Canton, Mass., was so named because its founders believed its location antipodal to Canton, China.

Burglars broke into a Los Angeles home one night and stole the family radio set. The next night they broke in again and put the set back.

MAYBE IT WAS A CONDENSED MILK COW

"It says here that a doctor found a collar button in a cow's stomach."

"That's a lot of ballyhoo—how could a cow get under a bedroom dresser."

Prices Reduced

We have introduced a "three grade" in our shoe repair business. The following prices are now in effect: MEN'S SHOES, half soles and leather or rubber heels, best grade, $1.40 pair; Second grade, $1.15 pair; Third grade, $1.00 pair. LADIES' SHOES, half soles and leather or rubber caps, best grade, $1.00 pair; Second grade, 75c pair; Third grade, 60c pair. CHILDREN'S SHOES, half soles and heels, best grade, 65c up, according to size.

Men's Rub. Heels, 40c Men's Leather Heels, 40c
Ladies' Leather Caps........25 cents
Ladies' Rubber Caps........35 cents
Ladies' New French Covered Heels...75 cents
Ladies' Wooden Heels Recovered .....75 cents
Ladies' New All Leather Cuban Heels.....60c

Prices reduced on Harness Repairing. Bring us your work. We will appreciate it and give you a first-class job.

Al Peters Shoe Hospital

James Archdeacon
with
The Schuster Motor Co.
513 West Main St., Lexington, Ky.

invites you to visit him and inspect the finest line of LATE MODEL USED CARS he has had to show his friends in many months. Priced to balance with present conditions; and a clear, clean-cut understanding in all transactions.

FREE PARKING

House Cleaning Time
Call 290

We are prepared to launder and dry clean every article in your home.

Rugs Lace Curtains
Draperies Bed Clothing
Quilts Comforts
Blankets Feathers
Wearing Apparel of Every Description

WE CALL FOR AND DELIVER
We send our laundry and dry cleaning every day

Robert Mann, Agt.
For Lexington Laundry Company

Save Money! ON YOUR MAGAZINES!

THIS IS A LIMITED OFFER

A VERY special arrangement enables us to offer our subscribers the most sensational magazine value of all times. At a rate which is exactly half the regular publisher's price you can obtain your choice of one of these remarkable club offers.

Bargain No. B-5
Progressive Farmer, 1 year
Pathfinder (weekly), 26 issues
American Poultry Journal, 1 year
Illustrated Mechanics, 1 year
Home Circle, 1 year
Farm Journal, 1 year
AND THIS NEWSPAPER For One Year
ALL SEVEN FOR ONLY $2.00

Bargain No. B-6
Southern Agriculturist, 1 year
Pathfinder (weekly), 26 issues
Everybody's Poultry Magazine, 1 yr.
Home Friend, 1 year
Home Circle, 1 year
American Farming, 1 year
AND THIS NEWSPAPER For One Year
ALL SEVEN FOR ONLY $2.00

ACT NOW! USE THIS COUPON TODAY
YES—MR. EDITOR, Send Bargain No.________ to
Name ____________
Town ____________
State ____________ R. F. D.______
Bring or mail this Coupon to our office today—NOW

THE GARDEN

SUMMER GREENS

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

There is probably not a garden in Kentucky in which greens have not already played an important part; in fact the season for harvesting spring greens is almost over. Greens would be a welcome addition to the diet the summer through if only to provide variety, to say nothing of their value otherwise, but quite too many of us associate "greens" only with spring. There are two hot-weather greens, Swiss Chard and New Zealand spinach. They are both easy to grow, but, to have them, arrangements must have been made in time. That time is now.

Swiss Chard—Swiss Chard belongs to the beet family, resembling somewhat the stock beet or Mangel Wurzel, but bred to produce top-growth. Its flavor and method of preparation are much similar to those of red-beet tops, which some persons are already accustomed to use for greens. To those who are not acquainted with this excellent green, a welcome surprise is in store.

The seed should be sown now, dropped in a drill at a spacing of about two inches. When the plants are about 3 inches tall they should be thinned to a stand of 12 inches, the thinnings used as greens. The plants that remain should be allowed to produce about 6 leaves, when harvesting may begin, two-thirds of the large leaves being broken off, the rest left to grow out again. This characteristic of Swiss Chard has given it the name of "cut and come again," for it will furnish greens all summer long and even past the first few fall frosts. A thirty-foot row, as one packet of seed will produce, will produce, will furnish at least two servings of greens for an average family the season through.

Few insects bother chard, but even if the blister beetle destroys the leaf tissue, the fleshy midribs may be trimmed and used. The variety is Lucullus.

New Zealand Spinach—This is a green of slightly different nature, in that the "greens" consist of the growing tips of the branches of the plants which grow in even the dryest, hottest weather, furnishing more and more greens as the season progresses. The seed should be sown in lots of 2 or 3 at a spacing 3 feet apart and 3 feet away from any other row. Only one seedling should be left in each "hill," for the plants finally become as large as tomato plants. The amount of "spinach" produced is enormous, for when one terminal shoot is removed two replace it. The flavor is similar to that of ordinary spinach; in fact, many persons consider it better. Table preparation is the same as for ordinary spinach. The only variety is "New Zealand."

No insects bother New Zealand spinach seriously, except that the black fleabeetle is sometimes troublesome at the seedling stage. Thorough dusting at this time, but not after harvest is begun, with a 1-to-6 mixture of lead arsenate and lime, will prove effective against the fleabeetle.

Recommends Dry Mash For Poults

Feeding dry mash during the first few weeks practically eliminates the danger of overfeeding turkey poults. Any one of the dry mash mixtures used for chicks will do for poults, provided it contains dried milk and bonemeal.

When skimmilk or buttermilk is available it should be fed to poults from the very first, and a special mash low in protein be mixed at home. Skimmilk can be fed either sweet or sour, and should be given as soon as the poults are removed from the incubator or as soon as the setting hen is removed from the nest. Skimmilk is considered better than cottage cheese or clabber because it contains the milk sugar. Feed skimmilk sweet during cold weather, but when warm weather comes sour milk should be fed continuously.

"Turkey Talk," a circular issued by the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky, recommends the following dry mash turkey starter: 20 pounds of ground yellow corn, 15 pounds of wheat bran, 20 pounds of middlings or shorts, 10 pounds of finely ground or pulverized oats, 15 pounds of meat scrap, 10 pounds of dried buttermilk or skimmilk, 5 pounds of alfalfa leaf meal, 2 pounds of steamed bonemeal, 2 pounds of codliver oil and a pound of salt.

Thirty-five pounds of mixed wheat feed or shipstuff may be used in place of the bran and shorts.

Place this mash before the poults in self-feeders when they are removed to the brooder. Start feeding grain after the first week. Place a mixture of equal parts of wheat and cracked corn in open hoppers and the poults will gradually increase the amount of grain consumed. As soon as the poults will eat shelled corn it need no longer be cracked. If skimmilk or buttermilk is available omit the dried buttermilk from the mash and keep liquid milk constantly available in place of water.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT

Edsell Clark, Plaintiff,
vs. Notice of Sale in Equity
Shaft Bussell, etc., Defendant

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas Circuit Court in its May term, 1932 in the above styled cause, the undersigned Master Commissioner will on

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1932

at 2 o'clock p. m. or thereabouts, proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky, on a credit of six and twelve months, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate:

"A certain tract or parcel of land lying in Nicholas County, Kentucky, on the waters of Taylor's Creek, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone, thence N 5¼ E 39.60 poles to a stone; thence N 71¾ W [illegible].68 poles to a stone; then N 12½ W 45.10 poles to a stone corner; thence N 8[illegible] W 27.60 poles to a stone in George Parker's heirs line; thence S 24¼ W 14 poles to a beech stump corner to said heirs; thence N 47¼ W 10.20 poles to a stone corner to said heirs; thence N 22½ W 5.16 poles to a stone corner to the land purchased by John Henry Ham at Commissioner's sale; thence N 86½ W 81.50 poles to a stone corner to Wm. Norton; thence S 6¼ E 116 poles to a stone; thence S 64¾ E 29.36 poles to a stone corner to Wasson; thence S 87 E 21 poles to a blue ash corner to Wasson; thence N 48 E 1.90 poles to a stone corner to Wasson; thence N 5 W 7.10 poles to a stone; thence N 84½ E 130.45 poles to the beginning, containing 109 A. 2 R. 5 P."

One half the purchase price to be due and payable in six months from the day of sale and the other half to be due and payable in twelve months from the day of sale for which the purchaser or purchasers will execute to the said Master Commissioner their sale bonds of even date with said sale with approved security for the payment of the purchase money to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing six per cent interest from date of sale until paid, upon which execution may issue if not paid at maturity.

Amount to be realized is $2700.00 with 6% interest from March 1, 1932, and the cost of this action in the sum of $......

Bidders will be prepared to comply properly with these terms.

A lien will be retained on the land sold until the purchase money is paid. Bonds payable to Wm. Conley, Master Commissioner, N. C. C.

I. B. Ross, Atty. for Plff.
Wm. Conley, M. C. N. C. C.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT

Jimmie Henry, Admr. etc., Plaintiff
vs. Notice of Sale in Equity
Clifton Metcalfe, etc., Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled cause, the undersigned Master Commissioner will on

MONDAY, JUNE 13th, 1932,

at 2 o'clock p. m. or thereabouts, proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky, on a credit of six and twelve months, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate.

So much as may be necessary to satisfy the indebtedness of the decedent, Richard Metcalfe, in the following described real estate: Tract No. 1: A house and lot in Pickerelville, Nicholas County, Kentucky, which is described as follows: "A house and lot situated in what is known as Pickerelville, in said county, on the east side of Main Street thereof, bounded by the properties of James Wilson, Mattie Carlisle and Ed Ross, and by said street."

This house and lot was inherited by said Richard Metcalfe from his mother, ... Williams.

If the said Tract No. 1 does not bring sufficient amount to satisfy the indebtedness, he will then sell the second tract but the same is to be sold subject to any rights which any party may have in same, or parts of same by way of single graves, or lots for graves thereon. Said Tract No. 2 being described as follows:

2nd: "A certain lot or parcel of land situated in Nicholas County, Ky., on the waters of Brushy Fork Creek, beginning at a corner of the colored cemetery in the Carlisle & Parks Ferry Turnpike road; thence with said road N 33½ E 23 poles to a point in said road opposite the center of the old Arnett Stand Dirt Road; thence with the latter road N 18½ W 24.84 poles to a stone corner to Wm. Waugh; thence leaving said road and with Waugh's line S 55½ W 50.60 poles to a stone corner to said Waugh; thence S 79 E 45.51 poles to the beginning, containing 7 Acres, 1 Rood and 32 Poles."

Being same conveyed to said Richard Metcalfe by Harry Kennedy and wife, by deed recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court in D. B. 17, page 212, but excepting therefrom the following:

Lot 160 x 50 feet, conveyed to James Devine by Richard Metcalfe, by deed recorded in D. B. 29, page 602, said office.

Lot 10 x 61 feet, conveyed off of same by said Richard Metcalfe to Thomas Harney, by deed recorded in D. B. 30, page 363, said office.

And said 7 Acre Tract is also subject to certain exceptions for grave spaces, and graves sold off by said Richard Metcalfe.

One half the purchase price to be due and payable in six months from the day of sale and the other half to be due and payable in twelve months from the day of sale for which the purchaser or purchasers will execute to the said Master Commissioner their sale bonds of even date with said sale with approved security for the payment of the purchase money to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing six per cent interest from date of sale until paid, upon which execution may issue if not paid at maturity.

Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Indebtedness to be made as follows: $18.34 with interest from December 31, 1931, $154.90 with interest from Sept. 7, 1931. Cost of this action $.........

A lien will be retained on the land sold until the purchase money is paid. Bonds payable to William Conley, Master Commissioner, Nicholas Circuit Court.

I. B. Ross, Attorney for Plaintiff.
William Conley,
Master Commissioner, N. C. C.

It would require 19 centuries to spend a billion dollars at the rate of a dollar a minute.

Suggests Precaution Against Army Worms

Army worms are present in numbers large or small each year. It is only in those years, however, when conditions are favorable for their development that they become important pests. In view of the cold, backward spring, conditions ideal for their development, precautions should now be taken to prevent an outbreak of this pest such as was had last year, according to W. A. Price, head of the department of entomology and botany at the Experiment Station, University of Kentucky.

Prof. Price urges that all rank growing grasslands and small grain fields be inspected at frequentt intervals between now and early June to determine the presence of the army worm. If found in considerable numbers, steps should be taken either to destroy them by poisoning or burning or to confine them to the area already infested. This step is important inasmuch as the worms in the early stages often escape attention and if left to continue their development often become a real menace to crops, while on the other hand, if found in time, the incipient infestation may be stamped out without a great deal of trouble.

If, however, the worms should escape notice until time of migration, they can be destroyed by using poison bran bait. This bait is made by mixing while dry one pound of Paris green or white arsenic with 25 pounds of wheat bran. Add two quarts of cheap molasses to about 2½ to 3 gallons of water, stir and pour on the bran. Mix well and apply broadcast in the evening on the beds or fields to be protected. Migration from one field to another may be stopped by throwing up a dust furrow. In constructing this furrow it should be kept in mind that it is a mechanical barrier and a steep, dusty side must be maintained on the side next to the field to be protected. The furrow should be 8 to 10 inches deep.

If present in large numbers the worms should reach a stage of development sufficient to cause an outbreak by the latter part of May or early June, according to Prof. Price.

Cutworms, always present in small numbers, have become especially numerous in tobacco beds and on bluegrass meadows this spring. In many cases they have been mitaken for army worms. These pests may be destroyed by use of the poison bran bait as recommended for the army worm.

Poultry Profitable Even At Low Prices

Kentucky farmers who used good methods made money from their chickens last winter, despite low prices, according to reports of demonstration flock owners. One hundred and eighty-eight farmers who cooperated with county agents and the College of Agriculture in demonstrating the value of good management made an average profit of 42 cents per hen in the four winter months of November, December, January and February.

The 188 flocks contained a total of 21,616 hens. They produced an average of 38 eggs per hen in the four months' period. The 188 farmers received a total of $18,082 for eggs and chickens culled out and sold for meat. Seventy-one per cent of the income was for eggs. Cheap feed enabled most of the farmers to produce eggs at a low cost, in some instances for less than 5 cents a dozen.

Due to the low price of eggs and the comparatively good price for poultry and meat, the general farm breeds returned a profit of 10 cents more per bird than was obtained from the strictly egg producing breeds.

Many Wild Plants Poison Livestock

Inquiries received at the Experiment Station of the University of Kentucky indicate that this spring has been no exception in the number of losses of livestock from eating poisonous weeds. Several cases have been diagnosed by the department of animal pathology as plant poisoning, while reports from farmers in other instances pointed to the eating of hemlock, young cockleburs, jimson or other weeds as the probable cause of deaths among cattle, sheep, horses and hogs.

A list of poisonous plants issued by the Station includes larkspur, white snake root, wild cherry leaves, black locust, buckeye sprouts, jimson weed, dutchman's breeches, hemlock and cocklebur.

Losses in early spring are usually more numerous than in summer and fall, due to the fact that many weeds make their appearance before grass, and thereby tempt livestock to eat them. Some weeds become poisonous after they have been subjected to frost, drouth, wilting or severe trampling.

When an animal is found sick or dead, without any apparent cause, the owner may well suspect that it has eaten poisonous weeds, and make an investigation of the grazing ground suggests the department of animal pathology.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Virginia charter of 1609 included an area extending west to the "South Sea," or Pacific ocean.

Though the smallest state in the union, Rhode Island is the most densely populated.

Indiana government cost the taxpayers $71.08 per capita in 1930-31.

If all Florida drainage ditches were placed end to end they would reach 5,113 miles.

Virginia produces the greater part of the world's output of slab and block soapstone.

Daylight saving this year is being observed by seven countries, 15 of our own states and numerous cities in the East.

Per capita consumption of meat in the United States averages over one-third of a pound daily. Pork leads.

Fifteen years after the World war Europe still owes us $22,000,000,000 on account.

The 1931 Yangtze (China) river flood drowned 150,000 persons and did $2,000,000,000 worth of property damage.

The average height of men in the United States is five feet eight inches.

The first president of the oldest woman's club in Massachusetts was a man!

The late Leslie Mortier Shaw, twice governor of Iowa and secretary of the treasury under Roosevelt, had six toes on each foot.

The courthouse at Greensburg, Ky., the oldest courthouse now in use, was built in Virginia and has never been moved.

The heart of a frog will sometimes beat for days after it has been removed from the body.

A Chicago culprit who stole a set of Victor Hugo's works and was caught with the goods was sentenced to read his entire loot and make an intelligent report on what he had read to the judge.

A Cleveland woman sued for $25,000 for a stolen kiss but was awarded only six.

Charles Uzlick, of Austin, Minn., had his car stolen. Several days later it was found stuck in a mudhole miles away. Tied to the steering wheel was this note: "Say, your front wheels are out of balance, the spindle bushings are worn out, your brakes are shot. Better put the old junk cart in the garage for a spell."

John Janske runs a butcher shop at Cicero, Ill. (Chicago's hub-bub suburb.) One night recently police notified him that the window of his shop had been smashed and a lot of hams taken. But Janske only laughed. The stolen hams were dummies!

Policeman Stanley Cappell, chief operator of Chicago's radio squad, received a message that burglars had looted a house of $10,000 worth of valuables. The address was his own.

Just before a murdered was electrocuted in California he remarked to the sheriff that he was glad that it would cure a toothache that had been bothering him for a week.

For the first time in history the movement of British population is toward the British Isles and away from the empire overseas.

A shortage of soap in Russia has sent the price up 1,000 per cent.

A patent has just been issued on an improved nosebag for horses.

Edward O. Achorn, late member of the board of overseers of Bowdoin college, Brunswick, Me., left a fund of $1,000 to insure that the American flag will continue to fly over his alma mater.

Nearly one-third of the 9,000 streets in Greater Berlin have duplicate names. Bismarck occurs 30 times and Wilhelmstrasse (William street to you) 26 times.

The Butte, Mont., jail, host to many "stool pigeons," now has a real pigeon for a jailbird. The bird was blown into the jail during a storm. When it was released it flew back. The officers fixed a roost and the bird has stayed, seemingly satisfied with jail life.

Farmers in the neighborhood of Cashmere, Wash., resorted to firecrackers and Roman candles to drive hungry deer from their orchards.

Plastic surgeons in Vienna are said to have cleared $2,200,000 in one year lifting and altering faces.

How Much is a dollar?

Dave Harum said, "When you get hold of ten dollars get it into you or onto you as soon as you can, for there ain't no pocket in a shroud and you're a long time dead."

If you had nothing but money you would be poor indeed. It is the things for which you can exchange the money you earn that set the standards of your living comforts and conveniences.

You know this. But do you know that it is you who largely determines the value of your dollars?

Many things contribute to the distance a dollar will go, but the greatest agent in "value received" is Advertising.

The advertisements in this paper tell you about the best grades of merchandise. They tell you where they can be had and for how much.

They tell you of the new things that manufacturers are producing to make your dollars of real worth to you in greater comforts, better living, more enjoyment.

Read the advertisements. Take time to save time. Take trouble to save trouble. Read to save walking. Search the ads to save searching the stores. And to make the dollar go farther!

CAGED

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

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Joe Barry, country youth in New York, ekes out a living as caretaker in a poor-rooming house and accordion player in Louie Bertolini's restaurant. Lured by the open country, he spends a night in the fields, near Newburgh. Bertolini discharges him. Friendless and "broke" he is offered $10,000 by a man he knows only as "Martin" to impersonate a liquor runner facing arrest. It means the penitentiary, but Joe is desperate. He defers decision until the next night, and is given $1,000 "on account."

CHAPTER II—Next day Joe deposits $500 in country banks, giving his name as Joseph Bradley. A circus attracts him. Outside a tent he sees an accordion and is tempted to play it. A girl, Sue Dayton, niece of the owner, who admires the music, is instrumental in getting him a position with the circus, but Joe says he must first return to New York "on business." He has decided to refuse "Martin's" offer. In his room four men accost him.

CHAPTER III—Bewildered, Joe sees the men, who are detectives, find large amounts of money, a machine gun, and two revolvers. Next day, under arrest, Joe is identified by men who had seen him the night before near Newburgh, when two prohibition agents were killed and robbed. Joe is charged with their murder and robbery, the money found in his room being identified. He realizes "Martin's" object—to have him found guilty of the murders, executed, and the case closed. A man known as "Fullhouse," waiter at Bertolini's, hurts Joe's case by his evidence. "Martin" cannot be found. Joe keeps silent as to his previous day's doings, fearing to embarrass Sue Dayton.

CHAPTER IV—Pete Maxwell, a detective, appears friendly, but Joe fears everybody. His cellmate, Hymie Fradke, gives Joe $20. Next day Fradke, having secured a revolver, "shoots it out" with prison guards, and is killed. In the confusion Joe escapes. The police, hunting him, confine their search to places where a gangster would naturally seek refuge. That Joe is innocent does not occur to them.

CHAPTER V

Instincts which Joe Barry did not know he possessed now had assumed control; his brain was a turmoil, his exterior calm. He wanted to run, he wanted to hurry to a railroad station and catch the first train out of town, but he only wandered along a side street, looking in a window here and there. At last, he entered a turkish bath, and walking silently to the clerk's desk, pulled out the money which Hymie Fradke had given him, placing it in the tin deposit box which the clerk as silently extended him.

As an escaping animal seeks the camouflage of vegetation that will match its protective coloration so Joe Barry, by instinct, had gone to the one place and the one thing which, for a time, at least, would mean his freedom. He did not know that the main ingredient of escape was not the breaking of bonds, but the actions which followed. With the first tenseness of the breakaway over, he slowly had begun to revert to the ordinary things of life which he had known. The police did not find him in the poolrooms and cigar stores and speakeasies which they searched as his natural habitat, because he never had known them. The police, in fact, were looking for a gangster, a pal and confidant of Hymie Fradke, whose hate of Dannemora had caused him to battle single-handed against the enforcement power of the greatest city in the world. They were not looking for a man who did innocent things because he was an innocent man, and whose mounting desire, ever since he realized that freedom had been literally thrust upon him, was to be clean.

Joe Barry longed for just that. During his city life his one extravagance had been the comparative luxury of a turkish bath. Now with the soil of jail upon him and the odors of the cell block still in his nostrils, he had merely followed a natural impulse at the sight of a sign. As for the clerk who handed him his key upon its rubber ring, he was just another fellow with a hangover, bearded, soiled, unkempt, seeking the purifying qualities of heat and soap and water after the pollution of liquor. Joe snapped the rubber band about his wrist and turned first for the barber shop.

All this had been done hazily; almost subconsciously. The condition continued until he stepped from the chair, after the extravagance of a haircut, a shave and a shampoo. A crumpled tabloid newspaper was on a chair; he sighted a picture on the first page, passed it over with a glance, then looked at it more sharply. A word above the picture had jerked him to attention; heavy, black lettering, followed by a bulky exclamation:

"ESCAPED!"

There came to Joe the overpowering realization of this omnipotent thing known to him as the police. He had been free only a short time, but the news of it was already established and old—old enough for one of its carriers to be crumpled, discarded, even by barber shop loungers. Every one must know him now; he clicked his teeth with rapidly tightening jaws. His barber had pressed against him, in a survey of the photograph.

"Them guys are certainly getting free with their hardware," he said. "First thing we know, they'll steal the city hall. Tough baby, ain't he?"

Then the barber moved on, leaving Joe Barry still staring at his own photograph. Must the man be blind that he could not have seen the resemblance? At last Joe Barry glanced into the mirror.

The person he saw was not the man who glared at him from a rogue's gallery photograph on that tabloid page. There was the difference between youth and age, innocence and granite hardness. For the features of the man in the picture were hard with hate; he had looked what the picture portrayed him to be, a sullen gangster, hating his captors. The face that he looked upon in the mirror was only tired and fagged; a boy worn by grief, and looking piteously at the world, as if trying to understand. The barber returned, and handed him his check, to be settled on his departure from the big bathhouse. Joe Barry went onward, to the elevator, and to the locker floor, there to be assigned his bed, to divest himself of his clothing, and to give his orders to the floor boy, as he handed over his shoes for shining and his clothes for the tailor's iron.

The door opened to take him to the clatter and heat of the bathrooms deep in the basement.

No one noticed him; the sweating men in the steam room, the shouting figures which plunged about the pools. Joe Barry wondered what the rubbers would do; they who had time to study men under their energetic manipulations. But they only asked him, after the soaping and showering was over, if he would have oil or alcohol. Finally he was back on his floor and the boy was preceding him to pull back the blankets on his bed.

Pulled, relaxed for the first time in days, he felt the soft touch of a clean pillow. The smoothness and gentle warmth of blankets crept about his shoulders. When he awoke, it was with the knowledge of new light. Joe Barry threw the covers from him, almost excitedly, and swung to the side of the bed.

It was as if he had forgotten something of vast importance. His subconscious mind was telling him to hurry, as if there was a train to be made, or an all-engrossing appointment which could not wait. He dressed and washed with the air of a man whose minutes must be counted. He fidgeted at the counter downstairs, and wrote scratchily on the account pad when the clerk passed it over for him to enumerate the amount of his tips. Then he reached eagerly for the trifle less than ten dollars which was due him and hurried from the building. Yet he did not know where to go, he did not truly realize why he must rush so—there was something to be done—something to be done—halfway down the block, he halted, his lower jaw sagging. That screaming thing within his brain was calling to him to run, to run, and because of that he only walked along, an unnoticed early morning worker moving across town toward—where, he did not know.

Common sense held him from the railroad stations; the very fact that these were denied him sent him into the subway and to a Jersey City ferry. And at Jersey he just walked, moving where the crowd took him. At last, halting before the traffic, he saw a suburban bus move toward him; involuntarily he raised his hand in signal. The big vehicle halted, the door opened, and he was within, bound anew upon an aimless journey. Others had gotten on with him; it had given him time to think.

"All the way," he said to the conductor, and handed him a five-dollar bill. He received change without counting it. There was too much relief now to think of money, precious though it might be. He was moving, where he did not care; only that it be away from New York.

When the end of the line arrived, Joe Barry stepped forth and looked about him with more of confidence. He was away from New York and its canyons of buttressed fear; here he could plan with something of calm. Early that afternoon he walked slowly past a bank in a small Pennsylvania town and looked within.

This was to be his trial. Certainly bankers would watch the newspapers, and be alert for the sight of criminals. Immediately, Joe fought against the word; he was not a criminal, he told himself. But he laughed mirthlessly; it was a grimace and an expulsion of breath, little more. He was adjudged a criminal and he was being hunted as a criminal; a murderer, if that made it any clearer, and what difference did it make if in his own mind, he knew himself to be innocent?

"A Fellow Could Do a Lot With Ten Times That Much Money," the Voice Beside Him Was Saying.

That was bad reasoning. It made him shaky. Then suddenly he whirled, walking swiftly, and turned in at the door of the bank.

"Good afternoon," he said, and waited. The banker looked up.

"Oh, hello," he said, and smiled. "Back to make that other deposit?"

Joe Barry cleared his throat.

"No—I'm sorry. I've got to draw out some money."

"Certainly, certainly." Then the banker passed over a saving account withdrawal slip and made a remark about that most casual of things, the weather. After a time, Joe picked up the pen. His hand had stopped shaking.

Then, almost before he realized it, he was out of the bank. Free, and money in his pocket. He had drawn only half of his deposit but it was enough. There would be no need to take the risk of going to the other bank; all custodians of money might not be alike.

He had money in his pocket—two hundred dollars. He could buy a ticket all the way across the continent with that and still have something to live on after he had made the journey. His brain was filled with the thought, of the clatter of trains, the rush and roar of miles slipping away beneath him, strange cities where one could lose oneself, ships at anchor, looking for eager, hardworking young men. More and more glorious became the thought of the far away. Then it all was gone.

For Joe Barry realized that he was standing still, half turned from the chipped sidewalk which led to the blackened railroad station. Before him was a wooden fence, and upon that fence, the rain-washed, tattered posters of a departed circus.

* * * * * * * * *

Two days later, Joe Barry stood on the curbing of a down-town business block in the quiet old town of Frederick, Md., his own troubles for the moment forgotten. From far down the street, there came the faint music of a band, rising through the steady overtones of its bass drum. With this the crowded sidewalks forgot other things in an undulating bulge toward the curb, like the sweep of a wave.

The music of the band became louder. Joe Barry edged forward. He had come here only after mental travail. In a few minutes now, the "grand, glittering and glorious pageant" of the Dayton Brothers circus would pass him, and he would see little of it, save one person. And when that view had been gained, that one bit of worship silently and surreptitiously given, Joe Barry would go on—to far places, to ships that sailed the seas. He felt he could not do otherwise.

He had fought it all out, that day he had seen the posters, down by the railroad station. Conditions had changed since, flushed with the lure of a new life, Joe Barry had promised to come back to the Dayton Brothers circus just as soon as he could be released "from his other job."

Now, he knew, there could be no release. His job was a job of a life or death; either it clung to him like a hated scourge, to haunt him throughout the years, or it would send him to where men screamed and beat their rough shoes against the floor late at night when one of their number, his head shaved and his trouser legs slit to make way for the touch of clammy electrodes, went through a little door, never to come back. Joe Barry had been forced in the last few, year-like days, to face this situation with something of dull resignation; there was nothing else to do. But the complications of his heart had not, in the turmoil, been reckoned with.

The poster had brought them into sharp relief. Lonely, harassed, hungry for some one who would be kind to him, he had stood before those tattered circus bills like a reverent person before an altar. If he could only see her and hear her voice; if he could once more stand beside her, watching the slanting sun string its filmy gold through her soft hair, to have her talk to him, the tones of her as soft as a caress! The protective side of him had cried out against the thought, while the heart of him throbbed and pounded for her and demanded her, this one thing above all the world. So, at last, there had been a compromise.

Joe Barry was going away, forever; she must never see him again, because he no longer was the man she had met that day on the circus grounds. But he could see her, a fleeting glimpse, he could watch her approach him, and watch her pass; he could follow her as far as eyes could see, and then, when she passed from his vision he could say good-by to her, he could whisper so that no one but himself would know. If he could only see her again, he had told himself, the future might be easier. Perhaps she would be smiling when she passed him.

That was why he now stood on the curbing in Frederick, thrilling strangely to the approaching music of the circus band. Steam had appeared from far away, floating over the asphalt-colored hulks of heaving forms; the elephants were in the distance and behind them the calliope, denoting the end of the parade. Anxiety struck Joe Barry, that somehow he had missed her. Suddenly forgetful, he stepped into the street for a better view, only to draw back with something of impatience as a marshal rode along the line of spectators to hold them to their places. Suddenly he gasped. A girl, trim in riding clothes, was smiling down at him, her hand extended.

"I felt sure you'd come today!" Sue Dayton said and leaned far from her saddle to clasp the suddenly cold hand he had raised to her. "I told Uncle Dan you'd be here today!"

Then, with a swift movement, she had swung out of the saddle. Joe Barry dazedly knew that he was laughing boyishly and telling some hastily conceived untruth about a delay; beyond that he forgot all except that he was talking to her. But the crowd was milling now. Sue Dayton swung her horse about quickly, as if to mount.

"I saw you from half down the block," she laughed. "Queer, wasn't it? You see, I never go in parade—except this way." She glanced along the line of march. "I've got to get on! Uncle Dan's not feeling well today—I've got to watch his section, too. You'll come back right after my act?"

She caught her stirrup and swung to the saddle and turned to wave to him as the horse trotted on in the wake of the parade. Joe Barry only stood there, a lone figure now against the curbing. In that vague, tangled conversation in which Joe had asked and answered questions, he had made a promise. Yes, he had told her, he'd come back to her tent, right after she had finished her act in the sawdust ring!

It meant more hours of weakness and strength, at last it meant capitulation. There could be no harm in that; the damage had already been done. To talk to her again, to look upon her in the graceful beauty of silk and tulle, to stand with her by the little dressing tent where first he had met her; there must be no more than that. The throngs of the menagerie found Joe Barry before the cages. The instant Sue Dayton's act was over, he was out of his seat and hurrying for the marquee that he might round the tangled guy ropes of the big top, to her dressing tent.

As he approached her, she waved excitedly to him and then turned for a moment within the tent, to make her exit as hurriedly, a professional copy of sheet music in her hands.

"I wonder if you've heard it?" she asked, giving him the music. "It's just out; you'd think it was written especially for us, wouldn't you?"

"Gee!" Joe had looked at the title. "That's great, isn't it? 'Queen of the Sawdust Ring.'" He laughed. "That's you, all right," he said.

"Well, we'll play that it is," Sue agreed. "The music's real pretty. And you ought to hear the band play it! Queer; the orchestration and song came through the mail the day after we saw you. Uncle Dan and I said right away it would be just the thing. Bert Wilson, the band leader, you know, tried it out, and we started using it for the act yesterday. But of course, the real touch will be the solo when you play and sing it. Don't you like the words?"

Joe nodded as he read the chorus:

You're my shimmering dream of the sawdust ring,
You're the bit of life's show for me,
I wonder if you know the joy you'd bring
If the queen of my heart [illegible] be.
Tinsel and spangle and fluttering tulle,
Queen of the sawdust ring,
You'll make me a king, the world to rule,
When you're queen of my diamond ring.

Joe pulled in his breath, deeply.

"That sure was written for you," he said at last. "I'll bet somebody saw you in the ring and wrote that."

"Foolish!" the girl bantered. "But it does fit into the act, wonderfully. That's the line I like," she added, pointing. She was beside him now, the soft touch of her breast against his shoulder sending through him a strange, almost delirious sort of thrill. "That fifth line: 'Tinsel and spangle and fluttering tulle.' Isn't that pretty?"

"The music's nice there, too." Hastily he crossed to the chair and, raising the gleaming lorio, swung his head under the strap.

"Play the whole thing over," she said. Joe obeyed greedily. Everything else in life had momentarily faded except this, except the fact that he was with her, translating a Tin Pan Alley creation into a serenade that, in his mind at least, had been written just to describe the only circus girl who ever existed.

Tinsel and spangle and fluttering tulle,
Queen of the sawdust ring,
You'll make me a king, the world to rule,
When you're queen of my diamond ring.

"That's a cracking good song," said a voice from the rear, and Joe turned to grin a greeting to Uncle Dan Dayton. "Well, boy, you were a day or two late, but it's all right. How do you like the song?"

"I Felt Sure You'd Come Today!" Sue Dayton Said, and Leaned Far From Her Saddle to Clasp the Suddenly Cold Hand.

"Oh gee!" Joe's smile finished the sentence. Uncle Dan stuffed his hands into the diagonal pockets of his riding breeches.

"Seem to be getting along pretty well with it. How about making the break tonight?"

"You mean—?"

"Sure. You can memorize it in that time, can't you? If it's rotten, we'll be gone tomorrow, anyway, and you've had a rehearsal."

"I—I don't know." A certain ugly tinge of grayness had made its appearance about Joe's lips. Realization had returned. Suddenly he wondered what these people would do if he should suddenly blurt forth the fact that he was a fugitive from a charge of murder. "I don't know about doing the act tonight," he said. "I'd planned to write a lot of letters and get sort of cleaned up on various things."

Uncle Dan laughed, and waved the objection aside.

"Just got stage fright, that's all," and at a call from a lot boss, moved away. "Be back in a minute."

Sue Dayton waited until her uncle had reached the big top.

"If those other things can wait," she said seriously, "it'd do us all a lot of good."

"We'd really just be putting on a rehearsal, wouldn't we?" asked Joe.

"Yes, that's it. Come on!" She caught his arm. "You can learn that song in no time. Why, you almost know it now!"

There was considerable activity about Slats Beeton's trunk in Clown alley that night. Uncle Dan, as equestrian director, wandered in and out, carrying over his arm a Pierrot suit which he fitted to Joe Barry, yanked away from him, and grumbling, returned to the wardrobe woman for more alterations. Sue Dayton came to the outer edge of the side wall and called through, wanting to know if Joe needed the song to run over. Cathouse Green, menagerie superintendent and animal trainer, sat on a trunk, heavily absorbed with a cud of tobacco and thoughts of the value of a new act to the circus. Joe—Joe Bradley, as they knew him—was being made ready for his entrance to the ring.

(To be Continued Next Week)

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

A. T. GARDNER
Optometrist
Eyes Examined—Glasses Fitted
Farmers Bank Building
CARLISLE, KENTUCKY.

MATHIAS INSURANCE AGENCY
JOE MATHIAS, AGENT
Residence East Main St.
Phone 249

Attend a Fully Accredited School
Lexington Business College
Citizen's Bank Building
Lexington, Ky.
Write for Information

A collection of thousands of coins made of platinum, gold, silver, copper and alloy, some more than 2,000 years old, has been bequeathed to McGill University.

AT EXPENSE OF FARMER

(Hardin County Enterprise)

Living costs the first of this year were 17 per cent below the peak in 1929. But they were still 34 per cent higher at the beginning of 1932 than they were in July, 1914. Cost of food and clothing show the greatest declines, the former 27.7 per cent and the latter 25.7 per cent. These figures, quoted by the National Industrial Conference Board, are based upon retail prices and explain in large part why farm prices are down. Citizens who are receiving the benefit of these reductions should bear in mind that they are made at the expense of the farming industry.

Declines in coal, gas and electricity have been only 3.4 per cent and in some instances their prices haven't dropped at all, because they are stabilized by state commissioners representing the public. The utility commissions, cognizant of the reasonably low net earnings of the utility companies, realize that drastic reductions in rates (similar to the fall in farm prices) would result in not only loss to stockholders, including widows and others with no other visible means for support, but also would be of serious consequence to thousands of employees, who would be laid off to further swell the ranks of the unemployed.

The farm industry however, has no similar protection and the farmer, who is in most instances both owns and works his own farm, is getting deeper into debt. Would it not be splendid if the greatest industry of all—the farming industry—could have a commission located in each state capital to maintain farm prices the same as utility rates are now maintained.

INGRATITUDE—WITH SOUND EFFECTS

"Are you the man who saved my boy from drowning when he fell off the dock?"

"Yes."

"Well, where's his hat?"

A livery stable is not a nuisance, declared the Georgia supreme court in reversing an opinion of the Gwinnett superior court.

GERMAN REMEDY STOPS 30-YEAR CONSTIPATION

"For 30 years I had a bad stomach and constipation. Souring food from stomach choked me. Since taking Adlerika I am a new woman. Constipation is thing of the past."—Alice Burns.

Most remedies reach only lower bowel. That is why you must take them often. But this simple German remedy Adlerika washes out BOTH upper and lower bowel. It brings out all gas and rids you of poison you would never believe was in your system. Even the FIRST dose will surprise you. Honkins Drug Company.

Switch Over Today.... Try the New NuGrape

AT the very first sip, you are happily conscious of the miracle of it—the aroma, tang, sunny splendor of wide vineyards and the perfume of growing, ripening grapes! It is no mere echo—it is Reality—as if you had plucked a cluster of Concords and were pressing their purple juice between your lips.

The New NuGrape is the liquid flavor of Concords—livened, given champagne-life by a secret process—it leaps and glistens in the glass with the glow of health. And how appetizing! What a zest it provides for other things. The most languid hours are brightened and made more endurable.

At grocers by the case for your home. At soft drink stands for the whims of your thirst any time, any where 5c.

Carlisle Bottling Works
Carlisle, Kentucky

The New NuGrape
MADE WITH WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE