THE CARLISLE MERCURY

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GRIMES CAYWOOD, NEWS EDITOR

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1931

Thanksgiving.

Potent are the memories of childhood. We venture to say that in your mind today comes a picture, conned from the thumb-worn books of long ago, of a sturdy band of men with high-crowned hats, of apple-cheeked women, grey-clad and white-capped who marched behind their devout lords, bearing [illegible]-shaped prayer books, while he, sturdy Pilgrim, bore his trumpet-shaped blunderbuss. One supposes the blunderbuss was for the sniping of an occasional wild turkey, for those who had crossed a stormy sea, seeking freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, though having fallen early and often upon their knees had not as yet "fallen upon the aborigines."

Peaceful was this pageant, the march churchward through the snow, the background of sheltering pines, the friendly Indians bearing gifts of turkey and venison to grace the feast of plenty of that first Thanksgiving.

This scene you may summon from the realm of childhood memories to bring a savor to your prayers of Thanksgiving and your feasting today. The stage is set beyond the forests of that picture, across mountain heights and lowland wildernesses, the haunt of the wild folk and the friendly red folk, soon to be made unfriendly, despite prayers and piety, by the lust for land.

The actors are of the same race, yet not of the same lineage. Most of us are descendants of those

Who rode with Lockwood round the land.
With Raleigh round the seas.

Or else of those who sought sanctuary in a new land from the religious persecution of a King of France. Yet out of these types, fused in the great Melting Pot of the Nation, a people has been born, imbued with the ideals of freedom —freedom to rule themselves, to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, to bow the knee to no man and to rear their children free men.

For this we are thankful today, and whether we observe the day by prayers, by feasting or by tramping the Autumn fields, we must, if we be thoughtful,

"Praise the Power that hath made
and preserved us a Nation."

The Maysville Bridge.

Few of us in Nicholas county realize, perhaps, just what the opening of the Maysville-Aberdeen bridge this week may come to mean to this county and to the town of Carlisle. Tourists bring and leave money in sections through which they pass and the erection of a river bridge at Maysville will mean an ever-increasing flow of travel from north and south.

Eventually, The Mercury believes, Carlisle will be placed, without expense to the county, directly on one of the main arteries of traffic from Maysville. In such event, not only the town will benefit, but the county as well, for as the county-seat thrives, so invariably does the county.

Two or three years hence we may look back upon Wednesday, November 25, as an epochal day for this section of Kentucky.

Not All Roses.

The Lexington Herald, in its political notes last Sunday, stated that Dan Talbott, newly elected Auditor, is being besieged by applicants for political jobs; that letters were drifting in like snow from those who would share in the per diem and perquisites of political patronage.

That Mr. Talbott frankly admits his unwillingness to wade through some sixteen hundred letters may stop the flow of mail, but the exigencies of a "Hoover depression" may bring applicants trekking to Bardstown.

The life of a successful candidate is not all roses.

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY EDITOR

(Republished By Request)

Up mighty betimes, for me, and find the morn shining and bright, though cool, and after breakfast to walk in my yard and look at the tiny grass blades and the swelling flower buds and pleased mightily to find the new finished nest of a robin among the white blossoms of my plum tree, very cunningly wrought and shaped with mud and twigs and lined with grasses, but open to rain and sun, there being no sheltering boughs above. And I wonder why she did not choose the eaves shelf, nicely roofed and painted and offered rent free to robin or phoebe these two years past. But set it down to the perversity of the sex, after the manner of puzzled males, and so to watch my purple martins, three of which are come to be and one, I think, a last year's tenant, for he does hobble briskly around the porches on his weak, swallow legs, popping in and out of the rooms with much twittering. But another male bird and a female, his wife no doubt, or soon to be, for they sit and talk with musical laughter rippling up from their throats, fear to come to the little grey house, fluttering about with startled cries to return to a nearby telephone wire. Whereupon my old tenant, of whom I now feel assured from the white patch on his wing, seeks to reassure them with talk and mellow martin-laughter, flying to the house with great bravado to show them

* * *

Soon to the broad highway and on till we dip into the hills and along the winding road, very lovely in the moonlight. And so home, where my dog does greet us mighty joyfully, as always, making me fain to believe that Pope's "poor Indian" knew a thing or two in his "untutored mind," that no harm is in it, until at length they perch beside him, yet still too timid to stir from the roof. And I am set wondering if these two may be of the brood that left last August for the wide plains and deep jungles of Brazil and if memories of their new hatched days come dim and mysterious to fright them, as I am minded of the terrors of a little lad in the presence of a hollow stump on the slope of a Bluegrass woodland pasture, at which his grown-up uncle did maintain the "crows had left him as an infant." Mayhap such terror as caught at his throat, when the teasing relative disappeared behind a tree, such fear of this dank, woodland shrine of nativity, as siezed me then, did grip my purple martin birds. Yet right soon they must lose their timidity and will, no doubt, else the rowdy English sparrow will pre-empt their house. A maddening, insolent bird, this Britisher and I wonder why I declare war on him so often, yet fail to set traps or spread poison. Right hard it is to imagine a yard or garden without English sparrows, yet oldsters remember when the song sparrow and the bluebird dwelt near us in singing peace, before the foreign invasion. And I smile to think with what excitement I did mark and identify through my glass last week the English starlings that are nesting at the home of [illegible] Asbury. A suspicious, wary bird, this speckled fellow, darting into his flicker-made home and out again like a flash. And so he will increase and multiply and wax fat, after the manner of his human brothers, who are wary and suspicious of strangers and have an eye first and always to their own safety and interest. The sparrows and the purple martins, the starlings and the bluebirds wage their warfare in the human guise and alas! the sparrows and the starlings have the best of it more than often. One wonders, after all, if the fittest survive.

So up into the town, glistening in the April sunshine, clean-swept by the broom of March, who spared not her water pails this season, where I meet a man who tells me that a nameless one does tell him that I write about birds and so forth very pretty, but little writing for the "good of the county and for roads." Which casts me down somewhat, until I fall to thinking of that phrase, "for roads," and do remember some who failed to renew their subscriptions last summer, being opposed to the road bonds, which I did strive for right diligently in my writings. So at length to a siege of the dry grins, for my carping critic is, perchance, a human starling and I would wager has a farm on some road that needs fixing and would have his chestnuts pulled from the fire for him.

At length to have my shoes polished, it being the Sabbath and this rite of childhood's Sunday morning furbishings remaining to me and amused at the chatter of Willie, the yellow bootblack, who talks as aimlessly and as steadily as a flock of guineas. So to the benzine-station in my ancient coach and home for my wife and son and after much bundling in of oddments, so that as always we are like a gypsy wagon, we do set out for a Sunday visit in another county. And we find the air to bite mighty shrewdly, despite the sunshine, so right glad to reach our journey's end and a fire on the hearth. Yet must I wander out before lunch into the garden, where I stand within a yard of a mocking bird that gives its varied concert from among the ruby blossoms of a japonica bush. And I see a brown thrasher slip into the shrubbery and hear the whistle of a cardinal, the tinkling, bubbling lay of a wren and once I am sure that I hear the call of the red headed woodpecker, but think now my ears did trick me, for this awkard fellow of the fiery head is a prophet of springtime who rarely appears until the days are safely warm.

Lord! how I do love the country and the quiet beauties of the Bluegrass in especial. And as I stand at the honeysuckle hedge and look out across a broad pasture, greening prettily, that stretches away to a bit of sloping woodland of ash and oak, to glimpses of white painted farmhouse among the maples, to the windings of a branch that meanders past an ancient springhouse over which arches a giant elm, I am filled with a sense of the beauties of this land, a beauty without granduer, yet a loveliness, that if you but look on these rolling fields, these little hillocks that melt into each other; if you are only quiet and listen to the far-flung carol of the meadow lark, the mournful alarm cry of the kildee along the branch and give it all a chance at the heart of you, it will claim you forever as its own. So, standing by the hedge of honey-suckle, close by a gnarled old apple tree, I paraphrase the tribute Dr. Butler paid the strawberry, concluding that

"Doubtless God could have made a fairer land than the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, but doubtless God never did."

In the saying of which I may be accused of prejudice and justly so, for ever it has seemed to me, when looking on the fields tented with the hemp shocks, on pastures dotted with fat export cattle, on soil turning up red from the furrows, that it is a heritage in the blood of me to love this country; that to some ancestor who looked upon this fertile table-land for the first time came the call of its beauty so strongly that the memory lives in his descendant. It is a lovely region, touch it where you will, at the mellow heart of it or upon its hilly edges, and always to me, at least, it brings a feeling of peace and security, for it is my own country, it is home. And yet, alas! I own not an acre of its sloping pastures or peaceful woodlands and doubtless never will. Heigho! One might take a lesson from the sparrow and the starling after all.

Presently to a luncheon mighty tasty, with strawberry shortcake for dessert, over which I would fain linger, but must away to town, where I meet E. Grehan and K. Johnson, scriveners both and men of parts. And there much brave discourse and talk of books, quite delightful to me, until the afternoon sped away. Thence to the country for my family and must again load my ancient wagon with more oddments until I wonder how the fair sex managed to dine out inter familias in the days of the horse and buggy, without a camp trailer. But presently packed in, we set out for another county, where is served a most excellent supper and fine, man-strength coffee nobly brewed and much talk and tittle-tattle of this, that and t'other, until it is nine of the clock and we are away again, driving briskly in the moonlight along a country lane, past old estates and country churches and ancient, grey stone walls. And I fall to thinking of many things, as I drive, as in my custom, and I wonder how I might best bring to the mind's eye a picture of this region that I love, were I at the opposite ends of the earth. With what might I instantly conjure up these fields and woodlands and this winding ribbon of country lane, so peaceful in the moonlight? There are many pictures and sounds and odors that are typical of the region to me—the old stone fences, grey, moss covered in winter, riotous with ivy and trumpet vine and honeysuckle in summer; there is the twilight call of lambs, the rhythmical running walk of a saddle horse on the pike or the slither of his galloping feet through weeds; there is the odor of lemon verbena, the cool limy, winey smell of old cellars, the sweetness of clean, warm milk cooling in crocks; the hot fragrance of grass seed curing in the windrows—all magic wands to call up memories. But I should use for my necromancy an odor and a song—the smell of corn batter cakes cooking, mingled with the fragrance of wood smoke, that perfumed incense of the summer dawn, and the rising, falling carol of the meadow lark—"poor-boy-can't-see-me! —drifting across the dew-pearled pastures. My magic wands of mental picturing these, though to you they may evoke no answering vision.

after all. "He thinks, admitted to that equal sky, his faithful dog shall bear him company." And why not think it? One would be assured of a welcome by one spirit, at least.

So to think of the morrow and this, that and t'other that must be done and yawning columns to be filled and I am moved to write somewhat "for the good of the county, and roads," so that I think my critic must have "got under the skin" with his cavilling. And, Lord help us! there's politics become a timely topic and candidates popping out in flocks and processions. With which thought I am reminded of a right hearty anecdote told by E. Grehan of a picturesque Kentucky Senator of another day, who had looked too long upon the wine when it is red. His home was situated at the end of an avenue of trees and the Senator strayed from the drive and bumped into a tree.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said with great dignity, stepped aside and bumped into another tree.

"I certainly beg your pardon, madam; I didn't see you."

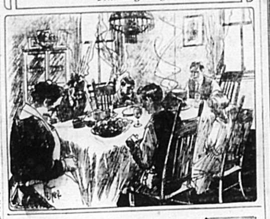
Again he backed and this time stumbled over a stump and went down. Rising after a moment, he calmly seated himself and remarked to the shadowy forms about him:

"All right; I'll just sit here and wait until your damned procession has passed!"

And so it might behoove a country editor, I think, just at this stage, to sit down quietly and wait until the preliminary procession, at least, has passed. With which cheering thought I seek my bed.

So, fairly betimes, to sleep.

Thanksgiving



30 Years Ago

Thursday, November 28, 1901

Corn selling here at from $2.60 to $3 per barrel. Nicholas has fine crop this year.

Mrs. Bettie Keller sells her residence in Carlisle to Mrs. Elizabeth Howse for $3,800.

Acquilla Hildreth elected by fiscal court as turnpike superintendent to succeed John Henry.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. William Wind, at their home in Carlisle on the 22nd, a daughter.

John Stewart opens turkey slaughter pens here for Brent & Bros. and begins buying turkeys for Thanksgiving.

The company recently organized here to drill for oil has secured leases on about 10,000 acres of land, which will be drilled.

Rev. R. H. Crossfield closes two weeks revival at Christian church Sunday night. 74 persons united with the church during the revival.

Because of the prevalence of smallpox in Carlisle and Nicholas county, city school is closed and all public gathering prohibited by County Board of Health.

While Dr. and Mrs. McKenney were away from home Thursday night, thieves broke into their home and stole a ham, a lot of preserves and some money.

Henry Darnall, who has been agent for the L. & N. Express Company here for several years, leaves for Huntington, W. Va., to take a position with the Adams Express Company.

Mrs. John A. Tanner, of Winchester, and Mrs. William Buchanan, of Oakland Mills, who were separated 43 years ago when their parents died, see each other for first time since they were left as little children.

John M. Flanagan who has been clerk at the Kimbrough Hotel here for several months, leases Beaumont Hotel in Mt. Sterling and leaves for that place to take charge of the business.

Died—Mr. Bayless R. Duncan, 54, at his home in Carlisle on the 24th.—Mrs. Jennie Graves, 39 at her home near Plum on the 25th.—Mr. Adolphus Brooks, 80, at his home near Carlisle on the 24th.—Mrs. John Alexander, at her home near Carlisle on the 24th.

Married—Miss Alice E. Hamilton and Mr. George B. Taylor, both of the county, on the 24th.—Miss Eva Lynam and Mr. John B. Sousley, both of the county, on the 25th.—Miss Ollie McKinney and Mr. William Cassell, both of Harrison county, at Carlisle on the 25th.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE

NOVEMBER

(Alice Cary)

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

TREASURED SOUNDS

Long have I loved the thunder of the sea
Booming at night around an island shore;
And I have learned to treasure more and more
The beat and surge within a symphony;
I have loved, too, the murmur of the bee
Garnering sweetness in a honeyed store;
The dulcet music of warm rain before
The dawn, a bird's full-throated melody.
But I have loved more than any of these,
Out of the darkness falling on my ear,
Playing on my name, escaping to words
Softer than the stir of wind in the trees
Or else resonant and deep-toned and clear,
Your voice like a tense fingering of chords.
—Sally Bruce Kinsolving, in "Grey Heather."

GOODBYE SUMMER

There is a breeze among the trees,
Whose edge is keen and chill.
Each withered leaf before it flees,
Obedient to its will.
Blue skies today are battle gray,
Coal trucks are drifting by,
And summer's gone, I grieve to say,
As summer swallows fly.

In corn fields lorn the crops are shorn,
To stand in russet rows,
To greet the gray or dawning morn
And strident, cawing crows.

No more is seen in the emerald green,
In summer's sun ashine;
The tasseled plumes that graced the scene,
Are food for lowing kine.

Now winter's rime will have its time,
To desolate the land,
And waft us far from summer's clime
As leaves on some far strand.
To summer's spell we say farewell,
And, if perchance we sigh,
It is because our mem'ries dwell
On that fond word—goodbye.
—Frank Markward in Pilot Grove Record.

Thanksgiving Proclamation

(By the President of the United States of America)

We approach the season when, according to custom dating from the garnering of the first harvest by our forefathers in the New World, a day is set apart to give thanks, even amid hardships, to Almighty God for our temporal and spiritual blessings. It has become a hallowed tradition for the Chief Magistrate to proclaim annually a National Day of Thanksgiving.

Our country has cause for gratitude to the Almighty. We have been widely blessed with abundant harvests. We have been spared from pestilence and calamities. Our institutions have served the people. Knowledge has multiplied and our lives are enriched with its application. Education has advanced, the health of our people has increased. We have dwelt in peace with all men.

The measure of passing adversity which has come upon us should deepen the spiritual life of the people, quicken their sympathies and spirit of sacrifice for others, and strengthen their courage.

Many of our neighbors are in need from causes beyond their control and the compassion of the people throughout the nation should to assure their security over this Winter that they too may have full cause to participate in this day of gratitude to the Almighty.

Now, therefore, I, Herbert Hoover, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, November 26, 1931, as a National Day of Thanksgiving, and recommend that our people rest from their daily labors and in their homes and accustomed places of worship give devout thanks for the blessings which a merciful Father has bestowed upon us.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and cause the Seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done, at the City of Washington, this third day of November, in the Year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-one, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth.

(Signed)
Herbert Hoover.

By the President:
Henry L. Stimson,
Secretary of State.

DOES WOOL COME FROM WOLVES?

And now the wool producers are looking for new uses for their product. Why not use a little more of it in all-wool suits?—Judge.

GIVING HER MITE

(Berea Citizen)

The other day a hard working woman, mother of eleven children came to Berea and presented her mite to the support of the Red Cross. It was only a mite that she gave, but it was worth much more than that.

Last year this mother received aid. She appreciated it. She was grateful for all the help she received. She came here to pay something to this organization which helped her in the time of need. It was only a dollar, a dollar she had earned by taking in washing. Naturally the organization did not want to take it from her knowing her situation, but the mother insisted. She said, "I want to do something for this organization." It was taken and placed in the fund to help some one else.

But this gift was worth much more than a dollar. With all the gratefulness, consideration and blessing of a mother who had been succored in a time of need, that dollar will not only bless some one else, but it carries with it an inspiration to a lot of other folk who know the story, and who have probably imagined they are giving too much.

THE DAY OF SUNSHINE

(Springfield Sun)

The universal observance of Thanksgiving Day in the United States is rather unique in the life of the world. Few if any other nations have appointed any such regular holiday. But our country has said for many years the heart should turn once a year toward Heaven with a prayer of acknowledgement for blessings received.

Our modern Thanksgiving Day is quite different from the observance cherished by our grandfathers. Where people formerly went to church, now they go to the football game. About all the day means to the majority of people is a time of too gorgeous feasting, and, usually excessive eating.

However, the old time custom of going home for Thanksgiving has survived. Millions of people flock over the automobile roads and on the trains and buses and boats, to reach the old home. Something draws them back to see the old folks. A longing for the old home scenes possesses them. The day is made sweet and sacred by a renewal of the ties of family affection.

The youngsters come home from the colleges, they are congratulated on their achievements and admonished for their failures. They go back to study, strengthened for their tasks and temptations by contact with the standards of their parents and families.

Thanksgiving Day is a wonderful old holiday. Even in the old Puritan times when it originated, it brought laughter and merriment into the most solemn home. It was from the beginning a day of sunshine. It should be today. Its message is that people should cheer up, see the bright side, have faith in life and their own powers, and recognize their debt to the giver of all good.

THE FOE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

(Corbin Times-Tribune)

Dr. L. E. Smith was in Corbin yesterday speaking to school children and before the Rotary Club upon the prevention and care of tuberculosis in Kentucky. He is a medical missionary, with long years of experience in foreign lands, and his heart and soul are wrapped up in the work of trying to reduce the death rate due to tuberculosis in Kentucky. It is a startling thing to learn that tuberculosis killed 1255 people in Kentucky last year between the ages of 10 and 40. In this same group accidents claimed 694, pneumonia 391, heart disease 350, and cancer 155. Thus it can be readily seen that tuberculosis still claims more victims in the active period of life than any other cause or disease in Kentucky. This fatility has been cut down in recent years, but there is yet much room for a reduction in the number of lives lost to the state by this dread disease.

After being straightened at a cost of nine million dollars, the south branch of the Chicago river has been opened to traffic.

THE TOBACCO TAX

(Lexington Herald)

Congressman Virgil M. Chapman has announced that unless there is a bill preceding his which he can support he will introduce as one of his first acts in the next session of congress a measure for reduction in the high wartime taxes now exacted from cigarette tobacco. Mr. Chapman is familiar with the needs and interests of the tobacco farmer as he campaigned the state during the past campaign of some years ago and he was one of the counsels for the burley association.

At the last session Congressman Lewis Walker, of the Eighth Congressional district, introduced such a bill. Mr. Walker has been succeeded by Congressman Ralph Gilbert who formerly represented that district and who introduced some years ago the Gilbert act requiring reports to contain exact grades of the supply in hands of manufacturers.

The manufacturers at the present time receive approximately 12 cents for a package of cigarettes that is sold for 15 cents to the consumer. Of this twelve cents the manufacturer immediately must pay the federal government six cents in taxes that were established during the World War and never have been scaled down although all other wartime taxes have been reduced.

When the farmer buys a pound of tobacco he sets aside from 50 cents to a dollar to pay the taxes.

If the farmer who grows the tobacco got nearly as much for the tobacco content of a package of cigarettes or a can of tobacco as Uncle Sam receives from it, the tobacco farmer would be sitting on top of the world.

FARMERS REPAYING LOANS

(Lexington Herald)

According to an Associated Press telegram of recent date, farmers are pouring borrowed millions back into the treasury, repaying at the rate of $2,000,000 a week the loans which were made by the government to enable them to replant their fields after last year's drought.

According to that telegram the department of agriculture has received nearly $9,000,000, chiefly from the South, of the loans made last year to the farmers, the failure of whose crops were so great that they did not have money to purchase seeds for replanting.

More than one-third has been paid on notes that are not yet due. The amount already repaid is nearly a fourth of the aggregate loans made to the farmers.

There could not be a more convincing illustration of the wisdom of those loans, which were obtained only through the most vigorous and aggressive leadership of the Democrats in congress, nor of the better conditions of the farmers this year than last.

Last year there was danger of starvation in many sections; this year there is an abundance of food in the agricultural regions.

Under an adequate and wise system of distribution and employment there would be ample food for all, residents of the city as of the country. Under the present system there is so great a superabundance of food that the prices have not covered the cost of production, yet there are millions who must depend this winter upon charity for food for themselves and their families.

GAS STRUCK ON JOHNSON

(Mt. Olivet Tribune-Democrat)

Considerable sensation has been sprung in the county over the discovery of gas in large quantity on the farms of Millard Adamson and John McCord, which are located on Johnson Creek and known in years past as the Reuben W. Dotson lands. The discovery was made by Pete Dotson and it is said experienced oil men are making investigation with a view to taking leases and begin drilling soon.

YOUTH MUST BE SERVED

Mamma—"What can I do to induce you to go to bed?"

Youngster—"You can let me sit up a little longer."

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

The Harrodsburg city commissioners have adopted the hollyhock as the official flower of that city.

The Ohio Valley Banking and Trust Company and the Henderson Savings Bank at Henderson will be merged.

Dave Harrod, 56, laborer, father of seven children, ended his life at his home at Frankfort Monday by drinking poison.

Mrs. Alice M. Richardson, 81 years old, of Louisville, made the trip from Louisville to Florida to visit her sons by airplane.

Pinhookers are offering from nine to 12 cents per pound for tobacco in Montgomery county, but the offers are being refused.

Frank Gallenstein, 56, well known Maysville business man, was found dead at his desk, his death being due to a heart attack.

Charles Straub, Bellevue Democrat, has announced as a candidate for state geologist to succeed Dr. Willard Rouse Jillson, Republican.

James L. Cusick, 66, prominent Louisville photographer, died at a Louisville hospital Monday from injuries sustained last October.

Isaac Palmer, 85, senior commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Kentucky, died Monday at his home in Louisville.

Carl D. Payne and W. G. Florence, rural carriers at the Cynthiana postoffice, will complete 29 years of continuous service on November 30.

Dr. A. J. Berresheim, 50, Louisville surgeon, died at his home Thursday from sleeping sickness, from which he had been unconscious for 30 days.

Edward J. Egan, 60, former Louisville patrolman, was killed at Louisville Sunday night when struck by a police patrol as he was crossing a street.

Edward Wilder, J. S. Davis and Fred Cole, Winchester youths, were arrested at Maysville Thursday night on charges of stealing an automobile in Winchester.

Orville McDowell, 57, Bracken county farmer, suffered the loss of his left eye when a whip with which he was driving mules broke and struck him in the eye.

Carlie Falwell, 23, of Murray, was fatally injured last week when he stumbled and fell while hunting squirrels, and his shotgun accidentally discharged.

The Ashland National Bank, which was closed last September 27, will be taken over by the Second National Bank of Ashland and depositors will be paid in full.

Discarded clothing and shoes of the Kentucky national guard units at Louisville will be turned over to welfare agencies for distribution among the poor and needy.

Jack Conley, who was shot to death at his home in the hills of Floyd county Friday, was the third member of his family to be slain within the past few years.

Unable to open a safe containing $2,500 at the Stultz Motor Company in Louisville, thieves loaded the safe into an automobile of the company and drove away Friday night.

William Hukill, of Paris, deputy state fire marshal, suffered a fracture of the leg and other injuries when he was struck by an automobile while crossing a street in Winchester.

Three members of a gang of slot machine robbers who held up a roadhouse in Kenton county last August and killed a clerk, were given life sentences at Covington last week.

The Kentucky Methodist education fund campaign passed the $150,000 mark as it entered its third intensive week, officials of Kentucky Wesleyan College at Winchester announced Sunday.

Jesse Adolph Sanders, 20, manager of a chain store at Lancaster and son of Jeff Sanders, former Lancaster postmaster, died at his home Sunday following three weeks illness with cancer.

James McCrady, 35, Fayette county farmer, was slugged by two white men who entered the garage at his home where he was working on his car and escaped in Mr. Orady's automobile.

Jim and Bill Davis, brothers, were acquitted in the Wayne circuit court at Monticello Saturday on charges of slaying their kinsman, Pleman Davis, several weeks ago. They pleaded self-defense.

Judge W. C. Halbert, 76, native of Vanceburg and Circuit Judge of the Boyd, Greenup and Lewis county district since 1909, died Sunday at a hospital in Cincinnati, following an operation.

Rev. Logan English has accepted a call as pastor of the Millersburg Baptist church, with Rev. F. W. Ebenhardt as assistant pastor. Rev. and Mrs. English will reside on their farm near Shawhan.

In the Greenup circuit court last week a jury awarded Thomas J. Johnson, Greenup county farmer, $10 damages in his $5,000 suit against Jerry Caldwell, a neighbor, charging alienations of the affections of Mrs. Johnson.

Sawyer Tinsley, who had turned state's evidence in a murder case, and two prisoners charged with liquor violations, dug their way out of the Rockcastle county jail at Mt. Vernon early Monday morning.

Suit has been filed in the Harrison circuit court against the city of Cynthiana for $20,000 damages as a result of the alleged unlawful arrest of Monroe Withers by Policeman George Deckey on November 8.

Following an unsuccessful attempt to bomb the home of Frank Schwalkbach, retired ice dealer, at Dayton, Ky., Saturday night, his enemies Sunday night set fire to the house but the fire was extinguished.

Edsell Clark, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edsell Clark, of Little Rock, suffered painful cuts and bruises last week when he lost control of the car in which he was driving and it crashed into a telephone pole.

Pitching headfirst into a tub of hot water, Myrtle, 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Jones, of Floyd county, was scalded to death. The child's mother was washing and had removed the tub from the stove.

P. E. Miller, cashier of the Peoples Bank at Mt. Vernon, which failed in April, 1929, went to Frankfort Saturday to begin serving two sentences totaling seventeen years in connection with the failure of the bank.

A shortage of $170,000 was discovered last week in the accounts of James C. Utterback, president of the City National Bank of Paducah, who committed suicide while books of the bank were being audited two weeks ago.

William L. Dickson, 13, was killed Sunday afternoon when he was struck by an automobile driven by William Smitson, 19, as he was crossing a street in Lexington. Smitson was arrested and charged with manslaughter.

Barney Burke, 68, Fayette county farmer, was killed Friday night when he stepped from behind his parked automobile into the path of the automobile of Larkin Myers, caretaker at Camp Daniel Boone, on the Tate's Creek road.

Noah Lykins, who was recently paroled from the Frankfort penitentiary where he was serving a sentence for murder, was shot and killed by Charlie Triplett at a dance at Triplett's home in Morgan county Saturday night.

Pneumonia following closely on an operation for the removal of a bean from his throat, caused the death in a Lexington hospital Thursday night of Carl Henderson, Jr., 17-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Henderson, of near Lexington.

Paul Morton, 41, at present city manager of Petersburg, Va., will be in Lexington's first city manager under the new city manager plan, having been selected from a field of 41 applicants for the place. Mr. Morton is a native of Louisville.

Rollie E. Keown, state inspector and examiner, in a report last week, recommended that the Kentucky Ex-Service Men's Commission, the Spanish War Veterans Commission and the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Board be consolidated under one head.

Tobacco warehouses throughout this section have been opened for the receipt of tobacco and the floors are being filled. The Lexington market will open on Monday, December 7, and the other markets in Central Kentucky will open the following day.

Nellie R. Rash, 11-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rash, of North Middletown, sustained the third fracture of the same arm within a few months last week when an automobile in which she was riding with her mother and two friends skidded and overturned.

A jury in the Fayette circuit court Monday returned a verdict awarding Amanda Warfield, negro, $500 damages, and Louise Patton, negro, $250 in their suit against the Home Grocery Company, Lexington, which caused their arrest on charges of petit larceny.

Turkey thieves are busy in Harrison county, a total of 59 turkeys have been stolen within the past few days. Thirty-five turkeys were stolen from the home of Mrs. John A. Renaker on the Tricum pike, Mrs. Ed Van Deren, of the Two Lick pike, lost 22, and Mrs. Joe Lake lost two.

A short time after she had been placed in a cell at the Lexington police station Saturday night on a charge of being drunk, Miss Linda Thompson, 21, shot herself in the abdomen with a pistol which she had concealed in her dress, inflicting probable fatal injuries.

Louis A. Travis, first assistant fire chief of Lexington, was suspended pending trial before the city commissioners on a charge of neglect of duty. Four Lexington firemen were suspended for 60 days without pay on charges of being drunk on duty and Travis was suspended for not reporting them.

Archie Bates, Harrison supporter in the recent Kentucky gubernatorial election, and Hopkins county farmer, was convicted of betting on an election by a county court jury at Madisonville Saturday afternoon and fined $100 and costs. Bates was charged with betting a team of mules, harness and wagon against a field of corn with Dr. B. T. Arnett, of Anton, who supported Judge Laffoon.

Pittsburghers Live in Grass Houses

Some of the unfortunate men of Pittsburgh who cannot find work and have no homes have erected for themselves huts in Schenley park, and nobody interferes with them. One of them is seen above receiving a caller.

Steve McQueen, Rockcastle county youth, who was once sentenced to the electric chair for murder, and his sentence later commuted to life imprisonment, was paroled from the state reformatory last week.

Leonard Smith, 21, suffered a broken back and other injuries which will probably prove fatal Monday morning when an automobile which he was teaching another man to drive overturned near Sandy Hook in Elliott county.

The body of William Holbrook, 52, who disappeared from his home at West Liberty two months ago following his indictment for the murder of Mrs. Flora Cox, 35, four years ago, was found Saturday by hunters. Holbrook had been dead several weeks, apparently a suicide victim.

A. M. Parks, 21, of Richmond, and two negro men whom he had given a lift, narrowly escaped death Saturday night when the automobile in which they were riding crashed into the rear of another machine, overturned and caught fire on the Richmond pike eight miles from Lexington.

"HELLO NEIGHBOR"

You never realize how much that simple, staunch greeting you hear so often means unless you go away and hear it not at all—"Hello Neighbor" you hear it on your way to work. It starts the day off right, gives you confidence, sends you forth with added zest, with fresh courage and a determination to remain worthy.

"Hello, Neighbor"—you hear it when you go to lunch. Somehow it makes the food taste better, makes you forget your worries, makes you spend with a glow of inward satisfaction.

"Hello Neighbor" you're greeted as you journey homeward.

And all the rancor leaves you, you catch that sense of well-being, your troubles and perplexities leave you, life seems truly sweet.

It is strange how these two simple words can mean so much. However, they do. They contain the very essence of friendship, itself. When they are spoken to you they really come from the bottom of someone's heart. They are more than a greeting, they say: "We hope you are well and that everything is going along swimmingly and that it's a fine world if you just understand and make the most of it." The pleasures of hearing these two words expressed gives everything a brighter hue and the somber thought which tenaciously abide with us are evaporated in the greeting, "Hello Neighbor."—Burt County Herald, Tekamaha, Nebraska.

DISINFECTANTS

Many persons fail to realize that the effectiveness of a disinfectant depends on the way it is used, says the Federal Food and Drug Administration. Scientists say that all disinfectants are not designed for the same kinds of bacteria or the same method of use. The concentration of a disinfectant affects its power to kill germs. Strong solutions of carbolic acid kill bacteria, but weak ones have little or no effect. A chemical must come in close contact with germs to kill them, and it may not reach bacteria if they are coated with grease or albuminous matter or embedded in material. Time of contact is also a factor in the efficiency of disinfectants. One disinfectant at a certain concentration may take 10 minutes to kill bacteria; another may take only 5. Temperature often influences the effectiveness of a disinfectant. Disinfection is more effective in water than in a dry state. This is true whether heat or a chemical is used. A disinfectant may be effective in water but not in kerosene. Hypochlorites and soluble salts of mercury are effective in weak solutions when the bacteria are practically the only organic material which these solutions can affect, but otherwise they are of little value.

WHY PTP CORN POPS

Moisture stored in the kernels of pop corn is converted into steam when the corn is heated, and it is the pressure of this steam which causes pop corn to pop. Corn will not pop well if it contains too little or too much moisture, say cereal specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Pop corn stored where it is in contact with the outside air usually will have the right amount of moisture for popping. If it is too moist exposure in a heated room will dry it out. If it is too dry sprinkle it lightly with water and leave it in a tight container for a day or two, until the moisture is absorbed. Corn pops best when the fire is hot enough to make it begin to pop in about one and one-half minutes.

Charles W. Clay Died Suddenly In Oklahoma

The Ardmore, Okla., Daily Ardmoreite had the following account of the death of Charles W. Clay, formerly of this county, an account of whose death was published in The Mercury two weeks ago.

Charles W. Clay, 15 Fourth avenue northwest, pioneer Southern Oklahoma minister and for more than a quarter of a century a resident of Carter county died suddenly at his ranch 10 miles southwest of here Saturday morning at 11:20. He was 64 years of age.

A niece, Mrs. Inez Newman, was with him at the time of his death. He had been in ill health for a short time, but his condition was not considered serious. Death was attributed to heart disease.

In addition to his widow, Clay is survived by one sister, Mrs. John Ratliff, of Robertsville, Ala.; two brothers, John Clay, of this county, and Oliver Clay, of Waldron, Ind.; a nephew, Sam Ratliff, Ardmore; and a niece, Mrs. Inez Newman.

For many years Clay was pastor of the Methodist church at Lone Grove. Later he moved with his wife to Ardmore and had lived here for more than a score of years. He was superannuated several years ago. He had at one time served Carter county as engineer, and still later did small independent engineer projects. He had staked locations for many of Carter county's oil producers and had small holdings of his own in the old Amerada district. During the last few years of his life he had spent much of his time on his ranch or visiting with old friends. He was a daily visitor at the Daily Ardmoreite office.

Mr. Clay was prominently identified with the Knights of Pythias lodge, having served as grand trustee for more than a score of years. He was also a member of the Pythian home board and was a deputy grand chancellor at the time of his death.

Many Common Foods Supply Iron In Diet

Iron, which is essential to the formation of sufficient red corpuscles in the blood, is obtainable from a wider range of foods than most people realize. Liver has been greatly emphasized as a source of this important mineral, and many children have been told to eat spinach because of the iron it contained. Raisins, too, are frequently advertised as an especially palatable and easily obtained iron-rich food.

In response to many requests the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, has compiled a list of common animal and vegetable foods which are rich in iron. The amount obtained from any one food is small, says the bureau, and it is well to include liberal quantities of iron-rich foods in the diet.

Egg yolk heads the list. It is only one of the best means of supplying the body with iron, but it also contains phosphorus and calcium, minerals needed to build bones, teeth, and other tissues. Next on the list come meats, particularly liver, kidney, brain and heart; also lean muscle of beef, veal, pork, and lamb. Oysters and shrimp are mentioned among sea foods.

Several green-leaf vegetables share with spinach the distinction of being rich in iron. The list includes turnip and beet tops, chard, dandelion and mustard greens, watercress, kale, New Zealand spinach, and broccoli leaves.

The dried fruits are a good source of iron. Apricots, peaches, currants, dates, figs, and prunes all vie with raisins in this respect. The whole-grain flours or cereals are important, particularly wheat, barley, rye, and oats. Molasses ranks high. Sorghum and cane sirups are also mentioned. Many legumes are listed, both fresh and in the form of dried seed, such as limas, lentils, common or kidney beans, cowpeas, and common peas. Almonds, hazelnuts, walnuts, pecans and hickory nuts also supply some iron.

DEATH LIST MAY BE 35,000

(Woodford Sun)

If the present high rate of motor vehicle fatalities continues during the remainder of the year, 35,000 people will be killed in automobile accidents in the United States in 1931, exceeding the previous high record by about 2,000, according to reports being compiled at Hartford, Conn. Only a few of the states have shown decreases in the number of motor deaths, it is stated.

We have not seen a compilation of automobile fatality statistics for Kentucky for this year, but it is reasonable to assume that there have been more deaths in the state to date from motor vehicle accidents than there were to this time in 1930. In Greater Louisville alone there had been 90 automobile fatalities up to last Saturday and this exceeded the number for the whole of 1930. Of the victims at Louisville this year, 15 were children of school age and 19 were women.

What a frightful sacrifice of human life!

Every city, community and state will have to become aroused to a greater extent than they are at the present time if increased safety is obtained on streets and highways.

One outstanding need is the setting up of standards for fitness of drivers.

There is a strong demand in Kentucky for a drivers' license law and it seems almost certain that the next Legislature will pass one and that it will become a law. That will be a step in the right direction.

There are sixty-six active volcanoes on the earth.

89c SALE

Unseasonable weather has resulted in fall and winter merchandise moving slowly. In order to reduce our stock, we have set apart two big days in which we have made big reductions on 22 articles in our stock for our 89c sale. All other merchandise has been reduced for this sale. Attend this 89c Sale on—

Friday and Saturday November 27—28

80x105 inch Krinkle Bed Spread, each 89c	Pure silk hose, 2 pairs for 89c	Fast color printed Foulard 3½ yards for 89c
Print Dresses, fast colors, newest styles, each 89c	Good quality rayon hose, 4 pairs for 89c	Best quality fast color print 6 yards for 89c
Fine quality Rayon Slips, each 89c	Fine quality silk hose, per pair 89c	Full size heavy outing gowns, 2 for 89c
Pajamas, rayon and print each 89c	Extra quality cretonne, 5 yards for 89c	Men's or women's heavy outing pajamas, each 89c
Gown, fine quality rayon, each 89c	Best quality 9-4 bleached sheeting, 2½ yards for 89c	Men's fine quality broadcloth shirts, each 89c
Good quality rayon gowns, 2 for 89c	36-inch light or dark outing 8 yards for 89c	Heavy jersey bloomers, 4 pairs for 89c
Bloomers and step-ins, 4 pairs for 89c	1 lot men's, women's and misses' sweaters, each 89c	70x80 heavy cotton blankets, per pair 89c
		1 lot of boy's golf pants, per pair 89c

R. T. Kirkland & Co.

"The Store of Real Values"

Positive Proof of FORD ECONOMY

City of Detroit purchases 137 new Ford cars
Hundreds now in use prove low cost of operation

THESE 137 new Ford cars represent one of the largest deliveries ever made to a municipality at one time.

21 radio-equipped Ford scout cars were traded in on this purchase. They had been operated day and night for two years in heavy traffic and all kinds of weather.

Their individual records ranged from 78,434 miles to 143,723 miles with a grand total of 2,283,097 miles. The operating cost of the 21 cars was 2.284 cents a mile — less than 2 1/3 cents. This cost included all fuel, oil, tires, repairs and every other item except depreciation and insurance.

Of 577 Ford cars in Detroit City service, the 300 in the Police Department traveled a total of 6,591,937 miles during the past fiscal year, at an average cost of 2.9 cents a mile.

Many claims have been made on operating costs, but here in the carefully kept motor car records of the City of Detroit is positive proof of Ford economy.

In the paragraphs above, it is seen that 21 Ford scout cars averaged less than 2 1/3 cents a mile, and 300 Ford cars in all branches of Detroit police work averaged 2.9 cents a mile!

Day and night, twenty-four hours a day, these Ford cars are in operation. Few branches of transportation demand such grueling service. The records show that low fuel and oil consumption is but one of the Ford's many economies. Ford materials, simplicity of design and accuracy in manufacturing provide unusual strength, stamina and freedom from replacements and repairs.

The individual car buyer as well as the purchasing department of a city or a business cannot afford to ignore the proved economy of the Ford car.

FIFTEEN DIFFERENT BODY TYPES

$430 to $640

(F. O. B. Detroit, plus freight and delivery. Bumpers and spare tire extra at low cost. Economical time payments through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Co.)

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