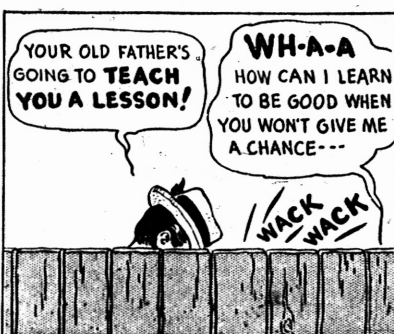


THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS



By MAC ARTHUR

TWENTY - ONE YEARS AGO

Sept. 3, 1911
Dr. Ernest J. Powell, Chautauqua speaker, digressed from his speech to tell his audience in plain terms what he thought of their town and how it could be improved.

The city public schools will open Sept. 6, and Miss Katherine Bell, Lexington, has been engaged to head the new domestic science department.

At the sale of the J. W. Scott heirs, Beuna Vista, about \$40,000 was realized from the sale of real and personal property. The farm of 288 acres was bought by William Scott at \$99 an acre.

The White and Myers Chautauqua pleased the public and the following guarantors have contracted for its return next year: Rev. R. N. Simpson, F. D. Curry, J. W. Davenport, G. A. Curry, Lafon Riker, D. M. Hutton, Lee Smock, N. L. Curry, E. J. Wiseman, Brent Smock, N. L. Cur J. Wiseman, Brent Smock, and others.

A party touring Ohio in the big car owned by Leon Sommer is composed of Mr. Sommer, Mayor J. G. Pulliam, J. B. Mann, C. B. Chatham, Lou Bonta, Charles Geflinger and Louis Sommer.

The reunion of the McAfee Clan will be at Providence Church Thursday, Sept. 9.

Rev. F. T. McIntire and Dr. C. B. VanArsdall are attending the Methodist Conference in Millersburg this week.

Mrs. Georgia Shearin, who sold her farm in Boyle county at \$115 an acre, will come to Harrodsburg to spend the winter with her daughter, Miss Nellie Shearin, a popular teacher in the Harrodsburg high school.

The Democrats in mass convention Saturday elected Col. D. L. Moore chairman and Mayor J. G. Pulliam secretary, and also named the following as delegates to the state convention in Louisville: Delegates, D. R. Terhune, Stiles Milton, W. A. Taylor, Jeff Bradley, Mayor J. G. Pulliam, Col. J. P. Chinn, W. A. Sharp, John M. Moberley, J. C. Bonta, C. M. Dedman, John Adams, John Morgan, R. W. Keenan, D. Lee Curry, Col. D. L. Moore, Dr. J. Tom Price, J. W. Hughes, C. A. Hardin, M. F. Hansford.

Alternates, A. M. Tatum, H. L. Bohon, William Moore, Phil Board, C.

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MADE SINCE 1880 by the inventors of the original safety razor, Star Single-edge Blades have 56 years of precision experience stamped into their keen, long-lasting edges. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail 10c for 4 blades to Dept. FS-1, Star Blade Division, 88 Johnson Street, Brooklyn, New York.
4 FOR 10c
their keenness never varies
FIT GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

Civic Loyalty Campaign

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REMEMBER THIS!

Previously, the wisdom of spending money here, has been shown. Bear in mind that the benefits, are yours as well as ours.

Remember, that the money you spend, stays right here, and actually comes back to you.

Remember, that keeping your money here, is the only way to help our community become the sort of place you wish it to be.

You may—live where you please—but as long as you live here—

Remember Your Duty—Buy Here

E. Rankin, George P. Chinn, M. L. Smith, Henry Soaper, R. L. Black, Charles T. Corn, J. Poteet, John C. Horn, Joe Morgan, E. M. Hardin, Dr. M. L. Forstye, D. B. Chatham, Jake Brown, T. L. Menaugh, W. I. Allin.

Deaths—Two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Currens, Sunday.

MISSOURIAN PAYS WELL FOR KENTUCKY MULES

H. E. Eferly and son, of Jackson county, Missouri, bought of L. E. Garvin, near Lewisburg, Logan county Ky., a pair of two-year-old mares for \$400. Mr. Eferly is a prominent farmer and horseman of Jackson county. He says he always finds horses and mules of the right type are a safe and sound investment. Mr. Eferly sold a three-year-old jack last spring for \$2,100, which was shipped to Cuba.

He is president of the Missouri Horse Breeders Association and his son is a worker in the 4-H club of Jackson county. While in Kentucky they plan to visit a number of places, including Harrodsburg, and will remain for the State Fair before returning home.

WHY SOCIETY IS "400"

In 1889 Ward McAllister, a New York society leader who was regarded by the smart set as an authority on fashionable manners, declared that there were only about 400 persons who could claim admission into the best social circles in the city of New York. From this circumstance the exclusive society people of that city came to be called "the four hundred." By extension the term is applied to the smart set of any place. McAllister also said there were not more than 400 persons in New York who could walk gracefully across a ballroom floor.

TOWNS AND STATES THAT MAKE FUNNY COMBINATIONS

Here is a list of towns with odd names, which, with the State included, make interesting combinations: Ash, Kan.; Carpet, Tex.; Mount, Wash.; Ogoe, Ga.; Odear, Me.; Skeleton, Ky.; Shoo, Fla.; Kay, O.; Houdy, Miss.; Fiven, Tenn.; Whitewright, Sun.

FISH CAUSES MAN'S DEATH

A fish was the contributing factor in an Australian drowning. Robert Smith had tied his baited line to the rudder of his outboard motorboat. A huge fish took the bait and in its struggles broke off the rudder, without which the light craft became unmanageable and capsized.

KENTUCKY COUNTIES THAT HAVE DRY PETITIONS OUT

Jackson, Kenton (Stephenson Precinct), Hardin, Bracken, Crittenden, Whitley, Clay, Clark, Magoffin, Warren, Knox, Pulaski, Knott, Pendleton.

"COOL AS A CUCUMBER"

This phrase is not a mere term of speech. This vegetable usually remains at a temperature one degree lower than the surrounding air.

Try an ad in our Classified column.

BRUCE BARTON Says:



We wonder why, Napoleon?

Lord Northcliffe, who directed the English propaganda in this country, trying to convince us that all the blame for the World War was on one side, fancied himself on his resemblance to Napoleon and filled his office with pictures and busts. His fellow countrymen, as a whole, consider it a patriotic duty to belittle the Corsican, calling him "Buonaparte," as if that were somehow a clever insult; and even such an independent thinker as H. G. Wells, in his Outline of History, dismisses him as of only passing significance.

Yet in the dictionaries of biography more space is given to Napoleon than to any man who ever lived; every season produces at least one, and usually more, books on some phase or other of the Napoleonic legend, and always there are certain number of individuals, who fancy that they look like him and put forth a desperate effort to play the part. You probably have known at least half a dozen pint-sized lads who made themselves a nuisance to their employers and their wives by adopting the Napoleonic strut.

What is the reason for this strange fascination? He devastated a continent, shed the young blood of millions, and ended up in prison; hardly a single generous deed is recorded of him. Yet little folks in every country look in the mirror, puff out their chests, and whisper his name. It's too bad that George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were so big and distinctive-looking. I am not aware of ever having met a man who thought he looked like either of them. Their good influence as moulders of character appears to wane, while the bantam rooster influence of Napoleon breaks out afresh in every generation. Will some sawed-off imitation Napoleon please write and tell us why?

Jest A Whittlin' An' A-Thinkin'

It jest looks like when trouble comes it's the little fellers that have to do most of the sufferin'. Take dry times like we been havin', an' the little feller's pastures an' hay crops go a-glimmerin' while the big farms seem to always get some sort of break—meadows an' river bottoms that come to the rescue—an' the farmer who can't afford a loss is generally the one who has the fire an' no insurance.

But it seems it's just got to be that way—there's bound to be the big an' the little—the rich an' the poor. Divided right or divided wrong, there's not enough wealth—anyway not enough to let every American family live up to the standard they'd like to. But if some hand of destiny or fate or luck or whatever you want to call it, reaches out an' gets a feller an' sets him over in the class of luckier if he finds himself on a poor farm rather than on the streets of a city—for a feller can be poor a lot more gracefully in the country than in town.

Every feller that there is has some sort of pet economy. There once was a feller in our county that wouldn't fuss about anything his wife bought at the store 'cept brooms, an' every time he saw a new broom in the house he'd complain that he was goin' bankrupt payin' for brooms. Anybody with any kind of eyes can see waste and extravagance on most any farm—but nothing is so worrisome as to see the loss from the way manure's handled. Barnyard

Now meet a gentleman

Recently there died a man who always shrank from publicity. Born in 1864, in a community still suffering from the devastation of the Civil War, he attended the public schools and went to work in a little business owned by his uncle. Forty years later it had become a big business, and he had succeeded to the presidency of it. He was a rich man, but he never ceased to be a very simple man.

Whenever I saw him he was down at his factory in his shirt sleeves. He liked to tip back in his old swivel chair and put his feet on his battered desk, and talk. He liked to have the men from the factory call him by his first name; he liked to have his farmer neighbors drop into tell about their crops.

After his death stories about him began to come out. It was discovered that he had been the principal supporter and encourager of the hospital; that he had been the largest contributor to the Community Chest; that a half-dozen governors in succession had drawn deeply upon his time and judgment to help them in the reorganization of the business of the state.

Finally the Chief of Police of the city wrote a letter to the newspapers. "As long as he lived," said the Chief, "my lips were sealed," but now I feel free to tell the story." And he proceeded to reveal how on many a cold winter night this simple man had telephoned headquarters and said: "My name must never be mentioned, but tell your officers to canvass the city and whenever they find a family that is cold tell them to order plenty of coal and send the bill to me."

He was a "gentleman of the old school." That school has produced the most generous and modest men and women the world has ever known.

WHY WINDOWS ARE BRICKED UP

"In old houses you sometimes see a place in the wall as if it was meant for a window, but the gap is filled up with brick or stone," says a writer in Answers Magazine. "The reason of this is if the house is old enough, the blank masonry is due originally to the old window tax. When William Pitt augmented this in 1784 and again in 1797, many windows were built up to save paying the tax. I believe they are sometimes known, ironically, as "Pitt's Pictures." Of course, in other cases, the architect designed the recess to relieve a blank wall; he never intended a window to be placed there."

MAIL CARRIERS AND DOGS

According to Section 936 of the postal laws and regulations, "Carriers are not required to deliver mail at residences where vicious dogs are kept." That section, reckons the post office department, has saved thousands of pairs of postmen's pants. Letter carriers too look upon it as one of the compensating blessings of their job.

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PREMIUM HORSE SHOWN HERE SOLD TO NORTH CAROLINA

A deal of importance was consummated last week when J. H. Murphy & Son, Stanford, sold to Horace Johnson, Charlotte, N. C., the good five-gaited show mare, Jean's Choice 18524, and which will make her debut under the Johnson colors at Martinsville, Va., where Thomas Murphy, junior member of the firm, will ride her.

Jean's Choice was foaled April 17, 1929 and was bred by Murphy and Son, developed and shown by the junior Murphy, making her first appearance at Harrodsburg in 1934, defeating some of the most noted show horses but only in the gaited divisions, but combination, model and stake events, continuing a most successful career throughout the season, and duplicating her victories times often during this season.

"CHEER UP, GRANDPA"

Cheer up, Grandpa, don't you cry. Fred Wallis can help you by and by. Uncle Sam has money mills, Made to grind out brand new bills, To help this world-old, noted cause, With old age pension laws. No more worry over bills, Butcher's duns or doctor's pills; No more panic over rent, Leave that all to Government. Don't buy squab or caviar— Don't sport a zippy streamline car; When the blizzards bliz a bit, Don't to Palm Beach gaily flit; Jes set quiet like and be content, And remember—toast and tea takes every cent. Whoopee, Grandpa! Stay alive, Life begins at 65! —J. Meredith.

MAY BE SHORTAGE OF SEED IN 1937

A statement calling attention to a possible shortage of legume and grass seed next year, and suggesting saving seed wherever practicable, has been issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Early reports point to possible shortage in bluegrass, orchard grass, redtop, timothy, alfalfa, red clover and lespedeza seed. "Where it is practicable farmers may not supply their own needs but also help in supplying the demand of their neighbors," says the statement.

RADISH 1 1/2 FEET LONG

The Danville Messenger has the following tall story:

A freak radish was brought to this office this afternoon by Addison Lanier, Jr., who stated that the vegetable was raised by his mother in the garden of their home. The freak is approximately a foot and a half long and weighs two pounds. It has two extensions, one on each side, that are longer than ordinary radishes.

The freak radish is on exhibit in the window of this office. Drop by and see it.

PERRYVILLE ROAD AT ATOKA IS OPEN

Passage on the Perryville-Danville road is open again after being closed temporarily until the old iron bridge at Atoka could be moved and replaced to the north side of its original location. Blasting out the foundations at the old bridge site began Monday. The new concrete bridge is expected to be finished by the end of the year.

GIVING ADVICE

"When you gives advice," said Uncle Eben, "don't feel disappointed if it don't git heeded. People ask advice may be able to use it. An' den again dey may only be lookin' foh conversation."

WARNING

Rats are your greatest enemy. Get a Box of MYSTIC RAT EMBALMER. Guaranteed to rid your premises in 10 days or money back. Scientific process SURE kills. Also roach and ant powder. Manufactured by Mystic Chemical Co., Louisville, Ky. THE CORNER DRUG

The Family DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD.

EVER TRY OIL TREATMENT FOR CORNS?

These pests often find lodging, under, on top of, or between the toes. Of course you all know they are your own fault. They couldn't help appearing; you invited them yourself. Corns never intrude themselves into polite society—they are always invited guests that stay longer than they are wanted, once their character is known.

If your feet need soaking—soak them. But that doesn't help corns very much. As soon as you put that heathen shoe on again, the corns begin to speak up. Pull the shoe off again; if you throw it away, so much the better. Take a small wisp of long-fiber absorbent cotton and wrap it snugly about the toe—as you'd spread it around a lead pencil—so it will stay when you draw on your stockings. Then saturate the cotton about the corn with any kind of good refined, lubricating oil. Olive oil is excellent sperm oil is good; if you haven't either, seize your wife's sewing machine oil! I've used it myself and cured my corns, too.

Dress the toe in this manner morning and night, and wear low heels. Your stockings will get oil on them, of course, but what of it. If you are extra careful, shave the callous thin before applying the dressing. If you'd rather have corns, keep the high-heels and narrow toes.

CANTALOUPE BIGGER YET

(The Jeffersonian)
A recent issue of The Jeffersonian told of a cantaloupe grown by Fritz Oechlin which weighed over seven pounds. But that was when Mr. Oechlin had just begun to visit the cantaloupe patch. Since then he has lugged in melons of the Tiptop variety which weighed more than nine pounds.

Asked how he did it, this champion grower responded merely by saying, "They must like dry weather." Well, at least, they have had it.



If you feel...

- tired
- run-down
- nervous
- out of sorts

THERE is usually a definite reason for such complaints...so, now let's reason sensibly.

Don't try to get well in a day...this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired, lack a keen appetite, have lost weight and feel rundown...a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak, with a tendency towards anemia—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic to feel like yourself again. S.S.S. Co.

SSS builds sturdy health

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