SENSE AND NONSENSE

Of the last 3,421 years of the world's history 3,153 have seen war.

America ranks 10th among nations in public health.

More than 1,000,000,000 gallons of petrol (gasoline to you) were consumed in England last year.

Four and one-half bushels of wheat, equivalent to 200 pounds of flour, are consumed annually per capita in the United States.

Cooperative associations in Finland now comprise 230,000 members.

The value of the city of Paris, France, according to a survey of its municipal council is $8,320,000,000.

Twenty per cent of the population of Iceland is engaged in fishing.

Two youths are sailing and paddling a canoe from Washington, D. C., to Texas.

Seventeen parties are represented in the parliament of Czechoslovakia.

Piano keys are being made in Italy of zoolite, a casein plastic.

Field mice have high blood pressure —250 heartbeats a minute—which keeps them warm in winter.

New Zealand profits about $300,000 a year on frozen bunnies shipped to England.

In a Mobile hotel room a guest was drowned in water thrown into his room from a fire hose.

An innocent looking clam crouching in a basket in the home of Nathan Peck in Newark, N. J., snapped at a passing mouse during the night and held the unfortunate rodent prisoner until the latter's demise.

On Cat Island, near the Cape of Good Hope, domestic cats turned loose years ago have developed such ferocity that it is almost impossible to tame them even when captured young.

A 56-inch tarpon was recently found on a South Florida golf course.

Cy Wheelan, Beaumont, Tex., golfer claims the longest mashie shot—90 miles! (One that he lifted on a green approach fell into a mail plane and both did not touch earth until Houston was reached.)

At the age of 75 a normal man has eaten, since birth, about 1,500 times his own weight in food.

Frank Jacobs, of Newcastle, Me., has a dog that is an expert roller skater. The animal uses a special set of two-wheeled skates.

The police of Prague have been equipped with small trumpets and their orders are, "Toot first, then shoot." The public has been told to "scatter when you hear the trumpet?"

A bill in the New York legislature would give a bonus to state couples celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary.

In France live chickens are seasoned! Dr. A. Gauducheau makes use of a principle of physiology and injects sauces and seasoning directly into the blood stream. He calls it "intrasauce." In this way the flavoring penetrates all of the meat.

English breakfast tables may soon see herring that has never been to sea. Experts at the Brighton aquarium are trying to hatch herring from artificially fertilized eggs.

All but eight states now have communities named for George Washington.

Production of "true chalk" in the United States is confined almost entirely to Alabama.

Vermont is our healthiest state.

About one-fifth, or 2,000,000 acres, of Florida is composed of rivers, streams and lakes.

Oregon leads the nation with one-fifth of its marketable timber.

Tennessee farm and home agents last year reached 1,253,764 persons with direct service.

Utah stands first among the states in silver production and second in lead and copper. It boasts of the largest open cut copper mine in the world.

The Philippines are the only Christian country in the Far East.

Many Greeks lay their children in salt for a while immediately after birth to prevent them from perspiring throughout life.

Oliver Cromwell won the battle of Drogheda Sept. 3, 1649, the battle of Dunbar Sept. 3, 1650, the battle of Worcester Sept. 3, 1651, and he died Sept. 3, 1658.

Because of its rarity, an 1877 United States copper cent commands a higher premium than the majority of ancient coins over 2,000 years old.

Two vice presidents died in office during the administration of James Madison.

The death of N'Gi at the Washington zoo leaves eight gorillas still in this country's zoos. The oldest is five years. No adult gorilla has ever lived in captivity.

The average elephant can haul 15 tons, lift half a ton and carry three tons on its back.

The camel lives from 40 to 50 years.

The Australian native bear lives on eucalyptus tree leaves and does not drink water.

The female lion is also a better hunter than the male.

THE BUYERS' HARVEST

(Frankfort State-Journal)

For those who have cash, or who are so situated that they, safely, may incur debts, there is a buyers' harvest the like of which has not been known since industrialization of America began.

It is now possible to get four casings for a small automobile for less than $20.

The same number of casings of the same size, greatly inferior in quality cost about $80 a few years ago.

An automobile for $500 is as good as a $1,500 automobile was a few years ago.

The same rule applies to food and apparel, and many other things that figure in anyone's list of luxuries and necessities.

Now is the time to buy, if you are employed and have reasonable hope of remaining in emplofment.

Such a time may never come again. Probably it will never come again.

Buy while the buying is good, if you have the wherewithal, or, credit in circumstances in which exercise of your option to buy on credit will not cause catastrophe.

Students At U. Of Ky. Have Varied Occupations

How would you like to have someone cook a dinner, keep your baby, paint the porch, fire the furnace, wait table, drive your car or otherwise be of service? Lexington citizens find students at the University of Kentucky the answer to many a household problem, for there are hundreds of young men and women enrolled in the seven colleges at the University who are ready and anxious to earn money through the various sources named.

The ambition of Kentucky youths in pursuit of education is exemplified in the lists of student workers on file in the offices of the deans and the Y. W. C. A. secretary at the University. Every sort of job that the citizens can offer, from tending furnaces to tending babies, is immediately filled by University officials from the list of student names which are registered at the beginning of each semester by boys and girls who wish to indicate that they are anxious to obtain work.

Many students earn their entire expenses through college from these various sources of income. One young woman is a linotype operator for the Kentucky Kernel student newspaper on the campus; one girl cooks dinner each evening in a private home; one is a dining room supervisor; one plays the piano for several dancing classes; one spends her summer as governess to children of wealthy parents; one tutors backward children and one holds a private art class.

Two co-eds at the University of Kentucky spend their summers on the farm, one raising turkeys and the other, with Amazonian fortitude, raises a tobacco crop. Then of course there are various other part time jobs, such as stenography, bookkeeping, clerical work and office work on the campus, while one enterprising young co-ed operated a beauty shop at one of the residence halls, thus serving her sister co-eds, supporting herself and edifying the male element in general.

A little more manual labor identifies the work of the male students at the University of Kentucky, and chauffering, outside paint jobs, window washing, gardening, firing furnaces, playground work, house cleaning, lawn cutting, motorcycle delivery service, and general janitor work are classified as "good jobs" for the boys.

The percentage of students at the University of Kentucky who aern part or all of their expenses is large, but the percentage though big is not nearly so great as the spirit of the Kentucky boys and girls who sacrifice time and pleasure in order to work and earn sufficient funds to purchase the greatest advantage the modern world offers—a good education.

KENTUCKY CRUSADERS

(Cincinnati Enquirer)

If, as Disraeli said of Gladstone, men may become intoxicated by the exuberance of their own verbosity, they equally may become etherealized and exalted by the distortions of their own perversions and egoisms, as in the case of Dreiser and other militant meddlers in Kentucky's domestic affairs.

These social regenerators chiefly are motivated by a desire for publicity, where there is not a more ominous inspiration. In the Kentucky experience there is much room for the belief that these incursions and invasions from eastern cities and colleges have had their motivation in both the desire for publicity and the sinister movings of communism.

Kentucky is not looking to New York or any other city, nor to the great urban institutions of learning, for help or direction in the matter of her dificulties in Harlan county or elsewhere within her borders. If visitors come properly accredited they are welcomed and accorded the traditional courtesy of the state and people. But she has no welcome or courtesy to waste on self-appointed investigators and advisers, or on adolescent world social regenerators, who may come accredited, or repudiated, by college authorities.

But notwithstanding the fact that Dreiser and his associates made monumental asses of themselves, eliciting the condemnation and ridicule of the entire country, and notwithstanding the fact that the youthful emancipators from the colleges, who marched down to Kentucky only to be spanked across her historic borders, she is just now threatened by a new collegiate invasion from Arkansas. These western youthful intellectuals are going to do what Dreiser and the others failed to do—make Kentucky the bright and shining commonwealth it should be, a state of Christian harmony and all sweet accord—something like New York or Arkansas!

These latter moral marauders should be treated in manner similar to that accorded their inspired predecessors

VACANCIES IN THE GOVERNMENT

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced open competitive examinations as follows:

Assistant gardener, $1,260 a year, or $4.24 a day when actually employed, Office of Public Buildings and Public Parks of the National Capital, Washington, D. C. Closing date April 28, 1932.

Senior inspector, engineer construction (marine) $2,600 a year, Office of Inspector of Machinery, United States Navy, Groton, Conn. Closing date May 3, 1932.

Senior plasterer, $1,860 a year, plasterer, $1,680 a year, departmental service, Washington, D. C. Closing date May 3, 1932.

All States except Delaware, Iowa, Maryland, New Hampshire, Vermont, Virginia, and the District of Columbia have received less than their share of appointments in the apportioned departmental service at Washington, D. C.

Site of the World's Finest Inland Harbor

Scene in the present harbor at Memphis, Tenn., where will be built what will be the world's finest inland harbor, costing $10,000,000. City, federal and commercial interests are co-operating in this gigantic enterprise. The canalization of the Wolf and Nonconnah rivers, to the north and south, will provide 11 miles of additional industrial water frontage and secure a general expansion of wharfage and harbor facilities.

MR. VINSON AND TAXES

(Lexington Herald)

Kentuckians interested in federal taxation, and the expenses of the federal government will be gratified over the accomplishments of Congressman Fred M. Vinson, a member of the ways and means committee.

Mr. Vinson was probably more responsible than anyone else for a reduction of $200,000,000 in appropriations. He declares:

"We have heard repeatedly the news coming from the White House that if the chief executive of this country were given the power to reorganize, to consolidate and to eliminate useless functions in government, that millions of dollars could be saved to the treasury. That opportunity is now presented to the chief executive."

Mr. Vinson also won his fight to have tobacco excluded from the items on which there were increases made or new taxes placed. On January 13 as well as on February 9 the secretary of the treasury was figuring on an increase of one-sixth in the tobacco tax. This was the first excise tax proposed by him in both estimates. Both Nelson, of Wisconsin, and Johnson, of South Dakota, offered amendments to increase the tax on tobacco but such efforts were voted down.

There also was a proposal for a tax of one cent per gallon on gasoline, which would have produced $65,000,000 but against which motorists, including the Lexington Automobile Club, protested. Such a tax would have increased the present high tax burden which motorists are required to pay.

Mr. Vinson has rendered a valuable service in the house, for of the five sub-committees appointed he served on three and used his influence to loosen the grip of the hand of privilege where it has been laid hard on the tax structure of this country.

SPRING LAMB SITUATION

(Lexington Herald)

Kentucky farmers who have spring lambs this year appear to be in an advantageous position according to a report from the United States department of agriculture giving a report of the condition of lambs in the early production districts. In nearly every district except Kentucky and Tennessee there are fewer lambs than usual and their condition is below that of last year. Various reasons are advanced for the cause of this condition. In most instances it seems that the breeding ewes went into the breeding season and winter quarters in poor condition following the unfavorable weather conditions of last summer. The ewes because of poor condition did not produce so many lambs as usual and the lambs have not grown and fattened as they usually do.

Conditions in Kentucky have been somewhat different, however. The weather has been unusually mild, the winter pasture the best reported in the past half century and lambs have done exceedingly well in most counties. The lambs here, for the most part, are a little earlier than usual but they did not come as regularly as usual. This will necessitate farmers sorting their lambs at home and sending to market only those that are heavy enough and fat enough. With the supply of early lambs from other sections less than usual and the quality below normal it seems that Kentucky lamb raisers may benefit from an increase in the price. With this prospect in view lamb raisers in this state should make their lambs good enough to top the market. The tops always return the greatest profit.

WHY HE GOT SO MUCH

(Woodford Sun)

It has been disclosed in court proceedings that George W. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, was paid more than $1,000,000 last year in salary and bonus—$168,000 salary and at least $850,000 bonus. The company made record profits in 1931 of over $46,000,000.

One reason that this could be done is because the farmers go right on raising too much tobacco. By raising too much, they swell the manufacturers' profits each year. Every farmer who heavily cuts down his acreage is doing his part to get some of the future profits into his own pocket. To keep on with big crops is to present Mr. Hill with a bigger bonus.

More American leather is sold in the United Kingdom than in any other foreign country, virtually all types and qualities finding a market there.

Sheep Should Be Dipped This Year

Sheep in Kentucky probably have never been more heavily infested with ticks and lice than is the case this year. Most flocks are infested with ticks or lice, or both. The unusually mild winter caused these parasites to multiply more rapidly than would be the case in a normal year.

It has been conservatively estimated that the damage to the wool clip of the State this year as a result of these parasites will average fully a pound per sheep. But this is not the big damage that may result from ticks and lice, as at shearing time these parasites will go from the ewes to the lambs. It is practically impossible to grow out lambs to a prime marketable product when infested by ticks and lice, declares Richard C. Miller, of the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky. This threatened danger to the lamb crop can be prevented by dipping the whole flock soon after shearing. Only reliable dips suitable for the eradication of ticks and lice should be used and directions should be followed explicitly.

Every sheep raiser should have access to a good dipping vat made especially for sheep. Farmers whose flocks are not large enough to justify individual dipping vats will find that community vats serve the purpose. Five farmers for $5 each and one or two days' work can build a concrete dipping vat that will last for years.

MUST WALK BACK

(Cynthiana Democrat)

Schools of the state will probably suffer more from the trimming of the budget than any other department and in many counties shorter terms may be resorted to which may not be so bad as it sounds. Many remember when schools operated for five months and some of the most successful men and women of today are products of those schools. Shorter terms and consolidation of grades will more than likely be the course of the majority of schools in the state. While it is regretted educational institutions are the heaviest sufferers of the reduction in revenue it still may be a good lesson for educators who ruled with autocratic control, who demanded and received maximum sums of money from the counties, and when this was insufficient, issued bonds against future income to make improvements that should have come gradually rather than at one swoop. The educators are in the same boat as the stock market players of 1929—they have had a good ride but now must walk back home.

Nearly a million and a half head of cattle were tested in Iowa during 1931, ranking it first among states in bovine disease eradication work.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the Carlisle Mercury, published weekly at Carlisle, Ky., for April 1932.

State of Kentucky, County of Nicholas, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Warren R. Fisher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and manager of the Carlisle Mercury and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Carlisle Mercury Co., Carlisle, Ky.; Editor, Warren R. Fisher, Carlisle, Ky.; Managing Editor, Warren R. Fisher, Carlisle, Ky.; Business Manager, Warren R. Fisher, Carlisle, Ky.

2. That the owner is: The Carlisle Mercury Co., Carlisle, Ky.; Warren R. Fisher, Carlisle, Ky.; S. T. Howe, Carlisle, Ky.; E. O. Dorsey, Louisville, Ky.; E. C. Fisher, Carlisle, Ky.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of April, 1932.

Warren R. Fisher
Lee B. Osborne

(My commission expires Jan. 16, 1934)

ADVERTISING POWER

Did you ever stop to think that a newspaper as an advertising medium possesses many outstanding advantages?

Newspaper advertising reaches nearly everyone every day; almost everyone reads a newspaper. It is the only publication immediately associated with the life of a community.

A newspaper contains something that everyone in the family wants to know about. It is the greatest factor in the country in molding public opinion.

The newspaper is the most eagerly sought piece of literature going into the home. It has more intimacy than any other factor in one's daily contact.

Newspaper advertising produces immediate action; speed distinguishes a newspaper's birth, life and function.

Newspaper advertising tells us where to buy; it never lets a prospect get caught. It insures consumer's good will; long sales efforts are not required to sell the consumer on a product advertised in newspapers.

Newspaper advertising is timely and permits the advertiser to tie his copy up with current news events. It enables the advertiser to enter any specific area and secure the amount of coverage that he needs.

Newspaper advertising is flexible; a campaign can be started overnight and can be stopped at a moment's notice.

Newspaper copy can be written to give a complete sales presentation of the product, or it can be written with the idea of trade name establishment.

A newspaper is the closest point of contact to the actual sale of merchandise; the only thing that will approach it is a counter display or a window display.

People of the United States pay one million dollars a day to get their newspaper.

The only reading done by millions of people is confined to newspapers.

TOWNS MAY COMMIT SUICIDE

(Exchange)

"Towns do not die; they commit suicide," said a Kansas paper recently. And how true that is.

If the grocer would handle only local bakery products the bakery would hire another baker and another clerk and another vacant house would fill up.

If the printing office could have all the work sent out of town, it would employ two more printers instead of letting two go, and two more houses would fill up.

If housewives did not buy from peddlers and mail order houses, twelve more clerks would be needed in the business district and six more empty houses would fill up.

If the townspeople did not go to neighboring cities to trade, six more clerks would be needed and all vacant business buildings would be occupied and six more houses would be filled.

If everybody who makes money in this community would spend it in this community his home town would double within a few years and everybody in and around it would be prosperous.

PLANT AN ORCHARD

Editor Carlisle Mercury,

Dear Sir:

I noticed in your issue of April 7 an article entitled "Planting for Posterity." This reminded me of a short poem which I have in mind, and which I wish you would publish. The poem is as follows:

An old man once was planting out
An apple tree, a little sprout.
Another old man was passing by,
And stopped to ask the other why.
Says he, "You're planting out the tree
But the fruit thereon you ne'er
shall see."
He turned and said, "I plant this
tree,
'Tis not for you, 'tis not for me."
Then pointing to a youth close by,
With vivid step and flashing eye,
He said, "I plant it for this one
And others who are coming on."
That good old man, so frail and gray,
Years ago passed away.
The tree also is growing old,
But its blessing wrought will never
be told.
And now the children gather there
To eat the fruit this tree does bear,
And oft we hear them gayly shout
And praise the one who set it out.

Wm. Richie,
Barterville, Ky.

Since the discovery of America the amount of gold produced in the entire world has amounted to $21,120,298,000.

THE GARDEN

SWEET POTATOES

(By John S. Gardner, Kentucky College of Agriculture.)

It is the general practice among home gardeners to use bought slips; some, however, grow their own. To these gardeners, and to growers of more extensive areas of sweet potatoes, this discussion is directed.

All sweet potato growers occasionally have losses because of the potatoes rotting. While it is true that in some seasons the trouble is greater, the likelihood of its occurrence is present every year. Sometimes the signs of its present come early in the growing season, in that the stand is reduced. Sometimes, the first sign observed is the breaking down of the tubers because of a black, evil-smelling rot at the stem end. This condition spreads in storage, no matter how good, and even potatoes that went into storage clean may be destroyed.

Another trouble to which sweet potatoes are subject is soil stain, a spotting and blotching of the potatoes anywhere on their surface. These spots are only skin-deep, and although there are no serious aftereffects in storage, this skin-spotting affects the appearance of the potatoes, and their sale.

Both these troubles are due to definite diseases whose organisms may be present on any potatoes, even though the potatoes appear wholly clean. Because they always occur on the surface of the tubers, treating these in a disinfecting solution is the control.

The material to be used is corrosive sublimate, at a strength of 1 to 1000; this is at the rate of 1 ounce of corrosive sublimate to 7½ gallons of water. Three lots of potatoes may be treated with one batch of the solution by dipping them for the following intervals: first lot, 8 minutes; second lot, 10 minutes, and third lot, 12 minutes.

It must be kept in mind that corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison, taken inwardly, but it is not absorbed through the skin of the hands. In pouring away used solutions, care should be taken that no animals drink it. Corrosive sublimate destroys all metals; the containers in which it is mixed and in which treating is done should be of wood or crockery ware.

Usually the container in which the potatoes are treated is a barrel. A 50-gallon barrel to hold the corrosive sublimate solution, and a round bottom bushel basket make a good outfit. The closer the fit between the barrel and the basket the better the use made of the treating solution.

A better combination is a tub made by sawing off a 30-gallon barrel, thus having a capacity of 15 gallons. In this tub 7½ gallons of corrosive sublimate solution should be poured. Next, an oats sack should be hung into the tub, and filled with potatoes. Their level and that of the solution will be found to reach the top of the tub at the same time. After the potatoes have been immersed for the proper time, the sackful is conveniently lifted, supported on a plank across the top of the tub to drain. This treating outfit makes the utmost use of the treating material, for there is no waste space.

The treated potatoes may be bedded immediately, or, if they are to be kept for a time, they should be given opportunity to dry, and then stored in bags or crates, dipped or swabbed in the same solution used for the treating of the tubers.

All seed sweet potatoes should receive this treatment; home gardeners who set only a few rows will do well to insist that all slips they buy be produced from treated seed.

Skimmilk Helps Egg Production

Farmers who have skimmilk can reduce the cost of producing eggs by feeding it with cheap home-grown grain.

Tests made at the Experiment Station of the University of Kentucky, and reported in Bulletin No. 260, indicate that corn alone with skimmilk makes a satisfactory laying ration.

A ration made up of 70 per cent corn, 30 per cent oats, and skimmilk, increased production over the corn and skimmilk ration.

Substituting wheat for the oats in this ration resulted in still more eggs, and proved to be the best home-made ration.

Sour skimmilk and oystershell were kept before the hen

AMONG THE COUNTY AGENTS

Pike county meat dealers plan to buy and butcher high quality beef cattle raised in the county.

Seventy-five Shelby county farmers attend a meeting on the farm of W. A. Newton, where methods of handling milk, selection and care of equipment and dairy barn remodeling were discussed.

Five hundred bushels of certified seed potatoes have been planted in Boyd county, where the county agents is encouraging potato growing.

All county farmers are using their unsold tobacco to fertilize vegetables and other crops.

A garden planting schedule will be distributed to 1,200 families in Garrard county.

Potato growing is being revived in Morgan county, where at least 20 farmers will grow an acre each.

The county agent has arranged to distribute 120 settings of eggs among 4-H club members in Menifee county. Cockerels will be returned to pay for the eggs, which are being furnished by Berea College.

The Clark County Homemakers' Club is planning to exhibit a model tenant's house.

The Bell county farm and home agent are promoting the growing of garden among families of the unemployed.

It is estimated that 98 per cent of the lambs in Garrard county will be standardized.

APRIL ANTICS

(Gertrude S. McCalmont)

April comes in laughing,
Laughing for a day;
You may see her passing;
"She has gone," they say.

April is but gathering
Showers of fresh rain;
Folding purple crocus,
Opening it again.

April is as eerie
As an elf at play;
Catch her tune, my dearie,
And you'll be as gay.

Four hundred thousand Argentine turkeys were shipped to the United States for Thanksgiving day.

STOCK FOR SERVICE

One big Jack, with heavy bone and one seven-year-old Percheron horse will make the season of 1932 at my barn one mile from Carlisle on the Upper Jackstown pike at $10 each to insure a living colt. Money due when colt comes, mare is parted with or bred to other stock without my consent. Lien retained on all colts until season money is paid. Care taken to prevent accidents, but not responsible should any occur.

At same place will also stand Poll Angus bull at $1.50, and one Chester White hog at $1.00.

3-24-4t* JOHN CRONAN

666

LIQUID - TABLETS - SALVE

666 Liquid or Tablets used internally and 666 Salve externally, make a complete and effective treatment for Colds.

Most Speedy Remedies Known

MATHIAS INSURANCE AGENCY
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Residence East Main St.
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A. T. GARDNER
Optometrist
Eyes Examined—Glasses Fitted
Farmers Bank Building
CARLISLE, KENTUCKY.

Plumbing, Tinning & Heating
KELLEY BARNETT
Carlisle, Kentucky
Call 261
Located on Dorsey Avenue

FOR SPRING PLANTING
FRUITE AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
VINES - - EVERGREENS
ROSES - - SHRUBS
STRAWBERRY PLANTS
SEED POTATOES
ETC.
FREE—50 PAGE CATALOG
Tells you how, when and what to plant
Hillenmeyer Nurseries
Lexington, Ky.
[Established 1841]

TWO MEALS DAY BEST FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

Skip one meal and drink water instead. Wash out stomach and bowels each morning by drinking water with spoonful of simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, saline compound (called Adlerika.)

Adlerika brings out poisons you never thought were in your system. If you are nervous, can't sleep, full of gas it will surprise you. Adlerika contains no harmful drugs. Get it today; by tomorrow you feel the wonderful effect of this German doctor's remedy. Hopkins Drug Company.

Grandma Can Dance Like Girl

Fast Working Ru-No-Ma Frees Her of Rheumatic Misery

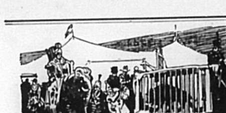
It is easy now to win surprisingly quick relief from the most torturing pains of rheumatism, neuritis and lumbago. Just take 2 or 3 doses of Ru-No-Ma. This amazing prescription was made available by a doctor who used it in his practice with phenomenal success. Contains no opiates or narcotics absolutely harmless. Has [illegible] of needless agony, enjoy life again. If first 3 doses don't stop severest pain, even of many years standing, your money will be refunded.

TUREMANS PHARMACY

BABY CHICKS
BLOODTESTED
ACCREDITED

Barred, White Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, and White Wyandottes $10.00 per 100. White Leghorns and Heavy Assorted $9.00. Custom Hatching $3.00 per tray for 3 trays or more; 1 or 2 trays $3.25 each; 114 eggs per tray. Send $1.00 per 100 chicks or per tray with order, balance when you get chicks.

BOURBON HATCHERY
PARIS, KY.



CAGED

By Courtney Ryley Cooper
Copyright by Courtney Ryley Cooper (WNU Service)

CHAPTER I

There seemed to be a new, sullen note about the roar of the L trains that Joe Barry never before had heard. He felt a different palpitation of fear as he dodged from the low curbing and hid for a moment against a scaly iron pillar while a truck rumbled past. Then with a double glance, up and down the tunnel-gray recesses, he ran to the protection of another pillar, huddled there, glanced swiftly again and leaped for the curbing. Joe Barry hated New York.

There were reasons, of course. One of them made itself apparent in his clothing, much lighter in color and weight at the elbows and knees than in the rest of its texture. His suit was that peculiarly colorless gray so often selected by those who purchase with the idea of durability paramount. His hat had been out of shape long enough to assume a block of its own. His shoes were unshined, just as his suit long had been unpressed.

There was, however, a different bagginess about it from that of the clothing of other Third avenue habitues. This was out of shape merely from lack of the iron. Joe Barry's clothing possessed deep creases and manifold wrinkles; such imprints as could only result from having dried on the body after a thorough soaking. In the young man's lapel buttonhole was the limp, discolored remains of a field flower. Crossing East Seventeenth street before the traffic, he noticed the withered bloom and with a quick gesture, threw it away.

The movement was impulsive. The one which followed was equally so; Joe Barry turned his head for an instant and looked back to where the dead flower lay in the path of truck and taxi. It was only a glance, like some one saying good-by too awkwardly to show emotion. Then the young fellow hurried on again, dark eyes centered upon an objective halfway down the block.

A misshapen, three-story frame building stood there, its lil-painted, clapboard front conferring a queer sort of comparative dignity to the red-brick tenements which squeezed it from each side. A second-hand store on the street level added to its air of dishabille; a warped door at one side announced faintly the word: "Lodgings." Into this doorway, Joe Barry turned and moved swiftly up the creaking stairway, halting however at the first landing. A dim figure had shown itself, groping about the dusky hallway.

"Where've you been?" the lodger complained. "A h—l of a note this is—six o'clock and no beds made. Where've you been? You wasn't here all night, now, was you?"

Joe Barry's features took on a deeper tone of harassed grimness.

"Oh, dry up!" he said in a tired voice.

Then he went to the third floor and unlocked the door leading to his mockery of a room—a frayed piece of dirty Chinese matting on the wide-cracked floor, a bed, such as it was, a washstand and its accoutrements bearing the black checkmarks of age. There was a chair, also. Once in the room, Joe Barry slumped to the bed, his features flaccid except for one particularity, his eyes.

Dark, deep, wistfully alert, they surveyed the dim room, the every shred of the old matting, the one extra necktie hanging over the mirror support, his "other" suit on the back of the chair, a crumpled newspaper in a corner. There seemed to be pain in the inventory, a certain appearance of wincing. Then gradually, the expression changed, to one of abstract happiness. Joe Barry's eyes were staring now beyond the tawdry things about him, as if looking upon vistas of glorious contentment. But after a time the look vanished. An old, set expression, grimly thin, returned to his finely drawn lips. The eyes hardened, as if with protective intent. His hands, peculiarly fine-fingered for the breadth of them, went upward to an awkward smoothing of his dark hair. Youth had departed in a sudden, maturing process which made even twenty-five an inadequate estimate of his age. Finally he rose.

"They'll all be squawking pretty soon," he mumbled, "I'd better snap into it."

He went down the steps then, after locking his room—mainly a gesture, since it contained so little. Soon, to the complaints of the early arrivals, he was at his work—the cleaning up of the box-like rooms, a dab at sweeping, the making of cot-like beds. It meant free lodging for him to look after the twelve rooms which the rickety building contained, and to be in fact, a sort of agent, chambermaid, scrubman and general person of all work for a shiftless owner who never troubled himself to appear unless Joe should be late with his weekly collections. But if the scrawny building needed repairs, or the mengerly paid men who lodged there complained of a lack of blankets in the winter, that was another matter. Joe Barry long ago had found it useless to remonstrate. After all, he was only a slavey—his conscience was clear as long as he did his work.

That clarity was lacking today; therefore his haste. However, he halted once, a drab blanket unnoticed in his hands, and stood merely looking out the half-open window. From the L road before him sounded the steady thundering of trains with the homeward rush. From the street beneath came the warm odors of a tenement block in late May; there were the quarreling voices of women at a nearby store, the playful shrieks of children, and far away, the tinkling of a hurdy-gurdy. Joe Barry disregarded them all. Once more that boyish, wistful light was in his dark eyes, and his finely cut features had softened. A faint indication of a smile trembled at the corners of his lips—then departed. More roomers had come stumbling up the worn steps, soon to begin their complaints. Joe Barry turned his head:

"Give a guy time!" he snapped.

"Time?" asked a protesting voice. "How much time do you want? These rooms ought to be made up by noon; and you ain't even touched mine yet."

Another lodger joined the quarrel. "You weren't here last night."

"Oh yeah?" asked Joe Barry surlily.

"Oh yeah! Then why wasn't you here to fix that faucet in the washroom this mornin'?"

The corners of Joe Barry's lips jerked downward.

"What of it?" he asked wearily.

"Just enough of it that I'll make a squawk to the Old Egg if it happens again, a guy's got a right to have his room made up."

Joe spread the blanket and smoothed it.

"Squawk and see if I care," he said dully.

"An' you weren't at Louie's last night either." The youth halted angrily at the doorway of a fresh task.

"I suppose you went down there looking for me?"

"Naw, I never went down there lookin' for you. They come up here. Said you hadn't showed up. I told 'em you was probably drunk somewhere."

"You would!"

"Aw, g'wan, you accordion player!"

That evidently was the supreme retort. It brought sarcastic laughter from two other rooms, and a reflection from the main antagonist:

"What a joint this is! A lousy miser for a landlord and an accordion player for a chambermaid!"

Then every one laughed, while Joe Barry stood and scowled, one hand beating slowly into the palm of the other. At last his shoulders slumped and he went silently back to his work, a silence which continued, in spite of complaining and of taunts, until his last job was done. Then with a sudden, new air of hurry, he went to his room, shaved with cold water, changed his wrinkled gray suit to the less shabby one which hung over the chair, and drew from beneath the bed, an oblong case of battered black. A moment later, he was on the street, bound for his work of the night.

He walked; nickels were precious. Long ago, he had convinced himself that a walk from Third avenue and Sixteenth street to below Washington square was good for a fellow. Sometimes he strolled, looking in windows. Tonight, however, he all but ran; his arm ached from its burden and he was out of breath when at last he reached Louis Bertolini's Italian restaurant, on the fringe of Greenwich village. A loose-featured waiter, slumped on his hips, hands limply clasped behind his back, rolled his eyes toward the stairs. Fullhouse, as he was known, was never demonstrative.

"Upstairs for you," he said. Then in reply to a swift question. "Louie? He ain't come in yet." At that he grinned. "You'll know when he gets here."

Joe nodded acknowledgment to the information and started toward a stairway leading from the main dining room. Joe Barry knew the place so well that the slightest deviation was arresting; he halted at the stairway.

"When did he get the radio?" he asked.

"Las' night, when you never showed up," said Fullhouse, and on his flat feet, moved away. But Joe Barry remained at the bottom of the stairs, looking with something of fright at the inobtrusive brown cabinet and its connection wire, leading to a light socket. The instrument was quietly prophetic.

Joe Barry made his way hastily to an old storeroom at the rear and opened the black box. An accordion, of the cheapest professional kind, lay within. He brought it forth and bent to receive its strap. Then he went forth to his job of the night, "playing the tables."

It was only ordinary music, accomplished without interest and received in the same manner. No one looked up, no one applauded when he paused between numbers.

He played softly. Sometimes he played so softly that the tones could not be heard above the conversation and clatter of dishes. At such moments, he seemed to forget his surroundings and a wistful light would come to his eyes. Often, too, during these abstracted periods, such waiters as were idle would saunter closer and listen with idly cocked heads to a sort of music different from Joe's usual offerings. It was only temporal, there was a noise from downstairs which needed drowning, the insistent voice of the radio. After a time, however, it ceased, and Fullhouse shuffled up the stairs.

"Come on down," he commanded, "the radio's gone blooey."

Joe Barry obeyed wordlessly. The lower restaurant was crowded now. After a long time, the customers thinned. There was only a party of four stringy-haired women from Greenwich village at the center round table, and a quietly dressed man who dropped in now and then. Joe noticed that he sat, as usual, at a little table in the right-hand corner of the room where his back would be to the wall and his eyes toward the door. Joe Barry thought nothing of that. The entertainer's only interest, in fact, had been primarily that he seemed different from the usual clientele. It had deepened however one night when, on departing, the man had given him a dollar; he had not been back since.

The entertainer looked in his direction and smiling, started in his direction—the advances that a friendless dog or a friendless human instinctively makes toward anyone who even pretends a kindness. Just then the radio responded to the tinkering of Fullhouse, and Louie Bertolini came from his office.

"So you come back, huh?" he asked choppily. "After you get over your drunk, you come to Louie!"

Barry's lips tightened.

"You know I don't drink," came choppily.

"I know what they tell Fullhouse at the rooming place. I know you weren't here. I know you did not send me some word, you did not say: 'I am sorry, I am sick, get another boy, kiss my foot!' Where did you go?"

Joe Barry swung his accordion to a chair.

"Up by Newburgh."

Louie jabbed forth his short arms. "You go up by Newburgh! What is it that you should go up by Newburgh?"

Joe fumbled at the accordion strap. "Well, it's spring, if you've got to know. I just wanted to get out in the country."

"And I should believe that. What for? Why did you have to go in the country? That you should see somebody?"

"No—I just wanted to get out."

"I ask you a simple question. You give me answers like I was nobody! Where did you go in the country?"

"I told you. Up by Newburgh."

"Well, where by Newburgh? You stayed somewhere, didn't you?"

Joe Barry smiled faintly.

"You wouldn't understand. I slept in a haystack."

Louie Bertolini opened wide his mouth and made clawing motions at his slick hair.

"Am I a fool?" he asked. "You slept in a haystack? Whose haystack?"

"How should I know?"

"Where?"

"And how should I know that? Somewhere around Newburgh on Road fifty-eight. I think I passed through a little town called Orr's Mills. I guess I can prove where I was if you think I'm lying."

"You guess, heh? You were out here in New York with a cheecken and you come back and tell me funny stories."

The young man scowled.

"I've told you the truth!" he snapped. "I know where I was. I can take you to a man who saw me, a farmer. I tried to stay all night at his place. He'll remember me. I guess I could find the farm," came after a pause. "It was somewhere below Orr's Mills; there was a truck over on a side road about a mile above it. I could go by that."

"Ha, ha!" said Louie Bertolini. "I should go clear up to Newburgh to find out if you asked somebody to stay all night. I should get along without crazy people!" he added after an instant. Then he pattered away. "Go wherever you pliss after tonight; I've got a radio." Then over his shoulder: "Come back Saturday and get your pay."

There was no answer to make. There was nothing to do. The man in the corner had asked for his check. Joe looked in his direction and forced a broken smile.

"I guess that's that," he said. The man smiled in return, then raised his brows sharply. Joe obeyed the summons.

"Fired you, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

A pause followed in which the diner surveyed the room quickly, yet with nothing in his pale blue eyes except the most casual of glances.

"Broke?"

"Yes, sir; flat."

"It's tough." He chewed at his lower lip. Then he leaned closer. "Tell you what you do. Be at Eighth street and Seventh avenue in an hour. Just stand on the corner. I'll pick you up in a car. We'll take a little ride together. It might be something that you can't afford to pass up."

"Yes, sir."

The steps of Fullhouse sounded in the hall. The man reached for his check, rose and brushed past Joe Barry. When the waiter arrived in the dining room, the diner was at the door, with the exact change ready. Then he took the hat which Fullhouse proffered him and lighting a cigarette, moved casually forth to the shadowy street beyond.

* * * * * * *

It was some time after the machine had picked him up before Joe Barry could pull himself out of his daze. He had not expected a limousine and a chauffeur; even a "whoopee" would have meant comparative luxury to him. He hadn't noticed the car when it had pulled swiftly up to him where he waited, other than that it was big and rich and gleaming. Neither did he now notice that the rear curtain was pulled and that his benefactor sat well back in his side of the seat, so that no lights fell upon him from the street. For a time, there was silence. Then:

"Well, since we've got to get acquainted sooner or later, I'm an attorney. John B. Martin, 60 Wall street."

"Yes, sir."

There was silence for a time. It was nearly midnight now; traffic was light. Martin straightened, and leaned forward.

"Well, boy," he said, "suppose you tell me a few things about yourself. Been in New York long?"

"Yes, sir. Three years. Anyway, it seems a long time."

Louie Bertolini Opened Wide His Mouth. "Am I a Fool?" He Asked. "You Slept in a Haystack?"

"Where'd you come from?"

"Missouri, Waverly; it's an old town on the River. My folks lived about four miles from there."

"Still live there?"

"No, sir. They're dead."

"Got lots of relatives around there? Most country people have."

Joe Barry shook his head.

"No, sir. We just sort of drifted. My dad was a farm tenant."

"What do you really call home—where you've got relatives?"

There was a slight wait.

"I don't know of any."

"And so, in a jam like you're in now—broke and out of a job, there's nobody you can really turn to. That it?"

"Yes, sir." Then suddenly: "I've kind of lost heart, here in New York."

"Why did you come here, anyway?"

"Everybody told me I could get rich here." Interest had loosed the gates of a taciturnity developed though the long knowledge that nobody cared and nobody wanted to know. "I used to play for dances around Waverly and everybody thought I was great. Finally it got so they didn't want the regular orchestra at all, just me."

"So they thought you were pretty good around Waverly. Then they kidded you into coming to New York. When you got here, Broadway told you to go get a rep, is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been at Louie's?"

"About a year."

"Been working at this rooming house on Third avenue about the same length of time?"

Joe Barry answered in a surprised affirmative. Martin enlightened him:

"I was in the restaurant last night when Louie was talking about sending up for you. Well, now you're out of a job. Nobody cares what happens to you. You don't care much yourself, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then how would you like to get ten thousand dollars for a few years' work?"

Joe Barry's lips parted, but he said nothing. Even if he could have thought of something to say, there would not have been the power to utter it. Martin leaned closer.

"Suppose you had a chance to make ten thousand dollars without hurting anything but your sense of pride. How about it?"

"Ten thousand dollars?" At last Joe Barry had been able to utter the words.

"'Ten grand,' as they say on Broadway. All you've got to do is keep quiet and leave New York for a while."

"Where to?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, up the river a piece, as you'd say in Missouri."

Joe Barry laughed.

"That's what got me into trouble, going up the river a piece. Every spring, I just think I'll go crazy here in town. So yesterday morning, I woke up early and I just didn't even stop to consider. I took all the money I had and went out and caught a bus and got off somewhere up around Newburgh. Then I just wandered around. Gee, it was fun!"

"Yes?" asked Martin, non-committally. "Then what?"

"Nothing, I just kept on roaming around. It would have been all right, except that it rained. You know, it sort of made me not care if I kept my job or not. I'd told myself in the afternoon that I'd never go back. Well, I got under a tree and waited a long time until it stopped. Then I started out and got off on a side road. It must have been after midnight before I came back to the main highway. I guess there had been an accident. There were some red lights out and something that looked like a truck turned over."

"Anybody around to tell what happened?"

"I don't know. I didn't go up. I thought afterward that maybe I should have gone up there, in case anyone was hurt—still they'd put out red lights, so people must have been there. I just kept on until I saw a light in a farmhouse and went up and asked if I could stay all night. The old fellow must not have liked my looks. He ran me away. So I sneaked over in a field and burrowed into a haystack. I used to do that a lot when I was a kid. It's a great way to dry off; the hay's warm and it soaks up the water."

"Come into town this morning?" asked Martin.

"No, this afternoon. I must have been dog-tired. I slept until after one o'clock. Finally when I did come out, some fellows were in a field in a wagon. They yelled and started for me. I heard one of them shouting to the other about getting a gun, and calling the sheriff. So you bet I ran! They didn't see me again after I ducked into a little grove. I caught the bus about four miles down the road." Joe Barry shifted suddenly. "But here I've been going on—"

"Quite all right. It was very interesting." Then, at quick variance, Martin asked: "I gather you haven't a sweetie here in New York?"

"No such luck, Mr. Martin. Why?"

"Just thought I'd ask." His voice became more crisp. "Now about my end of this affair. As I told you, I'm an attorney. Now and then I am called upon to represent persons who get into trouble. I have a case now. A young fellow I knew tried to beat the Jones law—transporting liquor, you know. Naturally, my client doesn't care to suffer the penalties. It's largely a matter of circumstantial evidence. So we come to the point. How would you like to step into his shoes?"

There was a moment of waiting.

"I don't think I understand."

"Well, I don't know how to make it any plainer. I'm offering a straight business proposition. You give up your freedom for a while—the Jones law in itself, you know, isn't so bad. Courts have the right to use their discretion on first offenders; it's only the hard-boiled ones who get the maximum, five years, with time off for good behavior. My client can't afford to take the rap, as they call it. You can. I'm offering you ten thousand dollars to do it."

"But I'd go to prison!" The youth's voice carried a tremor; Martin met it with matter-of-factness.

"All right," he answered. "We'll suppose that you go to prison. Think it over. You're a prisoner anyway. Aren't you a prisoner?" Martin asked sharply. "Are you getting any sense of freedom out of this life you're living?"

"No sir; it's just a bed and three meal a day."

"Then you're already caged, in a way. There wouldn't be any shame in it, because a person must have something on his conscience before he can feel sorry for an act. Now, the matter of income. Suppose you had to do two years. You'd have a roof over your head, three meals a day, comparatively kind treatment as long as you obeyed the rules, care in case of illness, the chance to play in the orchestra and be a trusty, and besides that, you'd have the knowledge that you were just doing a job for which you were being paid nearly fourteen dollars a day, Sundays and holidays included."

Joe Barry felt suddenly dizzy.

"But how would I know—"

"That you were to be treated squarely?" The man drew a hand from his pocket. "Lean forward and count that—I'll snap on the light."

The dizziness increased. Joe Barry's fingers fumbled with the bills; his lips moved with audible undertones:

"Nine hundred and forty, nine-sixty, nine-eighty, a thousand—"

"A fellow could do a lot with ten times that much money," the voice beside him was saying. "He could go out into some little town and buy himself a little business and a home. Or get a farm if he liked that kind of a life. What's a few years anyway? You're only about twenty-five."

"But I wouldn't know what to do or say. I'd have to give myself up and say I'd done things that they could prove I didn't."

"Don't let that worry you. All you have to do is to refuse to answer any and all questions. That's no difficult job. Well," he asked quickly, "do you want that money? I'm handing you a chance to trade a few years for a good time all the rest of your life. Think it over."

"But—"

"Kid," the man leaned closer. "That word's licked more men than all the penitentiaries in the world. Can it. Look here," he said, "I'll give you tonight to think it over. Keep the money. Come to Louie's tomorrow at noon if you're going to be a welcher. If not, get yourself on a morning train and hop out of town for another good time. Just look the country over and see if it isn't worth trading a few years for. Got a pass-key, haven't you? Give it to me; I'll have the chauffeur drop by and fix up the place. Forget that part of it. Take a day off. I'll come to your room at ten o'clock tomorrow night and get the verdict. Nothing difficult about that, is there?"

"No, sir."

"And while you're out," said Martin, "I'd put most of that money in some small-town bank. Give me the name of the bank tomorrow night and I'll deposit the rest for you; four thousand more when you prove you're going through with it and the other five when you're really on the way. Well," his tone had finality. "Nobody ever got anywhere by hesitating."

An hour later, Joe Barry stood trembling in his gas-lit room. One sweating hand was clasped about the heavy roll of bills in his trousers pocket. What was a few years to a young fellow? A person had to get a start in life somehow—better than half starving—half starving and being caged up here in the city, in a room like this.

He counted the money for a second and third time. He spread the certificates out before him, one beside the other, until they covered the entire center of his bed. There would be nine times this many more, put to his credit wherever he should say. Ten thousand dollars would buy a little business, maybe a music store, and a home in some small town. Start him up in life where he could amount to something! It might be the beginning of a fortune.

After a long time, he counted the bills again. Then he put them under his pillow and tried to sleep.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

HYGIENE IN THE HOME

Little Mary was left to fix lunch, and when mother returned with a friend she noticed Mary had the tea strained.

"Did you find the lost strainer?" mother asked.

"No, mother. I couldn't," replied Mary, "so I used the fly swatter."

Mother was nearly swooning, so Mary completed it with: "Oh, don't get excited, mother, I used the old one."

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