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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1928

THE BIRDS OF BETHLEHEM

(Richard Watson Gilder)

I heard the bells of Bethlehem ring—
Their voice was sweeter than the priests'.
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
Dukkdeen in the churchly feasts.

They clung and sang on the swinging chain
High in the rim and incensed air;
The priests, with repetitious vain,
Chanted a never-ending prayer.

So bell and bird and priest I heard.
But voice of bird was most to me;
It had no ritual, no word,
And yet it sounded true and free.

I thought Child Jesus, were he there,
Would like the singing birds the best.
And clutch his little hands in air
And smile upon his mother's breast.

THIS, THAT AND TOTHER

Pages From The Diary Of A Country Editor

Lay late and sluggish and creep back into wakefulness to find the morning drab and dark as my mood, which is born of the indigestion, no doubt, what with too much dallying with black sausages and savoury spare-ribs and the like, so that I am as melancholy as the weather. A dirty sooty day, when the tiny scarlet topknot of the downy woodpecker, the one faithful visitor to my bird lunch-counter this winter, is the only fleck of color that relieves the misty greyness. What a sovereign physician is the sun! Our souls, I think, as well as our bodies soak up his warmth and cheer, but our little faith vanishes when his golden beams are hidden by lowering clouds. The sun shines for someone these bleak December days, but not for us, and though we may current-our faith—behind the clouds the sun's still shining," there is little of cheer in our protestings.

So, as I take my coffee I fall into the doldrums and an envious spirit of those who are living for golden beaches and waving palm trees. Yet I know some day soon, the morning will dawn frosty and clear and the homely, sweet, typical cast of the cove will welcome the return of the sun. With this we must be content, stage of us whose purse lies behind our winter longings for blue seas and sandy beaches and summer out of season. Alack for the longing that is not bestressed by the will to achieve! a will with which those who years the best and dream the easiest are seldom endowed. Yet we have our dreams, we slothful ones, born frequently of the indigestion no doubt, but at least born. In which train of thought my sluggish morning mood recalls a poem that I read yesterday, though to muse on poems t' the morning is like starting the day with a French pastry. But it is a pretty poem and has a thought that comes to musing mopers like myself who most needs accept many dreams for the substance that our purse forbids.

THE DREAM

I stood where gifts were showered on men from Heaven
And some had honors and the joys thereof;
And some received, with solemn radiant brow,
The gift of love.

The green I saw of bay leaves and of laurel,
Of gold the gleam,
A voice spoke to me, standing empty-handed,
"For thee—a dream!"

Portent to pity, ye who richly laden
Forth from the place of Heaven's bounty went;
Who marvel that I smile, my hands still empty—
I am content.

Ye can not guess how dowered beyond the measure
Of your receiving to myself I seem,
Lonely and cold, I yet pass on enraptured,
I have my dream!

—Anna Hempe Aldrich.

We have our dreams, but often of late I wake glad of some day, start and make more dreams come true. So, moping mournfully this drab, sorry morning over my sorry coffee.

* * *

Sleighs! When days are "cold and sad and dreary," when it "rains and the winds are never weary," one must have the sunlight within, or have a bit of the golden warmth about him. Alas, I was never one to store sunlight against dreary days to come. But stillness that is of suffering or death.

On such days one must make his own sunshine. And there is sunshine to be made, joy to be found, though the mists hang low and candles are lit in mid-afternoon.

For though the day be sunless and sad, there is always the promise of another morrow. Even now a soft silver tips the buds of the pussywillow; under the dripping mould the roots of the rose live. Beneath the sodden turf along bare branches, under grey bark another spring is making. Rootlet and bud and egg await the coming of the sun.

ALL CHILDREN'S DAY

"Every Day'll be Christmas By and by" goes the refrain of the old Negro spiritual. What a thought for the harassed father of family, as he sees his purse flatten and feels the cold breath of the impending "grey dawn of the morning after," when bills fall due and the smiling Christmas face changes into the hard-boiled visage of grim Business!

And yet, there are few of us who would abolish the one day in all the year, when men have a glimpse of what unselfishness might do for this old workaday world, could it be practiced during the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days. We may growl and fume over "senseless giving," but to the end we succumb.

Hard indeed is he who may not be won to softness for a day by the hands of little children in a manger, and, in His intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and kindness and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should lose the joy of existence.

In the Christmas fields of childhood we listened for the soft tread of Santa Claus—dim memories that it meant toys and the gifts that make life glad. He came from out of the past and went we knew not where, leaving only his footprints in the snow. And yet it was a childish mystery we did not seek to fathom. But as the pendulum of time swung toward the close of each passing year we grew older in our understanding, broader in our visions and began to feel the full force of the meaning of "Good Will on Earth and Peace to Men."

And bear to mind, dear reader, that while the Christmas Bells are ringing, child life must have the pleasures we once enjoyed. They must and shall play "hide and seek" with Old Kris Kringle and the noise of the giant fire-cracker, the glare of the rocket and the sparkle of the Roman candle will be like unto the Christmas scenes of the centuries gone by.

It will be to them the good things of life and tolerant of creeds, forgiving of injustice and hatred, and the world will march through the gateway of youth into the fields of manhood and womanhood where nations choose their leaders, governments select their founders and mankind exacts its toll for the building of life and character and from the gallery of advancing years you and I can hold the years from view, lighting the way of truth, clean living, respect for the aged and the fulfillment of the purposes for which God created them. And as the bells of Christmas Eve become vibrant with hope and good cheer, and the peace of all lands lets you and me remember that we, too, must give account of our stewardship in the great world of life and activity.

Let the bells ring on and the rich blessings of the Savior of Mankind be the best lights along the pathway of all men.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE

FROM A ROCK PASTURE

(T. Morris Longstreth)

The clear bright winds that sweep the sky
And broom the earth, for all they try,
Still fail to scour the grinning peak
Or make the sovereign spruces meek.

Like men secure in honor's use,
They stand on rock, these weathered
spruce,
Stately, silent, midnight-blue,
Yet swift to let a star shine through.

One glimpse of spruce frees might impart
New ruggedness to any heart,
And dark spires by a brook percolate
A man to live as he was made.

To be natural! to be
Grown to the form to symmetry!
To urge no favor, fear no fear,
But live and move and hear
Full of the wind's range and a thing
Past even a spruce's capturing!

To Nature's older children of the Wild alone is granted this boon, if it be a boon. And so I say to my daughter, "Don't." In defiance or lazy ignoring of every child psychologist, I say, "Don't." And it has the usual effect—absolutely none.

I get a bit of a smile this time, and "Ain-cha-the-ashamed" rays my daughter.

With which I give it up. I never was "no hand with the ladies" anyway. But when it comes to asserting the well-known dominance of the male. We go away from there, to leave the breakfast dishes, and we run from immediate soft words in mirrors and "are the baby" and go to our inane things that parents do to amuse infants. Finally we discover a colored picture of the patron saint of childhood, gaudy with Christmas reds and greens, the white-bearded jolly old elf. My daughter is in the role of normal infant, promptly puts old Santa Claus into her mouth (Hastily dubbed in ink) knowing full well once you get printer's ink on your fingers you never go in till I am fearful of its like effect on my infant daughter's stomach. This time I emit the "don't." I remove old Santa Claus. "Aaaaah!" wails my daughter. "Not Christmas, honey; wait till next Christmas!" I shout. "Awaaah!" At which time I resign a thoroughly disgusted young female of the species to her mother, poor wretch, and the soothing waters of her bath.

* * *

Next Christmas! So there are to be more Christmases times for me, God willing. A promise this to bring some cheer surely, on even the dreariest of days. I had thought that Christmas was no more for mother and me, when a little lad walked out of that enchanted fairyland of childhood, in which one sees the tracks of sleigh runners in the sooty chimney; hears the tinkle of elfin bells on Christmas Eve. For there must be a child in the house, if the spirit of Christmas is to reach the hearts of those for whom the dear illusion lives again but in memory. Infant fingers are magic wands to call up from the dusty past Christmas days, when all the world was young for you and me. Carriers of a glowing torch, these little ones, and with it they light Christmas fires in the heart. It is the day of the children and it has been consecrated to innocence and faith and joy, since that night when shepherds of Galilee watched their flocks and marveled at the brilliance of an evening star.

* * *

So slightly heartened all day and at that, that and the other, walking across the sodden fields, where all seems dead; no spark of life, only the drab and faded greyness of a wofrost mother. Corn fields that waved green banners in July are desolate muddy camps, wan-tented, dreary beneath the lowering skies. The birds are gone. The peace of Autumn gives way to a keys one night last week.

30 Years Ago

Thursday, December 22, 1898

Local business men and capitalists start movement to establish water plant in Carlisle.

Carlisle Mutual Trust Company moves offices to rooms over T. C. Collyer's store in Ratliff building.

Miss Ethel Cole, daughter of W. H. Cole, suffers fracture of the leg when she falls down stairs at school house.

J. H. Stewart closes turkey pens of Reed Bros. after slaughtering more than 10,000 turkeys during the season.

Harry Robinson, formerly of Carlisle, who has been night operator at Cynthiana for several months, transferred to Maysville.

James George Jr., who has been suffering with his eyes for several weeks, returns from Cincinnati hospital, where one of his eyes was removed.

George Mattox, of Headquarters vicinity, suffers injuries which necessitate amputation of his foot when shotgun is accidentally discharged while he and brother, Garfield, were hunting.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Craycraft, of Miranda, on the 11th, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Waugh, of Miranda, on the 19th, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. James Parish, of Headquarters, on the 15th, a daughter.

Died—Mr. Thomas George, 70, native of Carlisle, at the Old Soldiers Home in Danville, Ohio, on the 20th.—Oscar, 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander, at their home near Ellisville.—Bleven Hollar, little son of Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Hollar, at their home near Ellisville on the 17th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, December 23, 1886

Saunders & Ratliff sell their skating rink to Robert Taylor and Jake Hopkins.

Married—Miss Cora B. Myers and Mr. James Klinrath, both of the county, on the 22rd.

Dr. J. W. Fisher returns from Cincinnati, where he has been attending dental college.

Court appoints W. J. Myers, Samuel Colville, G. W. Smith and James Langhlin as assessment supervisors.

John D. Howell and family move into their handsome new residence on the Jacktown pike, recently completed.

Public Christmas tree to be held at the court house Friday night under the auspices of the ladies of the Methodist church.

Marie Prescott, noted actress, to appear at Lexington next week. Miss Prescott, whose name is Single Victor, was born in the old Governor Metcalfe home near town.

John M. Hamilton, farmer residing near Millersburg, shot but not seriously injured when he surprises thieves attempting to steal some of his tur-

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

(Casual Essay Of The New York Sun)

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says "If you see it in The Sun, it's so. Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon
115 West Ninety-fifth St.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and kindness and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should lose the joy of existence.

In the Christmas fields of childhood we listened for the soft tread of Santa Claus—dim memories that it meant toys and the gifts that make life glad. He came from out of the past and went we knew not where, leaving only his footprints in the snow. And yet it was a childish mystery we did not seek to fathom. But as the pendulum of time swung toward the close of each passing year we grew older in our understanding, broader in our visions and began to feel the full force of the meaning of "Good Will on Earth and Peace to Men."

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(T. Morris Longstreth)

The clear bright winds that sweep the sky
And broom the earth, for all they try,
Still fail to scour the grinning peak
Or make the sovereign spruces meek.

Like men secure in honor's use,
They stand on rock, these weathered
spruce,
Stately, silent, midnight-blue,
Yet swift to let a star shine through.

One glimpse of spruce frees might impart
New ruggedness to any heart,
And dark spires by a brook percolate
A man to live as he was made.

To be natural! to be
Grown to the form to symmetry!
To urge no favor, fear no fear,
But live and move and hear
Full of the wind's song and a thing
Past even a spruce's capturing!

SAP AND SONG-

(Douglas Hurn)

South reverses the sun
On shortened arc;
Late comes the light;
So soon the dark.

On naked boughs
The sparrows trill:
Earth, at the pause,
Waits winter's will.

On willow twigs
The buds show red,
As if Spring came
In winter's stead.

In sallow buds
And Mer's thin chime
Faith lives, hope swells:
They bide their time.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

(By Samuel Kerns)

Out of the frozen North, from the populous East, up the sunny slopes of the Southland and across the wind-swept plains of the great West, we can sense the ringing of the Christmas Bells.

And, as in the other days, we ask: "What will they mean to the nations of the world, and what will they mean to you and me?"

Broadly speaking, nations can best answer the question by their geographical positions, their customs and creeds and their manner of living. The Babe of Bethlehem was not the pampered idol of any special province, but the radiant star of light that was to reach into every land that was fashioned by the Divine Architect. Republics, empires, kingdoms and the isles of the seas were sooner or later to welcome the Messenger of Peace and to feel the touch of His ministering hand.

Civilization was to take full measure of His worth and the pagan world was to forsake its idols and walk in the light of a new day. The Christ Child was to be the Child of the United Nations, the guardian of the day and the watchman of the night for the untold millions that made the earth their abiding place.

So in the coming Yule-tide, the color of no race and the religious creed of no people can still the music of the Christmas Bells. They will echo everywhere, and man, with the faith of his fathers, will be free to rejoice and to build his pleasures around the altar of the faith that he has been taught and that God he worships. Governments, profiting by the wisdom of centuries, will realize that political creeds and religious controversies are but glow-worm parasites that in the end destroy themselves and that justice and equal rights can only be attained by unity of purpose, the conception of faith and the right to be free.

Good will and the peace of understanding, which had its birth two thousand years ago, has for its ultimate goal the bright lights of cities, the great rural hills and plains and the darkest corners of every land.

Hard indeed is he who may not be won to softness for a day by the hands of little children in a manger, and, in His intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

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GOODYEAR TIRES
All-Weather Tread
The Worlds Standard
UNEQUALED FOR LONG HARD SERVICE
The Pathfinder
SECOND TO NONE
as a Low Price Tire
We have sold many hundreds of them, and the satisfaction they have given is wonderful.
When you buy either of them get your moneys worth.
Why take a chance on an unknown tire?
Prices were never known to be as low.
See GOODYEAR Tires before you buy.
Harper's Garage

Wishing You a Happy New Year 1929

THE OFFICERS, DIRECTORS and STAFF Of The DEPOSIT BANK OF CARLISLE, KY.
extend to their depositors and friends best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

The New Ford
The wonder of the Automobile world.
Why are the big corporations that use hundreds of automobiles buying the Ford Car?
Good reason—Its the best value to be found.
REMEMBER we can deliver you any model Saturday, and if you want one of these come in and see us before the other fellow gets here.
Our Shop
The Busiest Place In Town
We have again put on more help to take care of the work. We aim to give every body a square deal, and honest work, at the right price. Try us.

GENUINE FORD PARTS
ALL MAKES OF CARS REPAIRED
CURTAIN AND TOP WORK A SPECIALTY
ALL MAKES OF CARS GREASED WITH ALEMITE
ALCOHOL & PRESTONE FOR YOUR RADIATOR
FORD STORAGE BATTERY ONLY $8.50—No better

One 1926 Model T Coupe for sale—fine condition.
3 Second hand Touring Cars for sale.
R. C. A. Radiov and all kinds of supplies.
The busiest place in town.
Harper's Garage

FLOUR FLOUR
"Wallace Best"
Try it and be convinced. A High Grade Flour at a reasonable price
Myers, Lambert & Wilson

AIRPLANE
FREE
To Buyers Of MONARCH COFFEE At This Store
An exact model of the Ford All-Metal, Trimotored plane, "Independence," which has a wing spread of seventy-four feet.
Any man, woman or child has an opportunity to get this all-metal model plane.
ASK FOR PARTICULARS
Metcalfe's Grocery

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

Patronize Our Advertisers. Try first to buy it in Carlisle

Feel Like a Boy Once Again
ENJOY once again the thrill of longing for mealtimes—that grand and glorious feeling that follows good digestion and assimilation.
Scientific Blood Tonic will go a long way in starting you back on the road to youth, health and happiness—by rejuvenating digestion, rehabilitating assimilation and building your entire system.
The first spoonful gets after the cause. The first bottle—man, you'll feel—oh, so good! Start "back to boyhood" today. Your druggist has Kamp's
Kamp!-Herbal Corporation, Cincinnati, O.
Kamp's Blood Tonic
OVER 100 YEARS OF DOING GOOD

The calves from Nicholas County shown at the "Louisville Fat Stock Show," by Julian and Francis Atkinson, won third and fourth premiums for economic production. These calves were fed on a supplementary ration of
PURINA STEER FATINA
The calf that stood first in the same class was also fed "Steer Fatina". Thus you see, Three Out Of First Four Premiums, in the class of cheapest gains were fed "Purina Steer Fatina"
The First and Second Prize at the Maysville show were also "Purina" fed calves

KENTUCKY

Forty-six new cases of influenza were reported in Hopkinsville Saturday.

A. W. Bullock, 73 years old, former game warden for this district, died last week at his home in Shelbyville.

The new $1,000,000 milk condensary plant of the Carnation Milk Company at Maysville was opened Saturday.

Despondent over ill health, Mrs. Lallie Crowley, 21, committed suicide by taking poison at her home near Henderson.

Because of the prevalence of influenza, Union College at Barbourville has been closed until after the Christmas holidays.

Thieves made unsuccessful attempts to enter three stores in Irvine last Thursday night but in each case were frightened away.

Fire of undetermined origin caused damage of $75,000 to the plant of the Stiglitz Furniture Company in Louisville last Friday.

Thieves entered the barn of Jerry Parrish in Madison county one night last week and hauled off 800 pounds of stripped tobacco.

Walter E. Hovator, head coach of Georgetown College for the past five years, has tendered his resignation to take effect at the close of the present athletic season.

Because of the prevalence of scarlet fever in the Brown district school, the Mason county board of education has closed the school.

Thieves one night last week entered the Herring and Jenkins department store in Glasgow and carried off merchandise valued at $1,000.

Inheritance tax collected by the state during November totaled $159,501.-42, according to a report filed last week with Clell Coleman, state auditor.

A young man named Gibson was shot and killed at Neon, Letcher county, Saturday night by William Bentley, town marshal, when Gibson resisted arrest.

Thomas Pickett Taylor, 72, who founded a chain of 43 years ago a chain of drug stores which bears his name, died at his home in Louisville Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin Ashbrook, of Hanford, have accepted a call to the foreign mission board of the Seventh Day Adventists to go to India as missionaries.

Activities of the State Geological Survey during the past year included the mapping of 23 counties and the execution of 27 new sheets and part sheets of topography.

Following an argument over the ownership of a hog, Sam Bullitt, Bullitt county farmer, shot and probably fatally wounded his son-in-law, J. W. Workman, 30.

E. B. January, Mayor of Paris, suffered severe bruises when he was struck broadside by an automobile while crossing the street in front of his home last Tuesday night.

The new Lexington City directory estimates the population of that city at 42,675, of which 41 per cent are native white; 27 per cent negro and five per cent foreign born.

Verdie Roberts, 14 years old, was married at Hazard last week to Clarence Orvill, 20, a few days after the young bride was granted a divorce from her first husband.

Because of the financial condition of the city, the Paris council will discontinue the "white way" lighting system in the business section of the city, effective January 1.

Contractors have started work on the grading and draining of the Mt. Olivet and Blue Licks turnpike, which will extend from Mt. Olivet to the Maysville and Lexington road.

Approximately 2,000 pounds of stripped tobacco was stolen from a barn on the farm of Miss Sallie Clay near Bloops, Montgomery county, last week. The leaf was valued at $7,000.

Burglars entered the store of the Denton Company in Lexington Sunday night, blasted open the safe on the fifth floor, rifled it of checks, money and insurance policies and escaped.

C. D. Atkins, 70, of Whitesburg, married Mrs. Hester Brashears, 55, last week after a few days courtship. It is the fifth marriage for the bride-groom and the third for the bride.

William T. Rudd, 51, rural mail carrier in Boyle county, died Sunday from injuries suffered a few days before when his horse became frightened and threw him to the ground as he was delivering mail.

County authorities of Wayne county have started a search for Willie Coffey, 19, who is said to have shot and killed his father, Matthew Coffey, 55, with a shotgun at their home near Monticello, Friday night. The younger man is a Tennessee lioness, which the men and was found abandoned a short time later.

A small-house in Millersburg owned by the Simon Glaspie estate and occupied by Jesse Cook and family, was destroyed last Friday night when an oil stove exploded and ignited the building.

Road and bridge contracts including 31 miles of highway in Nelson, Mercer, Crenry, Marion and Muhlenberg counties, to cost $340,000, were awarded by the State Highway Commission last week.

Judge W. A. Middleton, of Paducah, County Judge of McCracken county, was unanimously elected president of the Kentucky County Judges Association at the closing session held at Lexington Saturday.

M. D. Richardson, 80, well known horse breeder and business man, died at the home of his daughter in Lexington Sunday from injuries received several weeks ago when he was struck by an automobile.

William M. Wright, owner of Calumet Farm near Lexington, returned to his Fayette county farm holdings last week by the purchase of a tract of 129 acres of land from the Gibson estate, adjoining his farm.

Jefferson D. Clark, 66 years old, prominent Fayette county farmer, secretary of the Fayette County Farmers Union and former superintendent of Fayette county schools, died at his home in Lexington Saturday.

A well dressed young woman aetted as chauffeur and backed for four members who entered a restaurant at Lincoln Saturday and robbed fifteen diners of $400. The bandit drove the car away after the holdup.

Charged with attempting to defraud a Lexington tobacco warehouse out of $800 through the use of a forged warehouse receipt, B. H. Clayton, 26, and H. E. Pott, 35, both of Lenoir, N. C., were arrested at Lexington Friday.

Two bandits, driving an automobile with a different county license, shot and killed William Clark at his garage-filling station at Knob Creek, Bullitt county, Saturday night. The men rifled the cash drawer and escaped.

Jesse Evans, Montgomery county farmer, is in a serious condition at the result of an automobile accident near Mount Sterling last week. Evans was caught under his machine after a collision with a heavily loaded tobacco truck.

Robert Barton, vice president and general manager of the Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, says that the cigarette and smoking tobacco manufactured at the firm will be moved from Winston-Salem, N. C., to Louisville.

Jesse L. Adams, Cynthiana contractor, suffered a fracture of the collar bone, several fractured ribs, a dislocation of the elbow and numerous other injuries when he fell from the roof of a new school building in Cynthiana last week.

Ben T. White, Jr., automobile dealer of Henderson, was found dead beside his car near the city limits of Henderson early Saturday morning. White's head was jaw broken, and authorities believe he was murdered and robbed.

Sam Dejarnett, of Richmond, was arrested at Paris Friday on a charge of stealing 405 pounds of tobacco from Carl Dunn, of Madison county. Mr. Dunn had identified the tobacco which had been placed on the floor of a Paris warehouse.

Charging alienation of his wife's affections, John Swearington, 40, of Louisville, has filed suit against Harry A. White, of Norwood, Ohio, for $40,000 damages. Swearington's petition says Swearington's wife and seven-year-old child he leave him.

Actuated by a genuine love for children, Mrs. Wright S. Hamilton, of Lexington, a native of the Smoky Mountains of East Tennessee, has reared 27 orphan children and now has two little girls at her home at 228 East Fourth street.

Rev. Robert E. Manle, dean of Christ Church Cathedral in Lexington, has tendered his resignation to become effective February 1, 1929, which will end his sixteenth year as pastor of that church. Ill health was given as the cause of his resignation.

The body of a man found dead from hanging near Taylorsville, Spencer county, ten days ago has been identified as Lee Chaudoin, 28, of Louisville. It is believed the young man was murdered, but no clue to his murderers has been found.

In the Bourbon county court last week, James A. Hudnell, 71, was arraigned before County Judge Robertson charged with a statutory offense against a girl under 14. He entered a plea of not guilty and was held to the grand jury under $500 bond.

Three youthful bandits swept down on the Preston Street branch of the First National Bank in Louisville last Thursday, forced two employes to lie on the floor, took a pot shot at a bystander who attempted to stop the street and escaped with $2,000 of the bank's money. A light coupe bearing a Tennessee license, which the men

Jonathan Davis, 13, son of Charles Davis, farmer of Greenup county, was found dead in the woods near his father's home Friday night. He took his shotgun and started hunting alone. Beside the body lay his gun, an accidental discharge having taken the boy's life.

Albert Ninest, treasurer of the building fund of the Baptist Tabernacle is short in his accounts somewhere between $35,000 and $40,000, according to a statement issued Monday night by Rev. Abner K. Pugh, pastor of the church, and the investigating committee of the official board.

Declaring that he was "not at all satisfied with the situation here," Chief of Police Roy W. Easley, of Louisville, Monday announced plans for the most drastic war on crime in the history of the city in an effort to curb recent spectacular operations of criminals in Louisville.

With all factions united and complete harmony prevalent, Fayette Democrats Saturday elected Charles Pennell, former assistant federal district attorney during the administration of Woodrow Wilson, as chairman of the Fayette county Democratic committee for two years.

The court of appeals last week reversed the decision of the Greenup circuit court, which imposed a sentence of one year in the Frankfort reformatory on W. T. Cole, cashier of the Citizens State Bank of Greenup, charged with accepting deposits in the bank when he knew it was insolvent.

Edwin C. Kubale, member of the famous Centre College foot ball team which defeated Harvard, has been elected head coach at that institution for the next three years. Since graduation from Centre in 1925 Kubale has been assistant coach at Texas Christian College, Fort Worth, Texas.

A report of the activities of the Kentucky Fish and Game Commission during 1928, issued by John L. Trimble, executive agent, shows that 97,219 game fish were planted in various streams and lakes of the state during the year. Of this number 46,420 were adult fish which will spawn in the spring.

The will of Simon Glaspie, Syrian pioneer, who died recently at his home in Millersburg, was probated in the county court at Paris last week. Glaspie bequeathed $500 to his brother and sister in Syria and left the remainder of his estate, valued at $25,000, to be equally divided between his son and daughter.

Walter Jamerson, 82 years old, who killed Robert Finley, 28, in October, 1926, after an attempt by a tenant house on Jamerson's farm, occupied by Finley, was found guilty by a jury in the circuit court at Tompkinsville Saturday and sentenced to 21 years' imprisonment. The aged man pleaded self defense.

Gertrude Kinman, 10, daughter of Samuel Kinman, of Owingsville, died in a hospital at Covington Friday after a gunshot wound sustained when a baby fatally wounded she and Hugh Jarvis, of Cincinnati, were playing with accidentally discharged rifle which was visiting in Covington.

The Glasgow Times lists among other city improvements in recent months installation of a modern sewerage system, introduction of a flash telephone system, piping of natural gas to the city and the paving of the principal streets, which has made the city utterly impossible to rent a home in Glasgow at present," asks the Times.

Charles L. Daley Maysville attorney, and Everett Moran, Lewis county farmer, were fined $10 each for contempt of court by Judge Percell at Maysville last week. Daley was making a statement to the jury when Moran is alleged to have jumped from his seat and knocked the attorney down. A fight followed, causing court to adjourn.

James Morgan, 38, of Lexington, was fatally injured at Cynthiana Thursday morning when an automobile in which he and three other men were riding crashed into an excavation in the center of Broadway, near Fourth street. The other occupants of the car escaped injury. According to witnesses there was no light on the pile of dirt beside the excavation.

In the Garrard circuit court at Lancaster last week Dell Thompson, 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Thompson, was awarded damages of $1,000 against the Jones-Savage Lumber Company, Wilmore, for injuries suffered by the child when he struck an unexploded dynamite cap in the yard of a school building which the company had a contract for building.

THE VINE

Vine of Wintaria,
Vine of Eternity,
Full of shadows
With leaves thick;
Dark in the darkness,
Trellised, Intertangled;
Vine of fragrance,
Drooping with pointed clusters,
Blossomed purple—
The boughs of the vine are heavy;
They sing down—down—
In the darkness—
In the darkness drooping
With weighted fragrance.
—Helen Hoyt, in "Apples Here in My Basket."

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We have good coal at a reasonable price
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Meat purchased here is weighed upon scales that assure your receiving full weight, all the time. This fact, plus the knowledge that the meat we sell is the finest procurable, makes this the place where you should buy your meats.
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New Dry Cleaning Prices
Dresses, plain (serge or jersey) ..... $1.00; silk $1.50
(with six pleats or under will be considered as plain)
(2-piece dresses same as 1-piece)
Coats, plain $1.50
Coats, fur trimmed ..... 1.75 to 2.50
Coats, fur ..... 3.50 to 5.00
Sport Skirts ..... 1.00 to 1.50
Scarfs ..... .35 to .50
Gloves ..... .15 (and 2) .25
Negligees 1.50
MEN'S WEAR
Coats ..... $ .60
Pants ..... .40
Vests ..... .25
Suits, 2-piece 1.00
Suits, 3-piece 1.25
Pants, white flannel ..... .50
Overcoats (no lining) 1.50
Overcoats 1.50
Cravenette Coats 1.50
Sweaters (silk and wool) ..... .50
MISCELLANEOUS
Portieres ..... .50 pair; lined .75, and $1.00
(silk, cretonne, light)
Portieres, velvet and tapestry 1.00
Blankets ..... .75 and 1.00
Comforts 1.00
DYE
Ladies Coats and Dresses $3.50
Gents' Overcoats and Suits $3.50
Lexington Laundry Company
ROBT. MANN, Agent