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THE LUTE

To a lute of four strings
Earth sings.
Winter, summer, spring and fall
That is all.
And her peg is the moon
Keeping all the strings in tune,
And the wind is her bow.
Swinging high, swinging low;
Summer, winter, fall spring.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Lovely earth is never mute,
Every season is a string
Of her lute.
Winter, summer, spring fall,
That is all.
—Marjorie Allen Seiffert, in "The King With Three Pants."

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

A Page From The Diary Of A Country Editor

Awake to the accustomed drumming of the rain and drowse again for awhile. Then full awake and amazed to see squares of sunlight checkering the kitchen. So long it has rained, that I scarcely can believe my eyes and mightily rejoiced to find that the cheerful luminary is showing his face again. So to bathe and shave and to a Sunday morning's breakfast of fried oysters, noble fare with golden coffee and hot buttered rolls, but a heavy task withal for a digestion that has reached the age of dignity and refuses to respond to treatment incompatible with its years. Yet mightily hoursen-ed, though with an eye to the pantry bottle, I celebrate the return of the sun after so soggy and dreary a week as I ever remember—a week of raging winds and misty days and downpouring of rain, with never a hint of the life-giving warmth to quiet the growing spirit.

A trait of the queer habit of mankind is a nasty week and few of us prize the possession of any size so would be cheerful and joy aloud knowing that. Albeit rarely indeed is it the lord of "joyous mountains" and is not evident save in fable. Man engages his leisure makes him rhyme wherewith to bolster his faith—behind the clouds the sun's still shining—and then comes a dreary, misty, sunless week and his drooping spirits belie his assurance.

From days when the world of man was young, on credit, and he resumed meeting in the headroom of caves of night, fireless and futile, have come down to us the racial memories that bring notice of the dark hatred of those less days. Even the blue mottled folk feel it and talk morning a Carolina town, a drooping cinnamon brown bundle of silent misery all week, busy into brooding, ringing soon to quiet the sun.

"Water, carrying an unwonted joy, sounds and gives scent to every growing thing. Even the fresh incense of the forlorn wildflowers.

The caressing fluidity through the dusty woods.

We look but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here;
The violet and the water lily seem
Like fragments from an Eastern dream.

Yet simple would the learned seem
Of lands where all the year is spring,
Where fragrant blossoms scent the air
And never blows a breath of care.

What is this Nature, that power divines in earth never-ending cycles and with such certitude? Is you can show that to be in wilful or darkling fit, and any other than Deity ministers have learned, and we are left with a misnomer for Nature's breath, in the catching of such the night-wrapped gust of the people, its morning flight of the sun-kissed breath, that have not power to control, for not yet seen.

Water to be wet, while Nature is not. That is the thought. Nature up to the water's level.

Water to be wet, and not answer with unwavering faith.

Nature, Thursday, thoughtful, too many obstacles, since she can not know what all day and yet not in the sun's warmth and a breeze with the scent, play crickets on the hearth, and the cricket's phrase, how can a people fledgling pave a shabby moral road, one's self. Would does it matter? To a very pleasant place, and we should make the most of it.

On the wilful hearted-shelf is a bowl of golden chrysanthemums, hardy astonishers of bloom that call dauntlessly into the very teeth of the black frost. I raise my youngster to whiff the tangy fragrance of this flower that says farewell to summer and with dimpled finger she touches the golden blossoms and says, "Pitty."

Pretty indeed. Yes, it is all very beautiful, and yet what a pity that within a few days such loveliness will be but a handful of brittle reeds.

. . . Ah, but there are the seeds thousands of them, wrapping in their tiny shell an embryonic urge to life that may sometime, deep beneath and see the fruition of another fall.

"There will come a day all sunshine and blue sky,
When I will hie the dusty town goodby
And come again to where the flowers grow—
Sweet-Williams and delphiniums in a row—
There will be lilies in the shady places
And violets with comfort in their faces
There will be little songs the blackbird utters
And quietude that cometh with these things."

And so, if I could, I would enjoy only the beauty that is all about us this Autumn, the color in the fields, the flaming glory of the trees, the orderly assurance with which Nature sets about her preparations for winter. The leaves drift to earth, the limbs are bare. Yet where the leaf parted is a lightly wrapped bud, sealed against the wind and sleets, dreaming across the waste months of the glories of another spring. In the fields winged seed pods drift like tiny balloons to prepare for resurrection in other pastures. Wingless germs of life are carried by birds, by animals, attach themselves to the clothing of the passerby, locking tenaciously to life beyond the wastes of winter, to May-time and the blossoming of another June. It is all very beautiful, and in the light-wrapped bud, in the drifting seed and blind urge to live against all there lies, it seems to me, for man a poem that may with the proper sentiment blossom for him into a flower of hope.

And then there are the creature comforts of the Autumn—the refreshing tang of sweet cider, the rich, mellow sweetness of golden northern fruit, the flavor of the fields in baked hersaw and lawny pumpkin pie. And there is snowy hominy and fat sausage, pone and fine sauce and Thanksgiving turkey. Ah, not all delights are taken by the mating feet of Time!

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At this, that and t'other until time to take coach and start away to fetch my wife, who has been visiting and enjoying a real fresh caring for her three children, of whom I am one, for the month or two years, poor fool that I scarcely can believe my eyes and mightily rejoiced to find that the cheerful luminary is showing his face again. So to bathe and shave and to a Sunday morning's breakfast of fried oysters, noble fare with golden coffee and hot buttered rolls, but a heavy task withal for a digestion that has reached the age of dignity and refuses to respond to treatment incompatible with its years. Yet mightily hoursen-ed, though with an eye to the pantry bottle, I celebrate the return of the sun after so soggy and dreary a week as I ever remember—a week of raging winds and misty days and downpouring of rain, with never a hint of the life-giving warmth to quiet the growing spirit.

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THE MUSKETEER REVIEW

The Musketeer Review, a monthly newspaper issued by the students of the Carlisle City Schools, made its initial appearance last week.

It is a highly creditable sheet and shows careful effort on the part of its editors and contributors. The publication is supported by a Student Activity Club in addition to advertising carried by local business houses. Each student in this club, which is unique in Kentucky schools, contributes five cents a week to a fund to defray expenses of publication. The club members receive a copy of the paper each morning for one week.

The Musketeer Review deserves the support of all citizens, which it will if it can be made a valuable training in its editors and contributors and is sure to prove instrumental in advancing and maintaining school spirit.

The Mercury welcomes its little sister into the realm of student life.

VANISHING SWALLOWS

All summer you watch a pair of swallows; you seem to be proud of them, to be proud their scores. Then a day comes when the swallows are beginning to be flocked with field mice, and in the hearts of the fruited robin-mothers are filled with fears that their young will not be safe for another year. Suddenly down the hill in the shadows of their swallows are a multitude of tiny swallows are gathered together, and there, and you know that soon they will be only birds of memory. Never flashes of the past, instead of the intimate little friends of your summer days. You can never know to what sun-baked meadow what warm field and purple-fringed tree they went on those swift wings of theirs. The seasons of two birds across the sky appeals subscribable to the imagination. They come from the farthest horizon, flying swiftly high in the blue, seeming their heart and soul exhilarating as hawk not whither. They go and come in typical place, some nest that is to be in wilds or darkling fir, and any other than their memories have learned, and we are left with a misnomer for Nature's breath, in the catching of such the night-wrapped gust of the people, its morning flight of the sun-kissed breath, that have not power to control, for not yet seen.

"OLD RING" VICTORIOUS

(Courier-Journal)

"Old Ring," central figure in two state campaigns and defeated at two legislative sessions, won a smashing victory in court when "Kaiser Bill," the Mount Sterling bridge dog, was saved from the firing squad.

"Kaiser Bill" was condemned as a sheep-killer, ordered slain, and repuffed on appeal to the Circuit Court, but got just as good as a habeas corpus to a dog from the Court of Appeals. By reason of the peculiar nature of the proceedings and the fight made for his life, "Kaiser Bill" became nationally famous. Strange, too, that in filing affecting a dog stirs up the neighborhood, sometimes from coast to coast. More than once Kentucky has been agitated by this issue involved in the case of "Kaiser Bill."

A quarter of a century ago the "new deal law" was dividing friends. It precipitated the historic debate in the State Senate, brought to a triumphant but abrupt termination by a quick-witted statesman who recited "Mary Had a Little Lamb," when challenged to match a symposium of eulogies on "man's best friend" with any classic reference to a sheep.

In 1918 a modern statute, laying emphasis on the protection of the sheep industry, succeeded the "dog law," which by that time had won the championship of the very element that originally opposed it, and the next year Ed Morrow began his crusade to "free Old Ring." His second essay at Ed in the Legislature's chair, but it didn't "free Old Ring." If it had, "Kaiser Bill" would not have succumbed for "Kaiser Bill" The court held that the law under which "Kaiser Bill" had been sentenced was repealed by the 1918 statute.

THE CONVICTION OF FALL

(Elizabethtown News)

Albert B. Fall, the Secretary of the Interior under the Harding administration, and last week found guilty by a jury in District of Columbia court of receiving a bribe of $100,000 from E. L. Doheny for the lease of Naval Oil Field. Nearly nine years after the offense was committed Fall was put a tremendous fine or serve a term in the penitentiary unless his case is reversed by a higher court. Fall could be fined up to twenty times $100,000, will be tried by the same court that convicted Fall for giving the bribe. It is rather a remarkable fact that the jury on the first ballot even came to a verdict, three for guilty and two not decided, should there be a verdict of guilty. The oil scandals seem to have belonged heavy with those who took part in the transfer of the Teapot Dome and the Elk Hills Naval Reserve. Bribery is in jail. Fall has been found guilty and Doheny is set to be tried. What a year this will make for Uncle Sam's calendar!

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, November 10, 1887

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kreakle, of Carlisle, a daughter.

Jenny Lind, famous Swedish singer is dead at her home in London.

John Miller to secure at Christian church tonight on "The Uses of Ugliness."

Second is broken for the construction of a Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Rose Hill.

New Christian church at Moorefield is the decided opposition in Bath county, destroyed by fire Friday morning.

Married—Miss Sallie A. Paris and Mr. Andrew Edwards, both of this city, by Rev. Dr. Hall, at the residence of Mr. Leslie Shropp, near Mt. John Goodloe.

Married—At the residence of the bride's parents on the 3rd inst., by Rev. John Hancock and Mr. Lemuel Hendrix, Jr., both of the county on the 3rd.

BUT NOT FOR LONGING

Others may not add to the earning power of a man but they may help to put more joy without a flaw in his life.

—The Pathfinder

A SELECTED LIST OF AMERICAN HISTORICAL FICTION

This list attempts to cover American history from the earliest days down to the close of the Civil War. Not all the books are of literary merit, they have been chosen because they are said to truly historical interest, although many are of little literary attractive. As the list is not exhaustive many good historical novels have probably been omitted:

I COLONIAL PERIOD
Austin—"Standish of Standish."
Bacheller—"Eben Holden."
Cooper—"The Water Witch."
Cooper—"Satanstoe; or Tales."
Devereux—"From Kingdom to Colony."
Hawthorne—"The Scarlet Letter."
Johnston—"To Have and to Hold."
Johnston—"Prisoners of Hope."
Johnston—"Audrey."
Rayner—"Prof. to Serve."

II REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD
Altsheler—"In Hostile Red."
Altsheler—"The Sun of Saratoga."
Brady—"The Grip of Honor."
Brady—"For Love of Country."
Chambers—"Cardigan."
Chambers—"The Maid at Arms."
Chambers—"The Reckoning."
Churchill—"Richard Carvel."
Cooper—"The Spy."
Cooper—"The Pilot."
Ford—"Janice Meredith."
Mitchell—"High Wynne, Free Quaker."
Simmons—"The Partisan."
Stephens—"The Continental Dragoon."

III FROM 1783 TO REVOLUTION
TO THE CIVIL WAR
Bacheller—"Dri and I."
Brady—"For the Freedom of the Sea."
Cable—"Dr. Sevier."
Cooper—"The Last of the Mohicans."
Cooper—"The Deerslayer."
Cooper—"The Pathfinder."
Cooper—"The Pioneers."
Cooper—"The Prairie."
Eggleston—"Roxy."
Eggleston—"Dorothy South."
Eggleston—"Graysons."
Page—"The Red Rock."
Page—"Gordon Keith."
Page—"Red Rock."
Johnston—"Lewis Rand."
Phelps—"Hemmenhaven."
Simms—"Allen of Old Clarendon."
Thompson—"The King of Honey Island."

IV CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION
Brady—"A Little Colonel in the South."
Brady—"The Southerners."
Brady—"The Cumbies."
Cable—"Kincaid's Battery."
Churchill—"The Crisis."
Dixon—"The Leopard's Spots."
Dixon—"The Clansman."
Eggleston—"Dorothy South."
Eggleston—"Graysons."
Page—"The Red Rock."
Page—"Gordon Keith."
Johnston—"Cease Firing."
Johnston—"The Long Roll."
Johnston—"Lewis Rand."
Page—"Red Rock."
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