



### HEST A-WHITTLIN' AN'A-THINKIN' BY PETE GETTYS

Somebody said "A Woman's lot is determined by the love she accepts" ... and it works the other way round too, for surely a man's success is largely affected and influenced by the love he wins. "Old" Bill McKamy has done mighty well—got a good farm—plenty of equipment and stock—and don't owe a dollar."

You've heard a lot of times, and about that time somebody who knows the insides will speak up and say, "Yes, Bill's done more than average good—but how that little old scrawny wife of his has worked and scrimped and saved."

And that's true on every farm, for there are so many ways a good wife can help—the dairy—the chickens—the fruits—all important and requiring that feminine touch that either makes or breaks the man on the farm or anywhere else.

Anyhow here we are into February. About the best thing you can say for February is you can commence to see the days getting longer, and its the shortest month in the year. And some paper says "Let's make Ground Hog Day a legal holiday." All right, let's do it—any kind of a holiday is all right in February—not much to do anyhow outdoors.

But wonder why Ground Hog Day has got such a hold on our imagination. There ain't a bit of sense or truth in it. A ground hog's shadow, or any kind of shadow ain't got a thing to do with what kind of weather we are going to have. Reckon its simply because it gives us somethin' in the way of promising spring weather we can take hold of and talk about for a while.

There's no earthly reason for even talkin' about the ground hog and his performances except that the early part of February is just about the time we all get fed up on winter and grasp at anything that brings dreams of Pussy Willows, the first tulips, yellow forsythia, dogtooth violets, crocus and daffodils; and other audacious first-comers.... "Spring" cannot be far behind."

Well they've got a brand new King in England now—and he'll be a good one—has the training and good looks for it. But down in his heart he just wishes it didn't have to be. He loved to travel and ride and go shuntn' and fishin', and put on his old clothes and dig and putter around the garden—but Kings can't do that.

Here's a little verse for your scrapbook. It's called "Cow Sense." Don't know who wrote it. The cow is untutored in market researches, Her world is the pasture, her shelter the birches.

Confronted with tests on supply and demand, She'll chew on her cud and just won't understand. Although mentally slow (she is, far from the quickest), She instinctively knows... And unfailingly goes To the spot in the field where the clover is thickest."

Recollect Old Shep, the farm dog—so smart he could almost talk, and bring up the cows and run the shoats out of the yard? It looks like his tribe is about gone—given way to Collies, which are beautiful but dumb, and not much help about the farm.

So along comes the Dept. of Agriculture and brings in from Hungary four full sheep dogs, a female 2½ years old and three puppies. In Hungary they call 'em "Juhasz Kutya", which means "Shepherd Dog." They're said to be active and affectionate. When mature these full-pups are medium size, have medium length black hair which is curly and of a silky texture. There is some white on the chest—like Old Shep.

The face is partly covered with long hair, giving the dog a face softer like the old English sheep dog—the ears hang down, and the tail sorta bushy, curl over the back—and we wish Uncle Sam would save us a pup.

And that ain't all the Dept. of Agriculture is bringing in new that none of us ever heard of—22 Red Danish milk cows and 6 Nonius horses. The cattle originated from Denmark and have the reputation for good milkers.

The horses—two stallions and four mares—are black or bay and measure about 16 hands. The name of the breed comes from a stallion and the tail a Normandy mare.

In 1815, the stallion Nonius was taken over by the Austrian Government and bred to mares of 28 breeds. Descendants of Nonius were divided into large and small strains with emphasis on the latter.

Lots of good sense in that kind of government importing. What this country needs is more good farm dogs, milk cattle and horses and mules in the United States. Now there are only 19 million. Automobiles and tractors have taken their place. That sounds all right 'cause tractors and automobiles are stronger and faster than horses and mules—sure they are—but in their feed bags you find only gasoline—while the 9 million "lost" horses and mules ate oats and hay—probably the product of 32 million acres of farm land.

So there you are—every time you try to fix up one thing, something

breaks out somewhere else—sorta like trying to roll a cat in a wheelbarrow—hold the cat with one hand and the wheelbarrow turns over—hold the wheelbarrow and the darned cat jumps out.

Was 'readin' in a paper some queer things about plants—said some of 'em when checked by drought, frost or wilting, develop prussic acid—commonly known to most folks as a deadly poison. The wild Chokecherry, Black Cherry, Sorghum, Flax, Johnson Grass and Sudan Grass all belong to this group. Cattle often die in some states from eating plants in this condition. Guess it's cause the plants are mad, or something that makes 'em pizen.

Doctors say a bad temper and fits of rage often stir up things in people that poisons 'em and causes indigestion and everything else—and talking about poisonous things, there's a feller in the Tennessee Agricultural Experiment Station that is breeding and raising "poison daisies." Don't know what's the Latin name for this particular daisy, but it grows around in people's flower gardens, and some of the women folks know about 'em and place them around in the house to kill the flies and insects.

The original plants came from Palestine, and what they are trying to do is to breed 'em up stronger in their poison qualities so it won't take so many of 'em to produce a larger quantity of the "insect exterminator." So look out for a big field of daisies where there used to be ragweeds, and you'll know what's going on.

Ain't you glad you ain't a corn borer—for they are developing a new Golden Bantam Corn a borer would rather starve than eat. Even if you put the borer's eggs on the stalks soon as they hatch they crawl off and just starve to death looking for some corn they like. Funny part is, nobody knows why they don't like this new corn. It's a cross between our regular American Golden Bantam that borers would walk a mile to find, and a South American field corn called Maizo Amorosa. The idea of the cross was suggested 'cause grasshoppers won't eat the South American corn. And the nice part about the now "ros-neer" is it's larger than our Golden Bantam that a feller can get a whole of at a meal.

Maybe, in this hectic busy life it's a relief to think back to the simpler days—recollect how it would sizzle when the blacksmith's fit the red hot horseshoe? Didn't it smell good? And when you were a little bitty fellow and they'd let you ride old Nellie down to the creek for water—how you'd snake her loose back up the hill? And how quick you'd have to duck your head when she ran in the stall, and you'd have to stand up in the feed trough to be tall enough to get the bridle off, and the seat of your britches would get right sweaty and hairy and the sweat would burn the calves of your legs?

And didn't we used to think fly nets to go over the buggy mare's ears were pretty? And recollect how the tassels would bob up and down when she'd trot? And when you'd take the gears off the mules at knocking-off time, and they'd run and kick up and wallow in the dust, and you'd say they were worth \$100 for every time they'd turn plum over. Recollect that?

Pete Gettys.

**People having our clamps will please return them at once. Mercer County Stock Yards Co.**

**DUGANNSVILLE**

(Mrs. Claude Davenport, Cor.)

Mr. Fred Stratton spent several days this week in Louisville on business.

Folks are enjoying the spring-like weather after many weeks of extreme cold and snow.

Mrs. Clint Demaree was Tuesday visitor of her sister, Mrs. Powell Yates, near Mayo.

Mrs. Feston Robinson, Mrs. Bernece Poultier and son, Bobbie, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Rene Davenport and family near Kirkwood.

Mrs. Guy Sanders and daughter, Anna Jewel, were recent visitors of her sister, Mrs. Tom Morrisey, Harrodsburg.

Mrs. Homer Robinson was Tuesday visitor of Mrs. Luther Wells.

Rev. E. E. Sexton, Lexington, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Eskell Graham.

Mrs. Guy Sanders and daughter, Anna Jewel, were recent visitors of her sister, Mrs. Tom Morrisey, Harrodsburg.

Mrs. Nica Sanders, who has been sick for several days, is better.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grider were Tuesday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Goodloe Robinson.

Miss Christine Teater was Sunday visitor of Miss Marie Canic.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mr. Nat Robinson at Bethel Baptist church Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Overton Newby

# The Spring Song of Fashion Harmony



## For Daytime Smartness



Frocks this Spring owe their inspiration to so many influences that it's going to be truly exciting to choose from all the refreshing new trends. Some hearken back to the gay nineties with their puffed sleeves, Gibson shoulders, plumes, back fullness and tiny waistlines. Then there's the new Spanish note in daytime models—boleros galore, tassel and braid accents, sash belts and vivid hues. The Chinese feeling is felt in the small upstanding band collars on many a frock, bright pipings and embroidered touches. In colorings many of the smartest new dresses for daytime occasions are eloquent of Mexican, peasant and Tyrolean inspiration.



## As to Coats and Suits



The success of your Spring wardrobe will certainly depend to a large degree on your suits and coats, so immensely important is the tailored theme to be this season. Suits are unquestionably the dominating fashion. There are thin, smooth woolens and dainty new weaves such as the so-called "seed nub" texture for the dressier versions of the mod. And the strictly tailored classic types go in for hard-finished worsteds, coverts, gabardines, shark skins and tweeds with rather subdued checks and plaids. Some of these checked tweeds achieve unusual interest by intermingling a variety of rich shades in a basket weave. One of the most charming new aspects of the new topcoats is their fur. Unbelievably soft and flattering, they are often dyed to match the materials—fox trimmings appearing in azure, rose-biege, parchment gray or "pastel nude" shades.



## As to Headwear



Your Spring hat may be just as feminine or as masculine as you please, and still be the height of chic. Those new felt of the Homburg type are distinctly on the manly side of fashion—yet misty little veils sometimes give even them a feminine touch. There's no mistake about the flirtatious feminine charm of the beflowered new models.



**BLUE FRONT DEPARTMENT STORE**  
**ISENBERG BROTHERS**  
INCORPORATED

"HARRODSBURG'S BUSY SPOT"



were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stratton.

Miss Drusilla Phillips is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Holly Taylor.

**Charing Cross**

Up to the time of Charles II, Charing Cross stood among the fields in London. The name is derived from the Saxon word charringe, meaning a turning. In 1291 Edward I erected at Charing the last of thirteen crosses which marked the route of the funeral procession of his wife Eleanor, from Grantham, Lincolnshire, to Westminster. The cross was taken down in 1647. A modern memorial cross is inside the Charing Cross station yard.

Eleanor journeyed with Edward I to the Holy Land and suffered the poison from a wound dealt her husband by a Moor.

**Great French Mathematician**

Etienne Bezout was one of the foremost French mathematicians of his time (1730-83), whose chief work was the "Theorie Generale des Equations Algebriques." He also wrote widely adopted text books in mathematics.

**BOHON**

(Mrs. Sam Shewmaker, Cor.)  
Mrs. C. W. Sweeney returned home Sunday from a visit with her sister, Mrs. J. D. Coleman and Mr. Coleman, at Louisville.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmon Massie and daughters, of Harrodsburg, visited the family of his brother, Mr. Edwin Massie Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Ransdell and baby, Mr. J. C. Jenkins and Mr. Elijah Wheeler spent Monday with Mr. John H. Wheeler and Miss Beatrice Cloyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Teater and children spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. B. Teater.

Messrs. Raymond and Stanley Armstrong visited relatives in Frankfort Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Hale, of Harrodsburg, were the guests Sunday of her sister, Mrs. G. B. Royalty and Mr. Royalty.

Mrs. Ida Burton spent a part of last week with the family of her son, Mr. L. I. Burton, at Louisville.

Mrs. W. I. Burns was with her mother, Mrs. Hannah Sanders last

week, who is quite ill at her home near Duncan.

Misses Elsie and Irene Best are spending this week with their aunt, Mrs. J. E. Reed, near here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Burns entertained with a dinner Sunday their children and families.

Mr. and Mrs. Lomie Jackson and daughter, Morene, and Mr. Jackson's mother, and Misses Alice Preston and Dora Johnson called on Mr. and Mrs. Tom McGath Sunday.

Messrs. Wendell and George McGrath entertained about 40 young people last week at a music party. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

**Voltaire and Catherine**

The Empress Catherine of Russia was great admirer of Voltaire, the great French philosopher, and once sent him a small ivory box made by her own hand as token of her admiration. Voltaire, in return, had himself taught knitting and started on a pair of stockings for her. He only half finished before his patience gave out, but unfinished as they were, he sent them to the empress, as token of work also done by his own hands.

**First Acts of U. S. Navy**

The American navy came into existence in 1775 after the close investment of Boston by Washington had cut off all supplies to the British troops, save such as might arrive by water. To intercept these, some small vessels were armed and manned by New England seamen, first under the auspices of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and afterward by authority of the congress, which organized a naval committee with John Adams at its head. These little crafts not only deprived the enemy of succor, but captured enough prizes to furnish the Colonial army with war material without which it could not have continued its existence.

**Cooking Meat Kabob Style**

When cooking meat kabob style the meat is cut into two-inch squares. These are strung on a stick or twig of the thickness of one's thumb, with slices of onion between the meat layers. The combination is broiled over the embers of an outdoor fire. Another name is pirate steaks.