THE CARLISLE MERCURY

ESTABLISHED 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

Member Kentucky Press Association
Member National Editorial Association

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1930

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

For United States Senator
(Long Term)
MILLS W. LOGAN

(Short Term)
BEN WILLIAMSON

For Congressman
FRED M. VINSON

A Phantom Of Hope

If, as Mr. Robinson is reported to have said in a speech at Clinton, "the tariff is the hope of agriculture," then is the farmer "listening with credulity to the whispers of fancy" and pursuing, without eagerness, a phantom of hope. For the tariff was never intended to help agriculture, being a protection for infant industries in the early history of this country and a subsidy for grown-up industries today!

One wonders if the platform makers ever believed for a moment that the tariff could help the farmer. It is doubtful if the farmer has ever been considered. But tariff schedules can help him. Certainly the last presidential election, with religious prejudice and the prohibition question the main issues, demonstrated nothing in this regard.

Senator Barkley shows, by reports of the Department of Commerce, that our exports, following the enactment of the Grundy Tariff, have fallen off at the rate of one billion dollars a year in the last six months. Restoring our foreign market certainly cannot help agriculture. If proof of this is needed, Monday's daily newspapers carried a Washington interview with Senator Barkley in which he made the following statement:

"In proof of the recent statement which I made concerning the effect of the Hawley-Smoot tariff upon our foreign trade, the President of the United States was yesterday visited by a delegation of English and American business men and warned that the people of England would not continue to buy grain from the American farmer if unreasonable and indefensible tariff rates were to be maintained against their own country."

If Mr. Robsion's reputed statement that the tariff is the hope of the farmer is to be taken seriously, and if it is the only hope Mr. Robsion's party has to offer agriculture, the Red Cross may find its relief work extending into 1932.

Giddap!

Herbert N. Casson, industrial journalist, writing in Forbes Magazine says business pessimists have their uses, for "hundreds of fortunes have been made by buying from pessimists." Investment dollars, thinks Mr. Casson, are being sold in the United States for thirty cents.

All of which may be true, but in these parts it is difficult to find thirty cents, let alone investment dollars. And yet it is better to believe, with Mr. Casson, that our business depression is mental largely and that there is really no actual reason why business should not move on than to give way to pessimism.

"When a horse balks," writes Mr. Casson, "the balk is in his head not in his legs. He moves on when he thinks he will. When Mr. Cr-soon's 'horse' of big business decides that it is time to move, perhaps we small fry of the drought-stricken country districts may hitch our little wagons to the big van. Giddap!

A Summer Of Silent Fields

It has been a silent summer, lacking in bird song, lacking in the beauty of green fields and forests that is the portion of this region. Between the slim rainbird ceased his singing and endured with the dull silence of August in late June. Even the morning whistle of the cardinal was muted in the blasting heat of this unusual summer and only since the rain came have the bubbling, ringing songs of the Carolina and Bewick wrens been heard. The song sparrow, indefatigable singer that he is, beginning his trill in a sunny fence corner in February, languished under the blazing sun of July, the "cheer up, cheer up, cheer" of the robin heard now and then in normal seasons in pauses of the feathered symphony, ceased with the rains in April. Even the chatter of the martin colonies was breathless, lacking in cheer. One who loves the music of our feathered choristers found himself "listening to the silence." A strange summer, indeed, lacking the beauty and melody, that is of the season. And now Autumn stands . . .

. . . shadowless like silence, listening

To silence .

Yet we are to have a taste of summer's song and beauty, if the frost comes late. Yesterday a chattering trill from a roadside maple heralded the coming of the warblers, passing guests, colorful, dainty, with diminutive trilling songs, who will stop with us to rest during this month and next, busily searching each leaf and bark crevice for insects every moment of their stay. Today flashes of lemon yellow, of chestnut, perhaps the flaming orange of the tiny redstart may be noted in the trees of your yard. Tomorrow these little pilgrims are gone on another lap of their journey from the deep woods of the far north to the tropics.

Perhaps we may yet have a belated season of beauty, for the rains are bringing the glorious greens of spring and this morning a wren sang—cheerily, cheerily, cheerily!"

Tuning In The Receiving Set Of Memory

"Youth, large, lusty, loving—Youth full of grace, force, fascination!

Do you know that Old Age may come after you, with equal grace, force, fascination?"

Here's hoping Whitman was right. For a certain radio program came as a decided shock the other night to one who is not anywhere near that Byronic age where one "calls his old debts in . . . to square the accounts of evil and find a decured balance with the devil." No, indeed, not even of middle age, in these howling days, when no difference is to be noted between Grandma and Fanny the Flapper, both going you and at street level, except that one is "sure that she wears 'em" in the case of both.

But here came that program, "for the old folk," as the announcer put it, in the exuberance and ignorance of his youth—"Comrades" and "Rosie O'Grady," "Little Annie Rooney" and "After the Ball." And waves of memory poured in with the ether waves. Lord, now they poured and for a moment swamped one secure in his conviction that a man is only as old as he feels, so long as he keeps away from mirrors in the morning and doesn't rush in where angels fear to tread and attempt to dance with the Jesse fille of these "Black Bottom" days. They were quiet memories, but more exciting somehow than the most barbaric jazz that ever had its birth in the beat of Congo tom-toms. And that's a bad sign for the case we would make for sustained youth.

"Comrades, comrades; ever since we were boys,
Sharing each other's sorrows,
Sharing each other's joys."

Barefoot boys idling along a winding brawnh; riding an old fat mare that wagged her ears with the rhythm of her runnin' walk. The long, long dreams of youth. Some day men might be like the birds. Huh! "On eagles wings and light on daddy's wood-pile" that's what they'd do. And this fool talk of a homeless carriage—dagnoni! I'd take a good truthin' mare and a Moyer runabout every time. Yes sir, I would.

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady I used to know;
She's my pretty lady—O, everyone knows;
And when we are married, so happy we'll be;
For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,
And Rosie O'Grady loves me!"

Folks with tubes in their ears and wearing silly expressions hearing of the saccharine charms of the "Big Broadcast" by way of Edison's graphaphone. Would wonders never cease? Some said the Wizard was going to make a record that wouldn't scratch, a flat record that needn't be fixed with two fingers splayed out inside and wrapped carefully in cotton. No telling. Why, you could reproduce your own voice, though the resultant performance might give your descendants a weird idea of grandpa's vocal powers. Still, these inventions couldn't do everything. A lot of fool talk and prophesying some folks did.

"It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage—
But you'll look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two."

These "safeties" sure were the thing and now they were making "airdens" and you could take your girl on the front seat and hum the wind." That was before the day of "making time."? But the fool contraptions scared horses, people said, and some young smart alecs wouldn't stop and pull off to the side of the road. They made boys bump-shouldered, the oldsters claimed, but gosha mighty! didn't a pneumatic tire ride easy, the tires gotten used to an old iron wheel velocipede? Youth and progress were in accord in the roaring nineties, as always and forever.

"Kissing my sweetheart,
As only lovers can
Down fell the glass, pet,
Broken—that's all—
Just as my heart was
After the ball."

One looked on, while "bright lights were gleaming in the grand ball room." It was a little devilish, to dance, in our community, even the graceful measures, not the poetry of motion, the waltz. Devilish, though one stood a yard removed from his partner and shuffled all tactile sensation with a handkerchief, where the right hand touched the whalebone. And the boisterous gallop of that new-fangled dance, the two-step. Well, hellish, it was, decided the oldsters and the youngsters, themselves, dallied with this sinful lope cautiously.

Hobson? Not so long ago, not so long ago. But long enough, the Lord knows!, Dadblast radio programs reminiscent, anyhow! They leave the receiving set of memory blind in afternoon! For six hours after that program, memory wouldn't quit receiving. Mercy on us! where did they all come from?

Kathleen, manoumers, the grey dawn is breaking; the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill . . . white wings that never grow weary. I'll spread out my white wings and sail home to thee . . . my Pa owns a billygoat farm; keeping billygoats ain't no harm—tararara boomdeay! tarara boomdeay! . . . the World's Fair, from the only one ever, at Chicago, the lagoons, the Midway, waiters beating boomps-a-daisy that tin waiters . . . but no automobiles only whisperings of a horseless carriage—

And one's son talks of airplanes and riding in the contraptions with as much insouciance as one thought of mounting the narrow seat of a Columbus buggy and dangling a left foot out with nonchalant self-consciousness, in the days of the linen duster. And on top of it all, on a magazine must carry an article about Tom Sharkey, the old Sharkey. He was young when we knew him in the Fourteenth street. We were quite young, quite young, and somewhat nervous at the honor of meeting the fighter who had never met his match, except in one of Jeffries, that mountain of a man. Tom's hand was like a ham; his forearm and wrist like an oak beam. "I hit the booger," he said of Jeffries, "I bit him hard; I sprained me arm, but I couldn't stop him." "Poor old Jeffries," they said such a few years later, when he faced that negro panther, Johnson.

Old age? Dum vivamus vigilamus! Which, if our paltry knowledge of the language is no worse than it was in the "mauve decade," is one way of saying, "while we live let's keep awake." Charles Henry Webb, who was born in 1834 and died in 1905 puts it into verse:

"Friends I have had both old and young,
And ale we drank and songs we sung;
Enough you know when this is said,
That one and all, they died in bed.
In bed they died and I'll not go
Where all my friends have perished so."

And so it is, that at midnight, one with whom memory has been playing strange and sentimental pranks, shuts bed and manufacturers this editorial space-filler.

Going the old evaluation of news that is news—that of a man biting a dog—one better, the Ewing Inquirer carries the following personal item: "D. T. Biddle fiead his two hound puss Monday."

The Earth Keeps Faith

Mark well the sun these early days of fall. The months allotted it are sped and you have a reckoning to make. Welcome indeed last March, when the frost had its warming and blooms appeared almost in a night from ground that had been blanketed with snow. But since then? Has the sun kept faith? How often here in the city it has baked the indoor world until the worker almost cried aloud for relief. And all the while it was reminding him that man was not meant to live all his life indoors, that if life is worth working to maintain, there must be time for play and rest. And even as it roasted, it warmed the water in rivers and lakes for our enjoyment.

Now begins the farewell. Not sudden like the coming of the spring, that in a few weeks had burst into full green summer, but lingering with us. Tribe by tribe the birds take flight. The goldenrod blooms and yields to asters and to gentians for those who know their country. Pleasant warmth lasts through the daylight hours, but nights remind us to have the blankets ready.—Milwaukee Journal.

THEY'RE IN A BAD FIX

(Editor A. A. Bowman,
In the Woodford Sun)

Our Republican brethren are in a position of much difficulty in this campaign. From the days when Mr. Harding called for "a return to normalcy," they have put all kinds of planks into the one plank, "Prosperity," and now they are up against it. With frenzied zeal their "medicine makers" have tried all the year to soothe us by the sag and get him on the track again, but their panacea appeals to him by "get a move on" have only emphasized the cheapness of talk in its relation to money.

It is probable that things are now on the mend, but it is definitely evident to the people "that the Republican leaders have had nothing to do with it—that they have been able to do nothing but talk—and to pass a tariff bill which has angered our foreign customers.

Since 1920 the Republican leaders have had but one slogan, but one policy: "Get the money." And the money got has landed his favorites on them in their hour of need. How much better off would we have been had they meditated upon the words of a great Republican of the past, James Russell Lowell:

"Material success is good but only as it is primarily preliminary to all things. The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the spiritual impulses, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind. There is no other . . . our candidates for office may."

Partisan Democrats as I may be, I am thankful that I live in a day when the Republican party has had in the building of this nation such a part as is fectly familiar with the long roll of illustrious men to whom the party can point with pride and the use of which is familiarity with the party's achievements and with the glorious men of great men who are now sleeping in the earth. I think of Judge Milo Lowry, did not utter political bunk at Frankfort, but true words, when he said:

"The present Republican party as typified by those at the head of the party in the state, is not the party of the Republican party of Lincoln and others who wrought for it in days that are gone."

The one great achievement of the Republican party was an enduring record for which I gave Mr. Hoover unstinted praise, to this audience was the ratification of the naval treaty. And that accomplishment was only by the help of the Democrats, after some of the most conspicuous and small-minded Republican leaders had tried to destroy it!

THE PASSING OF THE FLOCKS

By William Beebe in "For Log Of The Sun"

It is September—the month of restless waiting for the birds Weeks ago the first migrants started on their southward journey the more stay-at-homes, sect-eaters going first, before the goldenrod and other late nesters had half finished housekeeping. The northern warblers drift past us—Audubon's, magnolia, blackburnian, Canadian flycatching, and others, bringing memories of spruce and balsam to those of us who have lived with them in the forests of the north.

It's getting too cold for the little fellows," says the wiseacre, who sees you watching the smaller birds as they pass southward. Is it, though? What of the tiny wings wren which spends the zero weather with us? His cool blood is no warmer than those birds which have gone to the far tropics. And what of the flocks of birds which we occasionally come across in mid-ocean, of species which apparently migrate to Brazil? It is not the cold which deprives us of so many summer friends, for at least the great majority of them, it is the decrease in food supply. Insects disappear, and only those birds which feed on seeds and the like, or are able to glean an occasional from the crevices of fence and tree-bugs, can abide . . .

This fir-de month to climb out on the roof of your house to get a good look and listen. He is a stolid person indeed who is not moved by the chirps and twitters which come down through the darkness. There is no certain answer! This is one of the greatest of the many mysteries of the migration, of which little is known although much is guessed, and the bright September nights may reveal to us—we know not what undiscovered facts.

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive; what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God sends his hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or driving snow,
In sometime, his good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In his good time.

—Robert Browning

She: Don't you think sheep are the most stupid creatures living?
He (absently): Yes, my lamb.

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, September 20, 1900

H. C. Lee leases room to be vacated by Breslin & Reed and will open men's furnishings store.

Robert Spencer purchases barber shop in basement of Cole building and takes charge of the business.

Miss Amelia Lee leases rooms in basement of Deposit Bank and moves her millinery store to new location.

Mrs. Aurelia Secrest purchases Henry Templeman property on corner of Chestnut and Maple streets for $4,000.

Blue Grass Grocery Company leases room formerly occupied by Racket Store and will open glass and queensware department.

T. N. French, purchasing agent for the Continental Tobacco Company, transferred to Carlisle and will move with his family in this place

Mayor W. J. Kennedy calls mass meeting of Carlisle people at court house Thursday night to raise funds for relief of sufferers in Galveston disaster.

Eastern Kentucky Fresstone Company, with headquarters at Somerset by L. E. Mann, E. G. B. Mann, Fletcher Mann, T. M. Mills and Charles Wood, receives order for $20,000 worth of stone to be shipped at once.

Married—Miss Jennie Adamson, of Carlisle, and Mr. G. M. Tolle, of Manchester, Ohio—Miss Mary Vanmeter and Mr. John Shea, both of the county, o nthe 19th.—Miss Lee George and Mr. Thomas Drummore, both of Carlisle, on the 19th.

Died—Mrs. William Hughes, at her home in Carlisle on the 12th.—Lemuel Smith, 2 year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sims, at their home near Carlisle on the 14th.—Mrs. Mary Harvey, 90, at her home near Carlisle on the 15th.—Robert Hughes, 82, at her home near Oakland Mills on the 17th.—James Hull, at his home near Upper Licks on the 19th.—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Quiett at their home near East Union on the 14th.

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THIS, TOO, WILL PASS AWAY

(John G. Saxe)

"Give me a motto," said a youth,
To cheer whom years had rendered wise,
"Some pleasant thought or weighty truth,
That briefest syllables comprise,
Some word of warning or of cheer
To grave upon my signet here;
Act, reverend father," said the boy,
"Since life, they say, is ever made
A mingled web of grief and joy.
Since cares will come, and pleasures fade,
Pray let the motto have a range
Of meaning fitting every change."
"Sooth," said the sire, "methinks you rove
Still,
A motto somewhat overnice,
That well a finer brain might task;
What think you, lad, of this device,
Older than I, though I am gray,—
"Tis simply: This, will pass away.
When walled on by fortune's breeze,
Prepare, by time, for rougher seas;
Though smiling be he thine to-day,
Remember this will pass away.
When all the sky is draped in black,
And heart beaten by tempestuous gales,
Thy struggling bark seems all a rack,
Then trim again thy tattered sails;
True, O my son, be not too proud,
Nor yet cast down; judge thou aright:
When skies are clear expect the cloud;
Prepare for darkness wait for coming light;
Whate'er thy fate may be to-day,
Remember this, too, will pass away."

TOO MANY SONGS

(Amanda Benjamin Hall)

Too many pretty songs are sung—
There is no snow left in speech,
No burly splendor of the tongue
With power to grip or reach!

Words that were giants long ago
Are bred to-day of poorer bone.
They cannot lift my heart although
They strain forever at the stone.

A specialized eye, ear, nose and throat hospital is being built at Washington University, at St. Louis, Mo.

KEEP SMILING
GET YOUR HEALTH WHERE OTHERS RECEIVED THEIRS
W. G. COWAN
CHIROPRACTOR
Carlisle, Ky.

666
Relieves a Headache or Neuralgia in 30 minutes, checks a Cold the first day, and checks Malaria in three days.
666 also in Tablets.
A. T. GARDNER
Optometrist
Eyes Examined—Glasses Fitted
Farmers Bank Building
CARLISLE, KENTUCKY.

It's Time To Begin Furnace Repairs
Or To Install a New One
THE MONARCH Boiler Plate Furnace
is guaranteed to have the capacity to heat a building within its printed rating to an average temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit in the coldest weather.
SEE US FOR PRICES
All Work Guaranteed
W. O. Pennington
Opposite Chevrolet Garage

Summer VACATION TRIPS
Rail and Motor Tours
IN
In the Southern Appalachian Mountains
Is especially arranged rail and motor tours the Southern Railway provides a new vacation excursion, combining rail and motor transportation for the individual and for parties, into the mountain sections of Virginia, North Carolina, Eastern Tennessee and North Georgia.
These tours will take you advanturing by rail and motor into regions of scenic beauty and historic interest. Each trip begins and ends with a railway journey, in which you enjoy the speed and comfort of rail travel. The motor trips are over established State highways.
For booklets, information and rates, call on Ticket Agents,
SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Why every telephone worker is a service salesman

The fact that more than 23,000 Southern Bell telephone men and women are enthusiastically promoting the sale of the service, is more than a matter of salesmanship.

It is a manifestation of their interest in the success of their Company and an expression of the spirit of cooperation which has made possible the epochal achievements in the telephone industry. They are inspired by pride in fifty years of progressive, unfailing service and loyalty to the ideals and traditions on which the business is founded.

They unhesitatingly recommend the quality, convenience and economy of the service, in the knowledge that no other comparable service or commodity gives to the consumer so much at such small cost.

Whatever your telephone service needs may be, do not hesitate to consult any telephone man or woman of your acquaintance. They are all anxious to give you the best possible service at the lowest possible cost.

Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co.
(INCORPORATED)

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

Twenty-eight homicides have been committed in Harlan county so far this year.

The city of Paducah has purchased the water works system at that place for $2,105,000.

The seven-days fall race meeting opened at Lexington Saturday and will close Saturday.

More than 500 adults in Bell county have enrolled in "moonlight schools" for that county.

Lenwood Jackson, 15, Louisville high school student, hanged himself in the attic of his home.

R. B. Kitchen, Sheriff of Harrison county, and his deputies will wear uniforms while on duty.

Governor Sampson Monday approved pardons of 81 prisoners from the Frankfort reformatory.

Dan Grimes, Hardin county farmer, preached the funeral of his own daughter who died last week.

The Boyd county grand jury adjourned Saturday and submitted its report, 206 indictments being returned.

Dr. Thomas D. Kelley 68, who had practiced dentistry at Lexington for 67 years, died at his home in Lexington Friday.

Pieces of bread that lodged in the throat of Alma Kraus, 21 months old, caused the child to choke to death at Covington Friday.

The winter term of the Kentucky court of appeals was opened Monday and the court will begin handing down opinions September 23.

The cornerstone of the Mary A. Otte building, the new $300,000 addition to the Good Samaritan hospital in Lexington, was laid Sunday.

Herbert Crawford, 27, of Greenville, Ky., was arrested at Olivet Sunday on a charge of counterfeiting. He is alleged to have tempted to pass a lead quarter.

Thieves entered the Germantown Christian church last week and stole two communion sets, one of which had been used for more than 100 years.

Henry Kimbley, Pike county farmer, was jailed at Pikeville Monday on a charge of committing a statutory offense against his 13-year-old daughter.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Taylor has filed suit in the Clark circuit court for a divorce and $50,000 alimony from W. Courtney Taylor, of Clark county.

Fire destroyed the Ford garage at Irvine last Wednesday night, between 25 and 30 automobiles in the building being burned. The loss is estimated at $45,000.

Sherman Meyers, 23, of Lexington, died at a hospital in Covington from injuries received near Williamstown when a motorcycle he was riding skidded and upset.

Dr. Willard Rouse Jillson, state geologist, Monday reported that Kentucky's coal production for the year 1929 totaled 46,028,452 tons which was valued at $70,885,000.

At Central City early Saturday morning, C. C. Ramsey shot and killed Thomas Neal when Neal entered the Ramsey home and threatened his wife.

3,500 upper classmen registered at the University of Kentucky Monday, bringing the total number of registration to 3,700, a gain of 214 over last year's total registration.

Francis Edmund Goodman, 17, was killed Friday when he stepped in front the path of an interurban car in front of his home on the Georgetown pike seven miles from Lexington.

C. W. Simrall, of Covington, was elected president of the Kentucky Home Bankers Association at the closing session of the 26th annual convention at Louisville last week.

William Watkins, 18, was shot and seriously wounded by railroad detectives at Jackson early Saturday morning when he was caught trying to open the door of a freight car.

As the result of an old feud, Dan Campbell, 32, was shot and killed by Hiram Noble, 35, at Beaver Dam Breathitt county, Sunday night, as Campbell sat at a supper table.

Morris Schloug, 26, driver of a meat truck for a Louisville concern, was killed Friday when he stepped out on Friday when his truck crashed through a bridge, overturned and caught fire.

Walter Faulkner, 7, is in a critical condition in a hospital at Lexington as the result of being kicked in the stomach by a horse at the home of his parents in Fayette county Sunday.

J. H. McGary, engineer, suffered a broken leg, J. H. Howlett, fireman, suffered sprains and cuts and R. P. Armstrong, brakeman, suffered cuts when a passenger train crashed into the rear end of another freight near Cynthiana, Monday. An engine and 16 cars were derailed and the damage is estimated at $50,000.

Mrs. Tilda Catron, 33, wife of Cull Catron, of Lawrenceburg, was killed her brother-in-law, Eldridge Catron, suffered a broken leg and her sister-in-law was seriously injured when the automobile in which they were riding was struck by a truck at Lawrenceburg. Cull Catron and four children, who were also in the automobile, were not injured.

John Kreutzer was killed at Paducah Monday when he picked up a high voltage wire from a street, to remove it from where children were playing.

Fifteen relatives filed suit in the Fayette circuit court last week contesting the will of Charles Mitchell, who died in 1927 leaving an estate valued at more than $500,000 to his widow.

Roy Garrison, attorney of Paducah, Ky., was found guilty of the murder of Sam Boyett, deputy sheriff by a jury at Union City, Tenn. Saturday and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment.

Sam Bush, negro, was shot to death and Branch Kennedy, negro, was probably fatally wounded when the two men staged a gun duel at Versailles Sunday in an argument over a crap game.

J. N. Odom, Webster county farmer, was killed by lightning while sitting on a bench in a park near Dixon Sunday. Two other men who were sitting on the bench were seriously injured.

City commissioners of Lexington have started proceedings for the acquisition of "Castlewood," a thirty-acre tract in Lexington, at a cost of $85,000. The tract would be used as a park.

The Vine Grove bank in Harding county, was closed Saturday and the directors ordered to liquidate. Frozen loans and withdrawals of more than $20,000 in recent months was given as the cause.

In the Boyd circuit court at Ashland last week Judge Hager handed down decisions granting divorces to Mrs. Sarah Hall, Mrs. Mary Harvey, 90, at her home near Carlisle on the 15th.—Robert Hughes, 82, at her home near Oakland Mills on the 17th.—James Hull, at his home near Upper Licks on the 19th.—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Quiett at their home near East Union on the 14th.

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"Tis simply: This, will pass away.
When walled on by fortune's breeze,
Prepare, by time, for rougher seas;
Though smiling be he thine to-day,
Remember this will pass away.
When all the sky is draped in black,
And heart beaten by tempestuous gales,
Thy struggling bark seems all a rack,
Then trim again thy tattered sails;
True, O my son, be not too proud,
Nor yet cast down; judge thou aright:
When skies are clear expect the cloud;
Prepare for darkness wait for coming light;
Whate'er thy fate may be to-day,
Remember this, too, will pass away."

TOO MANY SONGS

(Amanda Benjamin Hall)

Too many pretty songs are sung—
There is no snow left in speech,
No burly splendor of the tongue
With power to grip or reach!

Words that were giants long ago
Are bred to-day of poorer bone.
They cannot lift my heart although
They strain forever at the stone.

The board of trustees has decided to sell the C. C. Mayo junior college at Painteville.

The course at Raeeland, 300-acre area including the Raeeland race track in Crestnut county, was sold last week by the S. & S. Lyric Company, of New York, to the newly organized Kentucky and Tennessee Improvement Association at the reported price of $300,000.

A large tobacco barn on the farm of William L. Brannock on the Ruddells Mill road in Bourbon county, was destroyed by fire when struck by a bolt of lightning Friday. The barn was partially filled with tobacco and contained 165 bushels of rye, 200 bales of oats and 250 bales of hay.

B. E. Hill, Hazard traffic policeman will be placed on trial Monday for the murder of a 21-months old child who was killed when the officer fired into the automobile occupied by the parents of the child. A special venire from Harlan county will be brought to Hazard for jury service.

NO SHELTERS FOR RATS

Though rats are probably decreasing in numbers, these pests are still mankind's greatest enemies in the animal world, and man should wage constant warfare against them, says the U. S. Biological Survey. The most important thing in rat control is to remove rat shelters or make them inaccessible. The most common shelters are dead spaces within double walls and beneath floors, stored produce and supplies, lumber piles, and rubbish heaps. Abolish the rats' food supply by storing foodstuffs in rat-proof buildings or rooms and by disposing of waste and garbage in tightly covered receptacles. Poisoning fumigating and trapping are useful, especially when taught to hunt by themselves, often keep a farm free from rats.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well, if it ain't not dad!" he said as he looked in the mirror. "I never knew he had his pitcher took." He took the mirror home, stole into the attic to hide it, but his actions did not escape the suspicions of his wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "Him-m," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'!"

Damages amounting to $100 were paid to Miss Sarah Wagner of Boston by a barber who cut off part of her ear while bobbing her hair.

Pneumonia proves fatal in about one case out of seven.

Color Believed Factor In "Jake" Paralysis

A new freak of Jamaica ginger compound, a strange color affinity that affects chickens and men alike, has turned up in research at the University of Cincinnati.

It was noted at the time of the Cincinnati paralysis outbreak that nearly all the victims were white, negroes constituting less than 3 per cent. At the same time reports brought to he university, when analysis of samples of the liquor was undertaken, dated that much of the drink had been sold in negro districts.

F. J. Andrews, who is conducting the paralysis, of Jamaica ginger compound "is a function of pigmentation" meaning that the coloring matter in pigment, that makes the complexion, may in some manner combine with something in the drink to give the whites a special poison.

He gave it to white chickens and every one developed either paralysis or symptoms of paralysis.

But when he gave it to black chickens not one of them showed a symptom of paralysis.

It was his belief, so strongly grounded that it might well have been called his creed, that any individual practicing practical intelligent thrift was not only improving his own financial status but was developing a strong moral fibre and rounding out a fine and noble character. To be thrifty, therefore, meant to avoid all practices and habits that were really harmful to the individual or were in any way inclined to stay his success.

It would not be possible to place any estimate on the value of the work accomplished by B. W. Straus during his lifetime in striving to encourage practices of thrift by the masses of the people in this country.

His weekly articles were read by millions and the steady stream of letters he received continually from people who had been encouraged through these articles to adopt habits of thrift added to the fact that his teachings had a very vital hold on the American public.

A "BULL" MARKET

(Possum Trot Correspondent in Trimble Democrat.)

Bro Finnegan had a watermelon patch torn up Tuesday in a peculiar and unusual manner. He and two sons had cut a melon open, and a bull in the pasture adjoining, seeing the red meat, became angry and pushed through the fence into the patch, tearing the vines right and left. Mr. Finnegan believes such fate is the punishment sent on him for playing the "bulls" recently on the stock exchange.

S. W. Straus Militant Advocate Of Thrift

By H. R. Daniel, Secretary American Society For Thrift

The death of S. W. Straus removed from the field of activity the most militant advocate of thrift in American life. It is doubtful, in fact, if any other individual has ever worked as constantly and aggressively over a long period of years in the interest of popular thrift education.

To him, widespread adherence to thrift practices meant the solution of many of our deepest economic and sociological problems. His interpretation of the meaning of thrift brought about an entirely new and popular point of view on the subject. Before S. W. Straus took up the cudgels for thrift that word to the vast majority of persons meant merely saving money. It had nothing to do with one's general progress and success in life.

But S. W. Straus strove to teach throughout his life, particularly during the last twenty years, that thrift of health and thrift of time were just as important as thrift of money.

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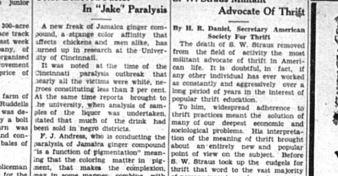

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