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THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1928

THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES

When that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
When Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe course yronne,
And smale fowles makes melodye,
That sleepen al the night with open ye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages
That longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

APRIL

April is the beloved of poets and nature-lovers. From old Geoffrey Chaucer, who sang of "Aprille with his shoures soote," sweet-showered April, to the perennial newspaper rhymsters, there is inspiration to be found in April that May with her apple blossoms nor June with her roses bring.

"April is my natal month and I am born again into new delights and new surprises at each return of it," writes John Burroughs, and in his delightful rambling style, he gives the reader some of these delights and surprises that the month brings:

"At its best, April is the tender of tender months under cover of ice or snow waters. Its type is the first spear of grass. The remarkable hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it brushes one and makes him feel glad and said! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons that pass from the sky or follow the wood, the coffee hore of the first bee—I am venturing ahead to the 'odes' of the day, the chirp-piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sunset down, the camp-fire in the sugar bush, the smoke seen after rains over the trees, the smell of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full trained harem streams, the waning and warming sun—how these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear!

"Then its odors! I am thrilled by its fresh and indescribable odors—the perfume of the breathing sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mould under the leaves of the fresh furrows. . . . The main characteristic of these April odors is their unchaste freshness. They are not sweet, they are often bitter, they are petty-sting and hyrical. I know well the odors of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the senses as the incense of April."

"The deluded citizen," writes Burroughs, "fancies there is nothing enjoyable in this country till June, and so misses the freshest, tenderest part. It is as if one should miss strawberries and begin his fruit-eating with melons and peaches. . . . What midsummer sweetness half so distracting as its brisk, sub-acid flavor, and what splendor of full-leaved June can stir the blood like the best of leafless April?"

Fortunate, indeed, is he who can enjoy this strawberry of the months, can leave his stuffy office or store for woods and fields and streams and gratify the winter-long hunger of eye and ear and nostril, can answer the call of April that no doubt has come to all living things since the beginning of time, as it comes to all poets and nature-lovers. For it is in this "Alpine summer" of our year that Nature calls most to the wanderlust with fresh, tempting invitations—

"So priketh hem Nature in hir corages,
That longen folk to goon on pilgrimages."

A LIKELY LAD

"Not good legislation," said Lieutenant Governor Breathitt, speaking before the State Bar Association and referring to the zipper bill aimed at the Board of Health, the textbook bill, the bill to divert school funds to pay for the "free" books and other legislation of this ilk.

An old fashioned Democrat is the young Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky. He believes that we have strayed away from the faith of the fathers in many respects. Getting back to that faith in Kentucky will be a wholesome thing for the Commonwealth. In Breathitt the party has a promising young leader, who is quite capable of leading it out of the wilderness of political hybridity where it groans now, to the old heights of Democracy.

Watch Jim Breathitt. He has brains; and kept free of entangling alliances with "interests," he will go far in politics, we think. And this from a newspaper that is never awed, seldom stirred to admiration and infrequently impressed by the pretois, platitudes and posturings of politicians.

NOT SO SOFT

An exchange discusses the hardiness of the pioneer as contrasted with the softness of the present age, in which "the greatest peril the average man faces is the danger of being sideswiped by a rival motorist in heavy traffic."

The pioneer arose at dawn, breakfasted on fried pork and corn bread, picked up his gun and set out into the woods. After freezing his feet, dodging the arrows of the noble red man and tramping over uncounted miles of forest, he returned dragging the carcass of a bear. "Half of this he ate for supper; then he hiked 10 miles to his neighbors, drank half a barrel of whisky and spent the evening shooting the cups off the heads of his friends and wrestling with their pet mountain lions.

But wait. Our modern youth is trained for hardship by the plumbers and doctors early. They get him just as he emerges from the pre-school age. He rises late and snatches a hurried breakfast of bran and sawdust mixtures and then him away to a school room heated to above 70 degrees (for the female of the species must have heat, being sketchily clad) and there the medicos and the nurse-inspectors get him and check him and he loses his tonsils and adenoids and teeth and sometimes his vermiform appendix—and so the hardening process begins.

As the superheating and cutting away process continues he grows so hard that he can come out of his daily formance, into wonder youth in flannel's coatless and tailless, with a subzero temperature that makes an icy plane of the stand, in his hair, without a shiver. Then him another mile of his hardness and two female amazons who never have before never 'got lost in the ing' in a temperature of 55 degrees Fahrenheit, he gets his axe and in a trimmed down flivver and proves to his own satisfaction by a nightmare of a journey that he encounters that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Now and then he has a demonstration of this well-known mathematical truth is interrupted by the potency of the gargle he uses or by stupidity of pedestrians that insist on hobbling up sidewalks, but as a general rule he manages to reach the Q. E. D. and the family supper table all in one piece.

Now, like his pioneer ancestry described in an earlier paragraph, he eats supper; motors to town or more to a dance; drinks a pint or pp of mixture concocted of corn and potash in a tin garbage can and spends the evening in shooting pistols and wrestling and petting with the young paint'ers.

Not so much unlike his hardcauls old ancestor after all. "Rugged pioneers!" Why, the old lads would have suffocated in one of our superheated school rooms or office buildings, and escaping that, would have died of fright surely on their first-and-straightening trip in a stripped flivver. If the buckskin lad had survived these, the shock of the modern corn-gargle would have finished him. If the shock hadn't, the disappointment would.

Hardy frontiersmen, yes. But our shiks are well-baked, often half-stewed and always hard-boiled.

HONESTY—A NEEDED ISSUE

Until all of the evidence is in, one would do well to withold utter condemnation, no doubt, though the disclosures of apparent misappropriation of funds at Frankfort come as a shock to many who yet cherished illusions as to politicians. Mr. Shanks should have "his day in court."

In the meantime, investigation being well under way, the Governor, with a nice sense of the dramatic, demands a thorough investigation, "let the chips fall where they may, one supposes. The Lord only knows what will be disclosed. When a man like Shanks arpparently has succembed to the temptation of nepotism, one may not be hopeful of what more digging is apt to unearth.

Somehow our thoughts keep going back to the much-maligned Owsley Stanley, berated for his so-called "wet leanings," for his much exaggerated "unfortunate personal habits." If in all of his political career, he ever yielded to the temptation to fatten his own purse at the expense of the public till, we have not heard of it. His "temptation," we seem to remember, consisted in the upkeep of two bird dogs while he was governor. His adherents in this were utterly disconfided.

All of which makes one wonder if personal habits, a man's opinion, his religion are to continue to blind people to the fact that the issue of honesty—a plain recognition by office holders that the public money is not just anybody's money—is a paramount issue, an issue sadly in need of being hauled to the fore in this country.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM OF NAISHAPUR

(continued from last week)

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And the harvest I reap was—Sorrow.

And with some one land wrought to make it grow,
And this was all the Harvest that I reap—I think that Vessel, that like Wind alarmed Water, I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence;
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must down the memory of that insane Spring

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the THEE in ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

Then to the Lip of this poor earth an Urn
I leant, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead you never shall return."

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Alas! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother gently, pray!"

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her-morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall not be less.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink,
And, offering his cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

(continue next week)

30 Years Ago

Thursday, April 14, 1898

Huff & Jett sell their store to George Dorsheimer and J. W. Coy.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dalzell, of the county, on the 9th, a daughter.

G. W. Ochiltree & Co. open shooting gallery and bowling alley on Maple street.

W. F. Kenney, C. W. Wood and F. B. Henry promoting organization of trust company here.

City council passes ordinance placing license tax on dogs and all canines without tags will be killed.

Republican county meet Monday and organize with H. B. Bryson as chairman, Wyatt Insko secretary and C. L. Brandfield treasurer.

Dr. J. A. Campbell, who has been practicing at Pleasant Valley, moves to Sharuda and dr. G. B. Spencer moves from Carlisle to Moorfield.

Married—Miss Mary Bevard and Mr. Clay Sparks, both of the county on the 10th—Miss Fannie M. Lancaster, of this county, and Dr. J. D. Davis, of Bethel, on the 7th.

Died—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blount, at their home in the county on the 11th—Mr. William Bishop, at his home near Barnsville on the 10th—Mr. Abram Myers, 75, at his home near Myers Station on the 11th.

Col. T. J. Glenn, civil engineer, former circuit clerk and prominent citizen, dies at his home following long illness. Col. Glenn was 68 years old and was one of the chief engineers during the construction of the railroad through here.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, April 15, 1886

Annual April horse show to be held in Carlisle Saturday afternoon.

Charles Halls sells interest in grocery to his partner, George Ishmael.

Ten bridges within radius of four miles of Carlisle washed away following heavy storm Sunday night.

County Superintendent Thomas Owens notifies patrons of common school district that unless census is taken in various districts no school will be held.

Judge L. F. Mann, Representative from this district, secures charter for Brushy Fork and Pleasant Springs pike and secures appropriation for Summitt Station pike.

Judge Caleb West newly appointed governor of Utah, in Carlisle last week on business and it is understood he has offered the position of private secretary to John F. Morgan.

Solomon Robertson, chairman of the Democratic county committee, calls mass meeting of members of the party to be held here on May 1 to select delegates to the district convention to be held at Falmouth to nominate a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals.

JOWL AND GREENS

(Courier-Journal)

Certain dietary changes at this time of year in rural Kentucky are infallible indications of spring, no matter what the state of the weather. Sulphur and molasses may be said the bursting food in New England and sassafras tea may be served as the bullfrogs come up from the mud in the marshes of the North Woods, but in Kentucky hog jowl and greens is the certain sign that winter is gone.

Fortunate the countryman whose fall-sown turnips and kale were not frozen out during the past week of heavy freezes and little snow. Believe his neighbors who work their spring greens—mustard, rape and turnips—he will be enjoying young turnip tops, cooked in broth made with wild greens, dandelion or poke, bacon, Bitter pitch, that is, bitter to the taste, and, of course, serves one right potash, which is a cathartic and as palatable a medicine.

Spring greens, of course, are best when cooked with bacon, but hog jowl is enough for a tolerable mess. The jowl must come from a country ham, and not from a skinny hog. To cook greens how to select the best ones. If you watch her, you will note that she pulls the pot half a gallon or two of cold water and lets it soak for an hour before dropping in her well-washed greens. Then she comes them along and lets her nose tell her when they're done to a turn. Then it's time to "set in." Young onions and real country buttermilk go naturally with this repast, to which nectar and ambrosia are mere second best. And, oh, yes, Mandy, fetch in that hot pone bread!

Bread and greens is such a repast. It quickens youth and renews life. Tendy Ellis tells about Big Litha, who doctor told his wife that he was dying and probably would pass out about 8 the next morning, and how Big, despite his 87 winters, wasn't going to let any smart alec doctor get the best of him. He directed his old Negro, Jona, to have his wife put on a pot of greens down at the cabin, with a hog jowl. If he was going to pass out, he'd go on a full stomach. Along in the night Bige had Josh fetch his jug of Bourbon. Just before Milly brought in a jar of buttermilk from the springhouse and a hot johnny-cake, Bige "hit the jug for a hog-driver" and "lit into the jowl and greens." Then he lay back, content and ready to pass away. "When the Doc come next mawnin'," said Bige, "he was the maddest sawbones I ever seen. That's been a change, says he, 'an' hit looks like he's going to git well in spite of everything.' You's been gone these many years, sir! I've still got a tender feeling for jowl and greens—hog. Lord bless me, they've done cut off the chief trimmin'."

YUM YUM

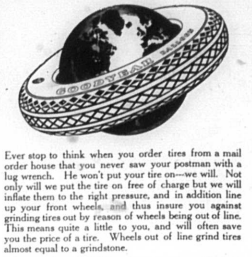
Angry Customer (tossing a pickle on the counter)—"Makes nothing a pleasure, does it? Does the washing while you wait, does it? It's the little flicker of soap that—"

Grocer—"Madam, one moment, please. This is not soap."

"No. Your daughter asked for a half-pound of grated cheese and a half-pound of soap flakes. This is the cheese."

"My stars! And last night I made a pudding—"—Progressive Grocer.

GOODYEAR TIRES



Ever stop to think when you order tires from a mail order house that you never saw your postman with a lug wrench. He won't put your tire on—we will. Not only will we put the tire on free of charge but we will inflate them to the right pressure, and in addition line up your front wheels, and thus insure you against grinding tires out by reason of wheels being out of line. This means quite a little to you, and will often save you the price of a tire. Wheels out of line grind tires almost equal to a grindstone.

When you buy GOODYEAR you are getting the best, and can have every confidence of as good service as you can get in any tire on the market. Don't make the mistake of experimenting with tires of no reputation.

Remember These Prices When Ready To Buy

30x3½ Ford Size	$4.50 to $13.50		
29x4.40 Balloon	$6.25 to $13.50		

LARGE SIZES

32x4 AWT	$14.45	Pathfinder	$11.65
33x4 "	15.20	"	12.35
32x4 1-2 "	19.65	"	15.90
33x4 1-2 "	20.40	"	16.55

BALLOON

30x5.25 "	15.85	"	12.90
31x5.25 "	16.40	"	13.45
32x6.00 "	19.15	"	15.15

SEE US BEFORE YOU BUY

HARPER'S GARAGE

The New Ford Car

NOTHING UNDER A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO EQUAL IT

Gets Better The Longer You Use It

He who knocks the other fellow's ware usually has a defect in his own.

In selling the New Ford it has so many points of genuine merit by the time we are half through telling them our time is up and we have no time to knock the other fellow.

BUT REMEMBER—The New Ford is here in our garage to answer for itself, and thus back up every claim we make for it.

Go ride in, and drive any other car, then come and give this the same trial and judge for yourself. Ask Dr. G. T. Cowan, Clyde Sexton, W. D. McIntyre, and many others that are using them what they think of them.

Come in, look, ride in it, drive it, and be convinced there is nothing like it.

Now is a good time to put in your order.

Our Shop

Has every tool and equipment for overhauling your Ford Car, and for this reason alone can do you a better job than shops that haven't this equipment.

Every job we turn out must be right and carries our guarantee.

We can rebore and fit new pistons, and rebabbit your block and make it like new, and when this fitted should last as long and give as good service as when new. Come in and see the tools with which we do this.

Ford—13 plate Storage Battery only $10.00.

We wash all makes of cars.

FOR SALE—Two Ford 1-Ton Trucks, in fine condition.

Harper's Garage

Avery Harrows, Cultivators and Haying Machines. It will pay you to examine them.

Phone No. 9

Now is the time to think chicken feed for this year

Purina Feeds

Grow them fast and keep them healthy

Purina Feeds for horses and hogs will save money on high priced corn

MYERS, LAMBERT & WILSON

East Main St.

A Stain and Varnish at one application "*Wears Like Iron*"

Your stairway, floor, interior wood-work or any piece of furniture can be made like new with

Hanna's Lustro Finish

Lustro Finish comes in the Clear Varnish and in the different wood colors. The latter give both stain and varnish at one application. Lustro Finish dries hard and stands the hardest of wear. See complete directions for use on each can. Anyone can use Hanna's Lustro Finish.

Dorsey Bros. & Fisher

For Every Stage of Growth

Each stage in the chick's life calls for a particular balanced feed. After about the first 72 hours, begin with Tuxedo Starting Feed, 10 days later, add Tuxedo Chick. In 6 weeks, switch to Tuxedo Buttermilk Growing Mash and feed Tuxedo Developer.

Follow this method and you'll be surprised at the rapid growth and fine condition of your flock. Both Tuxedo Starting Feed and Tuxedo Growing Mash contain choice Dried Buttermilk—plenty of it—Cod Liver Oil—and pure cane molasses. Come in and learn how you can increase profits by using all Tuxedo Poultry Feeds.

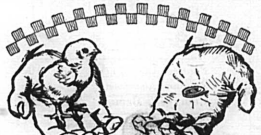
Carlisle Coal & Feed Co.

Tuxedo Chick Feeds

The Tuxedo Line of Feeds:

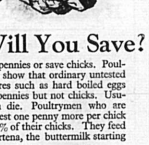
Tuxedo Dairy	Tuxedo Hog Ration	Tuxedo Chick
Tuxedo Dairy Sweets	Tuxedo Starting Feeds	Tuxedo Scratch
Rex Dairy	Tuxedo Growing Mashes	Tuxedo Developer
Stuart Dairy	Tuxedo Alfalfa	—and others
Tuxedo Chop	Tuxedo Egg Mashes	

L.A.M.Co.



Which Will You Save?

YOU can save pennies or save chicks. Poultry yard facts show that ordinary untested rations and mixtures such as hard boiled eggs and cottonseed save pennies but not chicks. Usually 50% of them die. Poultrymen who are making money invest one penny more per chick and save 90 to 100% of their chicks. They feed Purina Chick Startena, the buttermilk starting ration containing Cod Liver Oil. We'll be glad to tell you of a feeding plan that's as simple as A B C. It saves chicks and brings them through to early maturity.



Myers, Lambert & Wilson
Carlisle, Kentucky

KENTUCKY

With 242 cases on the docket, the Court of Appeals Monday opened the spring term.

Sunday, May 6, has been designated as the fifteenth annual So Tu Sunday School Day in Kentucky.

The Bourbon Slaughter Pens has started construction of a modern abbatoir near Paris for cost $6,000.

The Kentucky Farm Bureau Federation will hold its annual state meeting at Louisville April 26 and 27.

The State Highway Commission has adopted a new fiscal year which begins April 1 and end-March 31.

H. A. Sommers Saturday completed 46 years continuous service as editor and publisher of the Elizabethtown News.

David Ross, 80, Confederate veteran and for twenty years judge of Garrard county, died at his home at Lancaster last week.

Following an argument over family affairs, Charles Blanton, 35 years old, ended his life by jumping off a ferryboat in Louisville.

At a special election held last week, a $17,000 bond issue was passed by the voters of Beaver Dam without a single vote in opposition.

Kentucky collected $1,552,419.11 from the five cent gasoline tax during the first three months of the year, according to Cleil Coleman, state auditor.

Dr. George H. Means, of Louisville, was elected president of the Kentucky State Dental Association at the annual meeting held in Louisville last week.

Dr. John W. Redd, 74 years old, who for more than 40 years had been connected with Centre College at Danville, died at his home in Danville last week.

The net income of the L. & N. Railroad in 1927 was $2,709,000 less than the year before, according to a statement given out in the Louisville offices last week.

James "Red" Roberts, of Somerset and Ashland, former Centre College football star, has been named assistant manager of the Phoenix hotel in Lexington.

Fire believed to have been of incendiary origin destroyed the E. Massie tobacco factory at Livermore, McLean county, last Thursday night, stailing a loss of $20,000.

Thieves early Saturday morning broke into the meat house of John Jones in the Fernleaf section of Mason county and stole ten hams, five shoulders and several sides of meat.

A luxury hearing of M. E. Fish, of Lexington, charged with the burning to death of his sister, conducted before the county attorney in court last week, resulted in a hung jury.

The 56th annual convention of the Kentucky Educational Association will be held in Louisville April 18 to 21. All of the general sessions will be held in the Columbia auditorium.

C. H. "Kit" Wilkerson, 62 years old, for 26 years deputy sheriff of Fayette county and former city commissioner of Lexington, died suddenly at his home in Lexington Saturday morning.

On his seventy-sixth birthday Friday, Nelson B. Webb, of Wallingford, Lewis county, Mrs. Nancy Lynn, the father of twins, a boy and girl. This makes the third set of twins in the Webb home.

Mrs. Emma Gay Cromwell, state treasurer, announced last week that since she took office January 2 more than $6,000,000 in state warrants have been called in, saving the state $25,000 in interest.

Boone Bowling, 33, of Jackson, on parole from the state reformatory at Frankfort, attempted to end his life by swallowing poison while being returned to Frankfort to serve a life sentence last Friday. Bowling was convicted of murder in 1918 and was paroled last December. Several recent appearances in police court had caused him to be ordered back to Frankfort.

Sanford Lowry, 35, suffered serious injuries and David Sewell 36 serious cuts when the automobile in which they were driving from Midway to Lexington Saturday skidded and crashed into a telephone pole.

C. A. Ullery, a native of Owingsville, who has been teller at the Clark County National Bank at Winchester for the past two years, has been appointed national bank examiner with headquarters in New York.

Lieut. Bert Hall, a native of Bowling Green, announced at New York last week that he will attempt a solo nonstop flight across the Pacific ocean from Seattle, Washington, to Tokyo, Japan, late in this month or early in May.

Dr. W. O. Cochrane, for the past fifteen years pastor of the Presbyterian church at Augusta, offered his resignation last week. Dr. Cochrane has been a minister for fifty years and will retire because of ill health.

Harry M. Mackey, of Covington, son of the first President of the Kentucky Bar Association, was elected to the office which his father took 27 years ago at the closing session of the State Bar Association at Lexington last Friday.

Col. H. P. Hobbs, head of the military science department of the University of Kentucky for the past four years, will be relieved at the University effective June 15 and will go to Fort Benjamin Harrison to command the Eleventh Infantry.

Merrill Fink, of Dayton, Ohio reported to Lexington police Saturday that a man who had been his friend of by letting him ride from Lexington to Richmond had arisen during the night, stole Fink's automobile, watch, fountain pen and some clothing and escaped.

Officials of the Bourbon county high school at Millersburg are arranging for a program on May 16 when a tablet will be unveiled on the school grounds, which has been occupied by three schools, Kentucky Wesleyan College, Millersburg Military Institute and Bourbon high.

For the second time a jury in the Bell circuit court at Pineville Saturday sentenced William Evans to 21 years in the penitentiary for the murder of Chief of Police Tobert Woolum more than a year ago. The court of appeals reversed the former verdict and ordered a new trial.

Raymond Webster, wealthy Grant county farmer, confessed slayer of his wife, was given a sentence of 21 years in the penitentiary by a jury in the Grant circuit court at Williamstown Saturday. Webster declared his wife was menacing his wife a shotgun when he killed her.

80,000 chickens which brought owners $90,000, were stolen from the Pulaski county during the past two weeks, twenty cars being required to ship the fowls. In addition to the chickens eggs for which farmers were paid $25,000 were shipped during the same period.

The body of Mrs. Lillian Smith, 42, who had been missing from her home near Bethlehem, Oldham county, for several days, was found last week in a shallow grave on the farm of her husband. She had been killed by a blow behind her left ear. Smith was the father of six children, ranging in age from 3 to 17 years.

AGED WOMAN POISONS WELL

Placed Arsenic In Well Of Lumber Camp In Arkansas

Charged with having placed poison in a community well at a sawmill camp near Foulke, Ark., Friday, Letcher Lynn, 70 years old, was arrested last Friday. Her brother, Robert Morris, was held as an accomplice. They were detained on charges of assault to kill. Authorities said the well indicated that enough arsenic had been placed in the well to kill twenty people. The aged woman recently bought a quantity of arsenic, authorities said.

Nearly every one of the inhabitants of the camp is ill and several children were reported critically ill. Mrs. Lynn, authorities said, was suffering from the hallucination that her children were selling her property and that her remaining days would be spent in poverty. Her children told officers she probably thought sale of timber she believed here could be prevented if the lumbering crew at the camp were removed.

A LITTLE TALK ON THRIFT

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

The difference between success and failure is quite often a matter entirely of will power. The writer of these lines received a letter from a man who had gone through a series of very trying circumstances and wanted advice on what he should do to acquire a position of independence in life.

Owing to the fact he had been through so many disheartening experiences, he was completely discouraged. Thus his point of view was distorted and his judgment impaired. He had lost sight of the fact that he possessed many valuable assets, among them being health, education and a background of splendid experience.

What he needed in the emergency above everything else, was will power.

Persistency of effort—unwillingness to surrender—dogged determination—these are the qualities that often decide human destiny.

And it is in the development of these qualities that thrift attains its one of its greatest values. Those who are really thrifty must possess a great amount of stamina.

It is always easier to follow the line of least resistence and yield to the temptation of this luxury or that comfort than to adhere rigidly to some self-imposed system of getting ahead. Thrift of money, health or time means the use of one's will. And the development of this ability to make decision and stick to them will inevitably result from thrift habits.

Many of those who have achieved great success in life have done so mainly because they developed great self discipline.

Those who are cultivating habits of thrift may be sure they are creating for themselves assets of character that will prove of incalculable value to them at every turn of life.

CASE OF W. H. SHANKS

(Owensboro Messenger)

William H. Shanks, who was auditor of public accounts for a term of four years terminating the first of last January, has been charged with keeping his wife secretly on the payroll during his entire term at an annual salary of $2,500. Mr. Shanks admits it, claiming his wife did at home valuable work of the auditor's office. The grand jury of Franklin county is reported to be investigating the charges, asking all officials in the auditor's office what part of their work Mrs. Shanks could have done, all of them disclaiming in advance any knowledge of it. Mr. Shanks has borne too good a reputation for uprightness during his previous life to besmirch it now.

According to the published story, Mr. Shanks kept out of the budget for his department monthly a sum that amounted to $2,500 a year, and under an investigation made by the state inspector it was disclosed that his sum went to the wife of the auditor for some alleged service she performed outside the office.

It is but just to state that the law fixes the salary of the auditor and his chief assistant, and then allows a lump sum for the payment of clerical and other office help. It is agreed that Mr. Shanks did not exceed this amount, but kept this money from the pay of his known clerks, perhaps paying them all he agreed to pay at the outset.

This is not in itself justification. If the affairs of the office could be run for this much less, it was his duty to turn the surplus back into the state treasury. Nepotism, moreover, has been rather a malodorous matter in Kentucky politics for many years. Official salaries are so small that the temptation is strong to circumvent it by such hooks and crooks, but it is not right, and there should be nothing of the sort allowed.

For the sake of the state and for the good name of Mr. Shanks himself, it is to be hoped that the matter may be shown in a better and clearer light than the present indications point. He made a model state auditor, being known as a veritable "watch dog" of the state's funds.

A Paris man dropped his false teeth in laughing as his wedding party was about to begin and the bride-elect backed out. Now he has sued the dentist for letting a botch job break the match. Evidently the bride didn't want a husband who couldn't eat her cakes.

Ft. Wayne Journal Gazette—We have said and again we say that if the marines must hunt bandit fellows the job should be at home.

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