folk back in 1927. But they'll know what you mean, in the year 2,000, in any language.

A concluding paragraph which proves that our over-Sunday indigestion is no better and that we need a revision of the Ten Commandments now—no sit, or never.

By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a horror they outpour
On the frantic fear that feels
Yet we can distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling.
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in
the anger of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clanging of
the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought
their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of
their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their
throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the
people—
They that dwell up in the
steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a
stone—
They are neither man nor
woman—
They are neither brute nor
human—
They are Ghouls—
And their king it is who tolls—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean of the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!



THE BELLS
(Edgar Allan Poe)

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their
melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that overprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that
so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling
of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their
harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens,
while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhythmic and the chiming of
the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now their
turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the
mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the
deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,

Out of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and
roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating
air!
Yet the very, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in
the anger of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clanging of
the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought
their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of
their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their
throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the
people—
They that dwell up in the
steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a
stone—
They are neither man nor
woman—
They are neither brute nor
human—
They are Ghouls—
And their king it is who tolls—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean of the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!

30 Years Ago

Thursday, Nov. 25, 1897

Bert Brasfield takes position as clerk in Schnabel's clothing store.

Albert Gardner and Henry Mock lease building near passenger depot and open restaurant.

Rev. Mitchell to preach Thanksgiving sermon at Presbyterian church this morning.

Ladies of Christian church rent box of clothing to widows and orphans home at Louisville.

A. G. Secrest sells business house near depot formerly occupied by his laundry to Mrs. Sudie Marr for $850.

James N. Kehoe, of Maysville, announces as candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress from this district.

Died—Mr. John Watkins at his home near Salt River on the 22nd.—Mrs. Joseph Bringear, at her home near Carlisle on the 24th.—Mr. Jesse Summers, well known singing school teacher at his home near Pleasant Valley on the 20th.—Mr. Clarence Howe, 28 years old, at his home in Carlisle on the 22nd.

Married—Miss Dora Wilson and Mr. Andrew Kerns both of the county, on the 22nd.—Miss Ida S. Crouch and Mr. William Shields, both of the county on the 22nd.—Miss Bertha Squires and Mr. William H. Reed, both of Carlisle on the 25th.—Miss Anna Ragan Dalzell and Prof. C. F. Martin, both of Carlisle, on the 24th.—Double wedding takes place at Christian church yesterday afternoon when Miss Edna Earl Hutchings and Mr. Harvey F. Miller and Miss Lorie McIntyre Harris and Mr. Andrew Curtis were united in marriage.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday November 26, 1885

More than 200 cases of diphtheria in Robertson county with more than 30 deaths.

James J. Sharkleford & Co. to have open lumber yard near the passenger depot.

Rev. J. B. Jones, of Carlisle, conducting revival meeting at Christian church in Cynthiana.

Dr. H. M. Scudder declines call to pastorate of First Presbyterian church at Little Rock, Ark.

William Kirby leaves for City City to take position as cornet player in the Union Central Railroad.

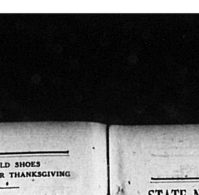
Wrote Sock, attorney to prevent "Mistrust, or Love Wins at L. & at Monarc Hall, tomorrow night.

Al Myers sold on $700 worth of hogs to Carlisle pork Saturday for which he received four cents per pound.

Died—Bessie, six years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Penle, formerly of Carlisle at their home in Cynthiana.

And he dances, and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæans of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning
of the bells.

The ruddy hirelfather, a bird native of Borneo, rushes its nest in the hive of a vicious kind of bee.



GET THOSE OLD SHOES READY FOR THANKSGIVING

Bring them to us for perfect re-soleing and re-heeling. If the uppers are still good—as they very likely are. Our expert shoe repairing is a thing you should be thankful for; it will save you many footwear dollars.

Alois Peters

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

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

From "roof to basement" *that's* the way to buy a car

Buick welcomes this searching test

Examine Buick carefully, part by part. Go into every hidden detail. There you'll discover the secret of Buick's famous dependability and long life—sound, sturdy construction throughout.

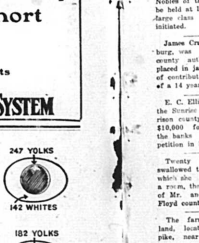
Buy your car as you would a home. Examine thoroughly. Make critical comparisons. Buick values—Buick quality.

SEDANS $1195 to $1995 COUPES $1195 to $1525
SPORT MODELS $1195 to $1525
All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Accessories extra at additional cost. Easy G. M. A. C. financing plan, the most desirable, is available.

BUICK for 1928

Martin's Garage

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



Myers, Lambert & Wilson
Carlisle, Ky. Phone No. 9
The Store With The Checkerboard Sign

STATE NEWS BRIEFS

Lexington banks will pay out $240,000 in Christmas Savings accounts this year.

Approximately 20,000 pounds of turkeys have been shipped from Madison county for the Thanksgiving market.

The two constitutional amendments submitted to the voters at the recent election were overwhelmingly defeated.

Farish Noble, 19, L. & N. railroad brakeman, was instantly killed near Rural Heights when he fell beneath a moving freight car.

The State Election Commission will meet at Frankfort Monday to award certificates to the successful candidate in the recent election.

Work on dam No. 46 on the Ohio river at Owensboro was to be pushed last week. The dam was started in August, 1923, and cost $2,100,000.

Rev. E. G. Lilly, pastor of the Millersburg Presbyterian church, has accepted a call to the pastorate of a Presbyterian church at Birmingham, Ala.

A. P. Plummer, of Flemingsburg, member of the State Tax Commission, was held up and robbed of $100, watch and stickpin in Ashland last week.

Merger of Golden College, for half a century a college for women in Bowling Green, with Western Teachers College at Bowling Green was announced Saturday.

George C.h., 17, Lexington youth, arrested by officers Sunday, readily admitted that he had stolen eight automobiles in Lexington during the past few weeks.

Lindsay Clark, 20, was shot to death by Melvin Wells in a quarrel at Prestonsburg when Wells attempted to act as peacemaker between Clark and another man.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Oldham, of Mt. Sterling, suffered cuts and bruises last Thursday when their automobile skidded and turned over while they were enroute to Lexington.

Dr. Milton Board, of Louisville, was appointed a member of the state board of charities and corrections by Governor Fields Monday to succeed T. O. Turner, resigned.

Marvin Swim, postmaster at Frenchburg, was accidentally shot in the arm while hunting in Menifee county last week. Although seriously wounded he is expected to recover.

The fall ceremonial of Oleika Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, will be held in Louisville today when a large class of candidates will be initiated.

James Crawford, of near Millersburg, was captured by Bourbon county authorities last week and charged with the theft of a gun and of contributing to the delinquency of a 14 year old girl.

E. C. Elliott, formerly eashier of the Sweet Deposit Bank in Harrison county and under bond of $10,000 for alleged shortages in the banks affairs, has filed a petition in bankruptcy.

Twenty minutes after she had swallowed three strychnine tablets which she found while playing in a room, the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Rice, of Floyd county, died Friday.

The farm of Mrs. Nellie Highland, located on the Georgetown pike, near Paris, containing 640 acres, was sold at public auction Saturday to W. W. VanDoren, of Harrison county, for a total of $102,743.

Angered because Obe Hayes, 61, Carlisle county farmer, accidentally shot him while they were hunting, Everett Allcock, 41, a neighbor farmer, overtook the called Hayes to his door and shot him to death with a pistol.

In the Montgomery circuit court Friday, Mrs. Sallie Dorris, of Montgomery county, was awarded a verdict for $6,000 for caring for her son, who, it was alleged, died last March leaving an estate valued at $11,000.

Rev. George Childers, pastor of the Stamping Ground Baptist church, was beaten into unconsciousness and robbed of $18 by two men whom he had picked up in his machine while returning home from church Sunday.

William Renaker, 35, railroad fireman of Ludlow, entered a plea of guilty in the Kenton circuit court Friday to a charge of shooting his wife in their home last August and was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

Col. Nathan Deatherage, 82, general commander of the Kentucky division of Confederate Veterans, and Mrs. Davis Duerson McCord, 46 were married at Richmond last week.

Three men and a woman held up Miss Mary C. Pfeffer, cashier of the Louisville Woolen Mills in Louisville last Thursday and after striking her over the head with a pistol escaped with a payroll of $5,500 which she was counting out.

Dr. E. L. Powell, pastor of the First Christian church in Louisville for the past 41 years, was retired on a life time salary of $5,000 per year with no obligations to the church by a unanimous vote of the congregation Sunday morning.

Burns, suffered last Wednesday when she was scalded in a pail of hot water with which her mother was cleaning a stove at their home in Lexington caused the death Friday of Martha Bowman, 5 years old, daughter of Mrs. Lottie Christopher.

William Purvifol, convicted in the Hopkinsville circuit court of the murder of William Rider and sentenced to die in the electric chair, was given a commutation of sentence to life imprisonment by Governor Fields. He was to have died last Friday.

The Augusta Improvement Association, with a capital Rock of $25,000, has been organized to build 20 homes in Augusta to take care of more than 100 persons in that city, it was announced January 1 when a new shoe factory will be opened.

Miss LaUna Ramsey, senior at the University of Kentucky, was the winner for Kentucky of the Atwater-Kent radio audition test held at Cincinnati recently and will represent the state at the audition to be held in Louisville during the next few weeks.

Mrs. Clara S. Smith, tax commissioner of Woodford county, last week received a letter in which was inclosed a fifty dollar bill with a note typewritten "tax dodger's conscience remedy." No clue has been found as to the sender of the "conscience money."

Major Roy W. Easley deputy prohibition administrator of Kentucky and Indiana, will be reappointed chief of police of Louisville when the Republican state office this week. He was appointed by the court of appeals ousted the Republican city officials.

Lloyd Milton, 21, is suffering from a gunshot wound received in the left thigh, Albert, 19 was less seriously wounded and Ed Cantrell, 20, is in jail in Richmond charged with malicious shooting as the result of a gun battle at Richmond Monday morning.

A pardon was granted by Governor Fields last week to Clyde White, 17, Pendleton county, who was convicted in March, 1926, on charges of assault and was sentenced to from one to five years. He was charged with killing his father and claims he acted in the defense of his mother.

Homer Ellis, 25, of Lexington was killed when an auto which he and three companions were riding missed an approach to a bridge on the Louisville and Nashville railroad between Lexington and Versailles and plunged down an abandoned road and turned over. The two other men were injured.

Paul Elkin, two year old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Elkin, of Norwood, Ohio, and grandson of parents a sister, six years old, and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cann, of Norwood, were injured when their automobile plunged down a 70-foot embankment into Brickenside river near Corbin Friday.

Sixty attendants at the Eastern State Hospital at Lexington have been discharged this year for inefficiency, neglect of duty or infraction of hospital rules, it was announced last week at an investigation into the escape of Charles Merchant, who was captured in Hamilton, Ohio.

Two negroes were killed by one bullet from a German Luger pistol in the hands of another negro in Central City Saturday. Thomas Dickerson, 16, was handling the pistol when it accidentally discharged, the bullet passing entirely through the body of Miss Reddick, killing him instantly, and struck Lylma Reed in the stomach, killing him a few minutes later.

DRYS WANT MILLION

A budget of $1,000,000 per year for the next five years is the aim of the Anti-Saloon League, the Rev. Howard Hyde Russell, assistant superintendent and one of the founders of the organization, declared at a luncheon of leaders held at Philadelphia last week. This is three times the fund sought last year for the enforcement of prohibition by the League.

SCHOOL DELINQUENTS DECREASE

The attendance in public schools is said to be unprecedented. While two years ago there were 3,000,000 children between the ages of five and seventeen years who were not attending school today the number has been reduced to around 2,500,000. Public schools are attended by 25,000,000, and 2,500,000 attend private schools. An average of one hundred dollars for the education of each of these 27,500,000 children in the public schools is believed by many to be money well spent, while the huge sum of $2,000,000,000 or more.

As many as 4,000,000 of these school children attend high schools, and junior high schools, relatively unknown twenty years ago, now number twelve hundred, with also a large attendance, showing how much larger a percentage of pupils now continue their education to the higher grades.

While the expenditure is very large, there is no manner in which it could be invested where the possibility of return is so great as investment in the future of human beings. The decrease of 500,000 in delinquent pupils is therefore a great potential gain.

ODDITIES IN THE NEWS

All the rooms in the home of Miss. Cleora Valdrine, a widow, of Lille, France, were filled with rags and trash when Mrs. Valdrine died, it was found last week.

It is not the only road always that should be chosen. There are times, especially in youth, when it is better far to be tempted and fall than to be "good fellow" he might have drifted into habits that would have interfered with his progress as an actor and today, instead of standing on the heights of success, he might have been a failure.

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Bandits threw pepper in the eyes of H. K. Fields, a jeweler, of Chicago, and escaped with $1,500 worth of rings.

Joseph Holmes, of St. Paul, got drunk for the first time in his life and was fined $25 and costs on a charge of assault and battery.

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DRYS WANT MILLION

A budget of $1,000,000 per year for the next five years is the aim of the Anti-Saloon League, the Rev. Howard Hyde Russell, assistant superintendent and one of the founders of the organization, declared at a luncheon of leaders held at Philadelphia last week. This is three times the fund sought last year for the enforcement of prohibition by the League.

LOCAL LEAF BEING SOLD

(Mt Sterling Gazette)

Tobacco buyers were busy throughout Montgomery county last week and many sales are reported. T. C. Geary, of Lexington, bought the contents of five barns from J. C. Crowe—two barns at 21 cents per pound, and three barns at 22¼ cents. He also bought the entire crop of J. Dunlap Day at 20 cents. Allie R. Robertson, local buyers, bought the crop of W. C. Clay and Foley, at 20 cents; the crop of K. B. Moore at 21¾ cents, and the crop of John Richardson at 25 cents. Several other crops have been old at 21 to 30 cents.

A LITTLE TALK ON THRIFT

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

A successful comedian, telling recently of his struggles, said that when he was making $75 he took the attitude that he was earning $60 and saved the other $15. When he was making $75 he took the attitude that he was earning $60 and saved the remaining $15. As his salary and income from investments grew, he adopted the same thrift plan.

This is indeed an ingenious idea and worthy of imitation. The trouble with a very large number of persons, however, is that they insist on raising their standards of living to the same level as their income.

It is easier to do this but there is value in choosing the harder way. The comedian who, in his younger days, lived on $40 a week when he had $50 at his command, undoubtedly made many sacrifices. He probably passed up many so-called "good times." He was thrown with associates, no doubt, who continually were tempting him to indulge in extravagant habits. Doubtless some of these persons thought of him as being close-fisted, narrow, and something of a "old-stick." But had he yielded to these temptations and been a "good fellow" he might have drifted into habits that would have interfered with his progress as an actor and today, instead of standing on the heights of success, he might have been a failure.

It is not the easy road always that should be chosen. There are times, especially in youth, when it is better far to be tempted and fall than to be "good fellow" he might have drifted into habits that would have interfered with his progress as an actor and today, instead of standing on the heights of success, he might have been a failure.

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Bandits threw pepper in the eyes of H. K. Fields, a jeweler, of Chicago, and escaped with $1,500 worth of rings.

Joseph Holmes, of St. Paul, got drunk for the first time in his life and was fined $25 and costs on a charge of assault and battery.

Miss Eula Bonn, senior at the University of Kentucky, was the winner for Kentucky of the Atwater-Kent radio audition test held at Cincinnati recently and will represent the state at the audition to be held in Louisville during the next few weeks.

Mrs. Clara S. Smith, tax commissioner of Woodford county, last week received a letter in which was inclosed a fifty dollar bill with a note typewritten "tax dodger's conscience remedy." No clue has been found as to the sender of the "conscience money."

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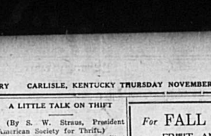
THOROUGHBRED HATS



Constant effort backed by expert technical knowledge has produced in Thoroughbred Hats, an article with a distinct appeal.
The harmony of blended colors and the perfection of detail are interesting to the man who desires to be well dressed. The wearing qualities (Thoroughbred Hats are made from long selected hare's fur, felted and finished to withstand more than ordinary use)make them worthy of the consideration of the man looking for honest value.
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R. T. Kirkland & Co.
"The Store of Real Values"

Job for
American Railroads
Here are some interesting figures concerning last year's operation of the major steam transportation lines in America. They show the gigantic task successfully accomplished, and illustrate impressively the importance of the railroads to the public they serve.

An hour is a relatively short time, yet within that brief period the railways of this country load into freight cars 132,597 tons of revenue freight.

Within an hour, 98,213 passengers board the railway trains. Every sixty minutes the railways put out in wages and operating expenses the enormous sum of this same period of time, they put into taxes, state and local treasuries the sum of $44,370.00 in taxes.

While no light is shed on these figures, a thorough service performed by the railroads is equivalent to hauling 4,051,025 passengers (approximately the total combined population of the cities of Chicago and Detroit) for a distance of one mile.

These average expenditures and operations

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