USDA proposes new federal food stamp regulations

Under a proposed regulation announced Friday by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, an individual who wants to retain eligibility for food stamp program benefits would have to accept a job which requires joining a bonafide labor organization recognized by the National Labor Relations Act. The regulation would not require the recipient to join a company union.

In order to participate in the food stamp program all recipients, with certain exceptions, must register for and accept employment. Current regulations, however, permit a recipient to refuse a job in which he is required to join, resign from, or refrain from joining any legitimate labor organization. The proposed amendment is in line with regulations for the Work Incentive Program of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Public comments are invited on the proposed regulation which was scheduled for publication in the Federal Register on Wed., Aug. 21. Written comments may be mailed or delivered to Royal Shipp, Acting Director, Food Stamp Division, Food and Nutrition Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. 20250, so as to be received not later than Sept. 20, 1974. Comments received will be open to public inspection.

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Dove hunting permitted in certain wildlife areas

Dove hunting will be permitted on the following wildlife management areas from Sept. 1 through Oct. 15: Ballard County WMA, in Ballard County; West Kentucky WMA, in McCracken county; Central Kentucky WMA, in Madison county, and Curtis Gates Loyd WMA, in Grant county. The dove season on Land Between the Lakes WMA, in Trigg and Lyon counties, will be from Sept. 1 through Oct. 11 and from Dec. 1 through Dec. 9. Statewide bag and possession limits apply on all these areas.

The statewide seasons will apply on all other wildlife management areas except for the following, which are closed to all hunting: Grayson Lake WMA, in Carter and Elliott counties; Pine Mountain WMA, in Letcher county; Beaver Creek WMA, including private inholdings, in Pulaski and McCreary counties, and Robinson Forest WMA, in Breathitt, Perry and Knott counties.

Shotguns used for dove hunting must be plugged to hold only three shells (one in the chamber and two in the magazine). Hunting is not permited over "baited" fields—that is, areas where wheat, shucked or unshucked corn, salt or any other feed has been distributed solely to attract doves. However, hunting in fields where these feeds occur solely as the result of valid agricultural operations or procedures is permitted.

Hospital notes

Aug. 21, 1974 to Aug. 27, 1974. Visiting hours are 2 to 4 p.m. and 7 to 8:30 p.m.

ADMITTED: Beverly Gray, Jesse Caswell, Lula Bradshaw, Charles Mann Sr., Dora Lee Curtis, Earl Delaney, Edna Ruddell, Lillie Morris, Henry Livingood, Ira Mitchell, Lois Ockerman, Carlisle; Imogene Massey, Paris; Linda Sue Smith, Edward Catchings, Sharpsburg; Betty Haskins, Mt. Sterling; Chessie Vice, Mayslick.

DISMISSED: Ruth Ishmael, Beverly Gray, Della White, Adelia McGowan, Nell Smoot, Judy Hardin and baby girl, Charlotte Tincher, Johnathan Carter, Edna Shumate, Betty Sadler, Matilda Robinson, Ethel Ring, Jesse Caswell, Edna Ruddell, John Fryman, Robert Sears, Carlisle; Arthur Duncan, Robert Dollins, Ewing; Linda Sue Smith, Sharpsburg; Ethel Ishmael, Moorefield; Imogene Massey, Paris; Betty Haskins, Mt. Sterling.

Kentucky State Dairy Princess Susan Tichenor wears an authentic replica of a 100-year-old ball gown which she has modeled at Kentucky Bicentennial Affairs. Miss Sunsan Tichenor, has been touring Kentucky this summer with her own bicentennial message . . . that dairying was one of Kentucky's first industries ... that it was one of the main beverages of our pioneer fathers who brought cows into Kentucky with them ... and ... that milk and real dairy products were the basis of good old-fashioned cooking.

Public hearing

A public hearing will be held Sept. 6, on the Department for Natural Resources and Environmental Protection's proposals to control the surface effects of underground coal mining.

The proposed regulations are based on a law, passed by the 1974 legislature, which holds underground operators responsible for environmental damages accompanying deep mining operations.

If the regulations are accepted, state approval of reclamation plans for land disturbed at the opening, tipple, disposal site, access and haul roads of deep mines will be necessary. The regulations will also require a permit from the department's division of reclamation to operate an underground mine.

Mines which ceased operating prior to July 1, 1974, will not be affected by the regulations; only new and existing operations will be regulated. However, if an abandoned mine is reopened, reclamation must be completed at the site.

Mattox reunion

The 39th annual reunion of the late Hester and Emanuel Mattox families will be held this Sunday, Sept. 8, at Kinkead Lake near Falmouth. All friends and relatives are invited to come with basket lunch and join in the fellowship.

Kentucky State Fair attendance up

The 1974 Kentucky State Fair set an all-time high in attendance, according to Wyndall Smith, president of the Kentucky State Fair Board, Louisville.

The final count of visitors to the 10-day Fair totaled 621,246. It was the first time Fair attendance has gone over the 600,000 mark, topping the previous high of 582,383 set last year.

The 1974 Kentucky State Fair ran from Aug. 15 through Aug. 24 at the Kentucky Fair and Exposition Center in Louisville.

The 1974 total was a jump of 38,863 over that of 1973. Attendance in the 1970's has steadily increased, from 533,572 in 1970 to 548,938 in 1971, then to 552,999 in 1972.

The rise in attendance was attributed to several factors, including the "Heritage '74" Fair theme, which lauded the 200th anniversary of Kentucky's first settlers in Harrodsburg and Kentucky's development since that time.

Other factors mentioned in the record-breaking attendance were good weather conditions (rainfall was negligible until the last day of the Fair), and the largest entertainment, both free and paid, ever put together for a single Kentucky State Fair.

Also, the World's Championship Horse Show boasted a record number of entries (over 1,300) and record stakes ($155,000). Premiums for all entries in the Fair totaled over $300,000, another record.

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JOHN W. ALLISON has been appointed as agent for the Hurst Home Insurance Company for Nicholas County to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Ray Flora who has been agent for the company for the past several years.

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3811—72 Chev. Impala H.T., P.S., P.B.	$2095
3885—73 Chev. Malibu 2-dr., P.S., P.B.	$2895
3731—71 Buick LaSabre 4-dr sedan, P.B., P.S., air conditioned	$1895
3768—71 Opel Station Wagon	$1795
3896—68 Volkswagon	$1095
3912—71 Mercury Station Wagon	$1695
3877—71 Chev. Malibu 2-dr., H.T., P.S., P.B., air conditioned	$1995
3839—72 Chev. Suburban ¾ ton, P.S., P.B.	$2895
3899—74 Riviera	$7495
3911—72 Skylark, 2 dr. H.T., low mileage	$3295
3900—74 Impala Custon Coupe	$4195
3890—71 Nova, 4-dr.	$1595
3898—68 Chev. Pickup, 8 Cyl.	$ 995

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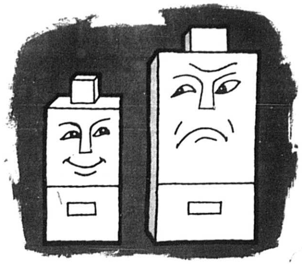

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Flemingsburg, Ky.

Writings of the late Warren R. Fisher, Sr.

THIS, THAT and T'OTHER

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER
Feb. 24, 1927

A Page From The Diary Of A Country Editor

Lay late and after breakfast out into the heaviest snowfall of the season to nail up a lump of fresh suet and sprinkle grain and tidbits for my feathered friends. And right soon they come to their breakfast and without the shyness of their summertime selves. There comes a blackbird with his glistening purple neckcloth and very springlike sounds his creaking note and I am glad to see the sparrows scatter when he comes. Following soon comes a mocking bird, balancing daintily awhile upon my cherry tree, but too timid to risk breakfasting and then a wren singing merrily and putting to shame the rowdy sparrows that gulp their food with quarrelsome and unmusical chatter. Each spring I determine to poison this British pest, come next winter, but somehow I never do. Anon there comes my daily winter visitor, the little downy woodpecker, followed soon by her husband who chases her away from her breakfast with scant ceremony and himself is driven to flight by the arrival of his big cousin, the hairy woodpecker. Much alike are these two carpenters, differing only in size.

But the checkerboard back and the red nape of the red-bellied woodpecker is missing and I fear some prowling cat has got him, a round-eyed tabby that lies all day before the fire as innocent as ever was, so that one would think butter might not melt in her mouth. Yet by night does she turn murderer and destroy the birds whose songs are one of the best parts of God's out-of-doors. So I am convinced that the only good cat is a dead cat and I am determined if one visits my yard to use her as fertilizer for a rosebush, for which all cats, after being properly prepared, are admirable, or so I have been told.

Soon now I must be at the cleaning of my purple martin's house, set away indoors, for in another month these graceful pilgrims will wing their way to us from wintering in the tropics. What guides them, I wonder? And will they come truly to this little grey house of theirs in this little backyard garden out of the countless thousands of little gardens over which they fly? They will, I know, but through what sense or guidance? Questions to which Will Shakespeare's melancholy Dane gives answer as satisfactory as any, when he says:

There are more things in Heaven
and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your
philosophy.

So I sit watching the breakfasting of the birds and the driving down of a wet snow, very unpleasant to one who walks abroad and I am minded that last week I did express a preference for "variegated weather," and I think I have my wish these last few days. For it was only last Thursday that I walked out over the fields and the sun was warm as May almost and the hum of bees was in the air and I saw every bird, well nigh, that comes to us in the springtime.

Even a dandelion I found, flaunting its gold against the darkness of the winter turf and all day the robins sang and the song-sparrows, so that one who knew not his Kentucky weather would have rejoiced in the coming of spring. Oh, well, if variety be the spice of climate as well as of life, we do not lack for condiments in our weather fare. At least those of us who may not journey to Florida and California will find the thought comforting.

Whereupon I am minded of the coon Bill Roberts writes about from Florida—a rum coon in very truth, for it did scratch out the moss in a tree and uncover a quantity of cornlikker, a popular beverage in the South and elsewhere since men were made to stop drinking by legislative enactment, and Floridians did clamor for the coon and it sold for $500, or so Bill Roberts writes. Now if this coon might be crossed with a bird dog, no doubt a rum-retriever could be evolved. In which case no warrants would issue for failure of rum-retriever-coonhound owners to take out license. Not in this county. The county clerk would be overrun with applications for kennel license, or so I think.

At length to sit by the fire and read a delightful, witty book, called "Galahad," by John Erskine and many a chuckle over the manner in which the tale is wrought and the good King Arthur made into the best of fellows, despite his cuckoldom at the hands of Lancelot and Guinevere. And the golden-haired queen becomes in this sophisticated book a very mental tribulation to the devoted Lancelot of the Lake. And I must needs smile to find Sir Galahad, the Pure, a veritable prig and ninny, which no doubt he was, if ever he did exist and go a-questing. And the book ends with Sir Lancelot cloistered with the monks and closes with the following dialogue:

"You know," said Brother Martin, "I don't think you are in a way of grace!"

"You can judge that better than I," said Lancelot. "But can't a man be in a way of grace and still ask questions?"

Which same, as the lawyers would say, is a moot question. The Tennessee legislature, at least, thinks one cannot. And they weren't joking, writes Jim Allen, when they passed that law.

A delightful book, this Erskine has written and so skillfully wrought that it pulls down old idols without offense, which is master craftsmanship. For, of a truth, one who loves poetry must be well entertained to see his knights and ladies of the Round Table pulled from the pedestal over which my lord Tennyson, borrowing from Malory, has draped his beautiful tapestry in the Idylls of the King. Very human this Erskine makes them, as they would have been, no doubt, had they existed outside of legend. Alas for the poet's pen that "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name!"

And yet, musing on the legends of King Arthur and his knightly court, I find my Tennyson, having no Morte d' Arthur at hand, and read of Gareth and Lynette of Lancelot and the fair Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, of Merlin and Vivien, of the Last Tournament, of Guinevere and at length of the Passing of Arthur. Poetry to be read in the spring of the year are these and in the spring of life, when love is a mystery dreamed of; when one knew that all queens are fair and all knights brave and bold and always there was the remote possibility, yet a possibility withal, of Romance touching one with its magic finger through the agency of the mischievous witch of braided hair and gingham aprons who sat at the bench across the aisle. For was it not one of these who reached the pinnacle of romantic love—and in a spelling class!

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower
fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Musing awhile and reading, at length, I come to the Passing of Arthur, in which is the finest combination of harsh and liquid word sounds, painting a picture of the frozen hills over which Sir Bedivere bore the king to the silence of the moonlit, level, lake. A poetic truck, if you will, but to me it is surpassingly beautiful.

And answer made King Arthur,
breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time
that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet
I fear
My wound hath taken cold; and I
shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he
half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his
arm,
And looking wistfully with wide
blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his
tears,
And would have spoken, but he
found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the
languid hands
And rising bore him thro' the
place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur
panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare
on his bed
When all the house is mute. So
sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his
ear "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall
die."
But the other swiftly strode from
ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and
looking as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen
hills.
He heard the deep behind him,
and a cry
Before. His own thought drove
him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the
icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left
and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round
him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag
that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of
armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level
lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

So I sit the fire out and hasten to bed, where come thoughts of the morrow and of bills due and to come due and soon I am in a swivet of worry and toss and turn and curse the lot of a country editor. And I utter a fervent wish that my young son become a blacksmith or aught else, save perhaps a barber, if he be saved from the enticement of printer's ink and dilettante scrivening. I conclude the poet was right when he wrote:

Shun—shun the Bowl! That fatal,
facile drink
Has ruined many geese who dipped
their quills in 't;
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer
clear of Ink
Save when you write receipts for
paid-up bills in 't.
There may be silver in the "blue-
black"—all
I know of is the iron and the gall.

And yet—'tis a bewitching trade, though hard on the nerves and rarely filling to the purse, and only the Sheriff, I reckon, will take me from it. And that I hope, not as soon as sometimes seems.

So, like a nitwit, at two o'clock to sleep.

Thursday, March 24, 1927

Wise men say that there are three sorts of persons who are wholly deprived of judgment,—they who are ambitious of preferments in the courts of princes; they who make use of poison to show their skill in curing it; and they who intrust women with their secrets.—Pilpay.

KENTUCKIANS LIKE 'EM HOT

As this newspaper recently observed, we shall not need the diversion of a "mad-dog scare" this summer, for ere the scum grows thick on ponds and the streams dry up in the meadows, the chatter of politicians will have become as the "crackling of thorns under a pot," and there will be excitement aplenty and to spare. For signs are not lacking that those who want the offices and the emoluments thereof are aware that your Kentuckian likes his politics as well as his biscuits hot. And hot 'twill be, this bubbling cauldron of politics, ere the katydid fiddles under an August moon. For the faggots are being piled.

Once upon a time it was the juice of the corn that fired the faggots under the pot. The law of Mr. Volstead has removed that highly inflammable heating agent, in a manner of speaking—or so some say—and few States are vouchsafed a major moral issue wherewith the politicians may season their political burgoo. But not so Kentucky. The pari-mutuel is with us still. Yet a little while, no doubt, and this form of amusement for the man who chooses to waste his substance in an attempt to get something for nothing will take its place with the dodo and the ichthyosaurus, and will lay its bones alongside the carcass of the John Barleycorn that was potent without potash. And the nitwit who thinks he can "beat 'em" will hie himself to the handbook maker who knows he can't—and your politician will be a-questing for an issue.

Not that there are no issues. The Lord knows that we lack not for issues in Kentucky, but they are not heat producers; they do not work the "great common pee-pul" into a frenzy for or forninst; they are not such sure-fire vote-getters. Who has seen the questions of public education, of modern prisons, of the more humane care of our mental unfortunates call forth bitter diatribes from press and pulpit and bring old friends to resort to fisticuffs for or against the cause of some candidate who wants the office and the pay that goes with it? You haven't, we'll venture to say. A cause must have the old, old heating agents of personal liberty and its curtailment or divergent views as to the harmlessness or wickedness of an amusement to bring the voter to the whoopla stage where he is sure to vote "and bring someone with him."

This newspaper was once taken to task by a highly esteemed contemporary for expressing a preference for the murmur of a mountain stream, the odor of bacon frying over a wood fire, the whistle of a red bird from the pines and the calm, quiet immensity of star-strewn heavens to the mouthings of politicians. The criticism was deserved. One should take an interest in politics; should cling to the old ideals of service to State and Nation; should believe that statesmanship did not go out of fashion with the hoop skirt, though one wouldn't get very far with such old fashioned ideals these days. We used to believe in fairies, even political fairies, but it is so tiresome to keep bolstering up the illusion. Alas, for the frock-coated Catos, with hand in bosom, a la Dan'l Webster, or with upraised finger after the best manner of Dr. Munyon. They too have been laid along with the dodo and the dinosaur. In their stead we have the practical politician, of slush funds and "little green houses in K street;" good business men, hardboiled, suave and excellent psychologists of the herd instinct. They have to be.

For there are many like us, more's the pity! who are more interested in the enthralling task of making a living, of getting a new car or a new house or another farm or even in thrilling to the wafted carol of the meadow lark and the fragrance that spills from the golden cup of a daffodil, than in politics and politicians. It takes a deal of steaming to bring us to the boiling point, at which stage we "pour" more easily—to the polling places.

So the thorns will crackle under the pot and the cauldron will bubble with its charge and counter-charge.

. . . double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Schools, roads, prisons, asylums and even taxes, perhaps, will be forgotten in the seething. We will be told of improving the breed of race horses, a sorry argument, we think, which will be easily answered. We will be told of abolishing gambling and saving racing, wagerless, an argument, in our opinion, equally as poor, for so long as horses are raced and the telegraph brings the results of races, there will be money wagered. The betting will be done, as most of it is now done, in all probability, through the hand books. The antis have a trump card in their "State a partner in gambling" argument. It will be hard to answer, but the pros are sagacious and the answer may be forthcoming.

In any event 'twill be a merry scrap. It will not be settled, the antis tell us, until the pari-mutuel is abolished. It might be settled by the forthcoming elections and again it mightn't. The element of chance will add interest, of course, to the races of the various candidates. People are that way about chance. Some of them will go so far as to bet on the chances of the candidates who are pledged to abolish betting. Funny thing, politics, but here in Kentucky the game is becoming as standardized and ennui-provoking as a procession of flivvers or the arrest of a bootlegger or short skirts.

Yes, it promises to be a warm summer, politically speaking. Old dog Tray and Shep and Ring can come to town and pant a bit in perfect safety. The boys on the roaring stump will furnish the excitement.

AN ALIBI FOR THE OLDSTERS

An Old Fashioned spelling bee is planned by the Parent-Teacher Association of Carlisle, to be held next Thursday. It should be an entertaining program. The famous "blue backed" speller is to be used. Many who defend the one-room school of yesterday as more effective than the better equipped schools of today say "they don't spell now like we could then." It would be interesting for the parents to form a line and spell against the pupils. —Lexington Herald.

Now, now! Interesting, yes, but unwise, Tom, mighty unwise for the parents and for parental dignity 'neverything.

You see these youngsters spell every day and have the words sort of fresh in their minds. Of course all of us know that "spelling was spelling" in the days when it took longer to spell "incomprehensibility" than it does for a flivver to run a mile, but we are out of practice.

This alibi for the oldsters, in case some old bird is foolish enough to spell against our flaming youth. You see, when the McGuffeyites and Blue Backers say, "they don't spell now like we could then," they mean "like we could then," not like we can now.

Yes, yes, of course. Harrumph!

GOING! GOING!—!

One by one the roses fall,
One by one the streams go dry.

Another stream upon which floated financial succor for the country print-shop goes dry and our new telephone book is printed by the company, at Atlanta. That's their business, of course. We have no kick coming on the saving the telephone company is able to effect. It is but the natural outcome of the merging of telephone companies, the handling of public utilities by great corporations, the co-operative marketing of tobacco, the growth of the chain store and the mail order business in rural districts.

Time was when The Mercury did all the job printing and carried all of the advertising of three loose leaf warehouses in Carlisle. Today this printing goes to some large printing establishment capable of handling orders for one and one-half million of this form or that. The small shop which could turn out twenty-thousand forms for a warehouse is not equipped to handle the large order. We are not blaming the Burley Association for having this printing done by the lowest bidder and in large amounts. However, it is another rose fallen from our bush—another stream gone dry.

Once upon a time we printed all the forms required by the local light and power company. Now we print none at all. Great corporations maintain their own print shops. And that's good business, for them, and that's their business.

Are these indications of the approaching time, when the small town will cease to be a business center, except to furnish through a few stores the necessities of life?

We dislike to think so.

Yet in the fourteen years we have lived here, we have noted the passing of more than one local business, to be merged into the great corporation, which cares just so much for the town as it can get out of it in dollars and cents.

O, well! There's a compensation somewhere. Perhaps it is in being able to live in a small town, to hear the cardinal and the wren greet the summer's dawn and be soothed by the quavering call of the little screech owl. But just living, is getting rather complex, as "the roses fall and the streams go dry," perhaps that is the reason for this wailful screed.

VIEWING WITH ALARM

We view with alarm the brilliant colors which young men's hose are beginning to affect this spring. They remind us of the spring of 1908, which will be remembered as the year our particular generation of adolescents went so completely to the devil. —Kansas City Star.

From the "Starbeams" column of the Star and only a pert paragraph, of course, but typical of the seriously pessimistic outlook of the professional "viewers with alarm."

We can remember when young men were "given up" as hopeless because they followed the prevailing fad of parting their hair in the middle. It was about that time when we heard an ancient whittler observe: "I never see a young feller that hangs his foot out o' the buggy come to any good end."

And so today some of us plead guilty to the encroachment of the years by "viewing with alarm" the hatless youth in baggy trousers and his flapper sisters of carmined lips and flapping galoshes. Youth, we are quite sure, is "going completely to the devil" in this good year 1926.

Perhaps someone may dig this screed from the files in 1946. Should they do so, a believer in the immutable sameness of old human nature may use it to point the moral of a preachment to the effect that "back in 1926 the oldsters thought jazz and flapperism and its concomitants spelled the ruin of youth, as today we view with alarm the wild tendencies of the present generation."

So we think it will be always. Each generation is bound for the eternal bow-wows in the opinion of the generations preceding it. Yet each generation manages to furnish its quota of perfectly good mothers and daddies for the next. He who grows older enjoys "crabbing" about the worthlessness of the younger generation. It is a compensation of sorts for the pangs of envy.

HEMP

Hemp! For us there is a magic in the word, perhaps because it brings back memories of boyhood, when the green oceans billowed in countless acres on every hand—memories of still August afternoons, when the guns blazed from the coverts at doves that passed on whistling wings; of frosty mornings when the shocks were spread and boy and dog turned savage in their pursuit of the field-mice that scampered from beneath the tents of brittle reeds, or of wintry days when the skies were leaden with the promise of snow and the hills were dotted with hemp-fires, orange daubs against the purple dusk of winter evenings. Cutting, shocking, spreading, shocking again, breaking, man's work all of it, but inextricably mingled for us with old, forgotten, far off things, bringing back in the warm pungency of its flowering, in the fainter aroma of its brittle reeds, delightful memories of the care-free days of childhood—breathings of romance.

We loved the hemp fields of Kentucky that used to be and we always hear with pleasure prophecies of their return. Sisal and Manilla twine, cheaper fibres of the tropics, accomplished the ruin of a crop that was queen in Kentucky before tobacco became king and wrecked an industry in which Lexington alone, at one time, had more than a million dollars invested. Scattered fields persist in some of the bluegrass counties; river bottom patches supply seed to Wisconsin farmers, but one no longer looks across the wide fields that were like great emerald inland seas.

Thursday, March 18, 1926

"I NEVER SEE THE LIKE"

In our "Thirty Years Ago" column this week a six-inch snow and zero temperature are recorded for March 19th, 1896.

"I never saw weather like this in March" has been an expression oft-repeated during the last two weeks and by those who had "cut their wisdom teeth" when "After the Ball" was the song-hit of the day.

By the same provision of Nature through which one quickly forgets pains and aches and sometimes the fact that "the wages of sin is death," one forgets the unseasonable and unpleasant weather of last year and even last month. Who that has not kept a dairy remembers, on the spur of the moment, the weather of last September? And it was memorable weather.

We used to believe in the reminiscences of the aged anent the "hard winters" and hot summers of their childhood, but we have come to the conclusion that much weather of the same sort, coming in between, has been forgotten by the oldsters.

Good old "weather" furnishes a never-failing topic of conversation and is such a necessary vent for our feelings, that it is one diversion which is likely to escape the attention of the reformers. All of which reminds us that the "long-range" weather-prophesying boys have predicted for us "a year without a summer" in 1926. And the way March has been acting has already frightened the timid.

However here's one who'll lay odds that you won't need a fur overcoat in June, July or August.

HEMP FIRES

(A.B. Shropshire)

When the reddening of the sunset
dies,
And the dim gray steals along twi-
light skies,
Then things come back of the long
ago,
When I watched the hemp fires'
steady glow.
When on the heavy laden air
There comes a breath of perfume
rare,
Like incense from censers set on
hill and plain,
There comes to my heart a sudden
pain,
For I think of the time in the long
ago,
When I watched the hemp fires'
steady glow.
Oh, years of my life, how you've
drifted away,
Like the smoke from the fields all
hempen and gray,
But the impress of time, like the
fire on the field,
Has burned in my thoughts till for-
ever they yield
To the time and the place of the
long ago,
When I watched the hemp fires'
steady glow.
Oh, beacon lights on the hills far
away!
Oh, shimmering lights at the close
of day!
How you bind me, hold me fast
To that faithful, deathless past,
When from the old home-yard of
the long ago
I watched your steady glow.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE

OF ONE SELF-SLAIN

When he went blundering back to
God,
His songs half written, his work
half done,
Who knows what paths his bruised
feet trod,
What hills of peace or pain he won?

I hope God smiled and took his
hand,
And said, "Poor truant, passion-
ate fool!
Life's book is hard to understand:
Why couldst thou not remain at
school?"

—Charles Hanson Towne