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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1930

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY EDITOR

Awake after a night's restless tossing, casting my poor accounts, the Lord help me! for the money-lenders seem disinclined, and sorely beset with the problem that afflicts all of us, poor improvident wretches, who have emulated the butterfly rather than the ant during the fat years of high prosperity. Yet we butterflies sipped at many a flower and caught lovely glimpses high over garden walls, while grubbing ants toiled and stored with never a look skyward—a pretty thought, yet bearing scant solace for him to whom the howling of the wolf comes, if ever so distantly. Truly the days of milord Hoover's reign grow such as to test the courage of the hardiest, a courage grown soft through disuse during the fat years of plenty. And how rare is real courage! of the kind that may be summoned to aid, in the grey stillness of a troubled night, at the zero hour of some mental crisis, when no fife thrills, no drum stirs to action. Rare and splendid is true courage and few men possess it. When they do, they rise above their fellows. Heigho! I must invoke this quality, if there is to be sound sleep o' nights for me this winter.

So, to welcome again the risen sun and another day and heartened somewhat by the rare sparkle of October sunshine. Topping a distant ridge the crows pass endlessly, lazily and the distant caw comes through the frosty air most sweetly typical to me of Kentucky; of pastures glistening with frost, save where a fat steer has slept, or the grassy nest of a rabbit has defied the icy rime. Away back along the path of memory comes the dragging of jingling stirrups across a porch, the creak of saddle leather, the low of cattle, hog-calling, the crackle and incense of wood fires under steaming lard kettles, the smell of the cold steel of a gun barrel and of powder on the fingers; the perfume of retting hemp, the aroma of country ham and boiling coffee—all these bodied forth from the realm of boyhood's recollection by the harsh, unmusical, but, to me, sweetly typical call of a crow. Lord! time flies, but memory sweetly lingers.

* * *

"I'll tell you," quoth Will of Avon, "who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal." And right well I remember the droning days of the schoolboy, when Spring burgeoned and Time stood still withal. But not again. Time flies, faster than the patter of the bare feet of my young daughter, a blonde nestling of two Maytimes agone, now precocious grown and mighty like her sex in teasing wiles, who comes to snuggle with me. And I put at her like a dotard parent for a verse someone has taught her and that she says with stumbling prettiness:

The wild geese are flying away from the fold,
With soft downy, feathers and bills bright as gold—
Their leader cries, 'Ready!' and onward they go,
And soon will come Winter with drifts of white snow.

A parroted jingle to her now, but some day I hope she will think with a thrill of the flying wedge of the wild geese drifting southward like a scudding cloud, of the whistling beat of the wings of the wild duck; that she will hear something beside a raucous cry in the call of a crow, be conscious of all the color and beauty that Nature lavishes so abundantly for him who will see on fallow field and bare-limbed woodland and the gloriously splotched canvases of her Autumn skies. For in Nature alone, I think, is the Change made beautiful and the hope of resurrection sure.

Of which thoughts my blonde fledgling, thank Heaven! now wots not at all and brings me out of such mental maunderings in a trice by jouncing sturdily a-straddle on a stomach that is not of the best early i' the morning. And I fear I have filled her young head too full of rhymes and jingles, for once a-rhyme she jingles merrily on through the metrical repertoire that a mischievous and doting parent has taught her. And I chuckle at this one:

Dogs in the mountain, fish in the sea.
Well, a red-headed woman made a wreck out of me!

Which is a base slander on my fledgling's sorrel-topped and more important parent, for if there has been done any wrecking, the teacher of the rhyme, aided and abetted by the taught, has done it. And so I plague her to repeat Lewis Carroll's quaint rhyme, her rendering of which never tires me, fond dotard that I am—

'Tis now high time de warrus sed
To spik o' urzer sings—
Uh shuse 'n ships 'n seein wax
'N cab-bag-gee 'n kings,
'N if uh sea is boyin hot,
'N weather fiss 'ave wings.

With the sentiment of which, as expressed in the second line, patient readers of this hodge-podge will doubtless agree.

* * *

So up and to a breakfast of country sausage, as fine as I have tasted this year, and to eat in the kitchen where one can spear the cakes from a sizzling skillet and reach gingerly into the oven for a biscuit that will melt the butter and so is a biscuit in every sense of the word and not the cold semblance of these poems of our Southern culinary art so often found piled betimes on a cold plate in the best o' dining rooms. And such hot biscuits and hot sausage and hot coffee, strongly brewed, are of the compensations of this dull season "when chill November's surly blast makes field and forest bare." There comes, too, to soften the winter of our discontent, spare-rib and snowy hominy and golden sorghum— gifts of the winter gods.

So to breakfast well and drink too much coffee, having backslid ingloriously as regards my boasted abstinence from the brew of the coffee bean—and mean to stop again some day, after the strain of my new house a-building. Lord help me! is over, when I will find still further excuse for continuing my morning cup I hope, for there be fewer solaces I find as Time begins to gallop withal, and the fragrant brew of the coffee bean is one of these.

* * *

Down into the town and to my new house a-building and envy the good workman, Gilbert Reed, the completion of what in April was a jumbled pile of wreckage. A great satisfaction it must be to the artisan to see his work grow and take form and the carpenter who builds well, it seems to me, is as great an artist as he who fashions a poem or paints a glowing canvas. And while I linger about the yard, I note the coming of the winter birds, the wrens and chickadees and downy woodpeckers, wondering, no doubt, at the passing of the stub of cherry tree on which a lump of suet has always hung, and I must remember to set a post for another bird lunch-station, for members of the hardy feathered tribe which winter with us are a constant source of pleasure to the bird lover. Winter overcomes their fear of man and they come close and feed fearlessly and their hardy courage under the scourge of icy wind and snow and sleet is stimulating to contemplate. Many lessons are to be learned from the winter birds. One is the quality of their courage in the face of difficulties; another is exemplification of the wisdom of the teaching of a carpenter's son, of Nazareth:

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Yet few of those of Nature's children who arrogate to themselves alone a soul—blessed and cursed with the gift of thought—are able to achieve the comfort of living for today.

* * *

To read the morning papers, filled with the doings of politicians, become, the campaign waxing hot, as the crackling of thorns under a pot. A bore is politics more than often, but this race has been not without a saving grace of humor. For surely it is not beyond the sense of humor of anyone, partisan or no, to appreciate the suddenness with which our friends, the Republicans, have been hoist with their own petard. Even milord Hoover, with the solemn dignity which marked his campaign in 1928, warned that his party was the guardian of Prosperity, which could be continued only through his election. So, it is amusing, particularly amusing to an unregenerate Democrat, to see the Guardians of National Prosperity put to the ignominy of admitting that no President and no Party has anything whatever to do with the financial prosperity of this country and that "Economic Causes" should be given all the blame, though heretofore denied the credit. Politics thy name is Buncombe! And right glad am I that the campaign is ended and that turning to another page of my morning paper I find the first interview ever given by Julius Rosenwald, master of more than three millions, in refreshing contrast to the claims and mouthings of some office-seekers. Says this wise old merchant: "My success is due probably to 10 per cent work and 90 per cent luck. I will revise that statement. It is due to 95 per cent luck." In Julius Rosenwald, I think, Diogenes might fittingly end his search.

* * *

At this, that and t'other all day, casting my accounts with doleful face and home in the grey of late twilight tired and discouraged. But in the glow of the firelight I sit and look at a young man, immersed in his reading, and note the "young mule" angles and the big-boned roughness of the young male and I am glad, yet yearn somehow for the round faced little lad who saw the prints of sleigh-runners in the sooty chimney, who only yesterday, it seems, fancied he heard in the hushed stillness of a Christmas Eve the elfin tinkle of reindeer bells. Soon he will face and buffet the tides of life, sink or swim, as the fates and his own hardihood decree. Again Time gallops withal!

And she, who came to us with the roses of two Maytimes past, when peonies flaunted their beauties in my garden and the blue of delphinium vied with the azure of the skies and the slim catbird sang so feelingly to his brooding mate, comes now to my knee with all the chatter of her sex to charm me from the doldrums. And I, foolish dotard, in defiance of the psychologists who forbid such truck, take her on my knee and prompt her to say a verse of the old ballad that rang through my head one whole week of that Maytime, when the catbird sang from my cherry tree in joy of four blue-green eggs in a nest, and my heart sang for joy of a blonde nestling that came to us with the first of the roses. So, intrigued, I fancy, with the name of the heroine of this old ballad, come down over the Wilderness Trail from the highlands of Scotland to us, because it is her name, my baby does her best to sing:

'Twas in the merry month of May,
The green buds they were swelling;
Sweet William came from the Western States
And courted Barbara Allen.

* * *

As I sit later in the glow of a dying fire on the hearth, there comes to me a thought that I have read—the thought of someone groping to see beyond the curtain, to bolster a drooping faith, to achieve the comfort of a philosophy—that as we live again in our children we shall achieve immortality. Who, with certainty, shall say?

So to sit the fire out and presently to sleep.

The Love Of Woman

(A. A. Bowmar in The Woodford Sun)

In Sunday's Courier-Journal, in the "Point of View" department, Hugh Malcolm McCormick has a poem which concludes with these pessimistic words:

"Whoso shall love a woman
He shall pay, pay, pay—
Till his worn heart be broken
And love shall pass away."

It is usually in youth that we men take these gloomy views, so I imagine that Mr. McCormick must be a young man. After reading his well-written verses, I picked up a pencil and wrote the lines given below. As they were the work of a few minutes, and as I am not a poet, I recognize the fact that they have no literary merit, but I publish them simply as the effort of an older man to allay the sadness of the Courier-Journal's poet. As Ben Johnson said to Sylvester in the rhyming contest, my lines are not poetry, but they are the truth:

Fear not to love a woman,
'Twill fill your life with glory,
With tenderness and laughter,
With poetry and story.

Fear not to love a woman
Whose heart is good and true,
'Twill set your feet upon a road
Which you shall never rue;

For though it lead o'er hill or dale
Or o'er the pathless sea,
The end of it is happiness
Great as can ever be.

A journey through the world for her
Though ev'ry step were pain,
Would count but naught when you could look
In her dear eyes again!

Frost In The Night

(Charles Grenville Wilson)

Last night before the third cock crew, the flowers
Began to marshal on the broad highway,
From garden nook and field they came for hours
And formed their ranks in colorful array;
Till just before the dawn blushed in the East
That sprightly host in gorgeous pageantry
Took up its march, unseen by man or beast,
Southward to warmer wind and sunnier sky.

And all that we could find at break of day
Were bivouacs untenanted and lorn,
And tattered tags of their pavilions gay,
But as we were about to grieve and mourn
And turned as if to follow in their track,
We heard the words, wind-borne,
"We will come back!"

30 Years Ago

Thursday, November 8, 1900

Rev. B. A. Dawes arrives to assume pastorate of Carlisle Baptist church.

Dr. M. Dills installs new X-Ray and electric treatment machine, the first of its kind in this section.

Edmund Cummins and E. T. Rule announce as candidates for the Democratic nomination for Assessor.

Robbers enter store of Miss Jonie Cain Monday night and steal about four dollars from cash drawer.

Robert L. Parks leaves for Cincinnati to take position as bookkeeper for the H. & S. Pogue Company.

Tom Spratt, negro, found dead on the farm of Samuel Anderson Monday his death being due to a heart attack.

In the election Tuesday, J. C. W. Beckham was elected Governor and James N. Kehoe was elected Congressman from this district.

In Squire Brady's court last Friday Ed Moran was held without bond on a charge of murder in connection with the slaying of Robert Scott near Carlisle on October court day.

Died—Mr. David Dinsmore, 51, of Carlisle, at a Cincinnati hospital on the 1st.—Clarence Caldwell, 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Caldwell, formerly of Carlisle, at their home at Nottingham, Ala.—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. George Smart, at their home in the county on the 1st.—Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Parker, at their home in the county on the 6th.

Married—Miss Cynthiana Dallas and Mr. Harry Conway, both of Carlisle, on the 6th.—Miss Addie Morris and Mr. George H. Fuller, both of the county, on the 1st.—Miss Elizabeth Mattox and Mr. Rolla Kenton, both of the county, on the 1st.—Miss Inez Burgess and Mr. Oliver Clay, both of the county, on the 3rd.—Miss Maymie Ryan and Mr. W. M. Tucker, both of the county, on the 7th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, November 8, 1888

Herman T. Conway leaves for South Canadian, Indian Territory on prospecting trip.

One of the biggest crowds ever seen in Carlisle attends John Robinson circus here last Thursday.

Many fights staged here election day. Al Myers, deputy sheriff, cuts Jim Williams, a negro, about the head when Williams resists arrest.

Charles Stump, who has resided in Carlisle for the past several months, disappeared from his home last Thursday and nothing has been heard of him since.

At the request of a number of women, city council, in session Monday night, passes ordinance providing for a fine of $10 for spitting on the floor of any church in Carlisle.

In the election Tuesday, returns indicate election of Benjamin Harrison over Grover Cleveland for President. T. H. Paynter, Democrat, elected Congressman from Ninth district. Nicholas county gives Democratic majority of 549.

Married—Miss Mollie L. Duckworth, of Carlisle, and Mr. Christopher Herr, of Harrison county, on October 31st.—Miss Nora S. Griffin and Mr. John D. Lynam, both of the county, on the 1st.—Miss Clara Brookings and Mr. J. D. Linville, both of the county, on the 1st.—Miss Laura Gilvin and Mr. William R. Cooper, both of the county, on the 4th.

THE DYING YEAR

(Wm. Beebe in "The Log Of The Sun.")

When a radical change of habits occurs, as in the sapsucker, deviating so sharply from the ancient principles of its family, many other forms of life about it are influenced, indirectly, but in a most interesting way. In its tippling operations it wastes quantities of sap which exudes from the numerous holes and trickles down the bark of the wounded tree. This proves a veritable feast for the forlorn remnant of wasps and butterflies,—the year's end stragglers whole flower calyces have fallen and given place to swelling seeds.

Swiftly up wind they come on the scent, eager as hounds on the trail, and they drink and drink of the sweets until they become almost incapable of flying. But, after all, the new lease of life is a vain semblance of better things. Their eggs have long since been laid and their mission in life ended, and at the best their existence is but a matter of days.

It is a sad thing, this, and sometimes our heart hardens against Nature for the seeming cruelty of it all. Forever and always, year after year, century upon century, the same tale unfolds itself,—the sacrifice of the individual for the good of the race. A hundred drones are tended and reared, all but one to die in vain; a thousand seeds are sown to rot or to sprout and wither; a million little codfish hatch and begin life hopefully, perhaps all to succumb save one; a million million shrimp and pteropods paddle themselves here and there in the ocean and every one is devoured by fish or swept into the whalebone tangle from which none ever return. And if a lucky one which survives does so because it has some little advantage over its fellows,—some added quality which gives just the opportunity to escape at the critical moment,—then the race will advance to the extent of that trifle and so carry out the precept of evolution. But even though we may owe every character of body and mind to the fulfilment of some such inexorable law in the past, yet the witnessing of the operation brings ever a feeling of cruelty, of injustice somewhere.

How pitiful the weak flight of the last yellow butterfly of the year, as with tattered and battered wings it vainly seeks for a final sip of sweets! The fallen petals and the hard seeds are black and odourless, the drops of sap are hardened. Little by little the wings weaken, the tiny feet clutch convulsively at a dried weed stalk, and the four golden wings drift quietly down among the yellow leaves, soon to merge into the dark mould beneath. As the butterfly dies, a stiffened Katydid scratches a last requiem on his wing covers—"katy-didn't—katy-did—kate—y"—and the succeeding moment of silence is broken by the sharp rattle of a woodpecker. We shake off every dream of the summer and brace ourselves to meet and enjoy the keen, invigorating pleasures of winter.

SIMILES

As uncomfortable as a deckhand on a submarine trip to the north pole.

As worn as a detour around a toll gate in Scotland.

As crusty as a hitch-hiker.

Her head is as easily turned as a turnstile in a Piggly-Wiggly store.

As careful as the average driver right after the trade-in.

As dowdy looking as a habeas corpus lawyer.

As broadminded as a bellboy at a resort hotel.

As chaste as a hat on a windy day.

As cold as a Sunday night supper.

As well worn as the lower rungs of the ladder of success.

As tickled as the man who has found a $5 bill in last summer's suit.

As tanned as a saddle.

OUT OF A JOB

He comes cheerfully down to the side door of the plant where a "No Admittance" sign bars all but employes. There is a good lunch in his dinner pail. The family is well. They are going on a picnic tonight in the car, which is almost all paid for. After he gets home, he'll listen to a program over the radio, which is only half paid for. The thought of those future payments on household equipment may give him a little qualm at times, but after all, he can meet them. He's got a job.

But has he? The foreman meets him as he goes in.

"Orders to lay off 20 men," he says. "You're on the list, Jim. Sorry."

It happens that quick. One moment, a contented prosperous citizen, the next, a jobless wanderer with a great fear in his heart.

Urban workers are living on the edge of a precipice. Their pay envelope provides but little surplus; sickness, bad luck, or bad management may keep them using up every cent every week with no reserve. When the job stops, when pay stops, it means lower living standards, often real suffering for the family, always mental anguish for the family's head.

Until the worker has another job, every industry in the country suffers. Cattle prices go down because folks can't afford steak; butter prices go down because a jobless family buys cheap substitutes; the effect is felt in every field.

What can we do about it? We can't ask individual employers to keep men on when business is bad. That would simply mean bankruptcy for the employer and worse results for everybody in the long run. Individual action will do little good. It is a case for collective action by the whole nation. —Wallaces' Farmer.

DID YOU KNOW?

That the man who piloted the U. S. S. Oregon through the waters of the Argentine republic on her great trip in the Spanish-American war is still living? He is a British subject living in Punta Arenas.

That a vessel of the United States navy was used in an emergency to supply light and power to one of our American cities? The U. S. S. Lexington came to the aid of Tacoma, Wash., last spring.

That there are about 175 different ratings in the United States navy?

That men over 74 inches in height may not be enlisted in the United States navy?

The above information was furnished by the United States navy recruiting office, McDowell building Third and Walnut streets, Louisville.

OLD FAVORITES

THE EARTH AND MAN

(Stopford A. Brooke)

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

UNFORTUNATE

"Did you enjoy your trip to Newbunkport?"

"No, we had to detour around some of the best billboards."

UNDER SUSPICION

"Are mosquitoes bad around here?"

"Well, I never seen any good mosquitoes, did you?"—Florida Times-Union.

Why Women Prefer ALLEN'S PARLOR FURNACE

Modern Heat With Oldtime Fireside Cheer

WHEN you buy an Allen's Parlor Furnace you will have, not only the most modern and efficient above-the-floor warm-air furnace, but a heating system that offers you these advantages:

1—Combines circulated, moist, warm-air heating with old-time fireside cheer.
2—Harmonizes with latest furniture. Beautiful natural walnut effect is reproduced in porcelain—enamel finish.
3—Burns any fuel—saves 25 to 50 per cent. Generously proportioned doors and firebowl.
4—No smoke, dust and dirt. Hot blast smoke consumer. Efficient with cheap fuels. Ash door is on the side and closed when grates are shaken. Roomy ash pan.
5—Designed and constructed low on the floor to warm lowest strata of air, insuring warm floors.

C. R. KING

"I Haven't Used Tuxedo 50 Years, but—"

"I've used it the whole five years I've had my own farm, and I know Dad used to swear by Early & Daniel when I was a boy.

"I've proved to my entire satisfaction that Tuxedo Dairy Does lengthen the lactation period—Does build up the cow's health—Does make more milk—Does lower milk costs. And so I'm mighty glad to wish the makers of Tuxedo a very prosperous 50th Birthday, because they've certainly contributed to my own prosperity."

50TH TUXEDO FEEDS ANNIVERSARY

Every sack of Tuxedo Dairy is a scientific blend of selected grains, mineral salts, and pure Cane Molasses—milled in the exclusive Tuxedo manner. A high-quality feed, yet the cost is surprisingly moderate. Always sold by progressive, conscientious dealers, who will give you real service. Try Tuxedo!

Carlisle Mill & Supply Co., Carlisle. Millersburg Coal & Lumber Co., Millersburg. Sharpsburg Milling Co., Sharpsburg.

Tuxedo Dairy

A Protein Content for Every Requirement—16%, 20%, 24%, 32%

2 Radio Programs a Week—over WLW { Every Tuesday, 12 noon—"The Tuxedo Xylophonist" Every Friday, 12 noon—"The Tuxedo Fiddlers"

Public Sale Of City Property

As agent for Mrs. Green Feeback, I will expose at public auction to the highest and best bidder, on

Monday, November 10

at 1:30 o'clock, P. M.,

a lot of ground, containing 7 acres, more or less, lying near the city limits of Carlisle, Nicholas county, Ky., known as the "Frey Slaughter House Lot," located at the foot of North Street, and having an entrance from North Street. This is a first-class pasture lot, now down in rye and timothy, virgin soil, well located and watered.

Also at the same time and place will sell the dwelling occupied by the late Green Feeback, located on North Street, in Carlisle, Ky., near the vacant lot, said dwelling consisting of six rooms, well located, with necessary outbuildings, good condition; equipped with water and light. Immediate possession.

Terms will be reasonable and made known on day of sale. The purchaser may take this property and pay for it from same. Immediate possession given.

For further particulars, call upon

R. M. SMITH,
Agent for Mrs. Green Feeback.

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

The Citizens and Deposit Banks at Vanceburg have consolidated.

The new school building at Dover, Mason county, will be dedicated next Tuesday.

Eck Hewitt, 22 years old, shot and killed Felix Isbell, 21, in Warren county Saturday.

Ms. Mary Helton, of Knox county, last week celebrated her 107th birthday anniversary.

A large number of cases of diphtheria have been reported throughout various sections of Kentucky.

A total of 10,933 persons in Louisville registered as being unemployed in two days registration last week.

Mrs. E. P. Thomason, 80 years old, died at her home in Millersburg last Thursday following a short illness.

Twenty-six bids were submitted for the construction of a new postoffice at Harrodsburg, the low bid being $62,200.

The plant of the Marion Milling Company at Marion was destroyed by fire Friday night, causing damage of $35,000.

Arthur J. Ries, 46, Louisville merchant, was burned to death Saturday when gasoline kept in his garage exploded.

James H. Baker, widely known thoroughbred horse trainer, died at his home at Lexington last week from a paralytic stroke.

Brady Case, 56 years old, sheriff of Bracken county, and Mrs. Lela Gregston, 53, both of Brooksville, were married Saturday night.

Wayne Williams has been appointed postmaster at Owingsville to succeed Lewis McCoy, who resigned, and has taken charge of the office.

A number of citizens of Paris have filed suit in the Bourbon circuit court to require the water company to funish 24-hour day service.

Mrs. Anna Thompson, 87, a native of Paris, who as a girl claimed she shook hands with Abraham Lincoln, died at her home in Cincinnati Thursday.

Basil Duke, 73, native of Maysville, was found dead in bed in his room at a hotel in Huntington, W. Va., his death being due to a heart attack.

Despondent because he was out of work, Collins Isaacs, 23, ended his life at the home of his mother in Richmond Thursday by drinking poison.

Clarence Neace, 23, is dead and his brother, Logan Neace, 18, is wounded as a result of a gun battle Sunday afternoon on Lost Creek in Perry county.

Jake McIntosh, 67, shot and killed his 50-year-old wife and then ended his own life with the same pistol at the McIntosh home in Webster county Friday.

At a mass meeting at Irvine Friday night, $300,000 stock was subscribed for the establishment of an overall factory which will employ several hundred people.

Putting her foot on the accelerator when she intended to apply the brake, cost the life of Mrs. Ruby Kirchoff, 47, when her automobile missed a boat dock at Paducah.

Leaping from a wagon when a mule team became frightened and ran away, Rufus Crawley, 65, farmer, was killed on his farm near Madisonville when he fell under the wheels.

Worthley Tipton surrendered to authorities at Irvine Friday to answer a warrant charging him with being the driver of a car which struck two women walking along the road.

A man and woman identified as Mr. and Mrs. G. W. O'Connor, of Arizona, were killed Tuesday when their automobile was struck by a train at a crossing near Middlesboro.

The three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wick Tackett was burned to death and a younger child seriously injured Saturday when fire destroyed the Tackett home in Pike county.

Two unmasked white men, whom he had stopped to give a ride, robbed Roy L. McCormick, of Lexington, of $34 shortly after 8 o'clock Saturday night on Angliana avenue in Lexington.

Seth B. Goodman, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Dalky Goodman, of Hardin county, was severely burned when he fell into a kettle of boiling water at the home of his parents.

Miss Ethel Dunn, 22, student at Transylvania College at Lexington, was seriously burned last Thursday night when a Hallowe'en costume she was wearing ignited from a gas stove.

George Bentley, 70, a recluse, was found dead in the ruins of his home in Pike county last Thursday. It is believed the aged man was robbed and his home set on fire to cover up the crime.

Harry A. Thomas, 64, recluse, was found dead in his home at Henderson Monday with a fractured skull, caused it is believed, when his cork leg caught in a crack in the floor and caused him to fall.

Prohibition agents from the Lexington office last week conducted a series of raids in Morgan, Elliott and Menifee counties in which ten large stills were destroyed and seventeen men arrested.

The court house at Lebanon was declared "unsafe and a very insanitary place to hold court" by the Marion county grand jury in session last week. The jail was also pronounced in bad condition.

At Kansas City Friday, Paul Kauffman confessed he strangled 17-year-old Avis Woolery to death after luring her to Kansas City from her home near Leech, Boyd county, on the promise of a job.

Bryant Emmons, of Maysville, was arrested last week on charges of being an accomplice of George Hornback in the attempted robbery of a store at Maysville in which Hornback was shot and seriously wounded.

Charles Cain, 55, Madison county farmer, was killed instantly Saturday night when an automatic shotgun in the hands of his son-in-law, Searcy Portwood, was accidentally discharged while the men were coon hunting.

Five steel boxes, believed to be part of the loot obtained by bandits who robbed a bank at Leipsic, Ind., last week, were found near Todd's Point in Shelby county last week. One of the boxes contained $3,200 in bonds.

Two Kentuckians are listed among the recipients of 124 scholarships awarded by Yale University. The Kentucky students are Don Edwards Cooper, a law student from Somerset, and Robert Galvin, art student from Berea.

In the Whitley circuit court last week a jury returned a verdict awarding Marion Hood $250 damages against the Eaton Drug Company, of Corbin, for selling Hood Jamaica ginger which caused "jake leg." Hood sued for $25,000.

Twenty-three persons were hurt in automobile accidents in Kentucky Sunday. At Dry Ridge five persons were hurt, none seriously, when three automobiles piled up. Eighteen persons were hurt in accidents near Louisville.

Henderson Johnson filed suit in the Fayette circuit court last week in which he seeks damages of $5,000 from Anna C. Smith, alleging she alienated the affections of the plaintiff's wife and caused separation of the couple.

Judge Cochran has suspended the five year penitentiary sentence imposed in federal court upon John Mills, former cashier of the First National Bank at Russell, who pleaded guilty to embezzlement of $21,000 of the bank's funds.

An hour after he had purchased a new Ford automobile in Paris and parked it in front of his home at Millersburg, Prof. O. L. Mullikin, superintendent of the Bourbon county high school reported that the automobile was stolen.

The University of Kentucky Wildcats suffered their first defeat of the season Saturday when the powerful Alabama Crimson Tide defeated the Kentucky team by a score of 19-0 before a crowd of more than 20,000 people at Lexington.

When three youths attempted to rob the cash register of Charles Marshall, proprietor of a restaurant on the Richmond road in Fayette county Saturday night, Mrs. Marshall entered the room with a shotgun and frightened the men away.

Fire of unknown origin swept the century-old log residence of Miss Olivia E. Israel, owner of the Thorndale Stock Farm near Lexington, causing damage of $30,000. Practically all of the furnishings, including many priceless antiques, was destroyed.

Miss Sara Gordon, 21, of Paris, a student at Transylvania College, suffered severe cuts over both eyes and lacerations about the body Sunday when an automobile driven by George Jackson, negro, crashed into her automobile in Lexington. Jackson was arrested.

381 defendants were convicted in federal court at Louisville during the session which closed Saturday. Sentences totaling 77 years in the Atlanta penitentiary were imposed on 47 men, jail terms totaling 64 years were imposed on 225 and fines totaling $8,835 were assessed.

Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. James Breathitt narrowly escaped injury Sunday night near Elizabethtown when Mrs. Breathitt lost control of the automobile in which they were riding and the car plunged over an embankment near Elizabethtown. Neither one was hurt.

Thaddeus Cheatham, former County Judge of Spencer county, entered a plea of guilty in federal court at Louisville last week to a charge of unlawfully accepting a fee in connection with the handling of a certificate under the World War compensation act. Sentence was deferred.

Flames caused when a kettle of kerosene, thought to be water, exploded while sitting on a stove, trapped 11 children in a negro school house at Henderson Monday, burning one fatally and two others seriously. The teacher, T. J. Bryant, 68, was badly burned on the face and hands.

Ed Green was lodged in jail at Hopkinsville Sunday on a warrant sworn out by his wife, Louise, 15, known in Western Kentucky as the "mule bride," charging him with kidnaping her at the point of a pistol. Mrs. Green left her husband while they were living in Detroit, she said, when she learned her husband had "bought" her from her father for a team of mules and a wagon.

Kentucky Tobacco Tax Shows Heavy Increase

Internal revenue receipts from the tax on tobacco manufactured in Kentucky during the first nine months of this year exceeded the figure for the corresponding period of 1929 by $2,186,925.07, according to a report issued by the Treasury Department last week.

Federal taxes collected in Kentucky on cigarettes showed an increase of over $2,000,000, while the increase on manufactured tobacco and snuff amounted to about $165,000. Taxes collected on cigar manufacturers in Kentucky, on the other hand, showed a decline of about $22,000.

Kentucky collections on cigarette manufactures amounted to $10,038,540 for the first nine months of this year, compared with $7,994,280 for the first nine months of last year. The amount collected during the first three-quarters of this year on manufactured tobacco snuff in Kentucky amounted to $2,597,961.73 compared with $2,432,897.22 during the same period of last year. The collections on cigar manufactures for the first nine months of 1930 was $146,227.33 compared with $168,626.77 during the same period of last year.

Only three States exceeded the Kentucky figure on Federal tax collections for cigarette manufacture for the first three-quarters of 1930, whereas five States exceeded the Kentucky figure for the corresponding period of 1929. The three States with higher figures on Federal cigarette taxes than Kentucky thus far in the current year, are North Carolina, $179,638,405; Virginia, $62,046,042 and New Jersey $11,741,262. During the first nine months of 1929, in addition to these three States, the figures of California and New York also exceeded the Kentucky comparative figure.

Stunted And Frosted Crops Cause Trouble Among Stock

The dry season with its stunted and immature crops is resulting in many inquiries to the Experiment Station, University of Kentucky, regarding feeding smutty grains and moldy forages. There have also been many inquiries regarding the danger fom feeding frosted crops, such as sorghum, sudan grass, clover, alfalfa, rye, etc.

The Department of Animal Pathology states that there is no danger from feeding smutty corn as such.

Several cases of botulism or forage poisoning have been reported in the state. This is a specific toxemia. The toxemia is produced by the germ Bacillus botulinus. The germ is more apt to grow on immature smutty or moldy feeds than well matured clean feeds. In the case of an outbreak of botulism there are two courses open.

If there is only a small amount of the feed that is causing the trouble, then destroy the feed.

If there is a large supply of valuable feed, animals may be rendered immune to the disease by treating them with the anti-botulinus serum and continue the animals on the feed.

Frosted forages may cause indigestion, colic or bloat, but are seldom fatal. Sorghum and sudan grass sometimes are poisonous immediately after frost, especially if the plants are immature. This is due to a formation of prussic acid. Sorghum is more dangerous than sudan grass. Frosted clover and alfalfa often cause severe bloating. Rye rarely gives trouble.

To avoid danger from frosted crops keep the stock in at night and until the frost has disappeared in the morning. Feed hay before the animals are turned out and provide plenty of salt and water.

Strawberries Should Be Grown In Every Garden

A new circular called, "Strawberries for the Garden," written by Prof. A. J. Olney, head of the department of horticulture, University of Kentucky College of Agriculture, says that strawberries are a delicious fruit that should be grown generally in home gardens. The average yield of a matted row 300 feet long is about 50 quarts, but 125 quarts is not unusual if the patch is given good care.

Prof. Olney, in his new circular, gives in a concise manner full directions for growing strawberries, including soils and fertilizers, plants and planting, varieties, cultivation, mulching and the like. Copies may be obtained from county farm and home demonstration agents or by writing to the College. Ask for Circular No. 238.

QUICK RELIEF FOR COUGHING SPELLS

Famous Prescription Stops Them Almost Instantly

The amazing success of this prescription called Thoxine is due to its quick double action; it immediately soothes the irritation and goes directly to the internal cause not reached by ordinary medicines. The very first swallow usually stops even the most obstinate cough.

Thoxine is pleasant tasting and safe for the whole family. Your money will be refunded if it does not give better and quicker relief for coughs or sore throat than anything you have ever tried. Put up ready for use in 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. Sold by Tureman & Son's Drug Store.

STRANGE BEAST

Equestrienne: "I had a close call while riding in the park this morning. My horse shied and I—"

Motorist: "Don't tell me that there are still horses that shy at automobiles."

Equestrienne: "Oh, no. You see, we met another horse."

During the month of October the Kentucky Children's Home Society, Lyndon, has found homes for 104 children, according to a statement by Dr. D. B. Waller, manager of the Home. This is the highest mark for any month in the history of the Home.

Expect Good Baby Beefs At Bourbon Stock Yards

The ninth annual Fat Stock Show at the Bourbon Stock Yards in Louisville Nov. 12, 13 and 14 promises to be one of the best in years, according to entries in almost every division. Junior agricultural club boys and girls in 23 counties have entered a total of 540 head of baby beeves, while at least a normal number of entries are being made in the Smith-Hughes and adult feeders' sections.

Four-H Club members, who have won many of the top honors in previous shows, expect to be contenders for high places in the open classes this year. Wayne county will send the largest number of animals finished by 4-H Club members, 78 head of mixed cattle, most of them well fitted.

Garrard county, always a contender for first places, both in the club show and in the open classes, will present 48 well-finished Angus calves. Previous to last year, the Garrard county club won five consecutive carload grand championships at the Louisville show. Bottorff Bros., Goshen, Ky., won highest honors in 1929.

Washington county's 4-H Club will show 34 Shothorns and Angus; Shelby county, 34 Angus; Union county, 38 Shorthorns, Angus and Herefords, and Jessamine county 26 Angus. Eighteen other counties will have smaller numbers of well fitted animals at the show.

The cattle will be sold at auction following the show. Most county farm agents report prospects of a fair profit on 4-H Club calves, despite the shortage of pasture and water.

Premiums to the amount of $5,000 appropriated by the Commonwealth of Kentucky will be divided among the winners, payable through the Kentucky State Fair Board.

Gives Control Measures For Fruit Tree Pests

The United States Biological Survey has developed a method of poisoning oats to kill field mice that damage fruit trees. The oats are steamed, slightly crushed and poisoned with strychnine, in such a manner that the mice eat them readily. A mixing plant has been established to funish orchard owners the bait at low cost. Fruit growers interested in this new system of killing mice should write to the Department of Horticulture, Experiment Station, Lexington.

Another winter enemy of the orchard is the common rabbit. W. W. Magill, extension specialist for the College of Agriculture, advises the use of one-inch mesh poultry wire, placed about trees. This will cost about 3 cents a tree, and should last 10 years. Wrapping with newspaper will last a year. Treatment of tree trunks with chemcals, paints or other materials is not recommended, and sometimes kills trees.

Fire is a third important orchard hazard in winter. Apple and peach trees are very tender and often killed when fire sweeps through the orchard. Fire guards or barriers may be disked around and through the orchard at little expense.

ON REARING CHILDREN FROM CRIB TO COLLEGE

You owe it to your child to bring him up in the best possible way. Bringing up children can be the happiest, most worthwhile job in the world or the most difficult and worrisome. Mistakes almost always can be averted if parents are helped to understand their problems of child care and training and shown how to deal with them patiently and wisely. Parents are made not born. In order to become a successful parent you need to keep constantly in touch with the latest and best methods of child care and training. There are experts in the field who can help you. The foremost authorities are advising parents everywhere every month through the pages of "The Parents' Magazine." Such vital matters as obedience, sex education, finicky appetites, baby care, adolescence, temper, character, character training and many other everyday problems are treated with simplicity and understanding. What these authorities are doing to make parenthood joyous and successful for other fathers and mothers they can do for you. "The Parents' Magazine" will bring you this invaluable counsel on every problem connected with the rearing of children from crib to college. The attractive subscription rates are $2.00 for one year or $3.00 for three years. Subscriptions will be received at the office of this newspaper or may be sent direct to the S. N. Department, The Parents' Magazine, 261 Fourth Ave., New Yok, N. Y.

ENCOURAGE THE PULLETS

The pullets in the poultry flock can be "egged" on to increased egg production in the winter by good housing conditions and regularity of feeding. Artificial lights may also be used, but the limit should usually be a 12-hour working day, and the length of day should be very gradually worked up to this point. Green feed in the ration tends to increase their appetites and to make them eat more mash. Remember that a good ration for laying stock should include scratch grains and a mash, meat food, green food, mineral food, grit, and drink. It is a good plan to give layers a daily supply of sprouted oats in the winter. The morning feed should be a light one so that the hens will be kept scratching most of the morning; and the evening feed of scratch grain should be sufficient to have the birds go to roost with full crops. The best material for the floor litter is wheat or oat straw, about 4 inches deep. Renew the litter when it gets damp and dirty damp and dirty litter is not conducive to good egg production.

Roy E. Davis, pastor of the Pentecostal Baptist church in Louisville, was given ten days in jail and four women members of his congregation were given fines of $5 on contempt of court charges after an indictment against Davis charging violation of the Mann act had been filed away in federal court.

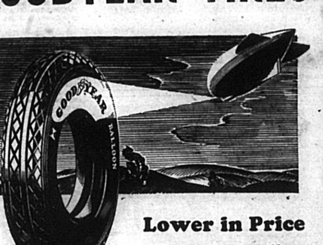
HUNTING TIME NEAR

The time for hunting is fast approaching.

Within a few days the familiar sound of gun and dog will be heard in the open. 'Round the fireside, the restaurant table, in the cozy corner, will be heard stories of the hunt. Like the beam in the woman's eye, hunters lie and lie and lie—so do fishermen, if we mistake not.

The open season will soon be here. The tang of the frosty morning sends a thrill of the open tingling down the spine of every lover of wild life. In each there is a desire to hunt, to kill, to enjoy the greatest of all sports—quail shooting, or grouse, or pheasant, perhaps. Rabbits, too, furnish their share of sport for many but the dread disease, tularemia, with which rabbits have been infected for several years, has brought these little animals into ill repute in this country and fewer are being consumed each season.—Springfield Sun.

GOODYEAR TIRES



Lower in Price
Higher in Quality

Than Ever Before in History of Tires

Remember—We are selling Goodyear Tires cheaper than Mail Order Tires

And in addition put them on your wheel.

Come in and let us show you the new tire---the latest thing out

Harper's Garage

KROGER YOUR Neighborhood PANTRY STORES

YOUR CHOICE!

Tomatoes — Corn
Peas — Green Beans

Standard Pack

3 CANS 25c

Soda Crackers	C. Club 2 lb. Pkg.	25c
Apple Butter	Country Club 28 oz. jar	25c
Pink Salmon	In 1 lb. cans 2 cans	25c
Malt	C. Club or Old Wurzburg 3 large cans	$1.00
Corn Meal	Bulk. 3 lbs.	10c
Navy Beans	3 lbs.	25c
Marrowfat Beans	2 lb.	25c
Pinto Beans	2 lbs.	15c
Pancake Flour	C. Club. 20 oz. Pkg.	9c
Tomato Soup	Barbara Ann 4 cans	25c
Oleo	Wondernut Oleomargarine 2 lbs	35c
Milk	C. Club Evaporated 3 cans	25c
Prunes	Large 40-50 size Bulk Lb.	10c
P&G Soap	7 bars	25c
Hominy	Large can	9c

COFFEE

Finest Quality Coffees at low prices

French Brand, lb. 35c
Jewel, lb. 25c

SPECIAL!

Smoked Callies, lb. 18c
Bean Bacon, lb. 18c
Country Bacon, lb. 20c
Fresh Pork Sausage lb. 25c
Sliced Pork Shoulder lb. 25c

Fresh Fish and Oysters Daily