THE CARLISLE MERCURY

Established 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

Warren Fisher, Editor
Grimes Caywood, News Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year (in advance) $2.00
Six Months (in advance) 1.00
Three Months (in advance) .... .65

Member Kentucky Press Association
Member Nat'l Editorial Association

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1928

THE EARTH AND MAN

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountains breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame:
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy:
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.
—Stopford A. Brooke.

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

A Page From The Diary Of A Country Editor

Up fairly betimes, and find a typical Kentucky morn, of the kind when the ringing call of the crow comes clearly across miles of sparkling sunshine; when the pastures are grey with frost, save for steaming patches where fat cattle have slept. On such days the smoke rises like a wispy arrow straight to heaven, one remembers hog-killing and the steaming lard kettles, the fat, juicy sausages and cracklin' bread. Such days in Kentucky did always make me think of the rural England of Pickwick and Sir Roger de Coverley, of kitchens hung with hams and pepper pods, of ruddy, apple-cheeked squires rollicking at their hunt breakfasts. All of which comes of reading, no doubt, if ancestral memories be discounted, for I have never been in England and doubtless never will be, save through the eyes of books.

So to breakfast of wheat cakes and fresh eggs, golden meated and lightly boiled and coffee of a potency to warm the cockles o' one's heart, wherewith I am cheered mightily and fall to reading the Sunday papers with an eagerness unusual (for they invariably oppress me with their bigness) and note the usual Sunday morning crop of murders and robberies. And I read of one woman who has slain her husband, a practice that we males must, of necessity, frown upon, yet I wonder why more of it is not done. And 'twould be, doubtless, save that woman has learned tactfulness through the centuries and prefers to use "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" in preference to pistols, when she would bring the male to heel. Failing all of which, there remain tears, the which no male worthy of the name may withstand.

It does seem to the casual observer that the world grows worse, what with murders and fiendish happenings, and thoughtful scriveners of the press are at their wits end to account for it all. Many do blame the Eighteenth Amendment and make out a good case for their arguments; which theory is refuted with many statistics by t'other side. So that one knows not what to blame for this reign of lawlessness that plagues us, nor what means of correction there may be. As a consequence there is a deal of hopelessness in the outlook of many, a tendency to consign this old world to the demnition bow-wows and have done with it. As witness a correspondent of The Mercury, who wrote last week:

> The cold wave hit our people quite hard, but the crime wave sweeping our state and others seems to be hitting us harder. We doubt if the world in general is growing better.

Which is a sentiment I cannot accept, believing that the world does grow better, as it has grown better through countless years. Fiendish crimes and waves of lawlessness are but infinitesimal phases of growth, in my opinion, like the old "growing pains," (doubtless the result of infected tonsils) that plagued the youth of those of us who were young in the days of the puffed sleeve and the bustle. I believe that Tennyson actually did "dip into the future far as human mind could see" in his Locksley Hall, and in that extraordinary poem I find a line that may be pondered by those who doubt the ability of the life that walks and creeps and crawls on this whirling sphere to adjust itself to a destiny magnificent, a destiny undreamed of in our philosophy:—

"For I doubt not, through the ages, one increasing purpose runs;
"And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Another way, forsooth, of saying "God's in his Heaven; all's right with the world," a preachment much heard in churches, but put to scant practice and given little faith, else there would be no fear and much more contentment among those who strut and fret their brief hour upon the stage of life. But, Lord! I do preach, a role I would not usurp from the dominies.

Pretty soon to doze by the fire and from my chair I may see my sugar maples, which I permitted a journeyman trimmer to trim last week, after making sure that he had heard and appreciated Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." A very expert he proved to be, thinning out the limbs, close to the trunk with a saw and not chopping out the tops with a dull hatchet, a form of butchery that prevails in this town and irks the soul of one who loves a tree. So it may be that I will get my lawn grassed this summer, which is a recompense of sorts to me for putting saw to a tree.

Now, thinking of the graceful beauties of my sugar maples in May, when they are honeymoon coverts for shy, slim catbirds, I am conscious of a hunger for the spring, a hunger that this day of sparkling winter sunshine, bearing its gifts of frosty beauties to eye and ear and nostril, does but whet somehow. Last night I dreamt that a purple martin came and perched upon the comb of a nearby house and I wondered to see him; today the mood is upon me for fireside gardening, which is a pleasant pastime that the purveyors of seed catalogues most delightfully aid and abet with their gaudy books. Given an armchair by the fireside and a sheaf of these colorful books and one may raise him rows of crisp red radishes, beds of bright green lettuce, vines of luscious red tomatoes. He may see his butterbean tents hung with fat pods, may dream a regiment of green stalks, bearing their cornucopia knapsacks of ivory or golden ears. And the flowers! There are lady hollyhocks by the garden wall, the lilac bush in the corner, the spraying gold of the forsythia and the cascading foam of the bridal wreath. Later will come roses—romantic roses, or so they will be always to me, mingled in memory with the vision of a blue-eyed witch—a queen sleeping upon a bed of roses. The bed was only a couch; the stage of the pageant but the rostrum of a village school and I was not Prince Charming, alack! but only a lad who drew the curtain. (Of which happening I have told my wife, and this was long ago, else she would rate me soundly no doubt, for romancing thus in print.)

Summer waxes in my fireside gardening and heavier blossoms deck my gardens. The moon flowers twist their fat vines up trellises to perfume the moonlit nights with a fragrance that to me is somehow of the Orient; zinnias and dahlias unfold their perfect beauties and at the end, the fresh, frosty fragrance of the chrysanthemum, and so farewell to summer. A pleasant, if unproductive, pastime is fireside gardening, and one emerges with uncalloused hands.

* * *

Soon come guests and to dinner, to which I do full justice always, of a Sunday, though protesting that I care not for a mid-day meal. Then to sit about the fire with much pleasant chit-chat until the sun goes down into a flaming west and I know we shall have another day of perfect winter, a typical Kentucky winter's day, when the caw of the crow is as comforting as a benediction to one who loves this region; when the branch meandering icily through grey meadows and bare woodlands has a beauty peculiar to the season; when the west flames at evening and the aroma of cornbread, coffee and bacon from some humble cabin rises like incense before the altar of the departing sun-god! I do love this Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, in which my life has been spent. Provincial I may be and doubtless am; yet I hope my son will love it and his son, and feel the thrill that rolling pastures of lush bluegrass bring to me; sense the beauties of fat cattle in woodland pastures; colts a-frolic in the paddocks; the velvety perfection of even fields of white burley; the billowing loveliness of the young hemp and the majesty, the tented grandeur of the retting reeds in autumn.

* * *

Our guests gone, my wife and I for a brisk walk, during which we fall to talking of faith and both agree that none of us in this world has any too much, though we do pray and posture and profess, so that if many had the implicit confidence in the Increasing Purpose that runs through the ages that they, parrot-like, avow, 'twould be a world without fear, and perhaps without disease—a consummation that eventually may be reached and I would not gainsay that, or any other prophecy of the ultimate progress of man, no matter how wild-seeming. Of a truth the melancholy Dane erred not in reminding his friend:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

And so, it seems to me, there are many, many things that are undreamt of in our philosophy; and believing so I would not lose faith in this world that does but have "growing pains."

I am abed, when this thinking of faith causes me to remember a sparkling verse by Browning and I must needs get up to find the book and read it.

"I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God,—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while he endures.
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward,—Nature's good
And God's.

A beautiful expression of faith, it seems to me. I would that I had it, in very truth; not as a prattled creed, but in very truth. Perhaps some day, I may.

So, after a while, contentfully to sleep.

WALNUTS

Says the Lexington Herald:

"A walnut factory in Carlisle is operating at full speed. This not only gives employment to a number of persons in Carlisle but it offers an opportunity for pick-up money to Nicholas county farmers. The company is receiving more orders for kernels than it is able to supply.

"Until lately walnuts went to waste, insofar as any commercial use of them was considered. "Walnut hunting" was considered something of a pastime for small boys, but the walnut tree was not considered as a revenue producer.

"Again may it be said, "Live and learn."

It has taken the candy manufacturers a long time to learn that the native American walnut is a far richer and more toothsome nut than its English cousin. But they are learning, for only this week, we found this toothsome dainty in a box of candy made in the East. Our walnut is rich, so rich as to require a normal digestive apparatus, but in candy, just plain brown-sugar candy, it makes a sweetmeat that can't be surpassed by all the fancifully named fondants and bon bons of the candy-makers.

Perhaps its popularity in this regard, which is sure to increase, will result in the conservation of our walnut trees, as beautiful and as typical a Kentucky tree as ever spread its green arms over the back of an export steer. So our walnut factory will have been doubly worth while.

"SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY."

It has been twenty-three years since this writer made a trip, that was altogether delightful, through the Yellowstone National Park. We went by the Wylie route, a system of permanent camps, at each of which the roaring camp-fire at night was not the least pleasant feature of a wonderful week.

One quickly became acquainted with fellow-travellers, and it was around the camp-fire, near the spot where "Old Faithful" does his trustworthy spouting, that an Iowan asked us: "Have you been to Mammoth Cave?" We hadn't; he had. Verily a natural wonder, like the proverbial prophet, is not without honor, save in its own country.

We are disposed, here in Kentucky, to accept the Mammoth Cave as a matter of course. We do not realize its fame, nor its potentialities, in dollars and cents, for Kentucky. Its fame is world-wide and once it becomes one of the great chain of national parks, it will be more widely advertised; the roll of visitors will increase tremendously; the immediate and surrounding neighborhood will benefit directly and all of Kentucky indirectly.

For a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. What helps and strengthens one section of Kentucky is sure to be of benefit to the entire Commonwealth. Mammoth Cave, a national park, will do as much for Kentucky as a hundred State Chambers of Commerce and in making the statement The Mercury would not minimize the importance of that body one iota.

VALOUR

Look at that mighty rook
Struggling against the morning sun—
See! He is carrying a sword
Thrust out before him,
A flashing beak.

But the sun only laughs;
And playfully,
Absent-mindedly,
Trails the warrior's shadow
Through the grass and primroses.
—Richard Church, in New Statesman (London).

"Well, I'm d—d!" said Eadie. Here he was in a shell hole in the midst of a red hot fight, a counter attack under way and his pistol still in the cosmolene in which it had been issued. Cosmolene is thick, heavy grease, the weapon was full of it, the barrel was packed with it, and even if he could get the firing mechanism to function, the gun would jam at first shot if it did not burst. Well, he had his choice of cleaning it then and there with such materials as he had or of holding up his hands to the first boche that came along.

The exterior grease he removed to a great extent by wiping the gun on his puttees. He tore a strip from his handkerchief and, taking a pencil from his musette, prepared to clean the barrel. His hands shook like leaves and his teeth rattled so that he several times bit his tongue. The barrel of the automatic is removed by dismounting the slide. There is a little button just under the muzzle which is pressed and this allows a locking cam to be turned, so that the barrel and slide can be removed. Eadie pressed this button down and turned the cam. Now, under the button is a strong spring that returns the slide to its normal position after it has recoiled from the shock of the cartridge being fired, and in Eadie's nervous state he neglected to exert enough pressure on this spring, so that once the cam was turned and the button was free, the spring leaped under Eadie's astonished finger and went soaring out of the shell hole.

"Fineesh!" said Eadie. He hurled the rest of the pistol after the spring. Then followed a bitter moment for the sergeant. He had drawn that gun in the replacement camp and had left it in cosmolene because he had been too lazy to clean it. The night before the drive at Saint Mihiel he had had no time and since then he had not given the weapon a thought. A court-martial composed of twelve Sergeant Eadies trying Sergeant Eadie for neglect of duty at that minute would have given a sentence of death by slow torture. Fool! A noncommissioned officer and he didn't know enough to keep his pistol clean. And furthermore, he didn't know how to clean it when he had the opportunity. He was a d—d fool to carry an automatic that was full of springs and things. If he got out of this alive, a revolver for him. A revolver or a rifle. Ah! There was a thought. There must be some dead doughboy around whose rifle was still in working order. He leaped out of his hole and dived into another a few feet away. Empty. He went on to the next, dragging himself on his stomach.

The sun now shone brightly. There was a wind, a cold and bitter one. Eadie could feel it in those moments when he was going from one hole to the other. There was always one agonizing moment, when his head and shoulders were in a shell hole and the rest of him still above ground where the bullets could get him. Eadie was of slight build, but he had never before realized what tremendous hips he had. They seemed to be mountainous, he could feel them sticking up into the sky, a perfect target for even the blindest gunner.

Eadie explored five holes without success. He found neither men nor weapons. He heard voices in the sixth and went in joyously. There were two men in it, the major and Jake.

"Good!" cried the major at sight of Eadie, "you're the artillery sergeant, aren't you? I want a barrage! Can you get me a barrage?"

"The lieutenant—" began Eadie.

"The lieutenant's dead!" barked the major. "I've got his rocket pistol and this man here has got rockets, but we haven't any code. Have you got a code? Your lieutenant had one but it's all torn to bits by bullets and full of blood and I can't read it. Listen! Tell the artillery I want a barrage on that town. I want it for fifteen minutes, then I want it to start at the north edge of the town and go slowly across the fields north. The support battalion will take care of these gunners in back of us, I hope. Tell 'em that. Tell 'em to start the barrage at once! We're held up here too long. Tell 'em to use plenty of gas, too. Lots of high explosive. Tell the heavies to fire, too. Got that? Well, do it."

"Oh, G—d!" cried Eadie, "you can't send any message like that with a rocket! The only way to get detailed fire like that is to send a man back."

"Why, can't you see we haven't time to send a man back?" cried the major angrily. "Do you think you could get through those gunners that are shooting us up from behind? Do you realize that we're being held up here for a h—l of a long time? And what will we do while you're going three or four kilometers back to your battery? Sit here and bite our thumbs. Shoot off some rockets, quick!"

Eadie began to do some rapid thinking. In trench warfare a barrage rocket means a very definite thing; the artillery know beforehand just where to fire, but in an attack a request for a barrage would mean nothing. If the observers saw the rocket and even if they could see where it came from, they would not know where the barrage was to be laid. The chances were that they would lay the barrage on the necks of the troops that had requested it.

"Come, come for the love of ———," yelled the major. "Here's the pistol. Stick a rocket in it and shoot it. Have you got rockets? Here you, give him yours!"

Jake obediently handed a fistful of rockets to Eadie, and the sergeant, drawing his code from his pocket, consulted it. He looked at the code, pursed his lips, and inspected the bottom of the rocket cartridges. They were of different colors, about the size and appearance of shotgun shells and on the bottom of each was marked what kind of a rocket it was, whether of three red stars, two green stars, a yellow smoke, or what.

"Give me that!" cried the major, snatching the code book from Eadie's hand. "What the hell good you are, I don't know! Sit there thumbing a book while my battalion melts away like snow!" The major opened the book, and on the first page, which could be easily torn out and destroyed, was a code.

"Lengthen barrage, three green stars. Shorten barrage, one red star. More gas, string of white stars. Less gas, string of red stars."

"Why, this is no d—n good!" cried the major. He hurled the book into the bottom of the shell hole. "What's it say on those cartridges?" he demanded.

"The color of the outside tells you the color of the rocket," explained Eadie, "and those little holes on the bottom tell you the number of stars. The letter means the color, too. R for red and so on. That one with a big R is a red smoke."

"Here!" cried the major, "shoot 'em all off! We ought to get some kind of action out of it. Shoot 'em off or throw 'em away, I don't care which."

"Boy, I've got it!" cried Eadie. "We must have a contact plane here somewhere. I'll fire six white stars; that calls the plane over us. Then if we show laundry, he'll see that this is our front line and if he's got any brains at all he'll fly back or wireless back that we're held up here."

"Shoot it!" cried the major. Eadie thereupon fired the rocket. There was a plane in sight about half a mile away, that was dipping and circling at a low altitude and Eadie's heart was considerably lightened to see this plane straighten out and come in their direction.

"Get out a handkerchief, Jake," cried Eadie. "Have the men wave their shirts, handkerchiefs, anything white, so the guy in the plane can see our front line. I don't know whether there's a panel code or not. I haven't got a copy, if there is."

"Wave your handkerchiefs, men," roared the major. "Wave your handkerchiefs so the plane can see where we are."

The booming of the plane's motor was now plainly audible. Eadie looked up at a long dark green shape, a belly that reminded him of a darting fish. Many voices shouted, rifles popped, then all was drowned in a crackle of a machine gun. This plane bore beneath each wing a thin cross. It banked around, streamers flying from its rudder, and a long empty machine gun belt from its belly. Again its gun crackled and three bombs that it had dropped burst in clouds of dirty smoke. The machine was a boche.

There is nothing quite so demoralizing as attack from the air. The very novelty of the method of fighting is unnerving enough, but the helpless feeling that there is no protection from overhead attack is the worst part. As for these particular troops, wild panic at once took possession of them. Most of them remembered that a little way in front of them was a town and a town meant cellars. Many got up and rushed blindly for the town. The plane continued to fire, other enemy machine guns joined in, but those infantrymen could not be stopped. Their fear of the plane was greater than anything else. Enemy machine gunners, judging the moment propitious for surrender, stood up with hands in air. They were either ignored or ruthlessly bayoneted.

"Hey!" yelled Jake, seizing the major's arm, "the gang are in the town. Let's beat it for them houses!"

"What gang, you red-headed idiot?"

"Our gang!"

Eadie and the major peered over the edge of the shell hole. It was true. Figures in olive drab could be seen diving into the ruined houses. This collection of broken walls had loomed as a refuge, and the whole battalion had converged on it in a mad headlong charge. "Come on!" cried the major. He and the other two leaped out of the shell hole.

Thuck!

"Some one's hit!" shouted Eadie.

"It ain't me!" replied Jake. The major stumbled on a step or two and collapsed.

"Into a hole with him, Jake!" cried Eadie. Each seized an arm and dragged the major into a hole. One look told them that their aid would be unavailing. The major had been shot through the gas mask and the bullet evidently traversing the heart, had torn away most of the major's left side on its way out.

"Let's get outta here, sergeant!" Jake had already stretched out one leg to leave the shell hole.

"Just a minute," replied Eadie. "Never get excited in the face of danger." He turned the major on one side, lifted his field glass case and the glasses themselves from around the major's neck, then he jumped out of the hole and picked up the major's pistol. "Come on, Jake, us for the town."

(To Be Continued Next Week)

30 Years Ago

Thursday, January 27, 1898

Rev. F. M. Tinder begins duties as pastor of the Carlisle Christian church.

Married—Miss Arra V. Bailey, and Mr. Charles Bailey, both of the county, on the 26th.

Heavy rains during past week swell streams of county and a number of homes along creeks are flooded.

Mason Hamilton and sister, Miss Lizzie Hamilton, purchase residence of Thomas Watson on Main street for $2,325.

United States battleship Maine ordered to Havana, but Navy Department insists no significance is placed in the move.

Mrs. Martha Woods, 82 years old, falls off porch at her home near Sprout, sustaining injuries which may cause her death.

County board of supervisors completes work after increasing assessment $61,000, making total assessment for year $3,349,070.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Sparks, of Oakland Mills, a daughter.—To Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Conway, of the county, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson, of the county, a son.

County Clerk Ratliff appoints the following deputies in various precincts to acknowledge deeds and mortgages: Moorefield, Jake Hopkins; Headquarters, Gran Ross; Licking, Carlton Sparks; Myers, Thomas H. Myers.

Died—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Donnell on the 21st.—Miss Nannie Moore, 19, at her home in Carlisle on the 22nd.—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hughes on the 23rd.—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vaughn on the 21st.—Mrs. Minerva Hornback, at her home near Little Rock on the 19th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, January 28, 1886

Sallie Price Company to present "Fogg's Ferry" at Mozart Hall tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnson move to Clay City, where they will open a hotel.

Married—Miss Mollie A. Williams and Mr. E. M. Buntin, both of the county, on the 21st.

L. T. Potts purchases interest of John R. Robertson in grocery store of Burroughs & Robertson.

Judge Menzies, of the Chancery Court, suffers painful bruises when he falls through plank sidewalk.

Members of Carlisle Fire Department arranging for grand masked ball on the night of February 22.

State Board of Health appoints Dr. M. Dills, Dr. O. S. Kash and Dr. J. W. Burns as members of Nicholas county board of health.

Effie Wise, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wise, falls down flight of stairs at home of James Clay, fracturing her right hip.

Died—Robert Snapp, 20, at his home near Headquarters on the 21st.—Mrs. Fannie Tapp, at her home near Weston, on the 22nd.

Colonel Henry Bramblett Gillispie formerly of this county, who has been living in Colorado for several years, being prominently mentioned as a candidate for governor of that state.

$1195
F.O.B. Factory

—buys true Buick quality and all the famous Buick features—and you have your choice of three popular models at this low figure—a roomy Sedan, trim Coupe or smart Sport Roadster.

Only Buick offers so many fine car features at such moderate prices. Only Buick enjoys the tremendous volume production to achieve such value.

See and drive Buick. We will be glad to demonstrate at any time.

SEDANS $1195 to $1995
COUPES $1195 to $1850
SPORT MODELS $1195 to $1525

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., Government tax to be added. The G.M.A.C. finance plan, the most desirable, is available.

BUICK
Martin's Garage

I SHALL NOT GO BACK

I shall not go back to the place that I love,
I shall never try to repeat the perfect hour;
I know the past is gone, yet it is safe enough
Even to the small blue six-pointed flower.

They say the earth itself in millions of years
Will drift like fine gray ash that the wind has whipped and tossed,
And the blackened sun will grope blindly among the spheres—
But I am not afraid that the things I love will be lost.
Sarah Teasdale

No Trouble—No Delays
—Travel By Train

Get aboard a fast-moving, comfortably-heated train where you are assured of on-time arrival at your destination without any additional expense or probable delays. Enjoy the comfort of reading without the strain of driving, of traffic delays, or of highway hazards. Enjoy the roomier, more comfortable seats; the dining car; the toilet facilities and smoking room.

For long or short rides, travel by train. It is faster, less expensive and doesn't tie up the use of your automobile. Leave that at home for the family. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad operates fast, well-equipped trains between all points on its lines; and its rates per mile of travel are much lower than it would cost you to travel by motor. Take your baggage along without extra charge. Ask any L. & N. Ticket Agent for train schedules and rates.

THE OLD RELIABLE
L&N
LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

Near Milan, Italy, there has been established four highways, on which there is no restriction to the speed for automobiles. The government is making a test on these roads, in blew of adding more of them to the system. Machines going 50 to 80 miles an hour on these highways lessen the rate of accidents, as compared with travel on other roads, the records reveal. These high speed roads are called "autotrade."

IF IT Freezes and Bursts we can weld it as good as new.

PARIS MACHINE WKS.
Paris, Ky. 12 W. 2nd

666
is a prescription for
Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria
It kills the germs

A. T. GARDNER
OPTOMETRIST
Eyes Examined—Glasses Fitted
Farmers Bank Building
CARLISLE, KENTUCKY.

Chiropractic is Nature's Way Back to Health

W. G. COWAN
CHIROPRACTOR
Carlisle, Ky.

Are You Overdoing?
Overwork Throws a Heavy Burden on the Kidneys.

OVERWORK, rich foods and stimulating drinks put extra burdens on our kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, impurities remain in the blood and are apt to make one languid, tired and achy, with dull headaches, dizziness and often nagging backache. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS 60c
A STIMULANT DIURETIC to the KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co. Mfg. Chem. Buffalo, N.Y.

SEE—THE—NEW
ESSEX
Martin's Garage

TO OUR CREDITORS

Unless those who owe us settle their accounts within the next ten days, the accounts will be placed in hands of an attorney for collection.

We must have the money, and though we dislike to take this action, we will be forced to do so, unless you settle with us at once.

R. K. BEATTY & SON

Highest Quality KROGER'S Lowest Prices

BREAD	Country Club 1 lb loaf 1 1-2 Lb. Twin or Split top 8c.	.05
FLOUR	Country Club 24 1-2 lb Bag	.95
CIGARETTES	Clowns—Camels—Piedmont Old Gold—Lucky Strike 2 pkg Chesterfield. Carton $1.23	.25
COFFEE	Jewel lb Country Club lb pkg 47c French lb pkg 45c	32
BREAKFAST BACON	Country Club Sugar Cured 3 lb piece or more lb.	.25

Oleo Wondernut lb.	.19	Rice Extra Fancy Blue Rose lb.	.06
Country Club Pancake Flour 20 oz. pkg.	.09	Pound Cake Kroger baked ea.	.19
Fresh Cream Cheese lb.	.36	Corn Meal White lb.	.03
Peanut Brittle 1 lb. box	.15	Oats 20 oz. pkg. Country Club Rolled	.08 1/3
Super Suds 9 oz. pkg.	.09	Pearl Soap Oval Bar	.04

KENTUCKY

Seven cases of smallpox have been reported in Menifee county since January 15.

47 aliens were given final naturalization papers in federal court at Louisville last week.

The Fleming fiscal court, at a meeting last week voted to employ a county agricultural agent.

An infant child of unknown parentage was found in a barn near Manchester, Clay county, Sunday.

Kentuckians paid total income tax to the federal government during the past year of $15,347,101.

Hundreds of dollars worth of sheep in Montgomery county have been killed by dogs during the past ten days.

William S. Cason, 61, attorney and police judge of Cynthiana, died at his home Saturday following a year's illness.

Fire of undetermined origin swept the J. M. Sullivan lumber yards at Lexington Sunday, causing $35,000 loss.

The sixteenth annual Farm and Home convention is being held at the University of Kentucky in Lexington this week.

A. J. Bizot, Louisville attorney, suffered a heart attack and died while enroute to a hospital in an ambulance Sunday.

August 20 to 25 was fixed as the dates for the Blue Grass Fair at a meeting of the directors held at Lexington last week.

The total value of all property in Montgomery county, as shown by the report of the tax commissioner, is $14,670,520

Lawrence Dilly, 15 year old, was arrested and lodged in jail at Glasgow last week on a charge of storebreaking and stealing a mule.

Ollie Hall, negro laborer, shot and killed his wife in the presence of their three small children at Lexington Saturday afternoon.

Carl H. Clark, Irvine merchant, captured Carl Berryman, 20 years old, as Berryman was attempting to break into his store Friday night.

Black Gold, winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1923, broke his leg in a fall at the race track in New Orleans last week and had to be killed.

C. B. Cundiff, city treasurer and tax collector of Somerset, was arrested last week after confessing that he was $10,000 short in his accounts.

Coy Cann, 34 years old, cashier of the First National Bank of Horse Cave, was instantly killed last week when his car was struck by a train.

Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell, state treasurer, has issued a call for all interest bearing warrants issued in 1926. Interest on the warrants will cease February 10.

Alex Fisher, 45 years old, of Catlettsburg, was burned to death when a slag pot filled with molten metal at a steel mill in Ashland was accidentally spilled on him.

At a meeting of Republican leaders at Frankfort last week, Herbert Hoover was endorsed for President and J. Matt Chilton, of Louisville, for national committeemen.

Mrs. Samuel S. Cassity, 41 years old, editor and publisher of the Mountain Scorcher since the death of her husband several months ago, died at her home in Morehead last week.

By a majority of approximately 2,800 votes, Lewis county approved a special tax levy of twenty cents on each $100 worth of property for road purposes at a special election held Saturday.

County Attorney D. M. Bingham and Attorney J. H. Taylor were sent to jail for an hour by Judge W. T. Roberts, of the Pike circuit court last week when they staged a fight in court.

Governor Sampson last week posted a reward of $400 for the arrest of M. J. Dillinghafn, wanted in Lyon county on a murder charge. A similar reward has been offered by the county.

Miller Hughes, Republican nominee for attorney general last fall, has resigned as an assistant to the Attorney General of the United States and will take up the practice of law at Poducah.

Mrs. Jerry B. Younger shot and killed her husband at their home in Louisville Saturday as he was advancing on her with an open knife, crazed with drink, according to a statement she made to the police.

National committeeman Urey Woodson has reserved 40 double rooms with bath at two leading hotels in Houston, Texas, for use of the Kentucky delegation during the Democratic national convention next June.

J. F. White, of Catlettsburg, formerly of Wilmore, bought the Wilmore Enterprise at public auction Saturday, the sale being made to settle the estate of the late L. S. Fitzhugh, former editor of the paper.

Dr. J. M. Kash, proprietor of two Lexington drug stores, and his stepson, Robert Cooper, were found guilty of violating the national prohibition act by a jury in federal court at Lexington last week and were fined $500 and costs each.

What is believed to have been an attempt to kidnap Lloyd Carter, 5 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Carter, of Paris, at the rear of his home, was foiled when the child's mother screamed as a young white man attempted to drag the child into a waiting automobile.

Dr. J. H. Taylor, Owensboro dentist, was sued for $23,000 damages by Maurice D. Hild last week. The plaintiff says the dentist pulled a tooth for him a year ago and since then his face has been in a distorted condition due to lack of attention following the extraction.

A petition is being circulated in Hart county to have the legislature divide the county, giving part to Barren, Edmonson and Larue counties. The Hart county court house was destroyed by fire recently and in order to rebuild it $80,000 in bonds would have to be voted.

Mrs. Connit Stanfield, 36 years old, died at her home in Maysville last week after a few days illness with pneumonia, leaving motherless eleven children, the eldest of whom is 15 years old. The family recently moved to Maysville from Fleming county and is almost destitute.

Democrats in the House of Representatives at Frankfort rejected the invitation extended by the Senate to Herbert Hoover to address a joint meeting of the legislature. Mac Swinford, if Cynthiana led the movement to defeat the invitation, declaring it "Republican propoganda."

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Corbin and their five children and Willard Denton, all of Adair county, were injured Friday when Mr. Corbin lost control of their automobile and crashed into a telephone pole on the Lexington road near Paris. They were taken to the Paris hospital for treatment.

Dr. German B. Miller, 75 years old, wealthy recluse of Fayette county, died in a sanitarium at Louisville Saturday. Dr. Miller had recently filed suit to prevent his relatives declaring him incompetent and taking charge of his estate, which comprised about 900 acres of Fayette county land.

Congressman Gilbert, of the Eighth Kentucky district, has introduced a bill in the House at Washington to raise penalties under the national prohibition act so that manufacturers of liquor may be fined not more than $1,000 and two months imprisonment for the first offense and not less than $200 nor more than $2,000, with jail sentence, for subsequent offense.

REDUCING SHEEP LOSSES

(Lexington Herald)

Hats off to Sheriff L. B. Barton, of Nicholas county, who has announced that the owners of unlicensed dogs in Carlisle and Nicholas county will be indicted at the February term of the Nicholas circuit court.

With the announcement it is stated by County Clerk John A. Westfall of Nicholas county that a large number of licenses have been issued and that during the last few months no sheep in that county have been killed by dogs.

There will unquestionably be a decided reduction in the losses of sheep wherever the dog license law is enforced. A dog that is licensed usually is protected, fed, properly kenneled and kept on the premises of his owner from sunset to sunrise in compliance with the dog law.

Those who do not care enough for their own dog to purchase the required state license tag at a cost of one dollar usually do not care enough for some one else's sheep to keep their dogs properly restrained.

BANTA HONOR ROLL

First grade Henry C. Caswell, Helen O'Neal, Bernice Duncan. Second grade, Samuel Shaw. J. W. Craig; Third grade, Harold Maffett, Naomi Gaunce, Nuell Purcell, Clara Kearns; Fourth grade, Louise Maffett, Jaunita Gaunce, Hazel Ramey, Geneva Ramey, Luther R. Caswell, Eugene Caswell, Strauder O'Neal; Sixth grade, Julian Caswell; Seventh grade, Laura Hollar, Ruby Hedges. Virginia Smith, teacher

PARK WEEK

State-Wide Campaign Will Be February 27th to March 3rd.

National Park Week is to be observed February 27 to March 3, it was announced Sunday by State headquarters of the Mammoth Cave National Park drive.

During that period an intensive state-wide effort will be made to raise the $2,000,000 necessary to establish the park. The association is appealing to all organizations and institutions throughout the state which are contemplating money-raising efforts to respect the action in behalf of the National Park and plan their campaigns at a different period.

Gov. Flem D. Sampson, in his statement to the public last week following the National Park conference in Frankfort, at which he accepted the chairmanship of the State Campaign Executive Committee, spoke of a definite plan to be followed. That plan, it was announced from state headquarters, includes the enlistment of a large working organization and a series of meetings which will lead to the drive.

MISSING GIRL RETURNS

Miss Delma Dawn, 16 year old Robertson county girl, who disappeared simultaneously with J. H. Hieatt, cashier of the Milford Deposit Bank last August, was reported to have been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Insko, in Robertson county, last week. The girl is said to have made the trip from Louisville to her home in an airplane. She declared she knew nothing of the present whereabouts of Hieatt. She said she accompanied him as far as Cincinnati, where he left her. The girl then said she went to New York, and has been living in Louisville several months.

PUBLIC SALE

On my premises four miles from Carlisle on Locust Grove pike on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1928 at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property:

1 bay mare 1 bay horse
1 black Jerey heifer, due to calf in March
1 Jersey heifer, due to calf in March
1 red heifer, due to calf in March
1 Jersey heifer, 14 months old
1 black Jersey heifer, 16 months old
2 sows, due to farrow March 27
1 two horse farm wagon, practically new
1 Ahl brand buggy
1 set buggy harness
2 sets work gears
1 two horse sled
1 two horse scraper
1 left hand Vulcan breaking plow
1 Vulcan hillside plow
1 disc harrow
1 two horse drag
1 five tooth cultivator
Fork, hoes, shovels and carpenter tools
10 barrels picked yellow corn
3 tons alfalfa hay
1 ton timothy hay
2 tons mixed hay
1 corn sheller
1 power cutting box
1 Primrose cream separator, new
3 dozen pure bred Plymouth Rock hens 8 roosters
2 dozen mixed hens
6 new metal chicken coops
1 wheel barrow 1 large kettle
Some household and kitchen furniture

Terms made known day of sale
W. M. KENDALL
Joe Atkinson, Auctoneer 1-26-2t

PUBLIC SALE

As executors of the estate of Essena Stephenson, we will offer for sale on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15

at 10 o'clock. the following property:

Some corn in crib
1 two horse wagon
1 20 gallon lard kettle
Third interest in Deering mower
1 50 gallon oil tank
1 brood sow, to farrow March 1
3 dressers 1 davenport
1 folding bed 2 stand tables
3 bedsteads and bedding
4 rocking chairs
2 sets of chairs
1 old-fashioned chest
1 old-fashioned press
1 three cornered cupboard
1 old-fashioned clock
1 dining table, rugs and carpets
1 drop leaf table 1 cook table
1 safe 1 kitchen cabinet
1 Home Comfort range
1 heating stove
51 shares of Burley Tobacco stock
1 old-fashioned brass kettle, 6 gal.
Other articles too numerous to mention.

At the same time and place we will offer for sale two tracts of land belonging to Essena Stephenson, one tract containing about 40 acres, without improvements, situated on Carlisle and East Union turnpike near East Union, and the other place, the home place, with improvements, containing about 60 acres, situated on Gravel pike near East Union. Both tracts will be sold subject to survey. Said tracts will be offered separately and as a whole.

Terms will be announced day of sale.

H. T. Stephenson and B. S. Stephenson, Executors. 1 26 3t*

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

No "Ifs" and "Ands" On Sieberlings

SIEBERLING TIRES are protected for ONE YEAR against accidents, cuts, blowouts, bad wheel alignments, negligence, bruises, rim cuts, under-inflation, or any other road hazard. No "ifs" and "ands" about it. Just come to us and we will make adjustments.

The Carlisle Auto Co.
W. R. BUNTIN, Proprietor

Family Wash

Rough Dry, 10c per pound
All Flat Ironed

Dry Wash, 7c per pound
Flat Ironed
Minimum Charge 70c

Robert Mann, Agent
LEXINGTON LAUNDRY COMPANY

LEE MEADOWS
Famous Pitcher of the Pittsburgh Pirates, writes:

"It requires splendid physical condition and steady nerves to take your regular turn on the mound season after season and in looking for my cigarette I was anxious to find one which could be smoked without taxing my wind or irritating my throat. I decided upon Luckies and I can safely say that I am never troubled with a cough and my wind is in splendid shape."
Lee Meadows

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"Here in the Southland we know good Tobacco. It is born in us and it is the livelihood of most of us. 'The Cream of the Crop' is bought for LUCKY STRIKE. I know for it has been my duty to purchase it on the markets for years for this brand."
A.H. Glaser
Buyer of Tobacco at Covington, Ky.

"It's toasted"
No Throat Irritation—No Cough.