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Lo, The Poor Farmer!

Lo, the poor farmer! And yet by many ages to pied along from year to year in these parts with a well filled purse, now and then during the course of the years a fat one, a bulging pocketbook and money to spend—and spend he does—to the delight and well-being of the rest of us.

And so we advise him and pay by with him, when he gets rich and both deepen and broaden under the benediction of a warm shower; when there come hot nights, steaming and uncomfortable in town, but "good sleeping weather." We for years handicapped him with a high protective tariff, and gave him a fixed price with fixed prices. We teach him to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before—and there's more than one to it. We counsel him and abuse him and buy from him at some years starvation prices.

And all the time his wheat sits, great Nature moves immutably through sunshine and shower and freeze and thaw; his friendly enemy, the Law of Supply and Demand swings placidly though at unchangeable arc, bringing ruin at this end, prosperity at that.

We, of the villages, walk to the doors of our still dreller in a country town—and there is the country away from the silky-voiced, announces quickly, that is, he can, if he gets out of bearing distance of every house, cabin or human habitation.

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Comes July and Summer's early middle age. Corn blades begin to rustle, stalks grow fat in their country burgeoning. In the rich, suburb loam of this region the wan little weeds in countless fields cease to droop and lift sturdy green leaves to August and the sticky, velcety maturity that is White Burley. During the steaming nights the air is fant harvest drinks deep of the moisture and this roselets burrow into the rich life-giving soil, drawing nourishment, fattening grains for the barn. It is generally that in August, the rain completion that is September.

There is about us in this most beautiful and show-y nurtured of summers, a life, growth, fecundity—fulfillment of the sweet promise that was spring. The air is full of the curve of warblers, and the first fall capture of sawdrop and crocus, while yet the sun is warm enough to awaken with mellow ease. And with this month of the season's sweet virility there come, for eyes that see, for ears that hear, a myriad of the faint warmth and soft sad whispers of the Change. The vesper song of the cattle-bird takes on silence and even the liquid bubbling of the purple martin is hushed by the endless task of gathering mouths to be fed. Then, begun in August, for league after league flight to winter homes in the Tropics. Soon the tiny insect musicians in field and forest will burst upon their wing violins a shrill dirge that will all too soon squeak valiantly in the very teeth of the bleak frost. Passing beautiful, but inexorable is Nature in her movings.

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I have never, I think, seen the hollyhocks more "hollyhock year" they remind me of quaint old ladies in poke bonnets and lilac gowns, of dear old lady who of bygone days, trim and erect in their quaint old garden party of their very own. . . . From my brisk fast nook I have joyed for many a summer day in the unrestrained loveliness of a garden party of these old lady hollyhocks. But now the gay dresses fade under the fierce sun, the nodding showers. Soon their beauty will be of yesterday. As it must be, with all flowers ladies. And so do the hollyhocks back soon a youth whose glamor yet lights the road to Yesterday.

"THE POSSESSIONS OF AN ANCIENT LADY

An ancient lady, on aspen tree and a little white house belong to me.
A silver spoon, a pewter pot, a hive of bees and a Wedgwood plate, a blue-ringed cup—and time to dream when the moon comes up.

Where Is The Peaceful Quiet Of Yesterday?

The summer dutch of many a village and small town is farcical, some think, by the enmity, loss or population shown in fire, last decade. Others think the forecasters are wrong in their surmise. It is pleasant to live in a small town and there are many compensations, but it must be admitted, with the passing of the radio one of the chief of those has been destroyed.

Like Macbeth, this invention which has taken the place of the piano in millions of homes and of the phonograph in countless others, has murdered the "deep murder sleep" we used to, the peace and tranquility of parents and children. Time was, not long ago, when you, dear reader, drank a soda, purchase a drug, steak or a cigar in any town, no matter how small, that he is idle forced to make himself heard above the roar of invariably over-tuned radios. Where is the peaceful tranquility of yesteryear in our small towns, when the hum of bees could be heard as one ate one's noon-day lunch and the crooning of frogs, the drowsy tinkle of a sheep bell, the lowing of a cow were the typical and peaceful sounds that aided enjoyment and digestion of the evening meal?

Gone! Gone with the horse and buggy; gone with tranquility and poise and the art of rational conversation, one hears. Save we arrive to be blasted above the manly baritone, the shrieking soprano, the crashing jazz band and the persiflage of Amos and Andy and other piffle snatched from the ether and poured out of radios invariably tuned to a limit, that makes even the occasional melodious offering that are sandwiched in between the advertising announcements a nothingness of "screee bella jungles, hards and out of tune."

We think the radio devotees do not listen to what they produce by the turn of a button. Watch one of them and you will see him twirl the dial, get his station, tune it to a roar and then walk away with nonchalant indifference, or ignore its squawking and attempt to out-talk it. Apparently no noise is a necessary component of the modern life of the present generation. Without noise they are distrait, frightened, tongue-tied and are off to an automobile with the radio going.

Hohum! Perhaps it's age that makes us this way; or a recalcitrant liver, though we're inclined to think that you, in that regard. At any rate the village the small town should never lose a single citizen these days because of the drone of radios which once oppressed the sorber after the hum and buzz of city streets. Drop into any restaurant, drug store, grocery store, garage, barber shop, hotel and try to hear yourself think above the static. The rumble of an elevated train is child's play to that noise.

Oh, well, there's one consolation left to the dweller in a country town—and that is to the country away from the silky-voiced announcers quickly, that is, he can, if he gets out of hearing distance of every house, cabin or human habitation.

50 Years Ago

Thursday, July 7, 1887

Bob Ritchie and Dan Owens are operating their threshing machine.

H. C. Metcalfe, William Sweeney and Mr. Mann, of Sharpsburg, are applicants for postmaster at Carlisle.

D. J. Hutchings and Son open furnishings and undertaking establishment in the new Piper building.

Charles Hoskins and George Bennett open meat store in room formerly occupied by Hunsey & Martin.

"Both horses at Blue Licks now have their hands on hand and are fully equipped to make it pleasant for visitors. Grand social hop will be held at the Licks on Friday night."

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, July 5, 1917

Rev. F. D. Thomas resigns as pastor of the Carlisle Presbyterian church.

Local chapter of Red Cross formed at meeting here. Wallace Bedford elected president; Miss Flores S. K. Veach, president; Elizabeth Hutchcraft, secretary; Mrs. Taylor, secretary; Mrs. Jennie Henry, assistant secretary.

Parker, treasurer. Total of $1,242.50 subscribed toward fund for war work of organization.

New steel bridge over Licking river at Blue Licks completed and opened to traffic. Cost of the bridge was $12,000.

Turner Thomas suffers fractured shoulder when tire he is changing on automobile rim blows out and rim strikes him.

Dr. C. W. Mathers files suit to restrain fiscal court from building new bridge over roads of county recently accepted by Hunsey & Martin.

Died—Mrs. J. B. Goode, 69, at her home near Moorefield on July 3. Funeral at Mt. Olivet, July 5, formerly of Nicholas county.

Articles of incorporation filed with the secretary of state for Carlisle Milling Co., which is organized with $25,000 capital stock. H. S. Brock, president; [illegible]

Mayor Fred Supports F. F. Faurot for Governor

Mayor Fred Taylor, of Carlisle, has announced his candidacy for governor on the democratic ticket, and is now busily engaged in fishing in the Carlisle creek and lake. Mayor Fred is a fine fisherman, and can handily see beyond next week. It should be carefully considered by the voters of Kentucky whether the governor's office is the greatest help toward a successful life. The boy who quits school to earn a few dollars now may be throwing away thousands of dollars. He could earn if he sticks to his tasks until the normal time for quitting.

Mayor Fred Taylor has been in school ere about the best valuable lessons he has ever learned that determine whether he is going to be a success in the game of life and make his mark in the world, or just plod along unknown and unsung. If he sells those fateful years out for a little speed on the water, he will be like the man who parted from some great treasure for a few pieces of silver.

The board of trustees of the University of Kentucky, college of engineering, has elected Dean Anderson Hall, who has been acting dean of the college for the past year.

Tidbits of Kentucky Folklore

By Gladys Wilson, Ph.D.
WESTERN KENTUCKY TEACHERS COLLEGE
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SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT MODERN INVENTIONS

It is erroneous to suppose that superstitious ideas relative to things that could be some of the most modern are found only among those grown up around our most modern things or ways of transportation and communication. Persons now alive surely into use in rural Kentucky the telephone and the radio. I have heard much discussion about the dangers of these inventions, such as their keeping out of the air. One old man of Warren county said that if the Lord had wanted us to talk to each other across great distances He would have given us the power to do so. Another one of the old men said that the telephone line was very poor, he thought, because the Lord knew that area of the field was a poor kind of soil—clay, and good for nothing. Another old man, less bookish, but making good guesses, said that the telephone and the singing of the telephone wires kept the angels from coming down to the wire and reporting that the Lord was not listening, and that he could hear what was being said.

The automobile has brought many points of superstitious prohibition and belief. Many persons think that it is good luck to touch a hearse with the foot, and many persons are afraid to ride in a hearse. Many persons believe that it is bad luck to ride in a wagon with a load of cedar. Many persons believe that it is bad luck to start on a journey and then turn back. Many persons never hear from the vendor in the first house at which they stop when dealing with house-to-house salesmen. Many of these are quite effective. Many devices, such as bonds, and in some cases even the insurance policy, are sold because of the salesman and not because they can but control the situation.

Many persons believe this sort of selling from those who pay us dividends. Many persons believe that the automobile is to weaken humanity by making it dependent upon it for the importance of having your name on such a prominent place as on a check.

FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

MARRIED WOMEN AND JOBS

(Richmond Register)

Much criticism has been directed against the jobs married women have obtained, the attack usually coming from members of the working class who feel that jobs belong to the married woman.

Most of the protests come from women and girls who are jobless, but the remarks suggest some confusion in the minds of the complainants.

The social argument would hold a job is no more objectionable for a married woman than for a single woman, so long as there are jobless unmarried women. The economic argument would hold a job is not objectionable for a married woman so long as there are jobless women outside the home are doing as for the married woman. It is the confusion mind the notion that when a woman marries she ceases to be the stereotyped "domestic" maid.

The social argument would hold a job is not objectionable for a married woman so long as there are jobless unmarried