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AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

A one-time editor of The Mercury, J. W. Kehoe, studied shorthand at odd times, practiced diligently and became a proficient stenographer about the time John G. Carlile was making his race for Congress. As the story goes, the young editor said to Mr. Carlile, after he had finished a speech in Carlisle, "When you go to Washington, I want to be your secretary." He got the job. Later he met a young inventor, Otto Mergenthaler, who had patented a type-setting machine. Being a printer, Mr. Kehoe was interested, bought some of the stock—which later made him rich—and it is said encouraged the inventor, the late Ottem Keller, to whom he had sold The Mercury. In the purchase of the same stock for something like a dollar a share or less. Printers used to tell that Mr. Keller refused, saying there would never be a machine invented that could pick up type from a case or distribute it back into the proper boxes. Whether true or not, I was reminded of this story by a clipping I found last week, mailed on the wall behind a dusty type stick. It is by the late Anthony Woodson, whose "Just Among Home Folks" column in the Courier-Journal used to be a daily delight. If you ever fooled with types and ink you'll love it. If you don't know an em quad from a shooting stick, it might be funny also. To quote:

Lassy on The Invention of Movable Type: When a party goes into a printing shop and sees a man at the linotypes setting lines of type for the correctors to make up it does not also put him in mind of a fact that printing use to be did in solid block instead of by solid blockheads. For arm men did not believe that any chance in printing was possible. But along comes a bird in 1141 by the name of Guttersnipe of Gardenburg and he proves to be the upsetter of medium evilizing.

This feller Guttersnipe was a sort of a low lifer. He thought that a printer's stick was a pretty good idea and that a printer's measure was a stock of rum. It is said he was one of the commentators that he even believed that M. Quad was a misprint for My Quart. Anyway he drunk a tight smart and one morning he showed up with a hangover that was big.

So when he licked at a block of type, the type begin to run around amongst themself and play for any look like a animated crossroads puzzle. This how Guttersnipe was pestered in his mind. So he went across the street to the soft drink shop and told Hennie to fix up a jigger of Pomeroy sect with a dash of Angora bitterness.

Feeling some better, he says to Hennie, "I've got it." Then Heinie says:

"You ain't got it, you have got them."

"No, I hamit," says Guttersnipe of Guttenburg, or whatever it was. "I aint ready to overmit myself yet, but I am on the verge of making a invention which," he says, "will result in the publishing of books without rhyme or reason all over the face of the whole danged universe."

"If you mean books like Coin's Financial School and Bailey's I hope you forgit your invention before you git sober," says Heinie.

"But I aint going to git sober," says Guttersnipe of Gottrodammerne, or whatever it was. "Printing hereafterward is to be did with lead type that run around and around like the stone and you have to be drunk to git the big idea." he says.

It's O of O. took his notion to the bankers and they lowed they had never heered of such a thing and it was real good banking nature. Well, he could not get nobody to agree with him that if types was movable they could be put together in different ways to spell different words or even to spell the same words diffierent. The edifier way he could make any converts was to git printers drunk so they would see the matter as he saw it. Hence, it is recorded that Orson B. Pressice was firmly convinced that the printers could set type unlesson you could teach it to drink whisky.

Why Boone Left Kentucky.

In his interesting column, "Blue Grass and Horse Pastures," in Sunday's Lexington Herald, C. Frank Dunn has the following interesting account of the departure of Daniel Boone from Kentucky:

The commencement by the Boone Bicentennial Commission of plans for a state-wide and a just national celebration of Daniel Boone's 200th birthday anniversary doubtless will bring to some extent a honest inquiry about the great pioneer little known heretofore, as was the case when the George Washington Bicentennary was commemorated in 1932. Now will be seen, interesting, however, than an interview with Daniel Boone himself in his death and published by A Traveller in the issue of Western Courier, Charleston, Va., July 15, 1823, showing that poverty, not an over-crowded population, caused Boone to move to Missouri. The interview, through the courtesy of George W. Summers, former Washington correspondent of The Lexington Herald, is republished in this column:

"The writer was induced by curiosity to visit this extraordinary person the summer before his death. He then lived with his sons on the bank of the Missouri River, 40 miles from its mouth. We had on our journey heard much of his shunning society and fleeing to the wood upon the approach of company, but this our expectation soon proved the mere invention of travellers. We had an introduction to his son, a substantial and respectable planter, who made us acquainted with his father. He was then old and feeble, yet in every gesture and sentence you were impressed with his former energy and decision of character. He was cheerful and talkative and prevailed upon us to dine with him.

"After dinner we entered into familiar conversation with the old patriarch, and from the parsimony of old age he related much of the history of his past life. He observes that we are happy to find the report of his death, while aiming a rifle at a deer, was without foundation. He smiled and said:

"Many heroic exploits and chivalrous adventures are related of me which exist only in the regions of fancy. Who me the world has been great 'Hercules, and yet I have been but a common man. It is true that I have suffered hardships and miraculously escaped many perils, but others of my companions have experienced the same.

"When I was young in Virginia I heard much from the surveyor of the fertility of the soil beyond the mountains and the abundance of game in that quarter. Naturally romantic and fond of the chase, I induced a few families to go and settle beyond the Alleghenies. We soon formed a small and enterprising company, but on the way thither suffered many privations, and on one occasion a part of our company was killed by the Indians. This cooled but did not extinguish the ardor of my companions.

"We proceeded and settled a few miles from Lexington. Here we built a log fort and at first were undisturbed by the Indians. I afterwards was informed by the savages that at first they knew not of our settlement, for they were all west of the Ohio. Game was so abundant, inhabited by the Indians but was always, by a compact immemorial, kept as a general hunting ground. The land was called Kentucky, as its name imports, land of blood, from the many wars occasioned by the violation of this compact.

"Soon, however, our fort was continually surrounded by the red men, and their continuous cries in the vicinity threw a gloom over the most stoutest spirits. Pressed by hunger within the fort, hundreds of miles from a white settlement and threatened with the scalping knife at left our residence, we were certainly in a perilous situation. For provisions we depended upon the game of the forest, and leaving our fort overnight, hunted the succeeding day and returned the next night.

"Once our path was attacked in returning and I with others sallied out to their assistance. A few were killed and I in a personal encounter with an Indian, received many severe wounds. At another time our fort was stormed and well nigh carried, but a fortunate thought saved us. The Indians and backwoodsmen are much afraid of big guns and to impress them with the idea we had them, I ordered some large logs bored and the holes filled with powder. The expansion frightened away the enemy. However, after many struggles we subdued the country and Indians, and our fields were waving with corn and our friends settled around us, and we then expected to pass together many happy days.

"But alas, it was then my misery began. New claimants successfully contested our land titles and once again we were thrown into poverty and despair. I determined to quit my native land and seek refuge with my children and their property. Accordingly, with my numerous family I came to this place and for a bone bought a large Spanish patent, and surrounded by numerous bears and savages, I considered me the instrument by which they had for their hunting ground (Kentucky) They joined my helpless and wretched situation and were too highminded to crush a fallen foe. They were kind and generous to my children and my son and never but once stole my property, which the chiefs soon restored.

"But within a few years, since the creation of Louisiana, the country has much improved. My descendants and myself are comfortable and independent and surrounded by numerous neighbors and I would be the last to quit my native home and leave the friendly shades of my children and relatives and friends, and the place of my nativity, and the place of my children and relatives and friends, and the place of my nativity, and the place of my children and relatives and friends, and the place of my nativity, and the place