

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

For the Rights of the Mountain People of Kentucky—Not Their Wrongs.

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SALYERSVILLE, MAGOFFIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 79.

\$213,200 for a Road.

"Seems to me the country's gone mad about taxes," exclaimed one of the men at the store.

"That's right, I saw an article in THE MOUNTAINEER about a new tax for State aid for road building. It read mighty fine; but I smelled higher taxes behind it o. k."

"I sometimes wish I had been born seventy-five years ago, before State aid and lots of fool tax schemes had got started. What do you say, Uncle Bill?"

The old gentleman addressed smiled good humoredly, scratched his bald spot, and narrowed his pale gray eyes, before he said, "Well, I don't know. You youngsters always talk about things as if they was brand new."

"Well, Uncle Bill, I never heard of State aid for roads in Kentucky before, did you?"

"There's a thousand and one things you ain't heard of, I reckon. I know one thing for sure, and that is that this pike that runs through the county from Mayville to Lexington was built with State aid money a'll right."

"Is that so?"

"Sure it's so. Why in 1831 the state voted money for building hard roads. The state employed an engineer and a whole lot of other men, and they built some fine roads. Course, I ain't old enough to remember all this; but I've heard men talk that helped build that road. You see, State aid is eighty-two years old anyway; and I reckon it's a sight older than that."

"Uncle Bill, how much money did Kentucky, the State of Kentucky, pay on that road from Mayville to Lexington?"

"It was \$213,200 in six years, and in that time they built sixty-four miles of road."

"Did that \$213,100 foot the whole bill for that road?"

"Nope, that was just about one half of the cost. Roads came high then because all the the metal on the road was hand broke; and the blasting out of that metal had to be done with old-fashioned tools and black powder. You can figure that out and you'll find that road cost almost \$6,700 a mile to build."

"Gee whis, we could build a road like that now for about \$4,000, couldn't we?"

"Sure we could. I tell you fellers folks is always growling and I reckon they always will, especially about taxes."

"But, Uncle Bill, you forget we have county engineers and a state engineer and a lot of office holders and experts and things to pay without State aid."

"There you go again. What'd I tell you about folks grumbling. Why, in 1837 the chief engineer got a salary of \$5,000 and he had two assistant engineers at \$3,000 each. Besides there were nine other experts who got about \$12,500. So you see, seventy-six years ago this state paid in salaries for men to develop, inspect and construct roads, \$24,500. I reckon you'll agree with me that those men built some good roads all right?"

"Yes they did; and the roads are still fine."

"Didn't they make your land and mine worth more money?"

"Yes."

"Now listen to me. Don't get in the habit of grumbling about a tax just because it is a tax. If it'll make land more valuable, don't say a word. If you must grumble, grumble when you're sure a tax ain't being spent right; but don't grumble because it is a tax."

Means as Much in Magoffin County, Too

Every intelligent person now recognizes the truth of the germ theory of disease. Where there are no germs there is no disease. People may grow old and die of old age, but if there be no germs there will be no sickness. The recognition of this truth has enabled the medical profession to reduce the ratio of deaths greatly, and some diseases have practically disappeared. Smallpox is a disease of history, except among those who refuse to be treated, or among those who have no opportunity for treatment. Typhoid—which is far worse than smallpox or any other disease known to men—has lost much of its danger since the profession has learned to prevent it by medical treatment and by sanitation.

In many places we still find people who live in utter disregard for the simplest rules of sanitation. It is not uncommon to find wells which are so located that they are drains for the filth of horses, cattle and other lots, and even of hog pens. Such conditions ought not to exist, but they do exist, and the family of the ignorant or hard-headed man suffers; sometimes there are deaths as results of such folly.

A well near to any place where filth is produced is dangerous. Water sinks into the earth and is drained into such wells and results are all bad. The water may be clear and sparkling and yet be full of disease germs. A drop may contain millions of typhoid germs and yet be as clear as crystal. Such water is not fit for use, and even for irrigation may be means of spreading contagious disease by poisoning the earth.

A man we know had a well near his horse lot. The water was clear and sparkling. One of his children had typhoid and a physician was called. The water was examined and found to be full of typhoid germs and unfit for use. The owner refused to discontinue use of the water, and said "such nonsensical stuff could not fool him. He knew his well was as good as could be had anywhere, and he would not lose a good well for any such nonsensical beliefs of doctors." The child did not get well, and soon two others were sick with typhoid. Then two of the adults became afflicted, and when there had been three deaths this owner became convinced that his well was poisoned and filled up the well and had one bored, away from contamination.

Here was a case of misfortune directly the result of ignorance and folly. The well too close to a lot or other place where filth is produced is always dangerous. In one case under our observation a man dug a hole within a few feet of his well and permitted his hogs to wallow in it, and here, too, there was much sickness.

It is important to have pure air, and also important to have pure water and pure food. When food is cooked many of the dangers are avoided, but water is not cooked for drinking, and all of the disease-producing germs in it are carried into the body to produce disease and death. It is as sensible to take poison in any other form as to drink disease-bearing water.—Farm and Ranch

To the Voters of Magoffin County.

This is to certify that I hold a State Certificate which does not expire until 1921. I am entitled to hold the office of County Superintendent under it. Any information to the contrary should be regarded by the public as absolutely false.

Yours for Education,
S. S. ELAM.

Adv.

Our Hat's Riding the Wind, Colonel.

Emin Elam has never posed as a quick-change artist—leastwise not on the billboards. But the change he effected in one week in the appearance of THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER, published at Salyersville, demonstrates that he is a typographical artist in the past-master's degree. Should he continue to improve that paper in the coming weeks as he did the first week he had charge it will soon rank with any paper in the State, and to help him attain that standard of excellence the people of Magoffin county should give him support.—Editorial in the Hazel Green Herald.

Great Oil Boom in Morgan County.

The Kentucky petroleum fields furnished some large strikes during last week, the best of which is a 400-barrel completion in the new district in Morgan county. The strike is the best of the summer. It is located some distance in advance of the proven area and was drilled by Kentucky operators, being one of a group of good wells drilled since the first of the year. Late reports tell of a satisfactory settled yield from this big producer, and it will undoubtedly inspire much new work in the territory outlying. In addition to the gusher Morgan county contributed four strikes of smaller caliber, ranging from twenty-five to fifty barrels daily. These wells are all in the Cannel City neighborhood, the scene of the first strike in the county. The depth ranges from 1,600 to 1,700 feet.

Roads Enhance Value of Property.

Improving country roads has enhanced the value of property bordering on such roads so that the cost of improvement is equalized, if not exceeded, says the Department of Agriculture in a bulletin issued last week. The department has gathered a mass of data through the office of public roads, which is making a special study of the economic effect of road improvement. According to the information, land values not only have increased but farm values as well show marked advances as a result of road improvement.

Turkish Postage Stamps.

Because of a passage in the Koran forbidding the making of images, Turkish postage stamps have no picture, but bear instead the sign manual of the sultan, which is, in fact, an impression of his imperial hand. This signature is said to have had its origin with the Sultan Murad I, who, on completing a treaty with the Italian republic of Ragusa in 1365, and being unable to sign his name, applied ink to his open hand and slapped it upon the parchment.

My Symphony.

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quickly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and songs, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common; this is to be my symphony.—Channing.

Maddling Stage Directors.

In a recent lawsuit regarding the ownership of a play a stage director testified that in thirty-two years' theatrical experience he had never heard of a play being produced as originally written. "The chief duty of a stage director," he said, "is maddling with manuscripts. I have even heard of stage directors who tried to improve on Shakespeare by revamping his works."

That Boy Again.

The Boy (company present)—"Mother, will the dessert hurt me to-night, or is there enough to go round?"—London Opinion.

Take your home paper!

His Johnson's Weekly Letter.

Intoxicated unto foolhardiness and insanity by Dryden-like inspiration and conglomerated imagination and Poe-like whitelighting that was distilled upon our own beautiful vineclad and dewy mountains at this dead and solemn epoch of midnight, when the gruesome, nigger-like blackness is piercing and knifing asunder the silvery waves of an ocean of moonshine, my profundity of shallow intellectuality totes me, Pegasus-like, around and across and thru and about and amid the aerial, celestial and ethereal bogs of visionary and moaning realms of nothingness, and skimming over which with fiendish wings and angelic thots of heart-bursting and soul-tearing grandeur of political scheming I doubly hope to turn your wig pale as ashen cheese-cloth and thwart your physiognomy wry as the mischief with my selfish and utterly bombastic triangular and circumstantial pyramids of my command of the hazardous muse that only favors the single genius who stands and gallops and toils and moils and boils and foils and coils and royals for the constitution, by-laws and rules and regulations of sociology in Magoffin county, which was christened as a memorial monument to Boss Magoffin, who is about one-fourth worshipped by the denizens of said county, which, again, boasts of only one newspaper, KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER, but that, odds fish! is quite sufficient, for curse me if it ain't getting to be the most wonderful and most up to snuff publication this side of Poor Dick's Almanic, which was founded and printed on a Gutenberg contraption by Ben Franklin, for whom THE MOUNTAINEER's editor's father's uncle's old acquaintance's bird dog was named, and that fool canine's picture is sculptured in stately image upon the journalistic heart of Editor Emin Elam, who has fallen from those lofty and dizzy heights which I was soaring a while ago and gazing aloof on the the new state we are going to build as it undulated and fro and backward and hence to doctor up our journalism and revert our flood of news from floating off on desert air.

As sure as the universe is flat and is supported by Ajax, Atlas and Apollo, I'll be everlastingly swiggered and shot full of auger holes if the above perpendicular statement of parallel phraseology concerning THE MOUNTAINEER ain't as true as an autumnal sweetheart wooed in the spicy breezes of July. But, Mr. Editor, as it were and as it weren't, I'm a son-of-a-gun if I entail and curtail your subscription ledger by revoking my chaotic and notorious title if you absolutely and desperately and maliciously refuse to support and boom our advocacy and agitation for a new state of enlightenment, to be entirely surrounded by an abyss of ignorance. I have bolted the Transgressive ticket, and you're hereby subsidized to announce my candidacy for Misrepresentative, subject to the reaction of Royalists. Some other blame fool (I forget his name) is my opponent, and we have just held an inter-commerce caucus, when we disagreed to expatiate rot-gut and coin, determining to run altogether upon our dignity, cheek and gall. I'll beat him if I have to retort to a poker!

At Times.

Ted—"Do you believe that woman should hold the reins?" Ned—"It is all right when you have the girl out in a sleigh."—Judge.

Take your county paper and be happy.

Last week a review of ten years' work in educational development

Over thirty-seven years ago Esquire E. Brayfield, of Nicholasville county, caught a terrapin and cut on its shell his name and the date, May 2, 1876. The terrapin has just been found again, this time by Herman Snapp, and it has the name and date distinctly upon its shell. Mr. Brayfield states that the terrapin was found within 100 yards of the place where he caught it thirty-seven years ago.

Better Than Spanking.

Spanking will not cure children of wetting the bed, because it is not a habit but a dangerous disease. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co., Dept. 2461 Chicago, Ill., have discovered a strictly harmless remedy for this distressing disease and to make known its merits they will send a 50c package securely wrapped and prepaid Absolutely Free to any reader of The Mountaineer. This remedy also cures frequent desire to urinate and inability to control urine during the night or day in old or young. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co. is an Old Reliable House write to them to-day for the free medicine. Cure the afflicted member of your family, then tell your neighbors and friends about this remedy.—Adv.

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Epitome of Kentucky News

James K. Edwards, aged seventy-four years, of Russellville, met a horrible death Thursday in a runaway. He was thrown from a wagon and literally torn up.

A special term of the Letcher Circuit court convened at Whitesburg Monday, Judge John S. Butler, of Pikeville, presiding. It is expected that the congested condition of the docket will be cleared absolutely.

Several months ago J. Matt Webb, of Mayking, in Letcher county, sued his wife, Lula Webb, for divorce. The divorce was granted. The latter part of last week she went to Whitesburg and were remarried.

The large stock barn owned by Granville Cecil, of Danville, was destroyed by fire Saturday. The barn was one of the largest and finest in Central Kentucky. Five hundred barrels of corn, other feed and a large amount of machinery were consumed. The loss is estimated at \$10,000.

Safelowers Saturday morning attacked the safe in the office of the Standard Oil Company at Covington. With the aid of nitro glycerin and other equipment they lifted the safe door from its hinges and secured \$225 in cash and \$23 in checks. On March 22 the same office was entered by yeggmen and the safe blown.

William T. Thompson, fifty, of near Mt. Sterling, killed himself Saturday. He had been acting strangely for several days. He secured a pistol after dinner and went afire, saying he would kill a rabbit for his daughter, who was ill. Later he was found unconscious by a neighbor, having shot himself in the mouth, the bullet coming out of his head.

Deputy Sheriff J. D. Bush, of Clark county, last week summoned a special venire of eighty men in Madison county from which to secure a jury to try the cases of D. F. Deaton, Dock Smith and Andrew Johnson, charged with conspiracy to kill Ed Callahan, of Breathitt county, and M. C. Smith, charged with perjury, growing out of the former trials. The trials began Monday.

Following the leadership of Harry Hearne, district organizer, the street car men now affiliated with the recently organized union Saturday morning refused to take the city cars out of the barns, tying up the entire system in Lexington. After a slight delay interurban cars were started on all lines running out of city, crews consenting to take out the cars if afforded ample protection.

At the request of the Board of Health of Winchester the experiment station at Lexington sent John W. McFarland to inspect the slaughter houses in Clark county. He condemned those outside the city limits, and the Board of Health has notified them that they cannot sell meat in Winchester until the State inspector pronounces their plants in sanitary condition.

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