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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1927

DEMOCRATIC TICKET
For Governor—J. C. W. Beckham
For Lieutenant Governor—James Breathitt
For Secretary of State—Miss Ella Lewis
For Auditor—Clell Coleman
For Commissioner of Agriculture—Newton Bright
For Treasurer—Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell
For Clerk of Court of Appeals—W. B. O'Connell
For Attorney General—J. W. Cammack
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—W. B. Bell
For Circuit Judge—J. C. Dedman
For Commonwealth's Attorney—T. E. King
For Circuit Clerk—L. S. Hughes
For Representative—Will McRohan

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—Carlyle.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

Back in the days of plush albums and antimacassars and waxen artificial flowers in glass cases; when parlors were cool and dark and musty (which we would have you know is not so many years ago after all) we remember that one of the favorite indoor sports, vying with jackstraws and "Old Maid," was the sedate enjoyment of looking through the leaves of a heavy book of contraption at pictures of the Grand Canyon and The Crucifixion and John L. Sullivan, the latter, if your paternal ancestor was a bit devilish or sportively inclined.

We remember looking through one of these doodads into the heart of a luscious blossom, marking the "Monger" and the "Wise Men," the latter in a somewhat generous stretch of the imagination; yes, of nothing almost a whiff of heavy perfume from the waxen depths of the night-blooming cereus. One's eyes were crossed or out of focus somehow, after looking through one of these things. But it was a wonder, folks said, of a rapidly moving age, for which Nancy Hanks set a fitting coarse pace and there were dreamers who cobbitmed to talk of "horseless carriages," despite the gruffness of practical folk. At least it served, did this thingama—"stereoscope" that's the name—when Mary's beau grew a bit too playful, or began to slip forward along the horsehair, "O, have you seen the night-blooming cereus through the stereoscope, Mr. Terwilliger?" If he hadn't, but showed no interest and continued to slide—well, further than this deponent saith not, being of the age to hide beneath the sofa, rather than sit primly at each end thereof.

One imagines that nature took its course though, of course, "breaking" was unknown thy that name) when one looked through stereoscopes at "Niagara Falls in Winter," at "Niagara Falls in Summer" and into the cool waxen heart of "A Night-Blooming Cereus." But, ask mamma she knows!

Strange that the nonsexy lingers. Of all the wondrous "views," only that of the night-blooming cereus stands out as it did, when one achieved the magic focus, by sliding the twin pictures on their usually warped cardboard back and forward on its slide. But now it is that all of this came back to us last week, when we saw Cereus grandiflorus during its one night of life and glorious beauty. The picture, as we have it would be, was th ny an aroma bulging forth from incarnation) cool desert nights. The magic hour, the call of the jasmine moth, look so nice, never mind, trifling up from the cactus.

Strange that this odd set of the "tarch thistle," this cactus, should bear in all of its exoticism the germ of the flower and season of the year, which because of its very rarity, is so eagerly awaited by all of the flowers and seasons of wonder and admiration. In the days of the horseless carriage, the aeroplane, the food-hardener, to have the soul of nectar in one's shopping basket, isn't unthinkable. Wigtiller explains it in a line: "Beauty seen is never bud" — or greater poet, when he sang:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness

And truly C. grandiflorus is a thing of beauty; and deaf and blind indeed is he to beauty's self , who may look into the cool waxen heart of this lovely blossom without an answering murmur of delight.

A YOUNG OLD LADY

That frolicsome flapper, The Cynthiana Democrat, entered her 60th year last week and congratulations are in order. Let us hasten to add that none of the opprobrium that attaches to the designation, "flapper" is merited by this youngold lady. She has all the spirit and verve of the jocular title (if we know what we mean) of today; that is to say she has the "line" at least, if not the carmined lips, rouged knees and tendency to abbreviate her skirts.

For the Cynthiana Democrat adds to her petticoats with the passage of the years. Sometimes she piles on sixteen or more of 'em; yet never enough to cover up that precious possession that makes her shine in a pile of "exchanges." Personality, that's the word for it and that's the quality which glints through her pages, from "Pert and Pertinent" to the impious lucubrations of W. R. A. and the priceless "Musings of Mickie."

For thirty-five years, her skipper admits, he has stepped down with his guiding hand 'neath the elbow of this charming lady of his choice, and certainly he has piloted her through sunshine and shadow and many a squall, the loss of his gold handled umbrella in the spring of '05, has also appeared in a condition that modern computers designate as "all wet."

Height! Had Maree Jim not lost that umbrella so many years ago, perchance the love lavished on his fair helpmeet of thirty-five summers might have been transferred to some more pretentious "phantom of delight," in the days of the linen duster. But of course one may advertise for a lost umbrella so easily, when one owns a newspaper. Quien sabe as we Spanish say.

However that may be (and some heartless jade may snatch him from her yet) here's a health to him and her. May they live long and prosper.

SEEING THE LIGHT

The dream of a "line of smoke stacks" and the hum of industry which was to fellow the despoliation of Cumberland Falls seems to be pooling among those who credulously, but honestly, no doubt, believed that the damning of the Cumberland at this point would mean the coming of a wonderful era of industrial prosperity for that section of Kentucky. Towns in the vicinity of the Falls are beginning to realize that Nature, herself, has fashioned a masterpiece which will call to the love of the beautiful in man long after power dams and artificial lakes are as common as railway crossings.

At least the thriving little city of Corbin seems to have awakened to the value of Cumberland Falls, not only as a scenic wonder, but as a potential money-getter for that section. The road to Cumberland Falls, undertaken by citizens of Corbin, is proving not only the moral support, but the financial aid, as well, of every true friend of conservation.

It is a healthy indication that the people of the Cumberland are awakening to the value of a tourist magnet that will be "drawing" its quota of lover-increasing natural travel, when power dams and lakes will be passed by with a casual glance.

The Supreme Artist builds for all time and all people. Cumberland Falls is His handiwork.

THE "GAME HOG."

The Courier-Journal tells of a Henderson county "hunter," who killed seventy squirrels in one day. Such a man is not a hunter; he's a butcher, or a game-peddler. Posh! he is both.

No man could possibly use seventy squirrels, nor would one who hugged so many to one day be the kind to go to the trouble of supplying his family with squirrel meat. Such boys are sold in all probability.

Squirrels are reported to be plentiful in all parts of Kentucky this year, but the "game hog" will see to it that the children get a chance. If he is allowed to go on hogging the little bushtails without limit.

The game law in Texas Wallace, Kentucky will eventually find such petty exceedingly unpopular.

AIR CASUALTIES

One who is able to remember the early days of the use of the wire notes at once the remote possibility of the practical usefulness of "horseless carriages" as compared to the speed of the flower and insects of the air, which because of its very rarity, is so eagerly awaited by all of wonder and admiration. In the days of the horseless carriage, the aeroplane, the food-hardener, to have the soul of nectar in one's shopping basket, isn't unthinkable. Wigtiller explains it in a line: "Beauty seen is never bud" — or greater poet, when he sang:

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ence of aviation is yet in the throes of its labor, and though loss of life is a necessary pain of its birth to a practical usefulness, nothing is served, it seems to us, by the useless sacrifice of human beings.

THE SHOE PINCHES

Now for a howl from the big boys that batten behind the Protective Tariff wall. The French tariff shuts out some listed products and of course that won't do at all from the standpoint of the big fellows.

Put on "Pert and Pertinent" the same game! Protests are being made by the State Department, but if we are an unpopular in Europe as we are supposed to be, protesting will be f uitless in the matter of the new French tariff schedules.

In the meantime, Mr. Coolidge is placed in the horns of a dilemma. Perhaps he will "not choose" to get off.

BOTH MADE GOOD

Says The Cynthiana Democrat:
"To the Methodist Conference assembled at London: We want Mosi!"

To which The Mercury would alliteratively and sincerely add the statement that most everyone in this town will be glad if they "bring back Beck."

ANSWER ME THAT!

A man can count uncounted gold,
And land and buildings tall;
But love is yet the thing to have;
It can't be owned at all.

—Christian Herald, New York World

If "love is just to give away"
And doesn't cost a cent,
Why are so many lovers broke
And others rich as Crœsus?

—Cynthiana Democrat.

If "love is just to give away"
And costs a cent at least
Why ain't some bachelors I know
Stripped out and grabbed off any?

IF PARENTS HAD TO GO TO SCHOOL

(By P. G. Holden Field Director Agricultural Extension Department, University of Kentucky)

Of all our institutions, the public school is the most vital to the life of the nation. Again and again has history shown that the health of a nation which failed to properly educate their people

Look at Mexico. Look at Mexico. When education is wrong, everything is wrong. Look at Mexico and see through which people look into the future.

Before many years have passed the present methods of teaching will be considered a crime. It is a crime to-day, but we do not realize it because the method has been handed down from generation to generation, and we have come to believe that it is the right way to teach the child.

I would be a fine thing if a law could be passed requiring parents to go to school for one week and let their children stay at home. Let the mother take her hands or feet, or whisper, or talk, or laugh, or make a noise, or do anything whatever me, there would be something doing.

At one meal at home, children sit down to a hot meal at home, ju nd na should be made to partake of cold victuals. Let the fish and other leavings from the table, all that killed severely squirrels in one day, maybe they'd realize what the country boy and girl have to contend with and live and are healthy.

This is not a criticism. I am merely trying to point out how inconsistent we are in compelling our boys and girls to endure for six or eight months what we wouldn't stand for a week.

The school of the future will not be a place of compulsory and monotonous quiet. It will be a place of work. There the children are at work when they are learning by doing;there will be no "don'ts" in the school nor there is at home. But it will be orderly none, because the children will be interested.

And when the children recite, they will not be restless; they will be quiet, because they have been allowed to move around to use their arms and legs and are rested.

In the schools of to-day we too often discourage those things which are the most worth while. We should make it our business to see that the school is the home, and develop them.

These children may be in the way of the proper method of teaching, but if properly directed, they will be of great assistance to the child.

If parents were to change places for children for one week they would get a different idea of our schools.

Cost of Curiosity

A stranger in a western city noticed an odd crank on the meter of the taxicab in which he was riding. Believing curious he turned this crank a wee bit to see what would happen. The car girl quickly added 50 cents to his fare, according to the Dearborn Independent.

30 Years Ago

Thursday, September 16, 1897

D. W. Pence buys the John S. Hillock farm of 115 acres at $26 per acre.

Miss Jonie Cain leaves for Troy, Ohio, to engage in the millinery business.

Republicans meet at court house Monday and nominate H. B. Bryson for County Clerk.

Carlisle Brigade Band in Mt. Olivet this week to furnish music for the Robertson county fair.

Remodeling of Presbyterian church completed and services held in the building Sunday for the first time in several months.

Large tobacco barn of H. C. Wells near Brushkill, containing about 200,000 pounds of tobacco, burned early Saturday morning.

At a meeting of the city Democratic committee, Joe Allen was appointed a councilman to succeed Fireman Gillispie, who died recently.

Married—Miss Sallie R. Argo and Mr. I. J. Conway, both of the county on the 9th—Miss Eva Long and Mr. O. H. Collier, both of the Hookton vicinity, on the 8th.

Bennie, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Harper Fleming of the county, runs against wire while playing, suffering cuts about the face and neck which require several stitches.

Died—Mr. P. T. Buchanan, 38, at his home near Flora on the 14th—Mr. George W. Wilson, 72, at his home near Moorefield on the 12th.—Four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gray at their home near Myers, on the 9th.—Two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shanklin, at their home near Myers on the 10th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, Sept. 17, 1885

Major E. B. Boyd returns from Marietta, Ohio, where he attended the funeral of a former friend and guide, of which he was Quartermaster.

Married—Miss Lizzie Fiebuck and Mr. William T. Crump, both of the county, on the 13th.—Miss Mary Burnett and Mr. John R. Reed, both of the county, on the 10th.

18 months old daughter of Abner Smith falls into well at home of uncle, H. Clay Crump, near town, Saturday afternoon and is drowned before help arrived.

Three persons killed and about twenty injured, several seriously when K. C. passenger train and freight collide near Lexington Tuesday night.

Died—Mrs. Charlotte Huff at her home in Carlisle on the 10th.—In fant of J.r. and Mrs. Putney Kerns at their home in the county on the 10th.—18 months old child of Mr. and Mrs. James Ed Myers at their home on Cumsiay on the 9th.

HOW OLD WAS ANN?

(Cynthiana Democrat)

The Democrat enters its 66th year today. Under the present management for the past 25 years. In the next 25 years, in addition to issuing the best country newspaper it is capable of issuing, the present management hopes to add something to the general knowledge of the country newspaper readers by discovering how much and what a "well-filled basket" contains, and how many and what are a few well-chosen words, and what are some of the words that were not well chosen, and why.

To Freshen Furniture

Equal parts of olive oil and turpentine, applied with a woolen cloth, forms an ideal polish to keep the shine on the furniture.

Mars and Its Satellites

The naval observatory says that both satellites of Mars move around that planet in the same direction; but the inner satellite completes one revolution in less time than Mars makes one rotation and therefore, seen from Mars, appears to move in the opposite direction to the outer satellite

"Natives," That's What They Were

By HELEN BILLINGS WRIGHT

(Copyright.)

"NATIVES." Mary Ann lapped a little too fast against the fat, round barrel and looked across the harbor.

A motor boat rounded into a roadster rumbled over the uneven boards of the fish wharf. A girl leaped over the two French horns. "Captain Hiddon, I'm here!"

"No," Mary Ann answered shortly, taking in the details of the other girl, a fine face, a close blue hat, pearls at her throat.

"When do you expect him?"

"He's coming now." She looked toward the sea.

"Tell him to bring up, right away, a pound of ripened to Mrs. Clayton Smith's residence. Please." She added that as an after-thought and abruptly backed the car out of sight.

Just for once to be a girl like that! Mary Ann picked up a cork float and twirled it on her thumb. Mary Ann had an idea. She would be one of them.

Without waiting for her father to dock, Mary Ann rushed into the cabin, tripped over a pile of rope heaped on the floor, and tore a piece from the margin of a two weeks' old Monitor. Then, scribbling the girl's message she stuck it to the top of the barrel with her 50-cent gold and emerald hat pin. Her second shell bore nine diamonds and real emeralds." he laughed to herself and ran from the wharf.

A week later Mary Ann was on the beach. She wore a gay crotome cape over a short black silk suit. Her cheeks bright blue and green, dropped from her shoulders in a background of gay leaves. Around anyone eyes to her she wondered. The crowd had come down to the beach, some playing ball, shouting; others rushing into the water.

"Til duck you! Look out!"
"No fair. It's a foul."
"Second base under water."
"Him Sally, run. You're out."
She could hear their shouts; could see them as they played in the water, diving from the hotel raft, swimming out to board and climb back. Then and more passionately Mary Ann yearned to escape—be Native.

It was nearly one o'clock. Most of the crowd had left the beach when she saw a man—yes, dressed all in white—slowly coming down the beach. A nice face. Tanned, with a little red. Perhaps he had been fishing.

The stranger saw her; came toward her. He sat down before her.

Mary Ann was Allan Kendricks after that every day for a week. They swam together, walked for hours on the beach.

"Mariana." Allan asked (they were lying on the sand, watching the gulls circle) "will you promise to go to the dance with me tonight? Will you, Mariana?" She had told him to call her that.

She looked up at Allan. Her eyes glazed. She smiled.

"The hotel?"

"No. The reservoir."

Mariana frowned. The tearoom. She could not go there. Mrs. Hiddon on the rough floor both summer people and Natives danced. Danced and jostled elbows to the merry tunes of the resident orchestra. Impossible. In other gaiting.

"Oh, let's go somewhere else." She laughed carelessly. "There are so many places on the Cape—"

"I know your own way, but we will have to go in my car."

Mary Ann's heart. One of the great cars, low and powerful. "Because the family's being theirs to night. It's a fitter," he apologized. "I was after the dance. Mariana, in a smart pink crepe dress which she had laboriously copied from a picture, sat dreaming, and wondering just how long she could keep her secret. Pretending him at the hotel, running out a back door at night, then across the flats. But she was happy, really happy, in spite of the car.

"Let's go to the fish wharf and park—just for the atmosphere," Allan begged. Mariana hardly demurred. She liked her own voice.

"No," she cried wildly. "Any place but there. Please."

So they drove off down the boulevard into a pine wooded section, and the tracks and plunges down 15 feet.

"Mary Ann."

Mariana looked up quickly. "Why did you call me that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just Mariana. It's so out of formal. Mary Ann's easy and warm. You don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind." Mariana, it's been a lovely dream." A sudden moment in her face. "A pretty dream for both of us. We'll never forget it. For I'm a Native, too."

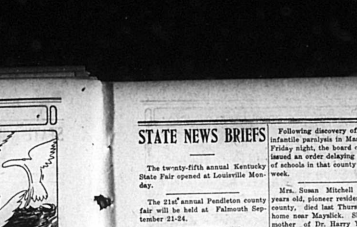
Just Look at It

In 1492 the world was as cocksure and felt that it knew everything about everything, but look what Columbus found. You never know so much as there is to be known.—Boston Globe.

Ancient Proverb

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," is an ancient proverb. Sophocles quotes it: "Whom Jupiter would destroy, he first drives (or misleads) mad." It is found in many ancient writers.

A Convoy of Doves



CORN AND ALFALFA BASIS OF LIVE STOCK GROWING

By Edgar W. Cooley.

Corn and alfalfa form the basis of successful live stock and poultry growing. No other combination of feeds is so economical in the production of beef, pork, butter and eggs.

Alone, neither will give the best results. Together, they form the best of balanced rations for growing animals and fowls.

Corn, oats, rye, etc., furnish carbohydrates but animals need proteins also. Corn is rich in starch and sugar fat producing substances, but it is especially deficient in protein, which makes bone, muscle and frame work for the growing body.

Alfalfa saves the large waste of starch which always results when corn is fed alone. Its feed value

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; .....

Address .....

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STATE NEWS BRIEFS

The twenty-fifth annual Kentucky State Fair opened at Louisville Monday.

The 21st annual Pendleton county fair will be held at Falmouth September 21-24.

Estill county will vote on a road bond issue of $150,000 at the November election.

Thomas L. Curlis, 81, Morgan veteran of the civil was, died at his home at Brooksville Saturday.

A road bond issue of $500,000 will be submitted to the voters of Perry county at the November election.

Three thousand persons attended the annual singing convention held at James own, Russell county, last week.

The handsome new Pattie Clay Infirmary at Richmond, costing $75,000, will be dedicated Sunday afternoon.

Eleven small children, all less than seven years old, were bitten by a mad dog in one community in Louisville last week.

Charles Lay, 17, of Clark county, was seriously injured Saturday when he fell from a freight train on which he was helping his way.

A series of week end raids in Louisville and Jefferson county resulted in the arrest of 19 persons, of whom 110 were negroes.

Sally"Hics, 63, negro woman, died Saturday from injuries sustained when she was charged by a bull while crossing a field near Berea.

Theodore Hook, 27, of Maysville, charged with uttering a forged instrument, was held to the grand jury at Lexington under $2,000 bond Saturday.

Mrs. Robert A. Brawner of Frankfort, Monday rendered her resignation to Governor Fields as a member of the state board of charities and corrections.

A movement has been started in Robertson county to submit a road bond issue to construct a road from Bridge ille to Maysville and Lexington road.

Miss Cora Morehead, commissioner of pardons, announced that the executive department clemency of more than 1,700 prisoners are on file in her office.

William Purcifell, Mc. Vernon murderer, sentenced to die in the electric chair at Eddyville last Friday was granted a 30 day respite by Governor Fields.

Perry Foster, 11 years old, was shot and killed as he slept in a bed at his home near Olive Hill, when a unknown assasin fired six shots through the house.

James Ars, Maysville, was indicted by the Mason county grand jury last week on a charge of unlawfully having carnal knowledge of a female under 18 years of age.

"Bad Billy" Waters, who escaped prison at Dayton, Ohio, several months ago, was captured by Monterey county officers last week and returned to Ohio.

Emmett Hornback, 20 years old, was shot and killed by Chester Brown, 19, in an argument over a dice game at New Haven Sunday afternoon. Downs escaped.

Mrs. Samuel Stalvett, 50 years old, was struck by a bolt of lightning through a kitchen window of her home in Bracken county Saturday and probably fatally injured.

William Merrill, 78 years old, was struck and dragged more than 100 feet by an automobile alleged to have been driven by Charles Osborne, 24, near Carrollton, Sundry.

After joining a Baptist church at Boggs school house in Estill county Sunday morning, John Bishop, 28, of Estill county shot and killed himself at the home of his brother-in-law.

Harlan Reynolds, miner, was discharged of complicity in the murder of Freed Russell and Pauline de Armond at his examining trial at Danville hospital.

Clarence McQueen, negro, charged with the murder of Louis Williams, aged Columbia negro on April 24, was arrested last week in Flushing, Mich., and returned to Cynthiana for trial.

While returning to her home in Rowan county from Morehead ,last week, Mrs. Charles Adkins became ill and fainted. With no hand to guide him the horse which she was driving climbed a bank, overturning the buggy and throwing the woman out. The horse returned home and members of the family made an investigation, finding Mrs. Adkins on the road probably fatally injured.

Following discovery of a case of infantile paralysis in Mason county Friday night, the board of education issued an order delaying the opening of schools in that county for another week.

Mrs. Susan Mitchell Yancey, 82 years old, pioneer resident of Mason county, died last Thursday at her home near Maysliek. She was the mother of Dr. Harry Yancey, of Maysliek.

William Perkins, 45, construction foreman, was killed Monday morning when he stepped in the path of a "dinky" engine at the mouth of a tunnel on the L. & N. Railroad near Richmond.

George Childs, Garrard county farmer, was shot and killed by Link Eubanks, a neighbor, in Lake's pool room at Lancaster. The shooting is said to have been the result of an old grudge.

The contract for the construction of a new independent loose leaf tobacco warehouse in "aris was awarded last week and the warehouse will be ready to sell tobacco by November 20.

Returning from the Dade Park race track, where he had driven a car went through an open switch, near Evansville, Ind., resulting in the death of five people and the injury of forty others.

28 Scott county merchents were tried and found guilty of violating the Cigarette Advertising and Experiment Station at Lexington for the benefit of game warden and club members, may be found useful by all sheep raisers.

A 1,000 gallon still, the daily output of which was said by prohibition agents to be $60 gallons of moonshine whiskey, was found on a farm near Cold Springs, Campbell county, last week.

Theodore Hook, 27, of Maysville, charged with uttering a forged instrument, was held to the grand jury at Lexington under $2,000 bond Saturday.

Mrs. Nora Clements Ethington, 51, wife of T. T. Ethington, was found dead in her home at Pleasureville, Henry county, Saturday having hanged herself from t stairway. Ill health was given as the cause.

Gallen Thomas, 20, an employe of the C. & O. Railroad at Russell, died at a hospital at that place last week from scalds suffered when he fell into a caldron and plunged head first into a boiling lye vat.

McKinley Schooler, negro, was lodged in jail at Lexington last week charged with the slaying of a negro who attempted to attzck Miss es Hawkins and Anderson when they found him in their home.

Roy Ashley, 21 year old son of Henry Ashley, was killed, and his brother, Raymond, 14, and Ralph Wigun, 17, were injured when their automobile left the road and overturned near Catlettsburg last week.

Miss Alma Dittus, 17, bathing beauty contest winner at Newport, alleged that a woman neighbor called her a flapper and had her arrested, charged with breach of the peace. The case was dismissed.

Samuel Craig, Mason county farmer, had a miraculous escape from injury Friday when a C. & O. passenger train crashed into the horse and buggy he was driving. The buckboard which Mr. Craig was riding in was not injured.

Unless another respite is granted, Raymond Davis, convicted of complicity in the murder of William Nelson Pratt, will be electrocuted in the Eddyville penitentiary Friday. Governor Fields has three times granted respites to Davis.

The Cynthiana Memorial Hospital and the Cynthiana Methodist church were made the principal beneficiaries of the estate of the late Mrs. Pannis Padgett Garnett, who died recently at her home in Lexington. The estate is valued at $30,000.

Walter Elbeck, three years old, was found by searchers wandering in a wood near Morgan, in Pendleton county, last week after he had been missing for four days. Authorities believe the child was kidnapped and the abductors became frightened and returned him.

While hunting squirrels in Garrard county last week, Cecil Casey, 21, accidentally fell, causing the gun to be discharged, the contents of the weapon entering his left wrist. His hand was almost severed from the wrist and was amputated at a Danville hospital.

Charles Herriott, 32 years old, a native of Fleming county, died at a hospital in Covington last Thursday night from burns suffered a few hours before when sparks from an electric fan which he was cleaning ignited a pan of gasoline nearby and set fire to his clothing.

The State Senator Charles B. Trussell, of Campbell county, was held to the grand jury under $2,500 bond at Independence last week on a charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of Emma Jane Stephenson. It years old, who was killed when truck by Senator Trussell's automo-

URGE CARE IN THE PURCHASE OF FEEDS

The annual report of the commercial feeds department of the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station urges farmers, stock men and others to exercise care in the purchase of commercial feeds.

"Buy only of reputable dealers who have a good record and are complying with the feed law by having every bag of feed properly labeled," says the report. Other suggestions follow:

"All commercial feeds should be registered and tagged with a Kentucky official tag, giving the manufacturer's guaranty to the state and buyer.

"Buyers should study the list of ingredients to see if the feed contains a material of little or no feeding value, such as cuttails, oat clips, cob meal, screenings refuse, weed seeds and cheap and highly fibrous materials.

"Many commercial feeds are of low grade, and are unbalanced, and do not furnish animals with proper nourishment. The use of such feeds often results in a loss both to the animal and a loss to the owner.

"Ky-mo-ga-no, a waste material of Title of no feeding value. As a general rule, it is not economical to feed it to animals.

"High-grade feeds are the most economical."

TAKE CARE OF THE RAM

The following recommendations about the care of rams, made by the College of Agriculture and Experiment Station at Lexington for the benefit of sheep raisers and club members, may be found useful by all sheep raisers:

"Ram lambs should be found to a pound and a half of equal parts of oats and bran daily during the breeding season. Feed half this ration in the evening just before turning the ram with the ewes.

To conserve the ram's strength keep him with the ewes but in the afternoon and take him away from them the next morning.

A ram lamb should not serve more than 12 to 15 ewes. A mature ram may serve 25 to 30 ewes, only people who can put you to sleep.

Enough to say that Rev. Fresh water's sermon was pleasing and surprising and we have yet to hear a more stirring message from the pulpit.

But the best for the last and that, too, was unexpected, for we had no inkling of the bounteous repast which the Crouch family were going to spread. So when W. C. Crouch mentioned it we demurred and decided at least to become a tentative member of the Crouch family and to partake of the good food that can be found abundantly in dear old Nicholas and especially around East Union.

Ye gods and little fishes! but there was fried chicken, sandwiches, cakes and viands for a king and "of them we did eat." It was a delightful feast in the shade of the sacred edifice that had been a mute witness of many previous gatherings and like historious family that had lived useful lives and helped to make the history of the community had written over the threshold of their existence "Peace and good will to all.

Those who remained for the spread were Thomas Crouch Jr. and wife, W. C. Crouch, wife and daughter and their guest, Miss Pauline Frederick, of Lagrange, Everett Crouch and wife and son and daughter, Rev. Freshwater and wife, of Louisville, Ernest Crouch of Mt. Sterling, Bedford Crouch and wife and two children, Thos. Crouch Jr. and wife, John Graves and wife, Frank Crouch and wife, Gobel Henry, Miss Jimmie Henry, Herd Crouch and wife, Clarence Terrell and wife and daughter, James Wyatt and wife, Mt. Sterling; and Lindsey Mc-Cracken and wife. We could write at length upon the memories that came back to us, but suffice it to say that it was a sabbath day well spent and that the boys and girls and older citizens we used to know are typical of their time and have kept the faith of their fathers and mothers who have entered the river of death.

May the sun always shine brightly, the rivulets babble their music and the flowers bloom in beauty around the familiar haunts of a people we cherish.

AMBITION

I'd like to be a friend of those
I meet from day to day;
I'd like to help them all I can
Along life's rugged way.
I'd like to do little things,
That are left unto mine;
And give the little help by which
Great victories are won.

I'd like to say the kind words,
That folks so like to hear;
I'd like to clasp their hand, and
smile,
Their lonesome hearts to cheer;
And when I sing my "Sweet Swan" song,
It's dede I've done unkind,
I'd like to take them all along.

—R. H. Richardson.

BACK TO THE OLD DAYS

(By Samuel Kerns)

Putting behind us the companionship of friends and the congenial atmosphere of Mt. Sterling; forsaking, as it were, the Sabbath School and the music of the church bells, Sunday, Sept. 5th., found us in company with Ernest Crouch turning our steps toward Old East Union-that secluded spot which we often refer to as the "Garden of Eden." Reaching Sharpsburg we decided on the old trail through Goebel City and its suburbs.

Into every condition of life and nature the years must necessarily bring their changes and along the familiar path we found them strikingly evident. And yet, as in other days, we saw beauty in those green hills and felt the peace and quietude of nature's rugged grandeur.

We seldom forget and the later years of life had not dimmed the memories of the two score years we had known and loved those "dear" hills. Strange as it may seem we no longer have any immediate relatives living near the old home, but only use sleeping the long sleep in the shade of its rare trees that, together, with opportunities and the various moods of man beckoned from older fields of life to keep with human kind they answered the call.

But forgive me on to the goal of our wishes, we came to Old East Union, where a large crowd had gathered in and from the home-coming of Rev. Edward Crouch, who the instinct of an orator is the soul of the old church. Choosing for his subject, "The Hope of the Race," he delivered a sermon which for truth, beauty and elevation ranks to be 50% gallons equal to the equal of any that ever rang down the aisles of that historic edifice. As a layman and visitor in other churches we have heard quite a few notes divines but we offer no apology for saying that we could never get away from the habit of trying to measure each one's ability and it has an age-old truth, my dear reader, that doctors are not the only people who can put you to sleep.

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