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HOLD OUR FAIR BY ALL MEANS

The Mercury does not question the wisdom of postponing our annual Agricultural Fair until this fall. Just now few are in the mood to prepare for the early holding of the Fair and the absence of entries in the field and garden crops departments would be more noticeable now than later in the autumn.

But the Fair should be held, whether it is known by the usual name or is dubbed "Fall Festival," as has been suggested. Let this event die for one year and it will be almost impossible to revive interest in it again. The passing of our tobacco market is a case in point. We are in the habit of holding an annual Agricultural Fair and it is an excellent habit, good for both town and county.

This year we are facing the winter with more or less dread. The protracted drought, added to the universal business depression, has produced a state of mind that borders on panic. Dropping all our usual activities and recreations outside of work, is poor medicine for this condition. It is better to get together in our annual Fair or Festival and talk things over, even if it is "hard times" that we talk. Man is heartened by contact with his fellows in times of stress.

And then it may rain soon—and whether it comes too late to be of much benefit or not—a moist earth and flowing water courses will cheer us all mightily. By autumn, we shall be glad to get together, either to swap tales of our miseries or to rejoice that conditions are not so bad as they seemed in midsummer.

Let us hold the Fair or Festival by all means. Harrodsburg, Taylorsville and other points holding annual Fairs report record-breaking crowds this week. By starting work now, Nicholas county may have one of the most successful meetings of the kind we have ever had.

"Tree sitters are monkeys, even though they lack tails to wrap around the limbs," thinks the Glasgow Times with good reason. Of all silly, publicity-seeking stunts, tree-sitting is only exceeded by flagpole standing.

'LECTION NIGHT PASSES

Kentucky tried out the Brock-Gilbert election law in the Primaries Saturday. "Election night" is abolished and with it much of the unpleasantness that formerly marked the counting of the ballots. That, as this newspaper sees it, is one important point in favor of counting the ballots next day, which in this case, Sunday intervening, delayed the making of the count for two days. Sunday morning's papers failed to chronicle a single election night fight or killing. The interest in the Primaries was slight, it must be admitted, yet no matter how tame a political race in Kentucky may be, voters usually manage to get disputative and pugnacious on election night.

The faults of the new law will be evident, following this trial, for it is too much to hope that it is perfect. Amendments will be necessary, no doubt, and certainly "unstuffable" ballot boxes, Mr. Sampson's Commission having chosen a box into which it has been demonstrated papers may be stuffed, after the box is locked. Some go so far as to aver a pint bottle may be slipped in easily. All of which is typically Sampsonesque and may be remedied in time.

How a long ballot is to be counted in less than ten days, in Louisville, for instance, is one problem that will not be solved by the present Primary, the ballot voted Saturday being short and easy to count rapidly. In a Presidential election year, it seems to us, especially when the ballot is complicated by local races, it will require a small army of clerical workers armed with adding machines to get at the result within two weeks in the Kentucky metropolis and other larger cities in the State.

But all that may be worked out somehow. The Brock-Gilbert law is a step in the right direction, though crippled in its initial trial by flimflam ballot boxes into which ballots, pint bottles and whatnot may be stuffed. This writer rather likes the new method. 'Lection Night was lots of fun in some ways and in others a decided nuisance to newspaper folk. Saturday night was the first election day evening in many years that this writer has not been forced to sit at the office telephone, in an atmosphere reeking with tobacco, dying "moon," and occasional onion and honest sweat and answer questions until midnight.

The glamor of 'lection night is gone, but the Brock-Gilbert law brings its compensations.

We have found the recompense in the drought. It furnishes such an excellent alibi for our Republican friends, hard pressed to explain "Hoover Prosperity." And how they use it!

A MEMORIAL OF LIVING GREEN

A monument more inspiring, more beautiful than the soaring shaft at Washington would be that proposed by the American Tree Association as a memorial to our first President. Of the plan the Ohio State Journal says:

"This country has had nothing finer offered it during recent years than the plan of the American Tree Association in Washington to have 10,000,000 trees planted in honor to George Washington, the trees, no matter where they are planted, to be the living memorial to Washington on the two hundredth anniversary of his birth on Feb. 22, 1932. Here would be a memorial of living green, distributed over the nation, the offering of the people in forty-eight states, indicative of the everlasting love they bear the man whose courage and genius helped found securely the nation."

"AS A MATTER OF ROUTINE"

The Kentucky Park Commission, so called, passes a resolution in regard to acquirement of Cumberland Falls for State Park purposes, "as a matter of routine." If the people of Kentucky are able to save the Falls region through the generosity of Senator du Pont, the Park Commission is quite willing, it appears, to administer the area—and no doubt take the credit for adding Cumberland Falls Park to what the Lexington Leader calls its [illegible]

The majority of the present State Park Commission have not favored acquiring Cumberland Falls for the people of Kentucky. They have favored the consummation of the Sampson-Insull contract, the erection of a power dam and the granting to Kentuckians, of the priceless privilege of strolling, under restrictions, through a privately owned hydro-electric property. Had they been interested in the acquirement of a park area solely, the Commission would have obeyed the mandate of the Legislature. No one believed they would do so, nor was a move made to carry out the will of the Legislature during more than ninety days.

Condemnation proceedings, instituted by the Attorney General, are now under way. When the Cumberland Falls area is acquired for Kentucky and Kentuckians, the Park Commission, so called, will "accept" the park—because it must.

OUR SPENDTHRIFT ANCESTORS

Dollars spent during the gay, glad era of "Coolidge Prosperity," so called, would jingle sweetly i' the pocket these days of doubt, drought and penury. But they are gone beyond recall. Had our financial foresight been keener—but that's the way of waste. "Willful waste makes woeful want," was a wise saying dinned into youthful ears forty years ago, when thrift in the matter of money was in fashion. Back in the days of the puff sleeve, it is amazing how thrifty folk could be with their pennies and what spendthrifts they were with out natural resources. Trees that had reached maturity through fifty long years of slow and beautiful growth, crashed in an hour before the squanderer's axe. Black walnut, ash, hickory, oak, chestnut, cherry went for firewood and fence rails, to make room for tobacco, or to be sold for a song to the log buyer. Our ancestors, noted for their frugality, were reckless spendthrifts with their forests.

Today the results of this thoughtless prodigality is apparent in washed and rutted hillsides, ugly and useless, in farms once wooded and fertile, now a succession of bare and worthless slopes from which all top soil has been carried away by the rains. Trees would have held this soil. Trees will hold it, once these fields are brought back to usefulness. But it is a slow process. We pay for the wasteful extravagance of our fathers.

It is difficult, even in the face of this waste of timber, which should be apparent to all, to convince land owners that tree planting pays. We are too much interested in getting immediate results, it seems; not at all interested in the welfare of posterity in this regard. Yet now and then an occasional farmer "sees the light," and plants some native timber, and eventually the efforts of individuals (lovers of trees) and organizations preaching conservation may make economy of natural resources and thriftiness in this regard the fashion, as penny-saving was the fashion in the Victorian nineties.

President Hoover has ordered a national study of bankruptcy. There should be plenty of specimens for observation.

ALL TOO RARE

Ending an admirably written editorial in his Woodford Sun on "The Tyranny of Majorities," Editor A. A. Bowmar, ardent dry, concludes:

> There are undoubtedly some serious defects in the handling of prohibition, and I do earnestly hope and pray for the time when good fair, dispassionate men, of both the wet and dry sides, may sit down together, in kindness and good intent, and work the matter out.

Had we more such fair, sincere, intelligent discussions of this interminable subject of controversy, we would soon reach a satisfactory settlement of the most vexing question that has ever plagued this nation. But such sincerity, fairness and intelligence is rare on either side and men like A. A. Bowmar are rarer still, more's the pity.

Richmond Register: "Now that Bishop Cannon has married we are glad the Methodist conference did not discipine him because we feel he will be adequately taken care of.

BAYING FOR THE MOON

(Des Moines Register)

Those who have predicted flights to the moon, whether by rocket or by some other means, usually have been classified as lunatics. Yet this prophecy may yet be fulfilled as have many other predictions which seemed preposterous when first expressed.

John Q. Stewart, an asthophysicist on the faculty of Princeton University, believes that eventually men will travel to the moon. The first lunar flight, however, must await the building of a rocket-driven ship capable of traveling through empty space at more than 10,000 miles an hour. A maintenance of the increase in transportation speeds which has taken place since 1800 would make such a speed possible about 2050.

The ship which Professor Stewart describes would be a metal sphere of perhaps 110-foot diameter, with an initial weight of 70,000 metric tons. From all sides the ship would show protruding cannons, the firing of which would drive the stellar taxi in the opposite direction. To get away from the earth, the ship would have to fire about two and a half tons of shot a second.

Maybe some of our great-grandchildren will be able to use the moon as a convenient retreat from saxophones, political oratory, bill collectors, and congressional inquisitors. The lunar scene is barren, to be sure, and all visitors would require oxygen bags, but there would be relief from traffic congestion, radios and mosquitoes. And the ugliness of hot-dog stands and filling stations might be forgotten for a time at least, by those who visited the moon before 2052.

VACATIONS—1730 TO 2030

(Christian Science Monitor)

In 1730 Ebenezer Colonizer yoked his team of oxen, primed his flint-lock and, piling his family aboard a two-wheeled conveyance, fared forth on a vacation trip to his sister, Priscilla, who lived forty miles away over the hills. It was a long and adventurous trip and furnished a fund of reminiscence for years to come.

In 1830 Ebenezer Homesteader spent his vacation by taking the family to Boston on the stagecoach. It was an epochal journey; 100 miles were jolted over the ruts, and Grandmother Homesteader, years after, entertained the children by recounting its incidents.

In 1930 Ebenezer Flatdweller stepped on the self-starter of his automobile and, with a tent on the running board and his family in the rear seat, started on his annual vacation tour. He covered 1000 miles easily, and returned home entirely unconscious of having done anything extraordinary.

That the Ebenezer of 2030 may look back on today's vacationists as a romantic and primitive folk may seem a conjecture too ludicrous for consideration. Nevertheless, predictions of aeronautical experts indicate that within ten years the circle of the vacation tour of even the man of modest means may be expanded far beyond its present horizon.

Who, then, shall declare that the Ebenezer of a century hence may not embark in a device not yet imagined and soar forth to spend his recreational period disporting in the canals of Mars? Surely the transition from ox cart to airplane furnishes grounds for supposing that even such a feat may yet be made easily practicable.

30 Years Ago

Thursday, August 9, 1900

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Stack Mastin, of the county, twin sons.

D. B. Mitchell ships carload of cavalry horses to government last week.

Russell Mayes purchases interest of H. C. Reed in grocery store of Fritts & Reed.

Mrs. H. C. Metcalfe purchases residence of Mrs. M. S. Brayfield in East End for $600.

Prof. W. F. Ramey, of Carlisle, to conduct teachers institute for Clark county at Winchester next week.

I. B. Ross, trustee in bankruptcy for the Racket Store sells stock of goods at auction to Cole & Fisher for $945.

Dr. J. Letton Martin, son of Dr. W. H. Martin, of Carlisle, locates at Ashland for the practice of his profession.

Parks Hill Camp Meeting opens Sunday with every cottage filled and large crowds present daily. Rev. Sam Jones doing the preaching.

Died—Mrs. J. R. Taylor, 44, at her home in the county on July 30th.—Mr. William H. Jones 70, at his home near Headquarters on the 5th.

Married—Miss Mignie L. Brady and Mr. W. B. Mann, both of the county, on the 8th.—Miss Lucy J. Taylor and Mr. Henry F. Fryman, both of the county, on the 5th.—Miss Lizzie Brady and Mr. Newton J. Myers, both of Carlisle, on the 2nd.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, August 9, 1888

Mr. and Mrs. Eli M. Ewing, of Waco, Texas, arrive for visit with relatives and friends here.

W. H. Brown leaves for Chihuahua, Mexico, to see his son-in-law, F. M. Turk, who is critically ill.

Standard Oil Company to establish oil depository on old jail lot recently purchased from F. E. Congleton.

Both Arlington and Pavilion hotels at Blue Lick Springs are filled and reservations have been made until fall.

Barn containing 200 bushels of wheat, belonging to Littlejohn Long, at Headquarters, struck by lightning and destroyed.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new Carlisle and Pleasant Valley turnpike and it is expected to be completed by fall.

Died—Mrs. Daniel Talbert, 65, at her home in Carlisle on the 4th.—Mr. John T. Clark, at his home near East Union on the 5th.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. James L. Donnell, of the county, on the 5th, a daughter.—To Mr. and Mrs. John Fogg of Mt. Sterling, formerly of Carlisle, a son.

In the general election Monday, F. B. Henry was elected sheriff over his Republican opponent, W. H. Fritts, by a majority of 593. S. A. Ratliff to be deputy. John Harvey elected constable in this district without opposition.

MUST "TREE-SITTING" BE ENDURED?

(Christian Science Monitor)

Newspaper editors in Florida have chosen the direct and logical antidote for the farcical phenomenon of "tree-sitting," in which hundreds of boys—and girls—in various towns of the United States have engaged, each undertaking to sit in a tree longer than any other boy or girl. Members of the Associated Dailies of Florida have declared by resolution that they will refrain from printing further items about these youthful seekers of "endurance" records.

Perhaps the only thing which could go further to end this folly than the cutting off of publicity would be the cutting off of the food which apparently complaisant parents have been sending up to support this ambitious inactivity. To be sure, this is the vacation season, and some parents perhaps hope their boy will continue sitting in the tree until school opens when it will become the affair of the truant officer to get the boy down. In certain cases humane organizations and police have stepped in. Surely in extreme cases and where parents exploit their children's stunts for commercial purposes, public action is to be commended.

Other juvenile "endurance tests" reported from widely separated sections appear to be equally futile and even more harmful, while putting proportionately a more serious responsibility on the parents. What can be said for parents who permit their son to ride his bicycle, with a gathering of silly sight-seers applauding him, to the extreme limit of physical exhaustion? Report comes also of other forms of endurance tests, and tells the world, among other oddities, of two small girls who had been going up and down on a seesaw seven hours before the police stopped them. One hopes, at any rate, that it was their parents who called in the police.

Undoubtedly the craze has been fostered by—if indeed it is not entirely built on—publicity. The "endurers" like to see their names or pictures in the newspaper, and many of them are hoping to win movie or vaudeville contracts. And most of the newspapers are exploiting the phenomena for all they are worth. Of course, the blame attaches primarily to that section of the public upon whose morbid interest such counterfeit heroism feeds.

But newspapers have a responsibility. They can hardly be said to recognize it when they publish the statement of Dr. George Bigelow, Massachusetts Health Commissioner, that he believes the craze "shows the menace to our young of the hideous American institution called publicity," and then print in the same story just such publicity in the form of pictures and glorifications of "tree-sitters."

Police intervention should not be necessary. The proper mixture of ridicule and condemnation by press and public would soon end foolish and harmful "endurance contests," where parents lack the necessary wisdom. And possibly, too, parental wit may find ways to turn youthful energies into useful channels, although so far we have heard of no new "endurance records" for lawnmowing, taking care of baby or hoeing the garden.

Panama hats are made in Ecuador and are known there as toquilla hats.

SUNSHINE ON THE SHELF

(Isabel Fiske Conant)

When one jar is empty
There are many more,
Open yet another
As fragrant as before.

In the time of summer
You gathered from the briar
These berries, red and ripe
With the sun-fire.

If you are true woman
And no more lazy elf,
You will always have sun-clear
Glasses on a shelf.

—Christian Science Monitor.

"A WAS AN APPLE PIE"

"A was an Apple Pie
B bit it,"

ran the baby ABC of our childhood on little tripping feet. So Cadmus, maker of the alphabet, may have taught his children, though in other lands and in another tongue. Their baby accents may have slid gleefully over

"Big A, Little A,
Bouncing B;
Cat's in the Cupboard
And can't see Me!"

Perchance the little Phoenicians, like other children, did not much enjoy the learning of their letters till they remembered that, after all, it was their own father who had thought of it. Was not that something to be proud of? and it made the learning pleasant. But there are some who say, most unnecessarily, that Cadmus was a myth. Well, so be it; yet for all your saying, someone invented the alphabet, and what matter what we call him? Someone there was who thought of it in all its simplicity, discarding in that one glorious moment all the useless lumber of picture-word and hieroglyph that had gone before. Why have a picture when a sign would do? Pictured words belong to the childhood of the race, even as the child of today still has his Apple-Pie; when he is grown he asks for it no more.

To the ancients in the beginning the letters meant many things. To the Egyptian, oldest of all inventors, A was the Eagle, chief of birds, B was a Crane, C was a Throne. S was an inundated garden—cannot you see the Nile overflowing its banks? To the Hebrew "A" was Aleph, an Ox, "B" Beth a House, C a Camel. Each country saw in the letters the things with which it was familiar, but to the Phoenicians alone, the "colossal pedlars" of the world, belongs the first glory of spreading the alphabet abroad. They were the leaders of commerce and traders even to the far shores of Britain. Their ships carried their alphabet with them, the ancient shorthand of the East. When the Romans came and colonized the world they carried it still farther. Today all countries save a few are using the same alphabet, the same letters. Some day may not the words also be similar, and every nation speak one universal language? Then shall the Tower of Babel be no more.—Christian Science Monitor.

TRUMPET VINE

The throats of the little red trumpet-flowers are wide open,
And the clangor of brass beats against the hot sunlight.
They bray and blare at the burning sky.
Red! Red! Coarse notes of red,
Trumpeted at the blue sky.
In long streaks of sound, molten metal,
The vine declares itself.
Clang!—from its red and yellow trumpets.
Clang!—from its long, nasal trumpets,
Splitting the sunlight into ribbons, tattered and shot with noise.

—Amy Lowell, in "1777."

HUCKLEBERRIES

Well, now,—said I, suppose a good, clean, wholesome-looking countryman's cart stops opposite my door,—Do I want any huckleberries?—If I do not, there are those that do. Thereupon my soft-voiced handmaid bears out a large tin pan, and then the wholesome countryman, heaping the peck-measure, spreads his broad hands around its lower arc to confine the wild and frisky berries, and so they run nimbly along the narrowing channel until they tumble rustling down in a black cascade and tinkle on the resounding metal beneath.—I won't say that this rushing huckleberry hail-storm has not more music for me than the "Anvil Chorus."—Holmes, in "The Autocrat."

PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE

(Continued From Page 1)

Divine retribution. They may conquer us tomorrow, might and wrong may drive us from the field, but the hour of God's own vengeance must come.

"Soldiers, I look around upon your familiar faces, with strange interest. Tomorrow morning we will all go forth to battle,—for need I tell you your unworthy minister will march with you,—invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, your wives, and your children?

"My friends, I urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong. Walton, I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of midnight on the plains of Trenton; Shilmire, I might tell you of a mother murdered and a sister outraged, the shouts of the troopers as they despatched their victims, the cries for mercy, and the pleadings of innocence for pity. All this I might paint in terrible colors if I thought your courage needed it, but I know your are strong in the Lord. You will go forth to battle tomorrow with light step and determined spirit though the solemn duty of avenging the dead rests heavily on your souls.

"In the hour of battle, when all is darkness, lit only by the lurid cannon glare, and piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground and the dead litter your pathway, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you. He rides in the battle cloud. He sweeps on with the rush of the hurricane charge, God the awful, and the infinite, fights for you and you will triumph for 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.'

"You have taken the sword my friends, but not in the spirit of wrong and revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, your wives, and your little ones. You have taken the sword for justice and right. To you, the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword against everything that man holds dear. They 'shall perish by the sword.'

"Now, my brethren and soldiers, I bid you farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight tomorrow. God rest the souls of those who fall. Some of us may live to tell the story of the fight tomorrow. In their memory will ever rest and linger, the quiet scenes of this autumnal night. When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be cast over a peaceful land. God in Heaven grant it. Let us pray.

(Prayer) "Great Father, we bow before Thee. We invoke Thy blessings, we deprecate Thy wrath, we return thanks for the past. We ask Thy aid in the future. We are in times of trouble. Oh, Lord, and sorely beset by foes, merciless and unpitying. The sword gleans over our land, and the dust of our soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbor sand friends.

"Oh, God of mercy, we pray Thy blessings on the American Armies. Make our many hearts strong in Thy wisdom. Bless, we beseech Thee, with renewed life and strength, our hope and Thy instrument, George Washington. Shower Thy counsels upon the honorable Continental Congress now holding daily sessions in Philadelphia. Visit the tents of our hosts. Comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions. Nerve him for the fight, and prepare him for the hour of death. In the hour of defeat, Oh, God of hosts, be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be our guide. Teach us to be merciful, even now, when the memory of galling wrongs knock on our hearts for admittance, that they may fill us with a desire for revenge. Help us to spare the vanquished, though they spared us not, in their hour of triumph and bloodshed. In the hour of death guide us to the abode of the blest, that we shall return thanks to Thee through Christ our great Redeemer."

THE ROOSEVELT HOME

Outside of the house on three sides runs a broad veranda. At one end it is bowered in honeysuckle vines, which in summer give a drowsy sweet scent, and among whose blossoms bees and humming birds drone. The northwest looks towards the Sound, beyond which rise the blue hills of Connecticut. Big battered armchairs stand in groups. In the evening we gather there in the restful dark and talk to the creak of the rockers . . . .

Sagamore was built by Father in a wheat field. All the trees were planted by him, but even when I was little they were well grown. Maples, white birches, pines and poplars jostle one another in an orderly confusion. When autumn is on the land the white trunks and yellow leaves of the birches form a gorgeous contrast with the red of the maples and the somber breen of the pines. A weeping elm stands at one corner of the house. . . . For the last twenty years orange-liveried orioles have woven their purse-like gray nests in its drooping branches. Beneath it stands a blue and white basin filled with water in which the birds splash and from which the dogs drink . . . .

Not more than a hundred yards west of the house is the bay, with its ever-changing waters. Around our lawn stand beautiful trees. Near by there are dense bushes and hedges. They form a paradise for birds. In that enchanting half hour before sunrise there is a veritable chorus of song . . . .

In the evenings night herons fly down from the rookeries to wade in the shadows—dim shapes half seen against the fading sky.—Theodore Roosevelt, in "All in the Family."

MA A LA MODE

"There's mother's ashes in the jar on the mantlepiece."

"So your mother is with the angels!"

"No, sir; she's just too lazy to look for an ash tray."—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

AUNT JANE'S GARDEN

It was Aunt Jane's motto that wherever a weed would grow a flower would grow; and . . . her garden was continually extending its boundaries; and denizens of the garden proper were to be found in every nook and corner of her domain. In the spring you looked for grass only; and lo! starting up at your feet . . . came the golden daffodil, the paler narcissus, the purple iris, and the red and yellow tulip, flourishing as bravely as in the soil of its native Holland; and for a few sunny weeks the front yard would be a great flower garden . . . . But when I go back to Aunt Jane's garden, I pass through the front yard and the back yard between rows of lilac, syringas, calycanthus, and honeysuckle; I open the rickety gate, and find myself in a genuine old-fashioned garden . . . . In the middle of the garden stood a "summer-house," or arbor, whose crumbling timbers were knit together by interlacing branches of honeysuckle and running roses. The summer-house had four entrances, opening on four paths that divided the ground into quart-sections occupied by vegetables and small fruits, and around these, like costly embroidery on the hem of a homespun garment, ran a wide border of flowers that blossomed from early April to late November, shifting from one beauty to another as each flower had its little day.

There are flower-lovers who love some flowers and other flower-lovers who love all flowers. Aunt Jane was of the latter class. The commonest plant, striving in its own humble way to be sweet and beautiful, was sure of a place here, and the haughtiest aristocrat who sought admission had to lay aside all pride of place or birth and acknowledge her kinship with common humanity. The Bourbon rose could not hold aside her skirts from contact with the caggabe-rose; the lavender could not disdain the companionship of sage and thyme. All must live together in the concord of a perfect democracy.—Eliza Calvert Hall, in "Aunt Jane of Kentucky."

GROCERY BILL OF $13.72 WEEK

A family of four may eat well this summer for $13.72 a week, according to a summer food budget based on current prices, made public by the American Research Foundation.

"An average of $13.72 a week spent for food will provide the family of four with all the nutritional elements necessary to physical well-being and yield intriguing summer menus," asserts a bulletin from the foundation.

"Many staples are from 20 to 40 per cent below their 1929 level, while fresh fruits and vegetables offer chances to trim tidy sums off the food budget."

The housewife is urged by the foundation to buy in as large quantities as possible and to watch newspaper advertisements closely.

THE POPPIES ARE ASLEEP

(Mabel Whitman Phillips)

The poppies are asleep now
upon the lonely hill,
With petals rolled about them,
Their dancing measures still;
Hid in the cool green grasses,
Deep in the night's full shade,
Dreaming of sunlit spaces
Snugly and unafraid.

Dreaming of wandering breezes
That whisper many things,
When noon is at its fullness
And birds are on light wings;
When day is at its fairest
With laughter in the streams—
The poppies are asleep now
And mirthful are their dreams.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED

"Are your townspeople doing anything to improve the beauties of the countryside?"

"Yes, we're cutting down all the trees that obstruct the view of the billboards."

Blue was the sacred color of the Druids.

"Blot Out Your Worries
By Insuring"

G. C. BRUNKER
Representing
The New York Life Insurance Co.
"In Business For 85 Years"
FIRE-TORNADO-AUTOMOBILE
Phone No. 6511 CYNTHIANA, KY.

Feels Better Than Any Other Time in Life

"So great was my suffering that I hardly cared whether I lived or not. Every bite I ate gave me the most severe pains—the indigestion, heartburn, bloating and biliousness were simply terrific. Even nights were torments to me—night after night sleep would never come. I began losing flesh rapidly. I began to look twice my age. I was truly in a terrible condition. My neighbor advised Karnak for which I will thank her to my dying day. It is the most marvelous medicine in the world. It not only rid me of my suffering but it has caused me to gain in weight and I feel better than I ever felt in my life and sleep like a child. I thank my neighbor and I thank Karnak."

FOR SALE BY
HOPKINS DRUG COMPANY

KARNAK
RADIATES HEALTH

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

Twenty cases of typhoid fever have been reported in Pulaski county.

Dr. John T. Brown, Paris physician, died at his home in Paris Saturday night.

Aaron Karrick, 82, retired Harrison county grocer, died at his home in Cynthiana Sunday night.

Fire sweeping seven frame cottages on DeRoode street, Lexington, Sunday night, caused a loss of $4,000.

Marie Sloan, 13, was a victim of heat prostration Monday at one of Lexington's public play grounds.

A. T. Brock, of Columbus, Ohio, has accepted a position as assistant cashier of the Deposit Bank at Ewing.

The 12th annual Colored Fair opened at Lexington Monday with a parade through the main streets of the city.

The Bath County Agricultural Club, at a meeting at Owingsville last week, called off for this year the Bath county fair.

75 prisoners in the Frankfort reformatory were paroled last week by the state board of charities and corrections.

Mrs. Rose Slider, wife of Edward T. Slider, Louisville millionaire, was granted a divorce Friday and alimony of $100,000.

Three barns and a silo at the George Mooch dairy near Newport were destroyed by fire Friday, causing $75,000 damage.

Howard Morgan was arrested in Mason county Friday on a charge of setting fire to the home of Ed Pollmer on the Fleming road.

Six persons, five of them children, were drowned Sunday in the Ohio river at Louisville, when a boat containing 12 people capsized.

For half an hour each day, people of Ashland have been invited to gather at the Presbyterian church at that place and pray for rain.

Two negro men were burned, one seriously, when an oil lamp exploded at their home in Lexington Friday night and set fire to their house.

In the Pike circuit court at Pikeville Friday, J. T. Ward was given a verdict of $20,000 against Hillard Phillips, who shot and killed Ward's son.

The Paris city water works issued orders restricting the water supply to users Monday. No water will be available in Paris between 6 p. m. and 6 a .m.

The University of Louisville has purchased Simmons University at Louisville for $135,000 as part of a plan to provide higher education for negroes.

William Merringer, 44, of Paris, L. & N. engineer, died at the Massie hospital in Paris Wednesday as the result of being overheated on his locomotive.

Roy G. Smith, coach at the Winchester high school since 1925, has resigned to accept a position as teacher of chemistry in the Ashland high school.

Three men held in the Nelson county jail at Bardstown for firing into the home of Mrs. Franklin Hall on July 11, broke jail last Thursday night and escaped.

Mrs. Ann Gossett, 87, died at the Mary Chiles Hospital in Mt. Sterling last week from injuries sustained a few days before when she fell and broke her hip.

Officials of the Lexington automobile club threatened Monday to route tourists aorund Grant county, unless an alleged "speed trap" in that county is broken up.

Citizens of Shelbyville have filed injunction proceedings to restrain the Kentucky Utilities Company from reducing the city's water supply to two hours a day.

In a straw vote conducted by the Owensboro Messenger and Inquirer, Owensboro citizens voted 1,252 to 562 in favor of the operation of picture shows on Sunday.

A new weekly newspaper will be established at Richmond, the first issue being published today. The paper is owned by Reuben Lambert and W. F. Burnett.

Miss Hebe Mitchell took the oath Monday as clerk of the Fayette circuit court to succeed her brother-in-law, John H. Carter, deceased, clerk for the last fourteen years.

Prof. Guy Whitehead, 39, superintendent of the Lexington public schools for the past year, died in Louisville last Thursday following an illness of six months.

A milk condensery, cheese and butter plant to use 10,000 pounds of butterfat daily is planned at Cynthiana. Wisconsin capital will operate the proposed plant.

John H. Carter, 58, Fayette circuit clerk for the past 14 years and connected with that office for 35 years, died at a hospital in Lexington last week following an operation.

Users of water at Richmond find water in the tap only from 6 to 8 a. m., 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 5 to 7 p. m. The system was devised to make water available at meal time

Charlene Powers, of Lexington, was found guilty of assisting two young men to hold up and rob a man and was sentenced to 10 years imprisonment at Lebanon, Ind., Friday.

Revenue from the tolls of the municipal bridge across the Ohio at Louisville amounted to $280,000, or $70,000 in excess of the amount needed for liquidating the 20-year bonded debt.

The Maysville ordinance taxing drug store whiskey and doctor's prescriptions for spiritus frumenti was referred to committee for reconsideration, after a heated meeting Monday night.

Orie M. Howard, Cynthiana postmaster, was elected president of the Kentucky branch of the national Association of Postal Supervisors at the annual state convention at Louisville last week.

When her husband, seeking work, failed to return, Mrs. Laura Harney Richey, wife of Roy Richey, took poison at the home of relatives in Harrison county and died early Sunday morning.

While 1,000 spectators watched Sunday, Ray Woods, champion diver, executed a perfect back jackknife dive off Brooklyn bridge into the Kentucky river. "Shucks, that was easy," he said.

A Southdown ram, consigned by William Kelknap, of Goshen, Jefferson county, sold for $167.50 at the fifth annual sale of the Kentucky Accredited Sheepbreeders Association at Lexington Friday.

Rober H. Lucas will resign his post as commissioner of internal revenue this week, to devote his entire time to his duties as chairman of the executive committee of the Republican national committee.

Nick Davis, 60, of Ford, Clark county was placed in the Winchester jail after he is alleged to have attacked his family with an axe and run them all from the house. He cut up several pieces of furniture.

The home of Courtland Leer on the Maysville pike, two miles from Paris, was destroyed by fire early Monday. A valuable collection of historical objects was destroyed. The building was erected in 1797.

The incorporation of a sixth class village lying just outside the city on the Paris pike, to be known as North Lexington, was sought by 125 residents in a petition presented to the Fayette circuit court this week.

J. B. Ross, 25, Boyle county farmer, was shot in the head and seriously wounded by John Boswell, constable, at Parksville when he fled from the officer who was attempting to arrest him on a charge of petit larceny.

Lloyd Overby, 17, was seriously injured, Claude Parrot and Loony Ball less seriously hurt in Rockcastle county Monday, when the car of Rev. Claude McIntosh, in which they were riding, went over a ten-foot embankment.

Beech Hargis Noble, held at Newport in connection with the murder of a man at that place, is wanted at Jackson, Breathitt county, in connection with a jail raid nine years ago which cost the life of two women and a youth.

W. H. Bradley city prosecutor of Maysville, against whom impeachment proceedings had been instituted by the Maysville city council, denied charges preferred against him, but submitted his resignation to Mayor Clooney last Thursday.

William W. Hutchison, 79 years old, retired Mason county farmer, died at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Benjamin J. Clarke, near Mayslick, Sunday night after an extended illness caused by infirmities of advanced age.

For the second time in six months, the Standard Oil Co., filling station at Nineteenth and Main street in Paris, was robbed last Thursday night and more than 100 gallons of gasoline taken. Locks on the tanks were broken and taken away.

Isadore Ginsberg, of Middlesboro, left for Chicago Monday to claim the body of his kinsman, Jack Zuta, slain Chicago gangster. Zuta is said to have left an estate valued at half a million. He had often visited his kinsman in Middlesboro.

Miss Emma Sherrard, 23, of Louisville, was killed and her younger sister and her brother were injured at Louisville Friday when their automobile skidded from the road and struck an abutment in an effort to avoid a collision with another car.

Edward Meyers 19, prominent young Louisville boxer, and Hubert Hargrove, 17 also of Louisville, were found murdered, lying alongside a highway near Columbia Tenn., last week. The boys were hiking to the home of a relative in Columbia.

Walter Mitchell, 24, was found unconscious in a cornfield near the Levee, Montgomery county, last Thursday morning. Mitchell had been severely beaten with a blunt instrument. Stanley Willoughby was arrested and charged with the attack.

T. Scott Mayes, of Springfield, former state inspector and examiner, was selected as the Democratic nominee for circuit judge in the Eleventh judicial district at a meeting of Democrats at Lebanon last week to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Henry S. McElroy.

DU PONT PARTY VISITS CUMBERLAND FALLS

Son And Three Sons-in-Law And Delaware Governor Visit Falls Area

Inspection of Cumberland Falls on behalf of Gen. Coleman du Pont, donor of $250,000 to make possible the establishment of a state park at the falls site, was made Tuesday morning by a party of four persons.

The members of the party, Frank V. du Pont, son of General du Pont; Mr. Meeds, of New York; Governor Buck, of Delaware, and Jack Donaldson, of Wilmington, sons-in-law of General du Pont, arrived in Lexington at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday morning en route to inspect the falls.

The delegation which met the inspection party in Lexington was composed of Frederick A. Wallis, of Paris, president of the Cumberland Falls Preservation Association; Dr. T. W. Rainey, executive secretary of the association; John C. Doolan, of Louisville, one of the attorneys in the condemnation suit to acquire Cumberland Falls; Tom Gallagher, of Corbin; Tom Wallace, of Louisville, and John Stoll and Fred B. Wachs, of Lexington.

Gen. du Pont, who has visited the Falls several times during past years, was unable to make the trip on account of ill health.

NEW DRY CHIEF TO GO AFTER BIG VIOLATORS

Maintenance of "steady pressure" against the larger violators of the dry laws was announced last week by Prohibition Director Amos W. W. Woodcock as a guiding policy of the reorganized enforcement unit.

"I will not have our agencies following the course of least resistance and wasting their time upon pitiful, picayunish, non-commercial cases," he said. "I think the prohibition laws can be successfully enforced against commercial operations. I propose to make that our objective and not to dissipate our energies in other fields.

"I shall insist that a steady pressure be maintained against these commercial violations. I disapprove sensational methods."

Woodcock's statement was issued after a day spent in conference with the 12 administrators, recently appointed to take charge in the field, and a group of special agents responsible directly to the headquarters for investigation work.

Both Braille and Moon, who devised practical type for blind people to read with their fingers, were blind men.

THOS. B. TALBOT PROVOKES GALES OF LAUGHTER

Rev. Thos. B. Talbott, formerly of Carlisle, addressed the Rotary Club at Lawrenceburg recently and the Anderson News has the following account of the entertainment:

There was a lot of fun at the Rotary meeting last Tuesday noon when Rev. Thos. B. Talbot took the floor to entertain the members with a few yarns and wise cracks which delighted the audience and threw those present into fits of laughter.

The Reverend wanted to say something serious, and he almost did a couple of times, but at serious moments he would break out with some comical remark that started laughter.

Rev. Talbott is Superintendent of the Home Mission of the Presbyterian church and is located at Danville. He began his talk by thanking God he was not a Rotarian and went on to rap a number of the individuals present much to the delight of the others until it came their turn to face the rapid fire of jests that dropped so fluently from the Reverend's lips. Everything of course was in a good natured way and those who were slammed had as much fun as those who missed the fire.

The speaker wanted to get on to a more serious theme and had quite a time controlling the crowd after he had gotten them into such a hilarious mood. But he finally succeeded in quieting his audience long enough to give a short talk on acts of kindness and kindred ideas. In his talk he pointed out the fact that children merely do what they see others do, and say what they hear others say. He said if a little boy is heard swearing, it is because the boy heard some older person saying the same things, and pointed out that if the older ones did not take God's name in vain, the younger ones would not even know how, so it was the fault of those who really knew better, when a child says or does a sinful thing. He said when a mother holds a babe, the babe smiles because the mother smiles down on it. His children, he said, always cried when he held them, but added that he could not blame them, because anyone would cry if they had to look at him very long.

A barn on the farm of Everett and Glenn Stafford near Camargo, Montgomery county, was burned last Thursday, together with more than 6,000 bales of hay and other feed.

Nitrates used in making fertilizer are among the most important by-products from coal.

Canadian airplanes have tripled in the last year.

HONORS AT 4-H CAMP FOR LOCAL MEMBERS

Julian Atkinson, Clay Ritchie, Marjorie Rigg, Maurice Westfall Given Awards At Fleming Camp

(By C. B. Elston)

After several years of effort to reach Nicholas county children with this valuable instruction, those who have given serious consideration to their projects and other teachings, have begun to show up in contests with juniors in other counties. The awards given at the camp in Fleming last week were as follows: Gold Medal Camper, Julian Atkinson, Star Campers, Clay Ritchie, Marjorie Rigg and Maurice Westfall.

In a special charting class, given only to those who had attended camp two or more years, a test was given, the results of which showed the individual general attitude toward life, their fellow-men and club work in general. Only six in the group were able to pass this test and renew their 4-H emblem. Julian Atkinson again honored his county by heading this list.

This county also excelled in Junior Leadership shown by the fact that of the four tribe leaders, two of them, Maurice Westfall and Julian Atkinson were chosen by their fellow campers to lead them during the week. The tribe led by Maurice Westfall was high point group at the end of camp.

In the number of adult leaders present at camp our county fell down this year. More than twenty leaders from the other four counties attended the camp, Bath county furnishing eleven. These leaders, being the guests of Extension Service during the week experienced a vacation filled with pleasant associations along with light duties such as keeping score during the games and assisting the children in putting on small pageants and plays. The leaders ranged in ages from 20 to 65 and all expressed themselves as anxious to return another year.

Material for the handicraft work, note books and pencil sused by the boys and girls were donated by merchants in the counties.

A similar camp will be held again next year. Will your children profit by it?

PROOF

"Since you gave your son a car has he kept his promise to do more studying at college?"

"I'm certain of it, because he writes home much oftener now for money for books."

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