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KENTUCKY PROGRESS MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY, 1929

Vol. 1 No. 6

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

HAYLANDS

Horses Owned or Managed by E. Daingerfield

Morvich { Runnymede
Hymir

Winner eleven two-year-old races and
Kentucky Derby.

Sire of many winners

\$1000.00 Cash

Last Coin { Ultimus
Half Crown

Sire of many winners

Private Contract

Dress Parade { Man-O-War
Trasher

Retired 1927

Private Contract

Prince of Umbria { *Brown Prince
Umbria

Retired 1927

Private Contract

Yield Not { Ballot
Temptation

Did not race. Sire of winners.

Private Contract

H. P. WHITNEY FARM

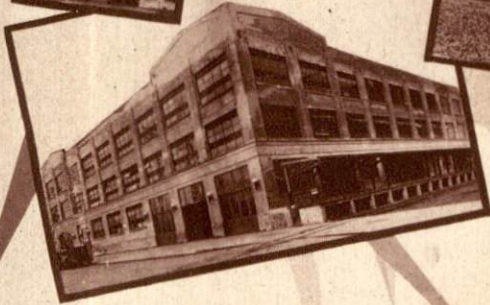
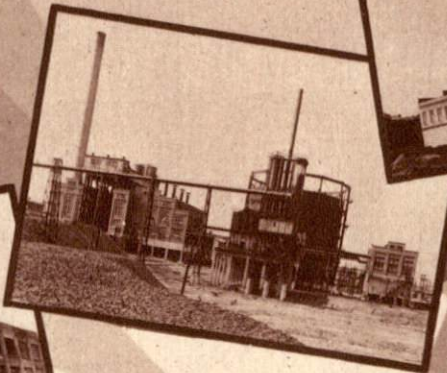
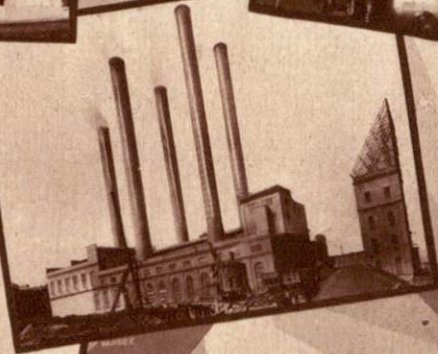
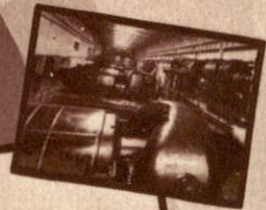
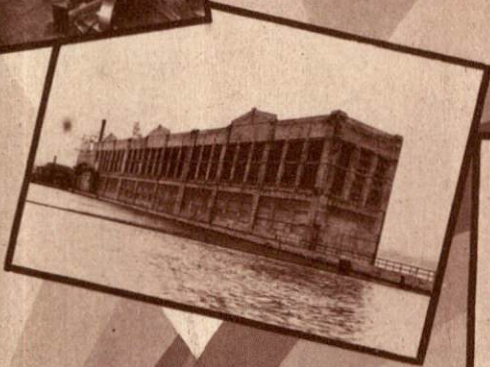
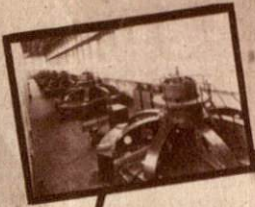
THOROBRED STALLIONS

AT SERVICE

MAYSVILLE PIKE

LEXINGTON, KY.

Service



LOUISVILLE GAS & ELECTRIC CO.
INCORPORATED IN KENTUCKY

Service—electric and gas—is being furnished day after day to an ever-increasing number of citizens of Louisville and adjoining communities by the Louisville Gas and Electric Company. From less than a hundred customers ninety years ago, the number has grown to 85,773 electric and 73,135 gas users. The service required by these customers necessitates the maintenance of extensive properties, including a hydro-electric station, a steam electric station, a gas manufacturing plant, coal mines, gas wells, gas holders, pipe lines, substations, transmission system, office building, storerooms and service building.

Kentucky Shearman Concrete Pipe Company

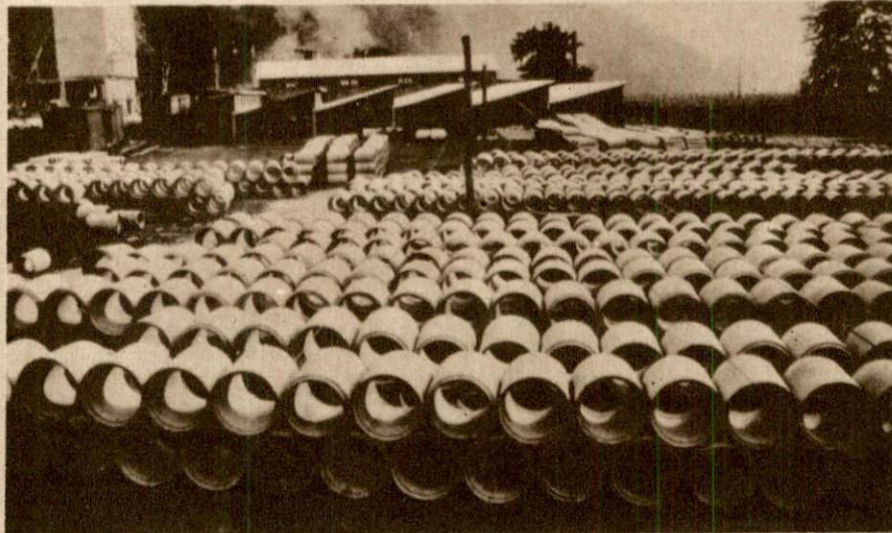
INCORPORATED

Offices and Plant: FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Kentucky Stockholders

Kentucky Labor

Kentucky Materials



PART OF FRANKFORT YARD

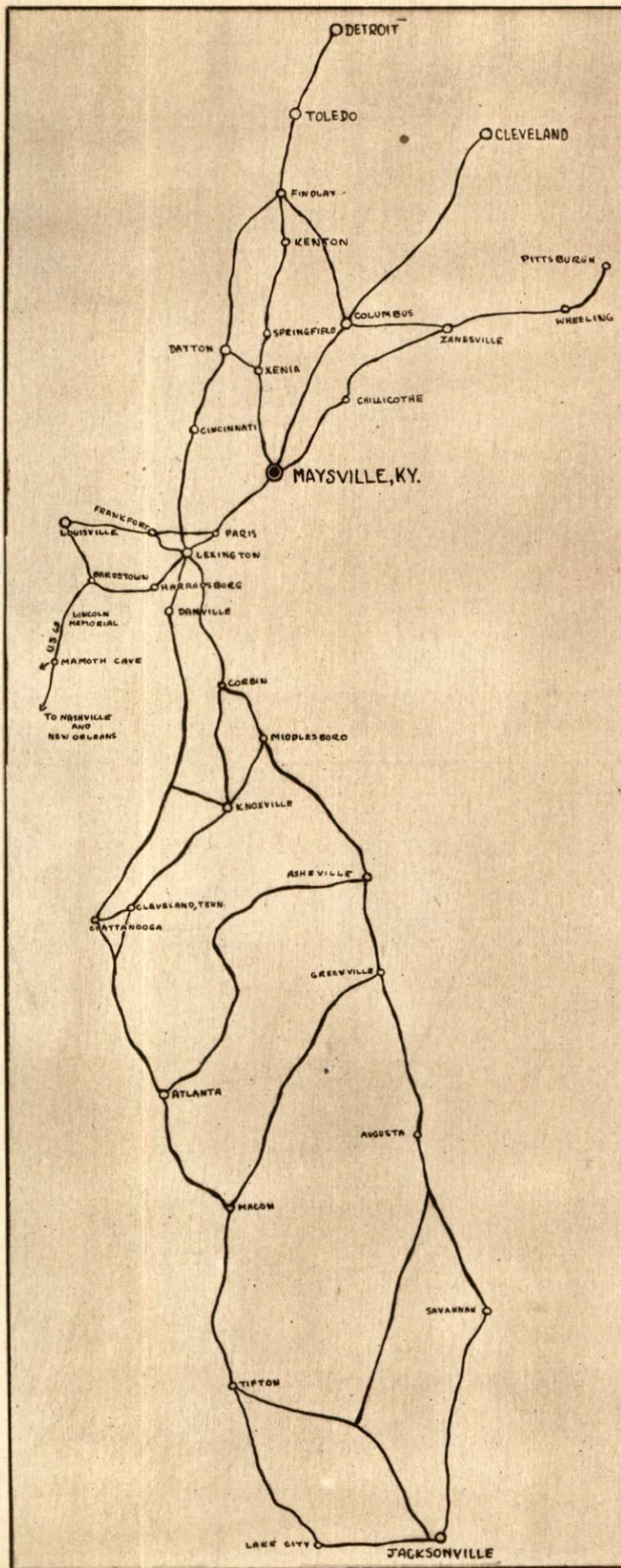
SIZES—4 INCHES TO 96 INCHES

The Only Permanent Drainage :: SANITARY—STORM—HIGHWAYS—RAILWAYS

THE PHOENIX HOTEL LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

WISHES FULL MEASURE OF SUCCESS
TO THE
KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

*"All For Kentucky
and
Kentucky For All"*



When driving to or from
FLORIDA
come the short route
through

Maysville

“The Pioneer Gateway”
“The Modern
Tourist Gateway”

On the Direct Fast Lines between
the North, East, and Midwest and

The Entire South

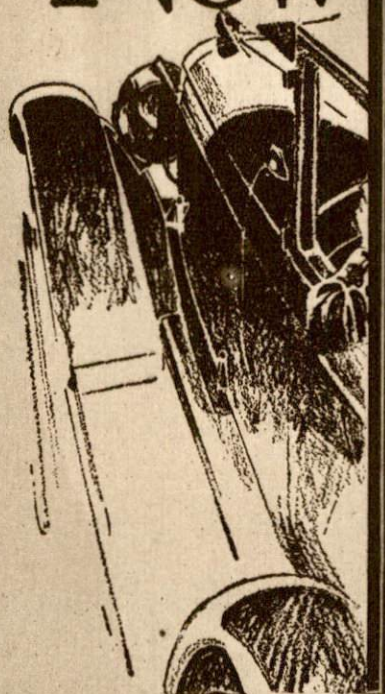
Note the accompanying map showing how Direct Good Roads lead from Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Columbus to MAYSVILLE, and from there by DIRECT ROUTES to Florida and all points South.

The highways from Maysville to Florida are largely over valley routes, and valley and water level grades through the Cumberlands, Smokies and Blue Ridge Mountains, and all are paved or state maintained roads. These roads also lead through the most romantic, historic and scenic sections of the Blue Grass, Cumberlands, Great Smoky Mountain, National Park between Knoxville and Asheville, Chattanooga, and Georgia Points; also to Mammoth Cave National Park, Nashville and New Orleans. ENJOY EVERY MILE of your trip to Florida or New Orleans by coming through the MAYSVILLE GATEWAY.

U. S. 68 Historic Highway
Association

MAYSVILLE, KY.

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Gulf No-Nox Motor Fuel
GULF REFINING COMPANY



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Unexcelled Service
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On U. S. Highways Nos. 25, 60 and 68
Official A. A. A. Tourist Headquarters

300 ROOMS

300 BATHS

Fireproof Garage Adjoining

LEN SHOUSE, JR.,

Manager

**GOES FORWARD WITH
KENTUCKY PROGRESS**

Kentucky Progress

MAGAZINE

GOVERNOR
FLEM. D. SAMPSON
CHAIRMAN

*Official Publication
Of the Kentucky Progress
Commission, Created by the
1928 Legislature to Advertise
Kentucky to the World.*



VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1929

NO. 6

Kentucky Progress Commission

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EDITORIAL

C. FRANK DUNN, Editor

Lincoln Shrines In Kentucky

LINCOLN'S birthday this month calls to mind the increased interest during the past few months in the scenes of Lincoln's life in Kentucky.

A claim has been advanced by another Kentucky county that records show Lincoln was born in their county instead of Larue county, where the Lincoln Memorial, housing the original log cabin, is located and which has been visited by several Presidents of the United States since its dedication by President Taft and by Lloyd George, Queen Marie and other notables.

In the meantime, the U. S. Government is considering an appropriation to install modern improvements at Lincoln Memorial and enhance the beauty of the landscape around the memorial. Lincoln's spring is located near the memorial.

There are several other cities in Kentucky that prize Lincoln scenes and are capitalizing them in this day of sight-seeing and automobile travel.

At Springfield, in the courthouse, is the record of the marriage of Lincoln's parents. Harrodsburg possesses the original log cabin, removed from Washington county, in which Lincoln's parents were married. This log cabin is in Pioneer Memorial State Park at Harrodsburg and is a decided asset to the replica of old Fort Harrod and the pioneer's cemetery, which are also located in the State park.

Lexington has the home of Mary Todd, wife of Lincoln. Mary Todd was courted by Lincoln in this house, and after their marriage at Springfield, Ill., they were frequent visitors to the home. There is also preserved at Lexington the home of Levi Todd, grandfather of Mary. The latter home was also visited many times by Lincoln and his wife and is sometimes erroneously said to have been the scene of Lincoln's honeymoon.

A movement has been launched at Hopkinsville to have the U. S. Government build a memorial highway from Lincoln's birthplace in Larue county to Jefferson Davis' birthplace at Fairview and on north to the Ohio river over the route followed by the Lincoln family when they left Larue county.

Good roads in Kentucky are making all of these shrines and scenes available to the motoring public and the Lincoln Memorial at Hodgenville, which has attracted thousands of visitors in recent years, and the lesser known scenes mentioned will doubtless draw tourists in much greater numbers in future years.

"Kentucky For Progress"

THE 1929 motor license tags, bearing the slogan "Kentucky for Progress," have created considerable talk in Kentucky.

What impression is to be made on the outside public when spring and summer opens and the automobile jaunts

to other fields begin is a matter of conjecture. At least one outside comment, and the only one known of at present, came from one of the best known bankers in the Middle West, living in an adjoining State. As soon as the announcement was made that a slogan was being considered this banker wrote a highly complimentary letter and suggested a very apt slogan for the license tag.

Kentucky did not originate the idea of inserting a slogan on the automobile license plates. Idaho had already used this medium to advertise "Idaho Potatoes," and Massachusetts—dignified Massachusetts—had exhibited the picture of what was supposed to be a codfish on its tags.

The story of Kentucky's slogan began several months ago with a suggestion by Governor Sampson of the opportunity to carry a brief, snappy message on Kentucky 1929 tags. Several of the State officials considered the suggestion, thought it had possibilities and began writing slogans. Announcement was made through the press that a license slogan was being considered.

The first criticism then arose. It was feared by some that a slogan would increase the size of the tag to "billboard" proportions and that the tax-payer would be burdened with the extra cost of the billboard tag. Some critics deplored the fact, as they saw it, that the name of the county would be left off.

State officials then conferred and discussed these criticisms. Slogans were submitted by various officials and the wording finally adopted, to harmonize with suggestions made by critics up to that time, were "Kentucky For Progress" to go on the rear tag and "Kentucky—(County name)" for the front tag. The size of the tag was made to conform with the criticism that it would be too large and burden the taxpayer, and the tag was purchased at a less cost than previous tags. The size of the numbers was then criticised but the color scheme, designed to reinforce legibility of the numbers, makes the tag readable at considerable distance. However, this is a debatable subject, and as such has created, as said, considerable talk in the State. If it creates as much talk outside of the State, possibly the several State officials who carefully considered and adopted the idea may yet be credited with a sense of the psychology of advertising.

State Editors Help

THE work and plans of the Kentucky Progress Commission were outlined to the members of the Kentucky Press Association at their annual meeting in Louisville in January and the State editors not only expressed individual endorsement of the movement but generously filled out a questionnaire requesting information to aid the commission in its plans.

First, the duties of the commission as specifically stated in the Act of the Legislature creating the body, which included the organization of 120 county units to compose the Kentucky Progress Association for State-wide development, were explained and the editors asked to nomi-

nate committeemen to serve in their counties, which they did.

Second, the editors were requested to direct the commission to sources for local illustrated stories for the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine that would portray the progress and development of their communities, and several of the editors volunteered their own services for this feature of the program.

Third, the members of the press association were asked to state in their opinion what, if anything, was obstructing the industrial development of Kentucky. Many of the answers said "politics;" others cited "lack of organized effort," "co-ordination of work for development," "self satisfaction," etc.

The Kentucky Progress Commission was delighted to have the opportunity to discuss its plans and confer with the Kentucky Press Association members, and the State editors expressed themselves as being pleased to learn in detail of the big undertaking that the progress commissioners, without pay or expenses, had assumed in attempting to carry out the program prescribed for them by the General Assembly.

Farm Relief

SENATOR THOMAS SCHALL, of Minnesota, has introduced a bill in Congress calling for an appropriation of \$6,550,000.00 from which to construct demonstrating plants in various parts of the country to utilize farm wastes and thus give farmers a profitable market for products that are now wasted. Under the provisions of this bill demonstrating plants will be built to convert cornstalks, flax straw and sugar cane pulp into paper; plants to convert rice straw and wheat straw into wall boards and plants to convert peanut hulls and cotton hulls into xylos—a sugar of no food value which will take the place of glucose in the spinning of rayon and will produce high powered explosives and a number of other necessary commodities. Xylos now sells for \$100.00 a pound.

Other plants will be erected to convert potatoes into high grade alcohol that sells for as much as \$1.00 a pint for commercial purposes. These alcohols are used to make quick drying lacquer. This is but part of the plans of Senator Schall to bring relief to farmers.

The Kentucky Progress Commission has made a careful survey of the waste products of Kentucky farms and so far has not been able to discover a sufficient quantity of waste material in any county to warrant the erection of a plant for such purposes. This survey indicates that Kentucky farmers are thrifty and not wasteful and that farm relief will have to come to them through other channels than the bill introduced by Senator Schall.

Lexington Gets Veterans' Hospital

LXINGTON was selected as the site for the million dollar U. S. Veterans' Hospital voted by Congress.

The fact that the Blue-Grass capital landed this substantial addition to its industrial assets is a matter for felicitation, but more important is the fact that, after keen competition among several Kentucky cities, Mayor Harrison, of Louisville, which was also seeking the hospital, promptly wired his congratulations and said that all Kentucky benefited by the acquisition of the institution, regardless of its location.

Almost any city in Kentucky, almost any city in the nation has a rival city and always more or less competition, if not jealousy, exists between these two cities.

Louisville and Lexington have been rivals for years, and for many good reasons, just as there are many good

reasons for rivalry between and among cities all over the country. These two cities contended for the location of the State Capitol, the State Fair and other important enterprises from time to time. However, this was in the dim past.

Times have changed. Instead of blaming "politics" for lack of initiative or ability to compete with other communities, the average American city has learned that organization and salesmanship are the deciding factors. Louisville recognized this fact in the hospital rivalry, and many smaller communities could profit from this example.

No Kentucky city can live without Kentucky, so long as it remains in Kentucky, and progress, the much talked of thing lately in the Blue-Grass State, has certainly arrived when Kentucky cities demonstrate such appreciation and understanding of their State and their neighboring communities.

Kentucky's Strategic Position

"IN THE middle of the map, right where she ought to be," the description of Kentucky attributed to George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, is literally true.

The word "map" is applied in a broad sense these days. "In the middle of the map" may mean the center of population—and incidentally Kentucky is located within a few miles of the center of population; it may mean the center of raw materials, industries or railway transportation facilities; it may mean the center of the highway map.

Kentucky is certainly in the center of the highway map. Two-thirds of the automobiles of the nation are located to the north and northeast of the Blue-Grass State. Those states that do not border on Kentucky in this congested automobile section of the United States are so located with regard to highways that they may conveniently cross Kentucky on a tour south and either save considerable mileage or, coming from the northeast, lose little mileage on their trip.

Michigan, the great summer resort state, is directly north of Kentucky. Florida, the winter playground, is to the south. The Florida parade never ceases during the fall and winter seasons. Neither does the Michigan hehira during the spring and summer seasons.

Automobile clubs in Kentucky are kept busy from October to March directing south-bound traffic, and the late-starters have not yet been checked out in March before the north-bound tourists are returning to their home cities.

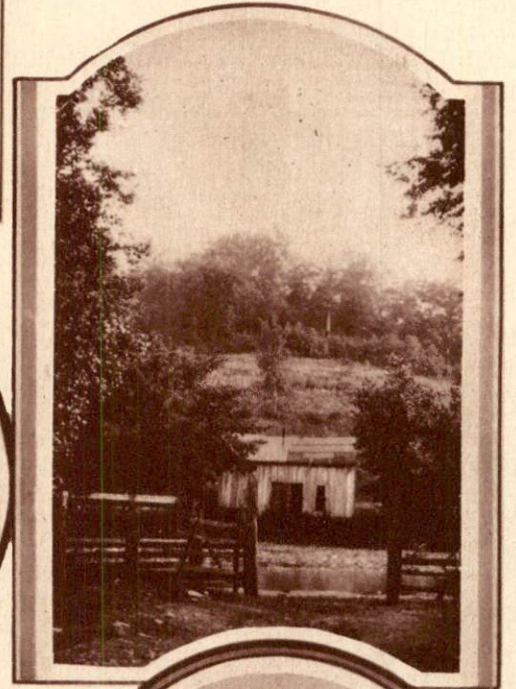
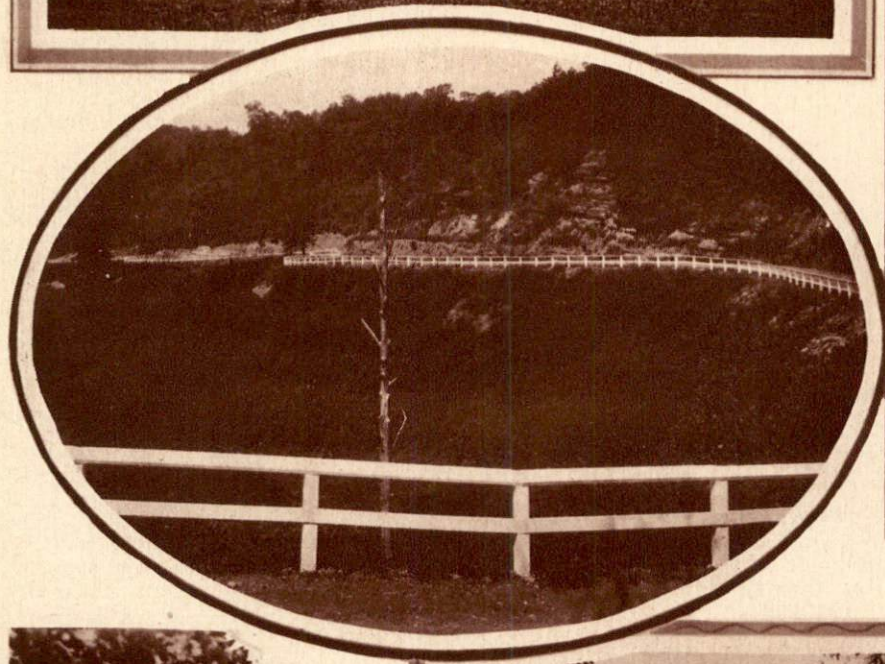
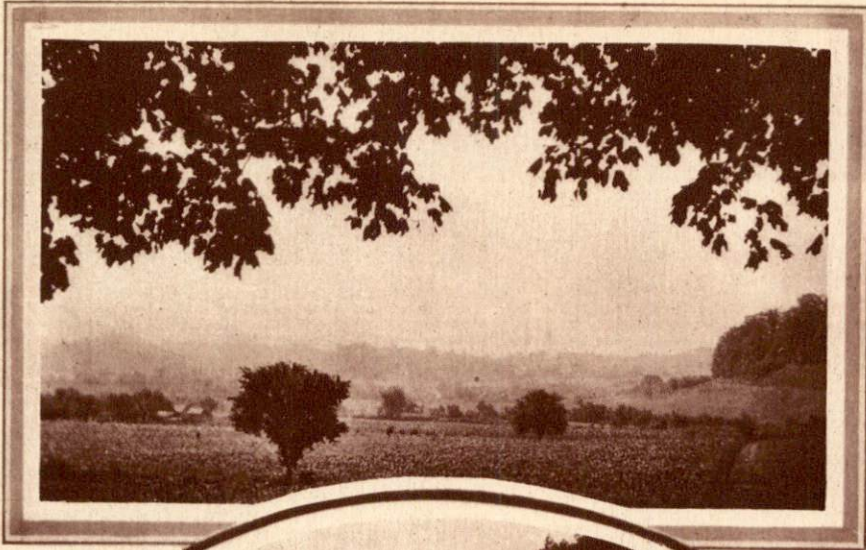
The rear-guard of the home-bound procession from "The Land of Sunshine" is accompanied by the vanguard of the Floridians "headin' North" for the summer. The hay-fever trek soon increases the north-bound travel and the procession to Michigan has not ceased before the Dixieites are returning to their homes in the Southland in the fall.

Kentucky, unlike Michigan and Florida, has no closed season for tourists. Lying directly in the path of travel between these resort states, it is on the reception committee the year round.

This is readily understood when one takes into consideration the breadth of Kentucky. United States Highway No. 60, which enters Kentucky from the east at Catlettsburg, where the Big Sandy pours into the Ohio river, and leaves Kentucky at Wickliffe, on the Mississippi river, is 525 miles in length. How many states, if any, east of the Mississippi river, have a single trunk highway within their state measuring 525 miles?

(Continued on page 43)

Scenes in Cumberland County, Ky.
which has just been opened up
to the outside world by a
Splendid Highway



A Project of Progress ~ Mammoth Cave National Park

By GOVERNOR FLEM D. SAMPSON

A NATIONAL PARK, such as proposed at Mammoth Cave, when laid out, improved and beautified with roads, driveways, bridges and playgrounds, maintained at the expense of the Federal Government, will constitute the biggest asset, considered from any and all standpoints, of Grand Old Kentucky. Several thousand acres—about one-third of the required minimum acreage—have been taken over. Money is now needed to pay for the land and caves.

Eight hundred thousand dollars (\$800,000.00) has been raised by Kentuckians toward the purchase of the proposed park area. Kentuckians can, and will, raise the further necessary funds for this investment, which will mean an annual return of \$100,000,000.00 to our State, and will reflect prosperity to all our citizens.

The Park will bring thousands and tens of thousands of visitors monthly to Kentucky. Having seen Mammoth Cave and that marvelous region of subterranean worlds of incomparable grandeur these visitors will move on to other scenic and historic attractions in different parts of Kentucky, such as Lincoln's birthplace, My Old Kentucky Home, at Bardstown; Jefferson Davis Monument and Park, Cumberland Falls, Natural Bridge Park, Carter Caves and Natural Bridge, Cumberland Gap, Brooklyn Bridge, Harrington Lake and Dix Dam, High Bridge, Old Fort Harrod, Boonesboro, and the hundred and one other equally important shrines, scenic and historic spots of the Commonwealth.

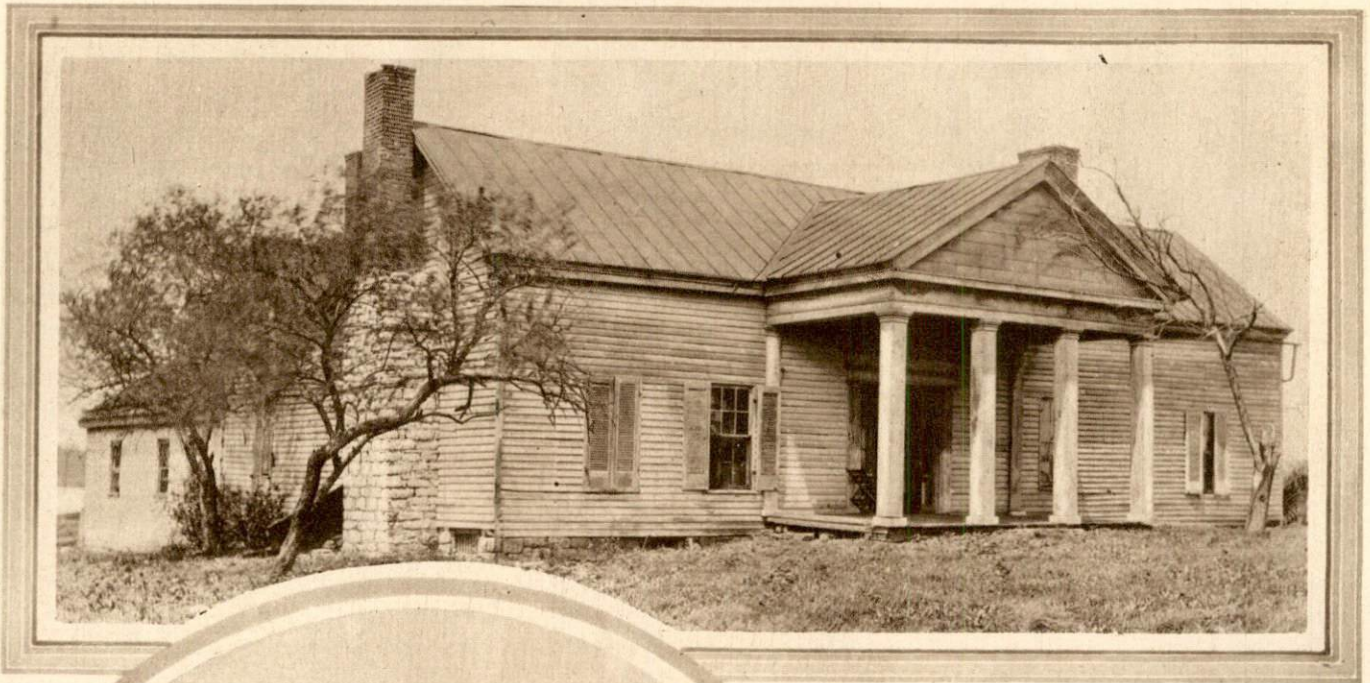
The tourist business is now greater in dollars and cents than any other industry in the United States; in fact, in all the world. We used to stay at home; now we go visiting, touring, sightseeing everywhere all the time. Thousands of those who come to visit Mammoth Cave and to tour the balance of beautiful Kentucky will return again and again, while other thousands will make Kentucky their permanent home, bringing capital, business and industry into the State.

The Federal Government will find it necessary to expend literally millions of dollars in improving the large acreage which we are collecting and will soon convey to it for Park purposes; indeed, there will be no Park until the Government takes charge and begins to build beautiful hard-surfaced roads, driveways, playgrounds of all kinds, places of entertainment, fountains, scenic bridges and towers, and all the other attractions and facilities that are found in National Parks for the entertainment, amusement and edification of the touring public. Nothing goes out of Kentucky by the establishment of the Park but everything is added unto the State, and once the tide of visitors to Mammoth Cave National Park sets in, it will grow and increase from year to year. All that Kentucky is asked to do is to subscribe money with which to buy and pay for the acreage in Mammoth Cave region—we need approximately 71,000 acres. The Government will do the rest. It is our big opportunity now at hand; indeed, opportunity is knocking at our door. Shall we hesitate, procrastinate, or shall we open wide the door and invite opportunity to come in and bring affluence with her as our future guest?

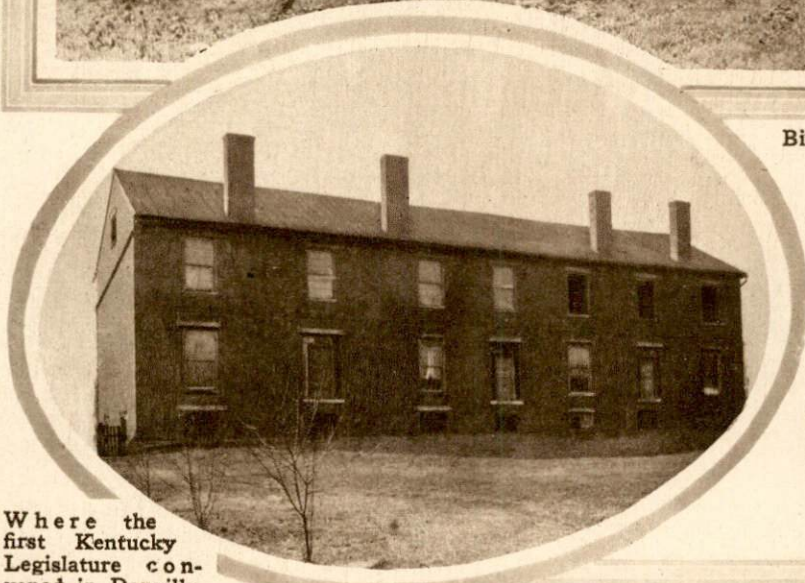
We cannot act too quickly in completing the Park project. Haste is both necessary and desirable. Let's pledge ourselves to the Park project—make it our job, and it will not be long until the Park will be Kentucky's and the smiling hills and valleys of Kentucky will be greeted daily by crowds of happy, smiling visitors from all parts of America.

Our slogan is, "Complete the National Park project in 1929, so that profitable returns may begin."

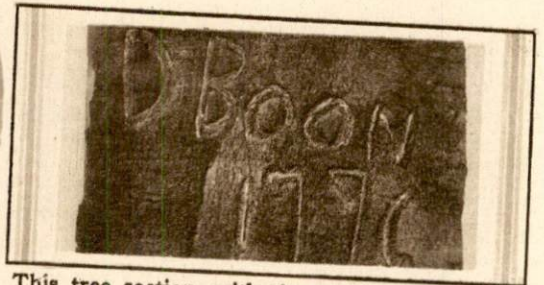
Some of Kentucky's Historical Scenes



Birthplace of Carrie Nation, who wielded a wicked hatchet in the pre-prohibition age.



Where the first Kentucky Legislature convened in Danville, Ky.



This tree section, with the original carving of Daniel Boone, is preserved at the Lexington Public Library.



Home of Simon Kenton, companion of Daniel Boone, located near Maysville, Ky.



Monument erected to Daniel Boone and the pioneers, at the site of Fort Boonesborough.

"At the Feet of the Enemy"

(This story is reprinted by kind permission of Harper's Bazar)

Irvin Cobb's Latest Story, Published in the February Number of Harper's Bazar, Has an Interesting Background as Described by John Wilson Townsend, Noted Author and Friend of Mr. Cobb.

By IRVIN COBB

SOMEHOW the figure of Lincoln, when done in bronze or even in marble, seems to take on a majesty and a splendor which is denied to others among our great men—contemporaries of Lincoln—who in their day and time surely were regarded as being infinitely more comely than the Rail Splitter was. Perhaps it is his tall shape, gaunt but, so they claim, not ungainly which, with its huge, powerful hands and its heavy, angular feet, lends itself so well to the sculptor's art. Not even the hideous garments of the period—the bee-gum hat, the square-toed boots and all—altogether can hide the strength of it. Or perhaps it is the long tired face in which those of his generation saw only an utter homeliness, but in which we of this generation think we see a compassion, a sweetness that makes it very glorious and very beautiful to look upon.

Still, it was so easy for the modeler in his straining after realism to exaggerate that shape and the contours of the face and the head, that one marvels not that there should be so many bad statues of Lincoln scattered about over the country, but that there should be so few of them. Now, in the particular case of the bronze statue which was done for our new State House, many of the critics agreed that the artist, whoever he was, had shown a commendable restraint. He may have emphasized his subject's features, but he had not distorted them.

Certainly it looked fine and imposing when set up on its dark pedestal at the end of the right wing of the new Capitol with the light falling from above upon it and the stone stairways flanking it. It was a gift to the State from a wealthy descendent of one of our distinguished families—a family whose members had been Unionists in the Civil War, and one of whom occupied a high place in Lincoln's political household and in Lincoln's private regard. It was, so people said, the first large statue of Lincoln to be erected south of the Ohio River. This circumstance was supposed to give the dedication a special significance. Prominent ex-Confederates served on the committee which had the ceremony in hand. If memory serves me right, the governor who accepted it on behalf of the Commonwealth and as a gift to the Commonwealth was himself an ex-Confederate. And the speakers chosen for the formal unveiling in their orations said that this gracious act symbo-

lized the wiping out of the last vestige of sectional bitterness among us and marked the dawning of a newer and a better day, would be a lesson to posterity and all that sort of customary thing, whereupon the assembled audience applauded generously.

Nearly all the State officials were assembled on this notable occasion and a majority of the Capitol employees—as well, on down to the ground-keepers and the janitors and the black door-keepers. But little Miss Tessie Tate, the assistant librarian, was not there—not she. All through the day, in a state of tremulous and simmering indignation, she stayed at home in her little brown cottage overlooking the river. She hadn't seen the Lincoln statue yet. Nor did she mean to see it, ever. Miss Tessie was what you Northerners would call an unreconstructed Rebel, meaning by that, one remaining unreconciled to what happened one April morning so long ago at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. There are not nearly so many such as there used to be in the South. Still, at that, you now and then will run across one of them or a group of them. Nowadays they nearly always are women—elderly women, for the most part. To them the Lost Cause is not a dead cause, or if it is, they mean to be the last of the mourners to join in burying it.

Miss Tessie was one who had never abated of her principles nor hid her feelings under a bushel. She was an outspoken, quick-stepping, high-headed little body, still pretty in a faded and weather-beaten sort of way, and still full of the quality of spunk. She was the leading spirit in the local chapter of the U. D. C.; indeed, she was its ruling spirit. She had helped to organize it and she had been its president ever since it was organized. She read papers at its meetings dealing with the character of Alexander Stephens; and with the life and achievements of Morgan or Forrest or Stonewall Jackson or Judah P. Benjamin; and with the need for the caring for the graves of those whom invariably she called either "our heroic Confederate dead," or "our gallant immortals—the Wearers of the Gray." On Memorial Day, which is in nowise to be confused with Decoration Day, she was aquiver with patriotic sentiments. The Confederate monument upon Cemetery Hill was, in a way of speaking, her own handiwork. Largely through her efforts the funds to provide it had been raised. And



—Copyright, Caufield & Shook.

It was this statue that inspired Irvin Cobb's story, "At the Feet of the Enemy."

the largest of the "floral offerings" which annually were deposited at its foot was sure to be Miss Tessie's. Her brother's name was carved on that monument.

To her, Lincoln was not Lincoln the Martyr, nor yet Lincoln the Saviour of the Union; she believed profoundly that the Union as constituted in 1861 should not have been saved. To her he was the Yankee Clodhopper, the Leader of the Black Radicals, the Illinois Nigger-Lover, the Mud-sill President. In short, this small, spry, peppery partisan of a Miss Tessie was as old-fashioned in her prejudices as she was in her way of doing her mop of curly, lovely white hair, which is to say very old-fashioned indeed.

On the day following the dedication and with her close friend and ally, Mrs. Jasper Gayle, for a witness to it, she made what amounted to a very solemn and very sacred declaration.

"My dear," she said, "never to my dying day do I intend to set foot in the place where that statue stands. My office is in that end of the building, but going and coming, I shall walk all the way around to the farther side. I can not conceive why the governor, and he a gallant Southron, ever consented to accept it." (Miss Tessie was the kind who would say "Southron" instead of "Southerner.")

Mrs. Gayle said: "I absolutely agree with you, Miss Tessie—absolutely. But still, you know after all, Old Abe Lincoln was a native-born of this State and perhaps he—they—felt that—"

"Was not our own persecuted and beloved Jefferson Davis a Kentuckian, too? And has anyone given a figure of him to stand in the new Capitol? No! When there is a statue of our War President in the other wing, then it

may be time for me to countenance the presence of a statue to their War President under the same roof—but not before!"

Mrs. Gayle said: "There, you've put your finger on it! And I think you're exactly right, Miss Tessie. Your sentiments are exactly what my sentiments are."

Mrs. Gayle felt that it behooved her on all occasions to prove the loyalty that was in her. Because it was a shameful fact that Mrs. Gayle's family, like so many prominent families in this border country, had been divided on the issue of Secession. A misguided uncle of hers had actually served with the Northern armies. Of him, though, Mrs. Gayle never spoke. With her it was as though he had not existed. Another uncle was the one whose memory she extolled. For this uncle had been a major in the Orphan Brigade, and wounded at Shiloh and promoted after Stone's River and honorably mentioned in dispatches to Richmond during the Retreat from Atlanta or, as they put it at chapter meetings, the Withdrawal from Atlanta.

But Miss Tessie had no such inky blotch on her ancestral escutcheon. Her U. D. C. membership was based upon the splendid record of a brother, the late John William Tate, who, enlisting as a private, had volunteered for secret service and, being captured within the enemy's lines, had been condemned to death by hanging as a spy, but while awaiting execution had managed to escape from a military prison at Washington and, with his health undermined by earlier privations and by the rigors of his confinement, had died, still in age a mere boy, as he tried to make his way back home. The place where his wasted

(Continued on page 49)

How Irvin Cobb Conceived The Story

By JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

IRVIN S. COBB came back to the Blue Grass last January, after having been "temporarily detained" in New York and other places for almost thirteen years—he had been last in Lexington on February 16, 1915, speaking on the Great War, "What I Saw at The Front," and he was not looking down, as one suggested, but across the Atlantic.

He had wired and written me he was coming to gather material and absorb background for a new novel, "Red Likker," and asked me to dig up a "dead distiller" for him to interview. I passed on the grave-yard stuff, but at once thought of my friend, Col. J. Swigert Taylor, for many years vice-president of E. H. Taylor, Jr., and Sons, world-famous as makers of "Old Taylor," as the proper man for him to see.

Inquiry at Col. Taylor's home, "Scotland," near Frankfort, revealed that he was ill in a hospital in Louisville and unable to see any one. I then thought of his brother, Mr. Kenner Taylor and Col. Edmund Watson Taylor, who were for many years associated with their father and brother in the manufacture of one of the most beautiful whiskies ever distilled in the State. I telephoned Mr. Kenner Taylor and asked him to allow me to bring Mr. Cobb to his home in Frankfort, and to kindly ask his brother, Edmund Watson Taylor, to join us there. He most graciously consented and invited me to bring Cobb to luncheon on the morning of January 30.

When we reached Mr. Taylor's home we found the brothers awaiting us there, as well as Mrs. Taylor, and we were shortly joined by Dyke L. Hazelrigg and Charles H. Morris, both of whom had formerly been attorneys for E. H. Taylor, Jr., and Company, and were, therefore thorough conversant with the legal aspects of liquor.

Just as soon as the highballs had been built, Cobb launched into an interview of the gentlemen assembled on every phase of the distillation of "red likker." He began with the origin of the word "whiskey" and followed it through its every process of manufacture, all of the laws appertaining to sale and consumption. I thought Cobb was pretty good at the interviewing, and undoubtedly he was.

After lunch, Mr. Hazelrigg suggested it would be a pleasant gesture to take Cobb to the Capitol and have him meet the Gov-

ernor and address both houses of the legislature. After some telephoning we were rolling up Capitol Hill and a few moments later, Cobb was speaking.

After his address, which was exceedingly serious, he was rejoined by his host and the gentlemen of his party. As we descended the lovely circuitous staircase of the new Capitol, we almost at once found ourselves standing in front of the Lincoln statue in the main rotunda, with Mr. Kenner Taylor detailing how it happened to be there. Cobb, I noticed at the time and recall now, was standing well behind the memorial and gazing up at it, his head to one side, and biting down hard on his ever-present cigar.

After Mr. Taylor had finished his account of how Lincoln came to the Capitol, Mr. Hazelrigg related for Cobb's evident amusement the story of Mrs. Jennie C. Morton and Miss Sally Jackson, two Frankfort ladies, who were for many years the David and Jonathan of the Kentucky State Historical Society. Both of them were unreconstructed rebels and, after the Lincoln statue had been set up, they jointly refused to ever enter the Capitol again by the front door. (At that time the Historical Society was established in the new State house).

What Mrs. Morton thought and did, Miss Jackson also thought and did. And the tradition remains in Frankfort to this day that neither of them ever again entered the main entrance of the new Capitol after "Lincoln" reached there.

That was all of the story Mr. Hazelrigg related to Cobb because "there wasn't any more."

Cobb grinned and when he emerged from the building he leaned over towards me, with a satisfying chuckle in his voice and almost whispered:

"I've got a story, kid!"

He had not been in New York many days before he sent me the original manuscript of the Morton-Jackson yarn, entitled "At the Feet of the Enemy," which is printed in full in the current issue of Harper's Bazar. His Kentucky whiskey novel, "Red Likker," is to appear in Cosmopolitan Magazine as a serial, beginning in the March number. It will run all year and then be published in book form. It is Cobb's third novel, and will undoubtedly prove to be his most successful full-length romance.

Agriculture at Western State Teachers College

By CHAS. TAYLOR

WESTERN KENTUCKY STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE located at Bowling Green, Kentucky, attempts to serve Agriculture of Western Kentucky in two distinct ways. First, being a Federally recognized Teachers College for training in Vocational Agriculture, each year a splendid group of well trained young men are graduated from the Agricultural Department and go out into the rural high schools to teach the fundamentals of Agriculture to the young men who are soon to become our farmers. The students in the Agricultural Department of the State Teachers College have unusually good facilities for preparing themselves for their chosen work. The school owns about four hundred acres of land where all of the important crops of this section of the State are grown. An intensive program of soil building is being carried on principally by the use of lime and sweet clover. Wornout fields have been brought back to profitable production through this method and they furnish a large amount of grazing during the process of soil building. A department of market gardening is maintained where the students learn by participation and observation the problems of gardening.

A herd of twenty registered dairy cows, ten Holsteins and ten Jerseys, is available for student work at all times. Dairy feeding, production and judging work with the school herd offers the student the practical problems that must be met and solved. Three breeds of hogs, the Poland China, Duroc and Hampshire are kept on the farm; five breeds of chickens numbering about a thousand birds, and twenty colonies of bees are maintained for student study and general farm production. A slaughter house where cattle,

sheep and hogs are butchered affords opportunity for judging carcasses, figuring dressing percentages and getting first-hand information on practical methods of meat cutting and curing. Each year the institution feeds out some good beef animals which are used for judging and type study and then slaughtered for carcass study.

In addition to this, in Warren County there are some fine herds of beef cattle, dairy cows and sheep which the students use regularly for definite studies. These herds are available at all times through the generosity and co-operation of the owners.

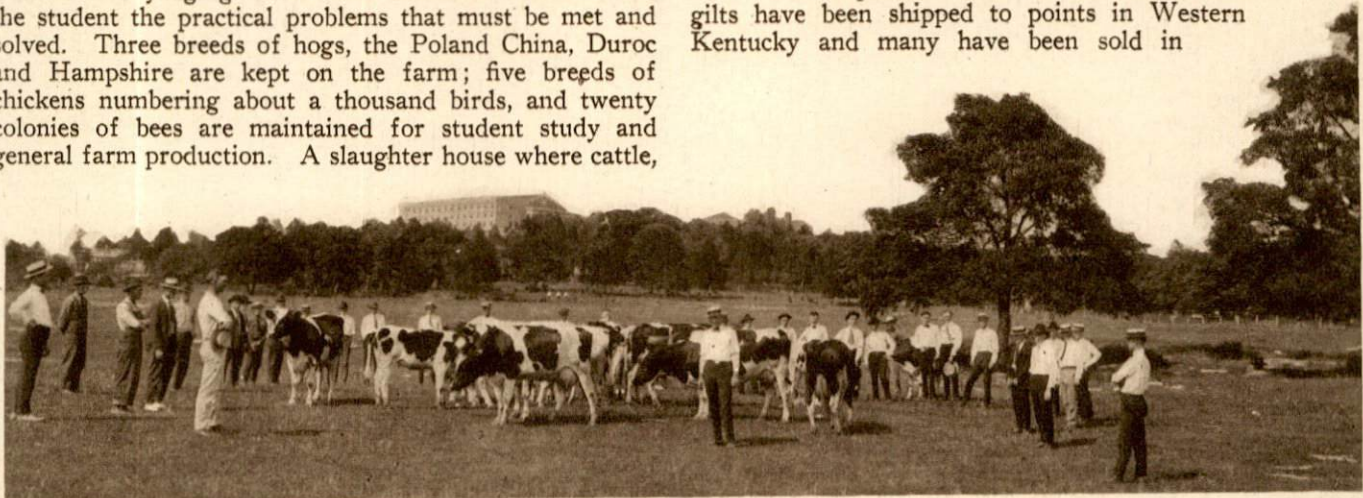
The Department of Agriculture which is located on the beautiful Ogden Campus has on its faculty one or more graduates from the following well-known Universities—University of Kentucky; University of Wisconsin; University of Mississippi; State University of Ohio; and Purdue University. Where possible each instructor has charge of some production enterprise which is in keeping with his classroom and laboratory work

The Department of Agriculture aids farmers of Western Kentucky and Warren County especially in many ways. From the herd of registered dairy cows many good bull calves have been sold which will

improve the dairy cattle in the communities where they go. These calves are sold for an amount which barely covers cost of production. Pure bred boars and gilts have been shipped to points in Western Kentucky and many have been sold in



A group of Federal Board trainees studying incubation and brooding at the State Teachers' College, Bowling Green, Ky. Each student was assigned an incubator and required to operate it for an entire incubation period. In brooding, each had a definite piece of work to do at regular intervals that carried through the brooding period. More than four hundred trainees were given practical training in agriculture.



A group of students at the State Teachers' College, Bowling Green, Ky., and a portion of the institution's dairy herd. All students in agriculture and about seven hundred students in general agriculture use the herd for studying types and production in dairy cattle. The herd, at the present time consists of twenty Holsteins and ten Jerseys.

Warren County, Kentucky.

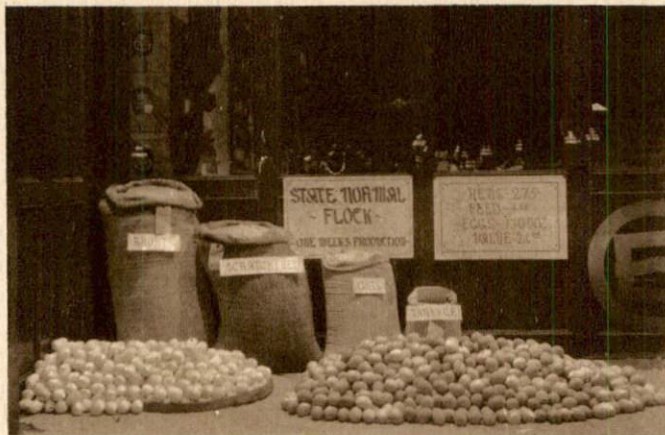
Members of the faculty serve as judges for county and community Agricultural fairs. In the absence of a County Agent they are frequently invited and always respond to give demonstrations in poultry culling; lamb docking and castration; drenching for stomach worms, and pruning of various kinds of fruit. Samples of milk are brought to the laboratories where bacterial counts are made for same. Where the count is unusually high definite instructions on sanitary methods of production and care of milk is given.

The University of Kentucky holds regularly scheduled cream testers examination in the dairy laboratory where material and equipment is available at all times for this work.

Samples of water from many springs and wells are brought in for bacterial tests. Supposedly pure water from springs have proved to be highly contaminated with the colon group of bacteria and utterly unfit for human consumption.

The institution is featuring short courses in Agriculture for farmers of Warren County. The success of previous meetings warrants a larger undertaking along this line and in co-operation with the University of Kentucky plans are already made for courses this winter. A short course in dairy feeding will be given in January, at the urgent request of a large number of the dairymen.

One of the outstanding achievements of the year was held in co-operation with the Bowling Green Kiwanis Club. This was an all day live stock school held on the campus, under a large chautauqua tent. More than a hundred and fifty farmers and county agents from adjoining counties, the Commissioner of Agriculture, and representatives from the University of Kentucky participated in this school. Good and poor animals representing the following breeds were housed under the tent—Beef cattle; dairy cattle; hogs and sheep. Live stock specialists took the good and



An educational display showing the amount of feed and its cost to produce the eggs in the foreground and their value. The white and brown shelled eggs are divided as two breeds of poultry were used in this demonstration, at the State Teachers' College, Bowling Green, Ky.

the poor animal and by comparison and contrast taught the correct type and the points to look for in selecting breeding and production animals. All who attended were guests of the Kiwanis Club at a delightful noon day meal served in the beautiful rustic Cedar House. Many farmers expressed themselves as having learned more from this one day school than all the fairs and live stock shows they ever attended.

Warren County has been without a County Agent for some time and the institution being desirous of rendering the greatest good for Agriculture, in co-oper-

ation with Warren County and the University of Kentucky has arranged for employment of same. The County Agent will have offices with the Department of Agriculture where telephone and stenographic help will be available and where he will be closely associated with the Agricultural faculty believing that both the institution and the County Agent will be mutually aided by the arrangement.

The institution being desirous of aiding Agriculture inaugurated many years ago the Farmer's Chautauqua which met with great success and the same kindly feeling and desire has not died but it is ready and willing to serve where good can be accomplished for Agriculture.

Will Improve Lincoln Farm

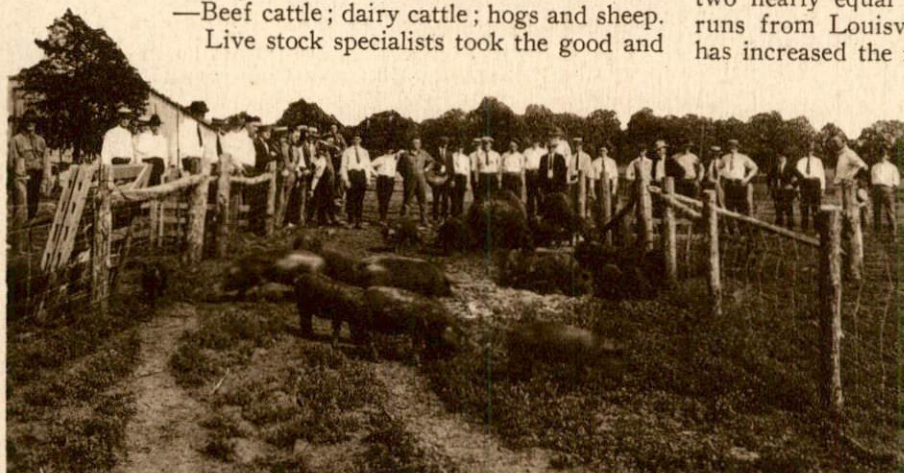
Government Will Take Action Because of Growing Number of Tourists to Hodgenville

IMPROVEMENTS to the Lincoln farm and memorial near Hodgenville, Ky., because of the rapidly increasing numbers of sightseers who visit there, has been approved by Secretary Davis of the War Department.

The tract, comprising about 110 acres, is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Jackson Highway, which runs from Louisville to Nashville, Tenn. The highway has increased the number of visitors to the memorial and reconstruction in concrete of the road approaching the farm has been planned.

Enclosure of the whole plot in steel wire farm fencing, renovation of the log house, construction of suitable parking area, rest rooms and improvement of the water supply have been approved, and in addition the grounds will be beautified by planting native Kentucky grass and shrubs.

Kentucky! Kentucky!
For each and for all,
United we stand,
Divided we fall.



A group of students at the State Teachers' College, Bowling Green, Ky., making a study of swine management. The College maintains a modern hog plant for agricultural students to make a careful study of feeding and management.

Progress in Dairying

AT THE invitation of the Kentucky Progress Commission, a milk conference was held at the Capitol at Frankfort on October 31, 1928, at which representatives of eleven milk products manufacturers met committees from nineteen Kentucky towns to hear their claims for the establishment of milk products plants.

The meeting was called by the Progress Commission because Kentucky is advancing rapidly as a dairy State, but development was being somewhat retarded because farmers had no local industries to deliver their milk to and were compelled to ship their cream by rail, thus reducing their profits.

Many secretaries of commercial clubs wrote to the Progress Commission when it was first organized, asking for aid in securing a milk products plant. The Commission then wrote to manufacturers asking if they would be interested in attending a meeting to confer with committees representing numerous towns that believed they were producing a sufficient volume of milk to support profitably a milk plant. Favorable replies were received from fourteen manufacturers, which showed the interest that they are taking in the dairy development of Kentucky.

The Progress Commission realized that many thousands of dollars had been spent by commercial and luncheon clubs in sending committees to visit milk manufacturers in far distant cities, and that a meeting of all parties interested would eliminate this expense.

The Commission assisted several towns in preparing their briefs and outlined for them methods of taking a dairy census.

At the meeting every committee was given an opportunity to file a copy of their prospectus with each of the eleven manufacturers present and to make a verbal report explaining their outstanding attractions. Several counties learned at this conference that they still had a great deal of promotion work in dairying to do before they could expect to locate a plant in their town.

The meeting was made educational by the presence of representatives of the College of Agriculture who gave many valuable suggestions to the local committees.

At the conclusion of the meeting everybody felt that much good had been accomplished and Oscar Ewing, of Louisville, speaking for the manufacturers, stated that they felt it was one of the most constructive dairy meetings they had ever attended and they extended their thanks to the Progress Commission.

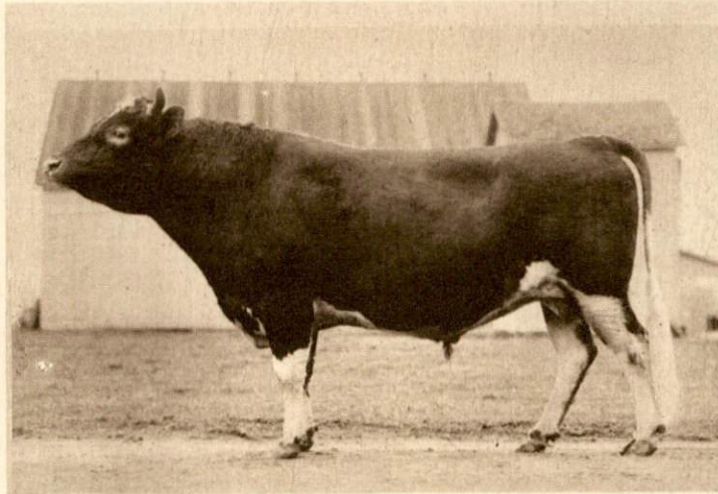
This is the story of the Progress Commission milk conference, but the results that might be obtained were "on the knees of the gods."

The sequel to the meeting is contained in the following articles clipped from newspapers in various parts of the State:

(*Lexington Kentucky Herald*, December 29, 1928.)

A concerted drive to establish Fayette County and Central Kentucky as the leading dairying center in the South will be begun by the Lexington Board of Commerce, with the co-operation of local dairymen, immediately after the first of the year, Ed. Wilder, secretary of the board announced yesterday . . .

Mr. Wilder explained that local representatives at a



Guernsey Bull, Experiment Station Herd.

Kentucky Progress Association meeting in Frankfort recently were told that Lexington was allowing valuable opportunities along dairying lines to slip from its grasp, and that nearby towns were not informed of the excellent opportunities afforded them at Lexington and were shipping milk, butterfat and cream, and their by-products to distant points at increased transportation rates. The conference resulted indirectly in the determination to start the drive, Mr. Wilder said.

(*Lexington Kentucky Herald*, January 21, 1929.)

Swift and Company of Chicago, will erect a \$100,000 creamery on East Main Street within the next month, it became known today following a meeting and banquet of Swift salesmen of this territory and Chicago officials Saturday at the Phoenix Hotel. The creamery will be one of the largest in the State and utilize cream produced within a hundred-mile radius of this city.

(*Lexington Kentucky Herald*, January 25, 1929.)

Another \$100,000 dairy plant probably will be added this year to Lexington's growing list, it became known yesterday when L. R. Zink, manager of the French-Bauer Company ice cream and milk plant which will be opened in Lexington April 1, announced that the plant will be supplemented within a year by a \$100,000 plant if the trade territory proves itself.

(*Georgetown Times*, November 7, 1928.)

According to Mr. E. H. Coulson, representative of Armour



Dairy Barn at the State Experiment Station.

& Company, Georgetown is an ideal site for a milk products plant. Mr. Coulson visited Georgetown Monday to gain first-hand impressions of the town as the site for the proposed factory. This visit was the result of the meeting held at Frankfort last week at which time the advantages of the town and county as an important site in developing the whole-milk industry in this section were set forth by a delegation from Scott County.

Representatives from fifteen of the largest companies handling milk products were present at the Frankfort meeting by invitation of the Kentucky Progress Commission to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure data on the various communities of the State that were interested in the location of such a plant.

(*Springfield Sun*, December 9, 1928.)

Negotiations that have been under way for several months between local business men and Armour & Company, Chicago packers, for the establishment of a large cheese factory in this city, finally have been brought to a successful conclusion, F. Edison White, president of Armour & Company, having closed a contract with G. L. Hayden, local real estate holder, for the erection of a brick and tile factory.

(*News Journal*, Campbellsville, December 13, 1928.)

We are informed by Mr. John Dudgeon, local manager of the Armour Company's cream shipping station, that his company have leased the Joe Willock building on Columbia Avenue, recently vacated by the Campbellsville Hatchery, and are making preparations to establish a cheese factory as soon as all preparations can be completed.

(*Murray Ledger and Times*, December 14, 1928.)

The Murray Milk Products plant will be officially

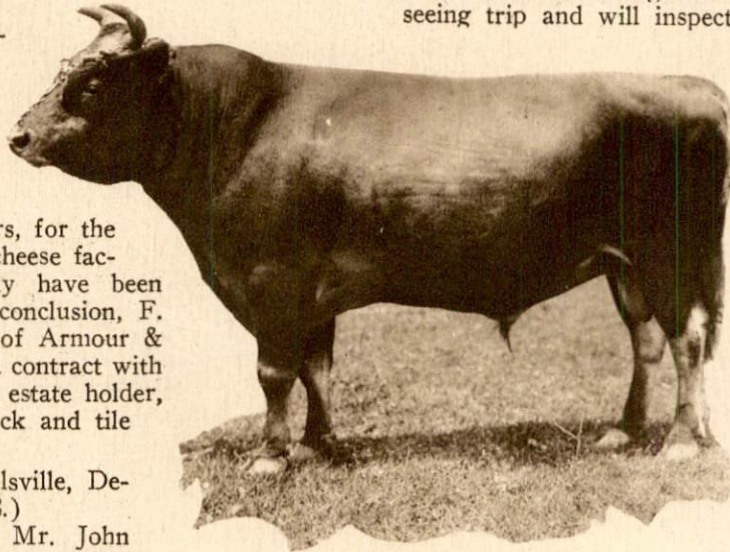
opened for business not later than the first week in January, it has been announced by F. B. Hind, president. It was first thought that it would be possible to have the opening by the middle of December but unavoidable delays in receipt of the machinery and other supplies made it necessary to postpone the opening until after the first of the year.

(*Commonwealth, Somerset*, January 23, 1929.)

Representatives of a large middlewest company are in Somerset today conferring with officials of the Kiwanis Club and the Chamber of Commerce regarding the establishment of a milk condensary here. The plant would pay out to the farmers and employes about \$500,000 a year. The visitors are being taken over the county on a sight-seeing trip and will inspect several sites. Every effort is being made to bring the condensary here.

(*Danville Messenger*, January 10, 1929.)

The French Bros.-Bauer Company, of Cincinnati, one of the largest concerns of the kind in the country, will open its modern plant in Danville Friday to receive sweet cream from farmers and dairymen within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles of the city. The plant here is one of the most modern and up-to-date to be found anywhere and has an unlimited capacity.



The Kentucky type of Jersey bull.

For Progress

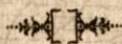
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
We'll rally to Kentucky's call,
We'll shout the slogan of our land—
United we stand—divided we fall.



Jersey heifers on Christian County farm.



HE plans of this company covering expansion, improvements and betterments are all based upon a firm belief in Kentucky's future and an abiding faith that she will take her place in the forefront in the march of States



FAYETTE HOME Telephone Company

INCORPORATED

Thomas A. Combs, *President*

LEXINGTON ~ ~ ~ KENTUCKY

The Kentucky Culvert Manufacturing Co.



Armco Culverts



Louisville, Kentucky.

Edw. J. Miller & Company

Insurance

STARKS BUILDING

LOUISVILLE

Manufacturers of Genuine Sand Mould

Face Brick
"OLD KENTUCKY HOME"
Colonial and English Type
"BISHOP COLONIALS"

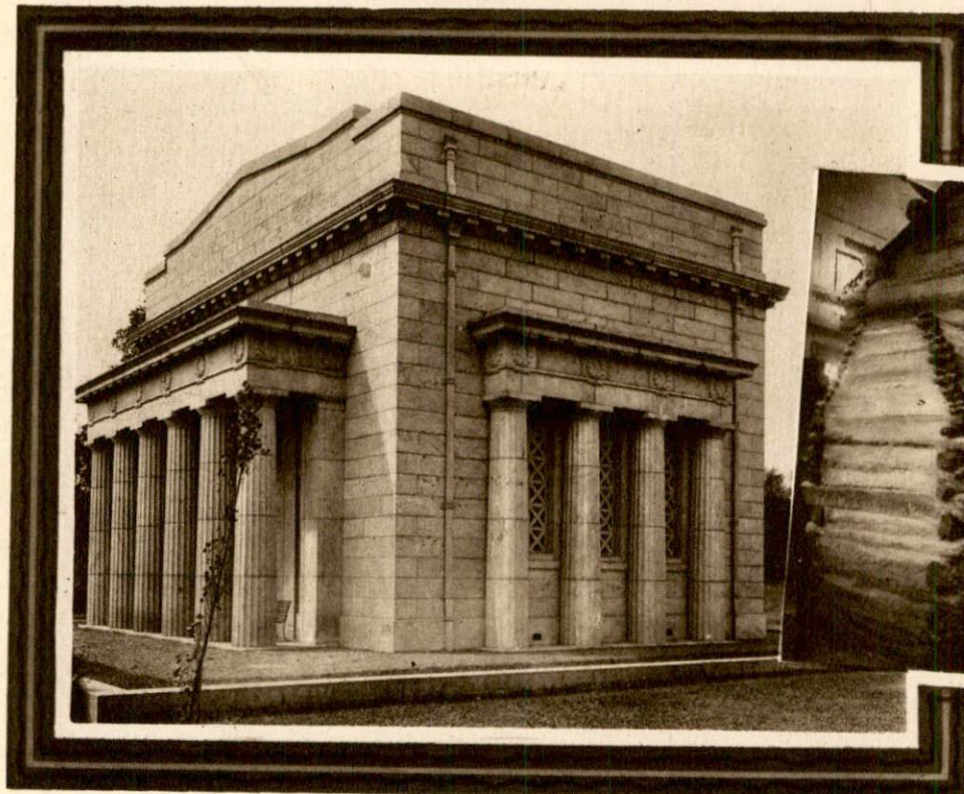


"OXFORD ROUGH TEXTURE"
"OXFORD SMOOTH RED"

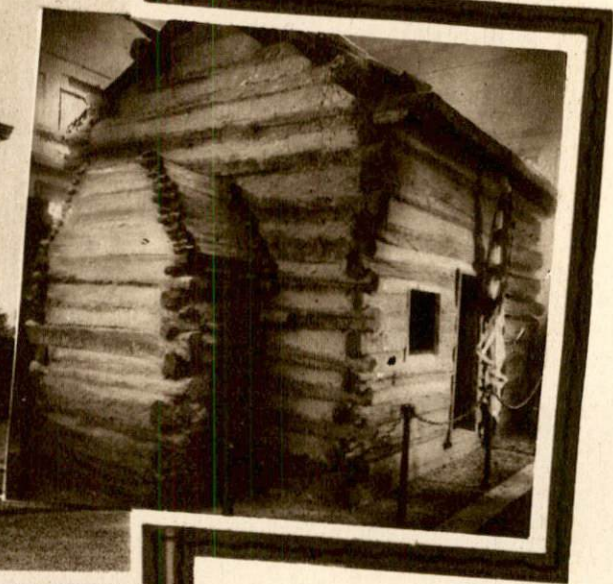
"FARM DRAIN TILE"

Our expert will give you an estimate on underdraining wet land.

Interesting Lincoln Scenes in Kentucky

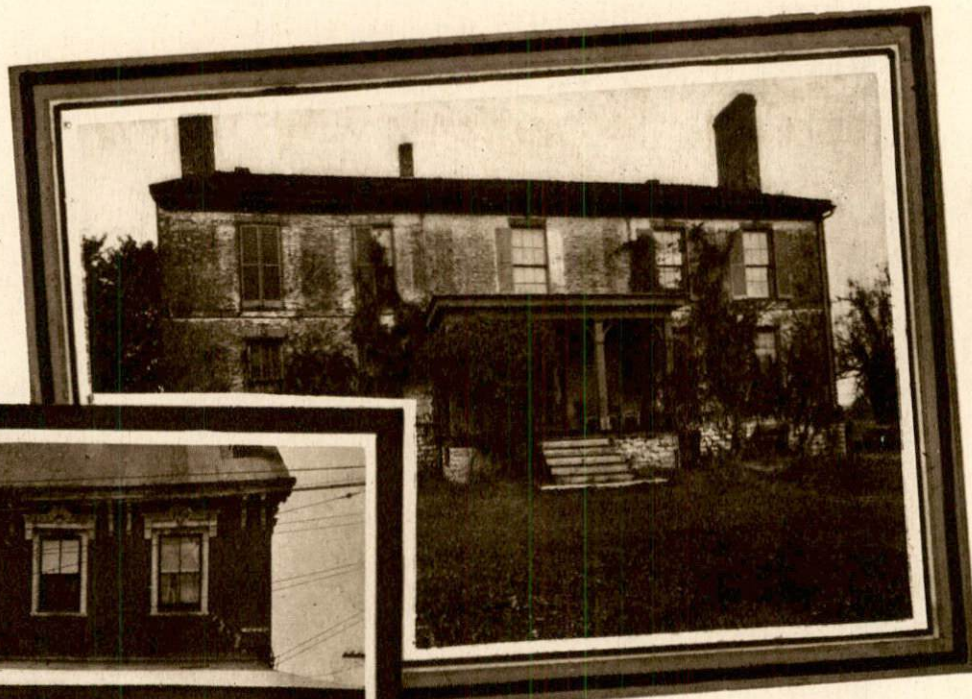


Lincoln Memorial at Hodgenville, a national shrine.



The log cabin in which Lincoln was born. This cabin is within the Lincoln Memorial at Hodgenville.

(Below)—The home of Mary Todd, wife of Lincoln, on Main Street in Lexington. It was here that Lincoln did his courting, although Mary Todd went to Springfield, Ill., for the wedding ceremony.



(Above)—The home of Levi Todd, grandfather of Mary Todd, located on U. S. 25 near Lexington. Lincoln and his wife often visited here.




"God Lives in Kentucky"

God is good to Indiana,
As a father to his child,
But he made our Old Kentucky,
And he looked at her and smiled.
Then He made the broad Ohio,
Circle 'round this land so fair,
As a mother hugs her baby
To her heart with tender care.
Yes, God went to Indiana,
And He blessed each hill and glade,
But He came down to Kentucky,
And just sat down and stayed.
And He raised up here Abe Lincoln,
In the hollow of His hand,
And George Rogers Clark He sent with
His Kentucky Rifle band,
To release His Indiana,
From the English tyrant's yoke,
And they carried God's own message,
And He heard them when they spoke.
And He sent Old Davy Crockett,
'Way out to the Alamo,
And they made the State of Texas
Out of northern Mexico.

Here He heard the call of Jackson,
'Way down South at New Orleans,
And He sent to him His chosen,
Soldiers dressed in home-made jeans,
When because of outer darkness
War between the States was made
To the South he sent Jeff Davis,
To the North Old Honest Abe.
So the Lord sends from Kentucky,
Just the man, when He can't go,
Who will always do His bidding,
Ev'ry time—Now ain't it so?
We believe Our God will tell you,
Though forever you may roam,
That the nearest place to Heaven
Is the "Old Kentucky Home."
It is just as clear as can be,
That God loves and freely gives,
To the other States His blessings,
But Kentucky's where he lives.

—JOHN A. LOGAN.



Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., the second highest monument in the United States.



Interior scene in Jefferson Davis home.



Replica of the Jefferson Davis home at Fairview.

It is strange that the birthplaces of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis are both located on U. S. Highway 68, and at no great distance from each other.

CITY OF LOUISVILLE

THE GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

W. B. HARRISON, MAYOR

LEW ULLRICH, SECRETARY

HAZEL TRUAX, ASST. SECRETARY

LOUISVILLE, KY.

February 1st, 1929

To the American People:—

Through the medium of
the Kentucky Progress Magazine,
by which our state is telling
to all the world the story of
its development, its resources
and its "re-discovery" as a
delightful land of exploration for
America's vast army of tourists,

CITY OF LOUISVILLE

THE GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
W. B. HARRISON, MAYOR
LEW ULLRICH, SECRETARY
HAZEL TRUAX, ASST. SECRETARY

LOUISVILLE, KY.

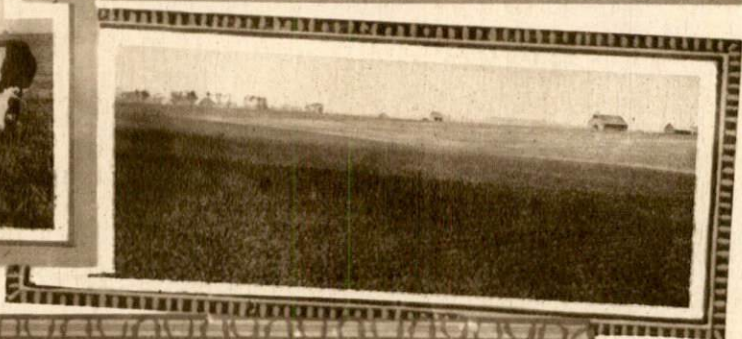
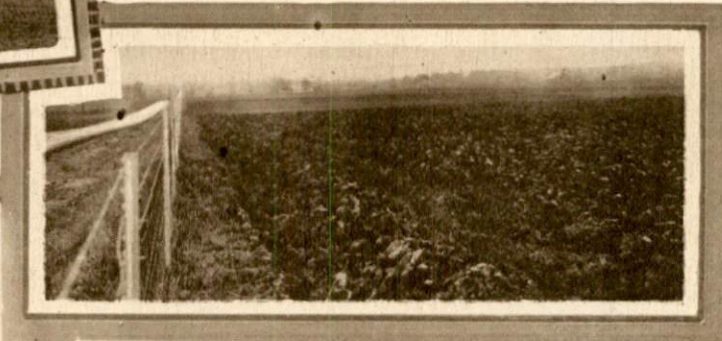
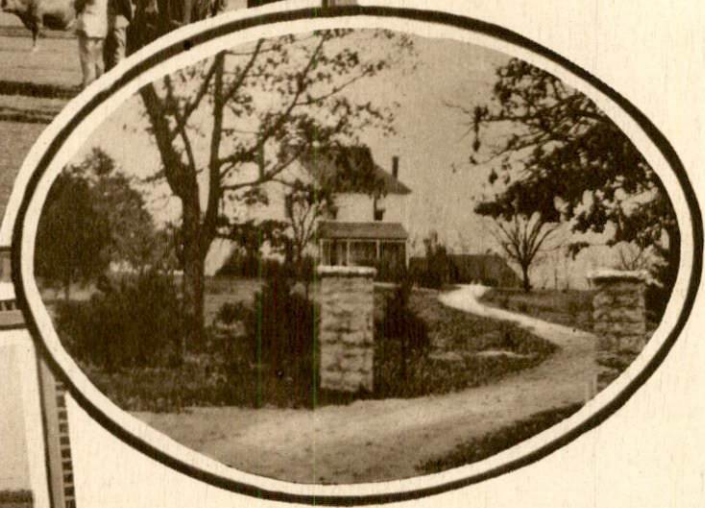
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I am extending to you a cordial invitation to visit Kentucky and its metropolis, the city of Louisville. Spend your vacation here this summer! We will show you why many thousands of Americans in recent years have "come to visit", but remained to live and prosper with us.

Cordially yours,

William B. Harrison
Mayor

More Fair Farms at Fair Prices



Now—you don't HAVE to live outside of Kentucky. A prominent agriculturist has given his opinion that there are more bargains in farm lands in Kentucky, quality considered, than in any other state in the union. He's right—here's the proof! Write to the Kentucky Progress Commission for information and prepare to buy a one-way ticket to the glorious Blue-Grass State.

FOR 66 YEARS

1862 1928

PRICE'S
Famous Sausage

Has Been On The Market

Now Made and Sold By

MUNNS BROTHERS

Incorporated

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Blue Grass Meat Products

A 100 Per Cent Kentucky Industry



TO inherit money is fortunate. Winning it is luck. Independence is surer when we save regularly.

We Will Appreciate Having Your Account

BANK OF COMMERCE
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

1929-Himyar Stud Stallions-1929

CRUSADER 4

\$1,500

(Property of S. D. Riddle, leased to Phil T. Chinn)

CRUSADER was a stake winner of 18 races, 8 seconds and 4 thirds, from 42 starts in four seasons, a total earnings of \$203,261.50. His stake victories were: Manor Handicap (Laurel Park), Suburban Handicap (twice), Belmont Stakes, Dwyer Stakes, Cincinnati Derby, Huron Handicap, Jockey Club Gold Cup, Havre de Grace Handicap, Maryland Handicap, Riggs Memorial Handicap and Delaware Handicap.

Crusader 4 Chestnut, 1923	{	Man o' War	{ Fair Play	{ Hastings 21
			{ Mahubah	{ *Fairy Gold 9
	{	Star Fancy	{ *Star Shoot	{ *Rock Sand 4
			{ Dolly Higgins	{ *Merry Token 4
		*Imported	{ Isinglass 3	{ Astrology 9
			{ Migraine 21	{ Frances M'Cle'd 4

It is sufficient of Man o' War to say that he earned the title "Horse of the Century" and that his sons and daughters are more highly valued as a whole than are the sons and daughters of any other sire in America.

Imp. DONNACONA, 16

\$500

One Year Return Same Mare.

DONNACONA won Mt. Kisco Stakes, 1 mile and 70 yards in 1:43 4-5, mile in 1:38; Sinton Hotel Stakes 1 1-4 miles, in 2:03 2-5; third for Latonia Cup; won at 6 furlongs, straight, in 1:11 1-5; a mile, 126 lbs. up, in 1:39 2-5; second to Man o' War in Belmont Stakes; second to Man o' War in Miller Stakes.

*Donnacona 16 Bay, 1917.	{	*Prince Palatine 1	{ Persimmon 7	{ St. Simon 11
			{ Lady Lightfoot	{ Perdita II. 7
	{	Kildonan	{ Ladas 1	{ Isinglass 3
			{ Lochnell	{ Clare 1
		*Imported	{ Hampton 10	{ Illuminata 1
			{ Barcaldine 20	{ Bonnie Agnes 16

NOAH 3

\$500

One Year Return Same Mare.

Winner of fifteen races and \$39,940, including Harford (twice), Jennings and Fleetwing Handicaps, six furlongs in 1:11 2-5. Brother to the stake winners Tester and Exodus. Half-brother to Rocket, Whisk By and Ruth Law.

Noah 3 Bay, 1922.	{	Peter Pan 2	{ Commando 12	{ Domino 23
			{ *Cinderella	{ Emma C. 12
	{	*First Flight	{ Thrush 2	{ Hermit 5
			{ *Earl's Seat	{ Mazurka 2
		*Imported	{ Missel Thrush	{ Chemistry 2
			{ Wolf's Crag 15	{ Evanthe 3

FLITTERGOLD 9

\$500

One Year Return Same Mare.

A stake winner of 29 races, 31 seconds and 20 thirds. His stakes included the Royal Blue, Chesterbrook and Picadilly Handicaps. He is a brother to FAIR PLAY, sire of MAN O' WAR.

Flittergold 9 Chestnut, 1911.	{	Hastings 21	{ Spendthrift (Am)	{ *Australian 11
			{ *Cinderella	{ Aerolite (Am.)
	{	*Fairy Gold	{ Bend Or 1	{ Blue Ruin or
			{ Dame Masham	{ Tomahawk 3
		*Imported	{ Manpa 21	{ Doncaster 5
			{ Rouge Rose 1	{ Galliard 13
			{ Pauline 9	

Imp. CARLARIS 8

Private

A stake winner of seven races and \$110,375. His victories included the Coffroth Handicap, 1 1-4 miles in 2:02 3-5 (new track record); Preliminary Handicap, 1 1-8 miles in 1:49 2-5 (new track record); Tijuana Derby, 1 1-8 miles in 1:49 4-5 (new track record).

*Carlaris 8 Bay, 1923.	{	Phalaris 1	{ Polymelus 3	{ Cyllene 9
			{ Bromus	{ Maid Marian 3
	{	Carnival	{ Martagon 16	{ Bend Or 1
			{ Spree II.	{ Tiger Lily 16
		*Imported	{ St. Frusquin 22	{ Bridget 8

HIGH TIME 1

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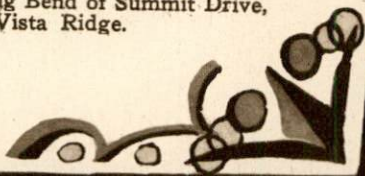


Scenes Near Great Iron Development Project Described in Story on Opposite Page



Looking up the Cumberland from the Brink.

South from Big Bend of Summit Drive, Vista Ridge.



Kuttawa Mineral Springs, hotel in the distance, Kuttawa, Ky.



Mint Spring.



Looking South along branch from Southwest corner of Kuttawa Spring Lot.

Bessemer Steel Process Was Discovered in Kentucky

Interesting Story of its Origin and the Hectic Days of Tom Lawson's Grand Rivers Utopia is Revealed by Prominent Ex-Kentuckian

By BARTLEY SKINNER

President Southwest Title and Trust Co., Phoenix, Arizona

THE Iron Industry in Kentucky probably began with Matthew Lyon's second Kentucky Colony, about 1811, or 1812.

Lyon ran away from Ireland at fourteen years of age, was sold for his passage money to America for the price of a yoke of steers.

He was bought by Thomas Chittendon, bound out to him until of age. Chittendon educated him, married his daughter to him. Another daughter married one of the forebears of Irvin S. Cobb.

Lyon helped to organize three States. Went to Congress, I believe, from all three. One of them was Kentucky. Had several fights in Congress, with everything from walking sticks to spittoons.

He was an officer of the Revolution. Being an Irishman, he took to contracting naturally, and was a contractor and Commissary General.

His first Kentucky Colony was before the year 1800. His last was just before or during the second war with England.

Lyon disapproved of the Embargo Act, which virtually told our ships to stay in harbor to keep England from searching them and taking seamen off of them on the high seas to work on English men-of-war.

He spoke against the President, was fined \$1,000 and imprisoned under the Alien and Sedition Act; was elected to Congress while in jail and 1,000 men fought over who would pay his fine for him.

Lyon appears to have favored our second war with England. And to have foreseen it farther than some.

He brought out a second colony of New England Ship Builders who settled partly in Eddyville, and partly in Yankee Town Bottoms of Lyon County.

The purpose was to build gun boats, commerce raiders, send them down the Cumberland River, to the Ohio, and out the Mississippi to raid English shipping on the high seas. Fine oak was there for the planking, cypress knees for the ribs, etc., and iron for the metal work.

This idea of Kentuckians furnishing ships on the Atlantic Ocean against England was not confined to Lyon of Lyon County. He was grandfather to my grandfather Fred Skinner, who was the first Judge of Lyon County some fifty-seven years later. My mother's grandfather paid for two ships and part of a third, manned them all by his own kinsmen, and all three were lost. The old man was too old to go to sea in the second war, having been

through the first war from Boston Tea Party, to Trenton, sieges of Charleston, Savannah, Yorktown—had been wounded at Trenton and in Georgia. So when the second war came thirty-six years later, about all he could do was to send back money from Louisville to Virginia to pay for a few ships, and stay at home in Kentucky and knock about fighting Indians sent down by the English.

Where the Lyon furnaces were, I do not know. West of Eddyville, close to where Kuttawa was founded some sixty-odd years later was one furnace, operated by Kelley. According to Mr. Sowden, this blew out in 1837. The Cobbs patented lands along the creek below this furnace field. Whether they operated that furnace, or Kelley, or either or both of them operated it after Matthew Lyon's Ship Builders I do not care to say or assume.

This furnace is situated on the point of land across the stream from the Mountain Park that the Town of Kuttawa now wants to have donated to the State of Kentucky.

This old stack is on property owned by Hugh Wake, Mr. Ordway and others, as a part of the famous Kuttawa Mineral Springs boundary.

People have removed stone from the old ruin, using it as a natural quarry for more than fifty years. Things were found there made of iron, unusually rustproof and durable. A negro is said to have jumped into the stack and killed himself from fear of his white boss.

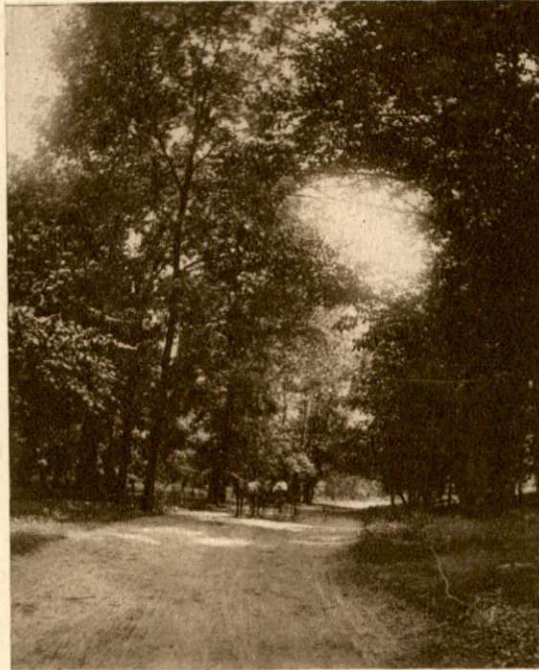
Willis Hammond tells me that a Chinaman was chopped in the back with an ax by a boss.

The first man who ever sold cattle imported from England to Kentucky was buried along with the Chinaman and the negro.

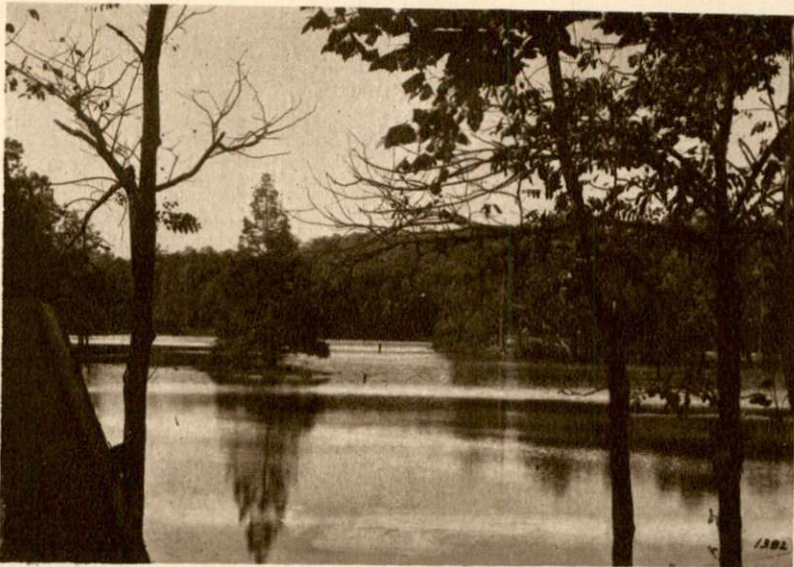
His name is found in the diary of my great-grandfather, which was kept through the revolutionary war till 1826.

This Welshman's tombstone, wonderfully carved, was sent from Wales to what was the wilds of West Kentucky. In my memory it was broken up by a certain long citizen to make a whetstone.

The negroes told me that all three "haunted" or "walked" on moonlight nights. When I was about ten, I went to sleep between the graves until walking time, with Archer Hunter, a relative of the Cobbs, a poodle dog and 16-bore single-barrel muzzle-loading shot gun. The hoot owls were awake, and it rained in our faces, moonlight though it was. But no one walked. So I as-



Road to Kuttawa Springs, looking south from springs.



"Cypress Island" Lake Clough, Kuttawa, Ky.

sume that the Welshman did not mind having a heathen destroy his monument, the negro did not really mind being burned alive, or the Chinaman object to having been used as a chopping block.

Opposite the end of the Mountain Park was the Boarding House Field. An old spring was bricked up and called Brick Spring. Another was called the Boarding House Spring. There were some fourteen springs in 165 acres, nearly all different in temperature and in chemical content . . . Soap Spring, Mint Spring, Diamond Spring, John Cobb's Baptizing Hole (negro John), now filled up with a large stone seat over it. John said it was not big enough for a nigger to tear round in when he got happy, so the Governor covered it.

Some of these springs vary a full degree in temperature though only a few feet apart. And entirely different in quality.

One spring was used by the Indians before the whites came in. Old Blue Bird for which Blue Bird Hollow at the big springs was named was the last. He stayed on long after settlements, and cured by hot mud baths of blue clay found there when I was a boy still. This in connection with use of the water.

East Kentucky may not have been inhabited by Indians, but West Kentucky was thickly inhabited when settlers first came. From one end of the Cumberland and mouth of the Tennessee clear across the State into Tennessee. There were three towns on Lyon Wake's farm. A big one on the bluff across the river from it right above Eddyville. A big one below Cash Hill in Eddyville. Two in Kuttawa, though probably never so large . . . and strung along the river close enough for smoke from one town to signal to the next one clear across the State. A big town was West of Kuttawa on the Widow Jarrett Farm, and very many more I can not locate by memory from this distance and time.

Kelley operated the old stack at end of Park last, I think. Then he operated the Suwanee Furnace on the other side of Kuttawa, several miles down the old cinder road, where I lived as a baby.

This last was a vast works once. Governor Charles Anderson taught me that the

ancient name of the Cumberland River was Suwanee. And he thought Kelley used the old name of the river for his last big furnace.

Kelley made vast kettles for the New Orleans sugar makers, five, six, seven, eight and more feet across.

And he made chains used in heavy foundry work, ship cables, etc. But his greatest fame rested on his boiler plate and chains.

It was said that a Kelley boiler never blew up, even in those days of the steam boat racing when they nearly all blew up last if not first. His iron was said to have the greatest ductile and tensile strength in the world . . . bending and pulling tests, without breakage.

He left a vast amount of pig iron, old kettles, etc., there. Charles Anderson sold most of it for scrap. The buyer made enough out of it to buy a steamboat with the profit, named for him. Last I heard of it was some forty or fifty years after Kelley's time, when the boat had been carried out to sea and round to Galveston,

was in use then as a harbor barge, or lighter.

Kelley operated one furnace in Kuttawa, many years before the town was started. And also a large forge.

My impression is that the forge was on ground now owned by Mr. Clifton, between his mill and his warehouse, and nearer to the river than either. Almost in front of the warehouse formerly the Gray Lumber and Coal Company, No. 3. Much of the river bank has caved off. But there were large iron slabs there a foot or more thick, and signs of heavy workings all about.

The last furnace probably was near the fork of the road at the lake near the other end of the Mountain Park, about where the old railroad pump house stood. There were slabs, cinders, etc., there when the lake was built in my childhood. Unless I am mistaken in my recollection, the late Charley Black, father of Jerry, told me there was a sort of tipple there too in steamboat days.

This was almost exactly opposite the point where the first railroad engine of the present Illinois Central System was unloaded from a barge and pulled up by hand under the direction of Mr. James G. Husbands of Paducah, still living. The little engine did not have power enough to pull up the steep spur track built down to the barge that brought it to where Kuttawa was to be, sometime after the Civil War.

Your present County Judge, Amos K. Boughter, of Lyon County, was a young man then, able-bodied then as now. He was amusing himself by skin-



The Rocks, upper end Silver Cliff Park (Cumberland River), Kuttawa, Ky.

ning the cat on the rear of the tender when the first engine let off its first whistle. They do say as how Amos let go all holds and fell on his head. Would not like to say here just what all did happen. But Judge Amos was more afraid of that thing than he let on to his fellow citizens when he was fearlessly capering on the new-fangled thing.

But the negroes did worse than Amos. They ran clear away at the first toot. Kentucky has progressed to where our Judges are not afraid of a railroad engine whistle, at least.

The Cobbs were big iron men, I believe, before they were steamboat men or writers.

The Hillmans were conspicuous in three states, no four in the same industry, and helped found at least one important city.

Ewald made a fortune in Lyon, then built larger in Louisville. So much that three states squabbled with our poor little county attorney as to which would administer his estate. He had a secret process too, that he claimed came in a dream.

Then came Thomas W. Lawson, of Frenzier Finance Fame. But long before that he promoted two of the largest charcoal furnaces of the world in the days of my boyhood. His mistake was in locating them across the river from his supply of iron, and away from his supply of fuel, when he could just as well as not have located his furnaces on the railroad and river together at Kuttawa, right at his fluxing material, a natural flux for that metal, right in his charcoal supply, and right close to his iron pits.

Then came the Simmons Hardware people, and George W. Dixon, late of Grand Rivers, and of Arizona.

This sketches the first one hundred years of iron in West Kentucky.

The secret of Ewald's product, of my friend Dixon's

product, and to a certain degree of Kelley's wonderful product all rested to a degree in the *quality of the ore*.

George Dixon, country storekeeper, borrowed money from me to re-open old Mammoth or old Center Furnace whose timbers had been laid and pickled by Uncle before I was born to make them durable. I forget which furnace it was, Center, I think.

Dixon received a higher price for his raw pig iron, up on the river bank in the woods, than foundries were then receiving for pots, kettles and stoves by the ton. The buyer had to load the iron by hand into barges, ship to Kuttawa, unload and haul to box cars, reload and reship to Pittsburgh. It brought \$32.00 a ton when common casting brought from \$8.00 to \$16.00 a ton.

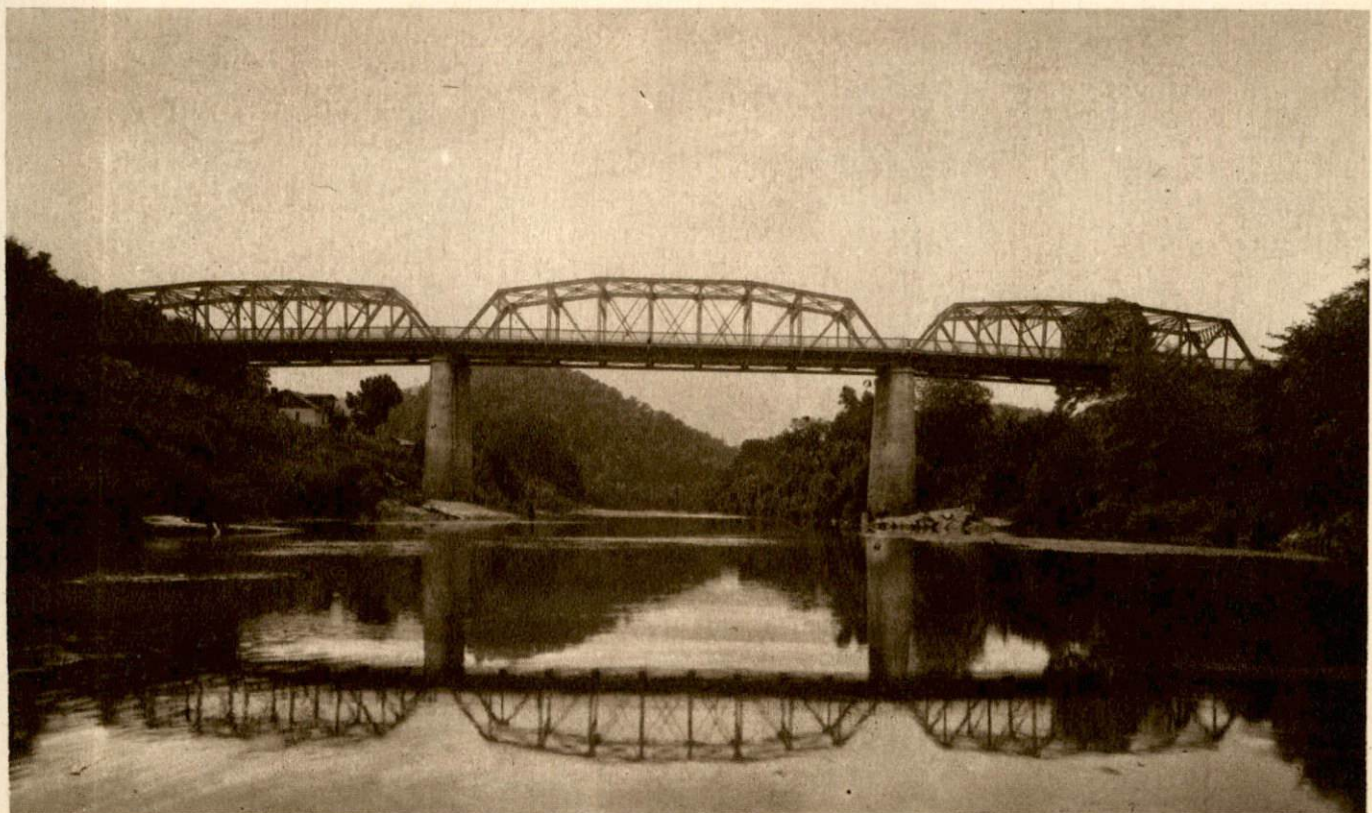
Ironmakers bought nearly all of it. Mostly for use in their own machinery for manufacturing iron . . . cold rolls, trip-hammer, chains, etc. Same old never-get-tired-iron of Kelley steamboat boiler-making days.

Kelley appears to have done a great deal of experimenting. He may have gone broke at it. Some say he did. He had more than one Welshman working with him. One was named Evans. Another was, I believe, Tom Shadowen . . . whose widow was a Doom, and went by the shorter name of Owen or Owens. The father of the late Sim Leonard of Eddyville was an iron puddler, from some outside parts unknown at least to the writer.

Just when he perfected his discovery, invention, or process I cannot say and do not care to guess.

But, one of his Welch helpers, his hearth man, returned to England and went to work for Sir Edward Bessemer. I say Edward. If that is not the exact name it is plenty good enough for an Englishman and we will call him that here.

This helper of Kelley's told Bessemer how he made iron for Kelley, by a wonderful new way, and what wonderful



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metal resulted. English are great on quality, we must admit that. New ways, short ways, even cheaper ways do not appeal to them near so much as a better way to make a thing better, in quality.

Sir Edward had his new helper, Kelley's old helper, build in England the kind of furnaces and make iron under Kelley's process.

Strange to say, a fine quality of steel resulted from the very first experiments, which was later called Bessemer steel. Notice I say, "*strange to say.*" For neither the helper, who made the steel, nor Sir Edward Bessemer, who had the furnaces built according to the helper's memory of the last Kelley furnaces *knew how they made it, or why it was different* from any ordinary steel.

But, Bessemer appears to have realized the importance of the American process. For he patented it. And sold the patent all over England and other parts of Europe.

Worse than that. The buyers of his process rights tore out their old furnaces, installed his new style furnaces and not one of them could make Bessemer or anything like it.

Lawsuits were filed against Sir Edward Bessemer for enormous sums, for fraud, or misrepresentation of his process, etc., etc.

Sir Edward would turn back to his own furnace, try again and make fair Bessemer again . . . report to his patent right buyers this fact and blame them for not following instructions.

In his trouble, more to save his good name than his purse, maybe, he turned to Kelley to find out what was the trouble.

Now Kelley had brought suit for theft of his patent.

I doubt if he could have protected himself at that late date. For he appears to have failed to patent his process as early as he might have done.

But they agreed upon a compromise, in spirit about like this: Sir Edward Bessemer was permitted to have his name used as if he had been inventor of the process.

He was to draw the royalties under his old contracts, and in turn was to pay Kelley an income for life.

Kelley on his part was to tell him how to make Bessemer steel, and why the others who had built same type of furnace were not making the Kelley or Bessemer steel that had been turned out on the first furnace in America and the first in England on Kelley's plan.

This takes us back to the curious or rich quality of ore found in Lyon County Kentucky. . . . A kind of hematite, that had a different percentage of sulphur and other materials from common iron ore. Kelley was enough of a real iron man, of a natural experimenter or chemist, to have figured this out, and knew that certain things went into the making of his kind of steel not entirely connected with the style of furnace in which the iron was worked up.

Kelley died, in a way, a disappointed man. He was Irish, I suppose, from his name. Like most of them, or us, he had pride and vanity and wanted credit by the world for his process. But he was old, financially not able to carry on a law suit with the very rich Englishman in a foreign land, even if he had any standing in those courts.

I recall visiting the Kelley ax factories in Louisville when I was about six year old. Whether this was a son, or grandson, or only the magic name used by some member of his family I do not know. But I can see now a

(Continued on page 44)

Irvin S. Cobb

By JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

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(Continued from last month)

AS THE baby blinked for the first time at the light of day, Paducah could boast of no more than ten thousand souls; but it was the county seat of McCracken County, the fifth city in Kentucky in population and importance, having been founded by Gen. William Clark, of Lewis and Clark expeditionary fame, and named after the noted Indian chief Paduke. The town was situated on the Ohio River, immediately at the mouth of the Tennessee. It had two newspapers, *The Kentuckian* and *The News*. *The News*, founded by T. C. Ballard and James Polk Thompson (1844-1905), was just five years old when Irvin was born; and only his mother believed on the day of his nativity that he would sometime be written down by the town's chronicler as that paper's greatest reporter and "Paducah's most illustrious son."

Irvin's old black mammy, Mandy Martin, who had been in his family for years, had considerable doubt about the value of the child, if we are to attach any sort of permanence to the story often told by the late Judge Hal S. Corbett, a New York lawyer from Paducah; it is good enough to be true and we hope it is. Judge Corbett said:

"On the morning of Irvin's nativity, Mandy, after one long look at the infant prodigy went to see her friend and counsellor, General Thomas E. Moss, sometime Attorney General of Kentucky, a resident of Paducah, for legal advice.

"If a cullohed woman agrees to nuss a baby, is she jus' finally got to do dat thing or take de law?"

General Moss told her he believed the contract could be enforced.

"Well, dat settles it," said Mandy, her arms akimbo. "I jus' go right on back; I'm gwine to nuss that new baby dat come to de house of Mr. Majah Cobb; but I'm gwine to make you one promise, and I'm gwine to keep it: before I agrees to nuss another white baby, I'm gwine to look at dat baby fust!"

Irvin's birthplace, a two-story frame structure, was torn down in February, 1914, and a brick bungalow now occupies the site. The staircase in the old house was of walnut, as was nearly all of the interior. When the house was being dismantled, Irvin's brother, John Saunders Cobb, once of *The Evening Post*, Louisville, obtained some pieces of the walnut and had F. W. Neuman, a cabinet maker of Paducah, fashion a walking stick and picture frame for Cobb as a daily reminder of the house that cradled him. This stick Cobb carries constantly.

"This tablet marks the birthplace of Irvin S. Cobb, June 23, 1876."

Molded of bronze and set in concrete, a marker with the above inscription was laid in front of the site of the house in 1915. The work was done by the Park Commission, at the instance of the late Dr. David G. Murrell.

Major Shrewsbury comes very nearly qualifying as hero of the piece at this point. Irvin called him "unkie" when a baby; and now that he has grown up and become a writer he has characterized him in various interviews and autobiographical bits as my "uncle," "my adopted uncle," "my uncle of the New England type." From his fourth to his twelfth year, Irvin was accustomed to go almost daily to *The News* office with Major Shrewsbury. He early got printer's ink on his fingers and he has never been able to wash it off and he never will be able to get out of sight of a printing plant and be happy.

Cobb believes today that the Major started him in the path he has since "stumbled along." The old Confederate loved the son of his dearest friend as his own, and took the keenest interest in his development.

If Major Shrewsbury broke Irvin into the newspaper game long before he was old enough to actually work at the business, we must depend upon his good mother to have seen to his attendance at school. For years the family has been connected with the First Presbyterian Church in Paducah, and it was to that church the boy was sent to Sunday School. It appears, however, that the ink of journalism left

a more indelible mark than the church, for on at least one occasion he is reported to have remarked: "In religion I am an Innocent Bystander!"

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOLBOY, KID CARTOONIST, CUB REPORTER.

Three months past his seventh birthday, or September, 1883, Irvin was enrolled at the private school of Miss Mary Gould for one term. Miss Gould's school was at Sixth street and Broadway. In 1884 he was sent to the old "Seminary" public school in Paducah, at the corner of Fifth Street and Kentucky Avenue, which building was dismantled in the middle eighties to make place for the Second District and High School. Later it was called Longfellow School, and is today the Masonic Temple, although there is another public school in the town known as the Longfellow School. Irvin's first teacher was Miss Nannie Clark (Mrs. J. S. Bondurant of Paducah.) School grades in those days were not arranged as now, so he remained in Miss Clark's



Irvin Cobb at age of twenty months.

room for two years, through the primary grade and first and second readers. "Irvin was always one of my best pupils," Mrs. Bondurant said recently, "and I never failed to give him a recitation for Friday afternoons." James C. Utterback, now president of the City National Bank, Paducah (prototype of "Mr. Otterbuck, cashier of the bank," in "The County Trot"), was also a member of Miss Clark's classes.

Two years in the public school and Irvin's mother transferred him—because of the excellent progress he had been making, no doubt!—to the small private school of Rev. Lewis H. Shuck, who conducted a "select" school in the study of his church, the First Baptist. Tradition has it that Dr. Shuck's salary was inadequate and that he conducted the school in order to anticipate the proverbial wolf. Irvin remained with him only one term, the autumn and early winter of 1886, when his parents decided he would be just as happy in the public schools, and then, too, if he were to spend all of his time "looking out the window," it would be much cheaper for all concerned. So he returned to the old "Seminary."

Miss Adah L. Brazelton, now principal of the new Longfellow School, was Irvin's fourth teacher. Miss Brazelton recalls that he remained in her room but one year, and that one of his schoolfellows at the time was Guy Rollston, for the last fifteen years on the editorial staff of the *New York Evening World*. "Irvin was always drawing funny pictures," Miss Brazelton remembers with a smile. His next teacher was Miss Mary Owen Murray, who died in 1908. Her sister now living in Paducah fails to recall anything she ever said about Irvin, although he was taught by Miss Murray for one year. He must have done very well in her room, for it was upon her recommendation and that of the school's principal, D. C. Culley, that he was permitted to skip the eighth and enter the ninth or Freshman grade, taught by Miss Mary F. Dodson (Mrs. C. A. Anderson, Magnolia, Miss.), who has recently set down, in detail her recollections of her distinguished pupil. He was a member of her classes for two years, through the Freshman and Sophomore years of the high school. Mrs. Anderson begins her narrative with the statement that, by some, she may be accused of drawing upon her imagination or having her memory refreshed by the things Cobb has written of his boyhood, but she assured me that such is not the case. His love of literature and weakness in mathematics is stressed in Mrs. Anderson's recollections, a fact that was patent to all of his teachers from the first one, Miss Clark, to the last one, Professor Cade.

"I soon found," Mrs. Anderson wrote, "that Irvin was remarkably well read, that he had a fine vocabulary and a taste for good literature to a degree unusual in a boy of his age. He makes much of his love for the Nick Carter type of books, and I doubt not that he did enjoy them. I found him sometimes surreptitiously reading one, but he had a natural taste for the good and it was thoroughly grounded, perhaps before he got hold of the other class.

"On entering he had chosen the Latin course," continued Mrs. Anderson, "but soon after asked to take in addition the regular freshman course in English literature. If you will permit the expression I will say, he took to this like a duck to water. He was always intensely interested, quick to grasp the thought and keenly appreciative of the best in expression.

"I recall an incident that impressed me at the time, but which in the light of after years seemed a prophecy of the future. We had been reading 'The Legend of Sleepy

Hollow,' I asked my students to bring in their favorite passage in Irving's great story. Irvin selected the description of Ichabod leaving the home of Hans Von Ripper for the party because, he said, 'Ichabod and his steed made such a funny picture.' He then not only drew for us the word picture but produced an original drawing of Ichabod and the steed very true to the master's description.

"Irvin was something of an artist in those days," Mrs. Anderson concluded, "and already we were acquainted with Ichabod and his school room as produced by Irvin's pencil. The midnight ride of Ichabod through the haunted hollow and his encounter with the headless horseman, impressed him. Here we see a suggestion of his love for the weird, which he depicts quite as well as he does the humorous side of life.

"Irvin was never a bad boy," Mrs. Anderson wrote, in passing the lad on to the tenth grade. "The only rule I recall that he was constantly breaking was the one in regard to talking to those around him. He was well supplied with ideas and he liked to make them known. For Irvin's good and my own peace of mind I had early in the previous year given him a desk immediately in front of mine. I do not now recall that he enjoyed this very much, but I did. He was so well informed, so keenly alive as to what was going on in the world, so appreciative of things suggested in our work that we often exchanged remarks *sotto voce* across my desk.

"In the tenth grade" (yes, I know, dear reader: I hear you and I am doing my best to raise a mustache in this story, but listen to the lady's lay just a few lines further) "we had a course in general history and here he was again in his element. He had a wonderful memory for dates and names [Oh, Irvin!] but this was not all of history



Irvin Cobb's boyhood school teacher, W. A. Cade.



Cobb's playhouse where he read "Cap Collier."

to him. He reveled in it as a beautiful story or series of stories, alluring with adventures and perils on unknown seas and discoveries of new lands; rich with the splendor of courts, of kings and queens and belted knights; thrilling with the sound of martial music, the march of armies and the shouts of victory! I am not surprised that he was thrilled with the wonderful efficiency and size of the German army.

"I remember, too, that the senior class came into my room for their recitation in English literature, and that Irvin always remained to hear what was said. I am sure he got as much from the recitation as many actual members of the class who had put more or less study upon it."

Irvin was not graduated from the high school, but when past fourteen, after his second year with Mrs. Anderson, he was enrolled, in September, 1890, in a private school on the outskirts of the town conducted by Professor William A. Cade where he remained for about two years and a half. At the Cade school, now called Arcadia School, Cobb appears to have suddenly developed into a typical American boy, a composite Huck Finn-Tom Sawyer of a fellow, losing his taste for McGuffey's and becoming enthusiastic over the "classics"—ranging from Shakespeare, in which subject Cade excelled, to "Old Cap Collier" and other ten-centers, including Mark Twain's immortal masterpieces and R. L. S.'s "Treasure Island," which, Cobb somewhere has written, are nothing but dime novels costing a dollar, anyway. (Mrs. Anderson mentioned his fondness for Mark's stuff: "Many times have I watched him hunched up, head down between his shoulders, chuckling over his favorites, Tom and Huck.")

Cobb's parents resided at 616 Broadway, the real main street of Paducah. There and at his grandfather Saunders's home he passed his first years. In the rear of his home was that now historic stable made famous in "A Plea for Old Cap Collier," and other of his writings. The elements have now removed most of the barn's roof and the whole is leaning with the years; it is being used as a coal house for the Lenox apartments, which occupy the site of his homestead.

"I read them at every chance"—Cobb's writing; "so did every normal boy of my acquaintance. We traded lesser treasures for them; swapped them on the basis of two old volumes for one new one; we maintained a clandestine circulating library system which had its branch offices in every stable loft in our part of town. The more daring

among us read them in school behind the shelter of an open geography propped up on the desk."

Sometimes two little neighbor girls, now Mrs. Josephine Fowler Post and her sister, Miss Mattie Fowler, of Paducah, author of the verses, "Irvin Cobb's First Playhouse," and Mrs. J. D. Roulett, Murray, Kentucky, daughter of "Sergeant Jimmy Bagby," often looked in on Irvin, Matthew J. Carney, now a New York capitalist, Will Gilbert, George H. Goodman, editor of the *Paducah News-Democrat*, and other devotees at the shrine of "Diamond Dick" and "Old Cap Collier"; and their recollections of the doings just over their back fence are interesting and amusing. There may have been other stable lofts in which young America read tales of adventure on land and sea, but they were merely branches of the main Cobb library-loft.

Back in Mrs. Anderson's room Irvin began to be a mighty hunter of bird's nests: "He was making a collection of eggs, some of which he often brought to school and exhibited with pride."

Something big happened to Cobb at Cade's academy, so I have been trying to piece together a background and character to match the plot. We have him now after a fashion: useless in mathematics; lover of literature and history; a youthful Nimrod; not overly keen about the brand of baseball exhibited in his home town, which was mostly "town ball"; too deeply absorbed by the literatures of the world to smoke cigarettes or have sweethearts, although there are at least three or four romances *en route*, but I'm afraid they will be detained at the proper stations or forgotten altogether.

Professor Cade's private school for boys and girls was situated about forty blocks from Irvin's home, and his mother is authority for the statement that the daily walk to and from school was very beneficial to his health, which was not as robust then as now. Professor Cade was an ardent lover of the English poets, particularly Shakespeare, as well as one of the best of men. He urged his students to watch the conversation of each other for errors in English. Cobb and Robert Quarles were, according to Mr. Charles Mocquot, now a druggist in Paducah, Cade's keenest pupils in picking up errors. One day Irvin arose and informed the professor that he "had two on 'Bob' Quarles. He said 'possum' for 'o'possum' and 'coon' for 'raccoon.'" After the class Cobb was compelled to out-talk Quarles to avoid a fight.

Mr. Mocquet also recalls that "Irvin was best known for his jokes and arguments and for his endless string of funny pictures." Professor Cade's mode of punishment for "cutting up" was to give the offending boy plenty of poetry to memorize. When Cobb became too proficient at this ("He could read it over two or three times and know it"), Cade added Latin to the English verse. When Irvin triumphed over both the English and the Latin, the old instructor added another link in his discipline chain by requiring him to translate the Latin along with the job of committing it to memory. This is said to have "turned the trick."

"I grew up in the town of Paducah with Irvin Cobb," wrote Frank L. Cade of Catherine, Ala., son of Professor Cade. "As a very little boy I can remember his mother kept him absolutely spotless. Because of this my mother and other mothers of the community constantly held him up as a model in this manner: 'Why don't you keep your clothes neat like Irvin's?' He was not as popular with us as he might have been just at that time.

"I remember distinctly the wonderful cartoons he would draw of the boys while we were in school to my father.

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A new industrial territory is now being opened up, consisting of approximately 1,500 acres, available for factory sites, by the construction of a double-track industrial belt line by the Kentucky & Indiana Terminal R. R. Co. The land adjacent to this belt line is almost flat in surface, and has perfect natural drainage. City water, gas and electricity are available the entire length of this belt line. This is strictly an industrial belt line operating within the city limits of Louisville on which large acreage can be acquired.

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He would also draw pictures of people passing on the street, so we naturally thought cartooning or illustrating would be his life work.

"I also recall his hobby for collecting eggs of every bird and fowl for his collection. He was exceedingly anxious to obtain a buzzard's egg. We boys (not very honest) hid a turkey's egg in the woods, and then designated one of the boys to find it and sell it to Irvin for a full dollar. We took the dollar and went on a soda spree at Soule's drugstore. Later we encountered Irvin and told him what we had done to him. Mad? Well, rather! But we left him laughing at himself."

Another of Cobb's schoolfellows at Cade's was Dr. L. D. Sanders. "He was a long, lean, lanky boy with big feet," is Dr. Sanders' lead to his story of the most-discussed man in American fiction. "A pretty good baseball player, an indifferent fighter, usually able to pacify things with his high-sounding talk, poor in mathematics, keen in literature, gifted with the photographic eye. Irvin used to go out to my father's home, 'Gray Gables,' a short distance from the school, with me almost every Friday afternoon. On Saturdays Professor Cade would sometimes call for us and we would go out to Perkins Creek and spend the day hunting and fishing. Sitting on the creek bank, the professor would sing old Southern songs and tell old Southern stories while Irvin and I laughed and applauded. Cade was a brilliantly educated man, quiet and unobtrusive, a type that is seldom gauged at his real worth. He organized the first Shakespearean Club in Paducah. His criticism and studies of Shakespeare now in M.S., are of high order of merit and worthy of publication."

Dr. Sanders tells one of the best stories of Cobb's boyhood: "One Saturday Cade did not show up and several of the boys, including Irvin, went hunting. Irvin didn't know a wild goose from the domestic variety. He shot two on the farm of a man that lived in town. The boys did not disabuse his mind as he went through the gyrations of T. R. in the wilds of Africa, but carefully conducted him to town by a way that took them in front of the goose owner's home. When he saw what Cobb had bagged and heard his story, his indignation was immense. He made Irvin promise to pay for them, which Irvin promptly agreed to do, and we all went laughing into town; all except Irvin. I think he was rather serious, but his language was plain!"

It was Cade's influence, more than that of any other man, except Major Shrewsbury, that set his boyish feet in the road he has since followed.

"I shall never forget the picture I often saw of little Irvin Cobb looking up into the face of Major Shrewsbury as the old major conversed in Nelson Soule's drugstore on Broadway, now numbered 313, I believe," said Mrs. H. C. Overby, of Paducah. "He would not take his eyes off the old Confederate while he was telling him a tale of the South befo' de wah. Soule's store is no more, but that picture of Major Shrewsbury and the little boy lingers with me."

Both Cade and Major Shrewsbury often urged Irvin to fit himself for military school and then go to college; but a crisis in his father's financial affairs not only cast this plan into the discard, but made it imperative for him to find employment that would add to the family income.

A short time after having narrowly escaped drowning in the Ohio River, he found his first job as driver of the city ice wagon, his father then being in the ice business as manager of Fowler-Crumbaugh and Company. That was

the summer of 1891. The company had two or three wagons, and Cobb drove one of them while William J. Gilbert, now leading business man of Paducah, and one of Cobb's most intimate friends, drove another. A negro, "Devil George" who called Irvin "Cap'n," as did everybody else at the ice plant, rode on the hind end and made the deliveries and collections, while "Cap'n" counted up the cash and whipped up the horses. "Cobb and I drove all summer," said Mr. Gilbert recently.

"One eighth of August [Paducah's big negro day, the blacks call it 'Mancipation Day, because it is too cold to celebrate that day on its real anniversary in January, and a day that is bound up with the narratives of Cobb, from "Black and White," written ten years ago, to his recent story, "Alas, the Poor Whiffletit!"] Irvin and I hired out to the traction company as conductors on two street cars running to the grounds where the 'niggers' were celebrating; but nothing much happened, except we hauled about a million coons!" Somewhere in his stories Cobb wrote that the incident he is relating happened "in the rear of Gilbert's drug store."

But the idea of being an ice man soon melted out of Irvin's mind; and he began to wonder what he could do as his life's work. Then one evening his father came home and asked him how he would like to be a reporter on the *Paducah Daily News*, which he had sold on the streets during school vacations. The boy jumped at the suggestion, telling his father it would be fine, and that he would be ready to start in the morning. Accordingly, the next morning, which happened to be January 16, 1893, Irvin presented himself at the office of the *News* and informed the editor, Colonel Henry Elliott Thompson (1851-1916) that he was ready for work as a reporter. And since that day, five months before his seventeenth birthday, Irvin Cobb has, in one form or another, been a reporter. Of course, he was born to be a newspaper man; and he took up the job where nature left off and made it a wonderful success.

The Daily News in those days was conducted by the brothers Thompson, James P., who was called "Boss Jim," and Henry E., who later wore the same sobriquet. "Boss Jim" looked after the business end of the paper while Henry Thompson was managing editor. They were assisted in editing the *News* by a small squad of Confederate veterans, that must have made the newest "cub" reporter in West Kentucky feel comfortable and at home, as we have already seen how these soldiers of the South are sprinkled through his forebears, in his home and in the schoolroom. Wherever he turned he saw Confederate veterans and partisans, until to-day he is the greatest living champion of the lost cause and its leaders.

Irvin caught on, as the saying is, from the first day; but his pay did not become apparent until the end of the first week, when Colonel Thompson called him aside and gave him his first newspaper stipend; and, when he had counted the coins pressed into his hands, he proudly discovered that he had exactly \$1.75. But the amount didn't matter; he was a real reporter now with a regular salary! And when he walked "up Clay Street" that evening to his home, he was the happiest young man in town. A few months later he went to the World's Fair in Chicago!

Cobb's earliest ambition was, as we have seen, to be an illustrator and caricaturist. I have in my possession a little photograph of him, kindly presented by his mother, taken at the age of eighteen months. He is revealed lying on the floor with a pile of papers before him, his pencil poised ready to draw. As he grew up he continued making

funny pictures to the amusement of his boy companions and teachers. By the time he was sixteen he was actually an ambidextrous cartoonist, drawing a picture of a woman with his right hand and a man with his left hand being one of his favorite stunts. His first drawings were printed in the *Paducah News*, when he was sixteen, and now lie buried in files dust-laden and undisturbed.

"I had disposed of three or four crude drawings to *Texas Siftings*¹ and had sold at least one alleged caricature to a long since deceased weekly publication in New York, whose very name I have forgotten. For the caricature I received in payment the sum of one dollar. *Texas Siftings* forgot to send a check; but it printed my pictures.

"Presently I began writing bits of descriptive matter to go along with the pictures I drew for the home paper, so that the subscribers, reading what I wrote, no longer might say that my drawings were the worst things that appeared in the paper. As time passed I found myself writing more

and drawing less. Soon I quit drawing altogether and devoted my journalistic energies to writing."

By the time he was twenty years of age, Cobb was too busy writing for his living to draw; and with disuse the knack of drawing has almost left him.

Among the first of Cobb's stories in *The Paducah Daily News*, "the widest circulated paper in Southwestern Kentucky," to attract general attention were a pair he did of the summer and fall meetings of "the county trot." He was "sta:" reporter now; salary ten dollars a week. For both stories, the first published July 3, 1895, and the second September 24, of the same year, he drew pictures of a horse's head, diamond studded horse-shoe with a race as background, whips crossed on top, and a jockey riding through the horseshoe. His "lead" for the first story was after this fashion:

"All the roads in McCracken point one way as the *News* goes to press this afternoon and that one way is toward the West End driving park. The second July celebration of the Paducah Fair and Exposition Association began today under auspices that promise good luck for the meet. If the present fair weather only lasts a successful termination of the races is assured. With a big crowd present and 105 head of racing stock in the stables and with liberal patronage manifested on all sides, it is small wonder that the fair ground directors are smiling smiles of joy at press time this afternoon."

Here's the lead for the autumn yarn:

"When Old Dame Nature and the Clerk of the Weather join hands and smile on this favored region there is nothing that can prevent the second fall meet of the Paducah Fair and Exposition Association from being the success that it deserves to be."

R. W. Hunter Coal Co.

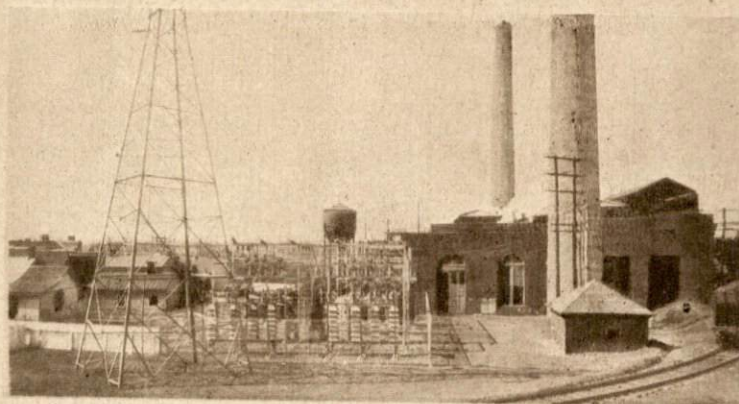
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KENTUCKY

"Irvin Cobb in his apprentice days of newspaper reporting sometimes allowed his native bias to deflect his story from the paths of realism," wrote *The Gossip Shopman* in *The Bookman* (Nov. 1920). "It is said one of the wittiest things he ever wrote was about a woman splitting her husband's skull with an axe—not the first masterpiece destined for the waste-paper basket, and alas! not rescued for posterity."

"I was never right well acquainted with Cobb," wrote a native of Paducah, now a prominent zinc-mining operator in Oklahoma, to the Editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, "but he's better looking now than he was then. His features were the same but he was a lot thinner. He was so good-natured that we never noticed his looks. I remember one night about midnight I was walking past the newspaper office where he worked and heard him howling with laughter inside. I knew it was he because nobody in three counties had a mouth so big or could laugh so loud. I went in and he was almost rolling out of his chair. He had a big heap of letters and was putting stamps on them. Beside him was a big Newfoundland dog. He would tear off a stamp and the dog would stick out his tongue very solemnly and lick it. And then Cobb would laugh until the building shook. I never had so much fun as sitting there an hour listening to him laugh."

CHAPTER III.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

During his early days on the *News*, Cobb spent much time on the river interviewing the rivermen. From them he gathered many columns of yarns for the paper but, curiously, he has not as yet (1922) featured the rivers of his boyhood in his short story work. He is almost exclusively a land-lubbering writing man. Of course, I do not mean to say that all of his stuff is backgrounded on the land; what I do mean is, with his early acquaintance with the Mississippi, Tennessee, Ohio and Cumberland rivers it is not too much to anticipate another great story similar to Mark Twain's masterpiece, "Life on the Mississippi." He once told Robert H. Davis that his first novel would be called "The River," but on that occasion he had the "river of life" running in the back of his head.

In 1895 Cobb was made managing editor of *The News*, with his name nailed in the paper's official box-head. Soon he became known as "West Kentucky's kid editor." But an early reorganization of the paper brought "Boss" Henry Thompson back as editor and returned Cobb to the street as reporter. On at least one occasion he referred to this change as "being decorated with the order of the can"; but so long as his name remained on the payroll it was nothing more than a reduction in rank. That, however, is altogether in the view-point; real reporters, some of them, sneer at desk men; some editors think reporters necessary evils.

Another three years as a reporter on *The News* and Cobb heard the call of the city; and he harkened right gladly.

It was in the spring of 1898, when he was twenty-two years of age, and just as the Spanish-American war was getting under way, that the managing editor of *The Cincinnati Post* called Cobb from the country. But he did not attach any sort of permanence to his invitation, and at the end of "four fevered, nightmarish weeks" he fired him bodily. That was the only real personal coronation of the can that Cobb has hitherto attended; but it did not take place until he had beheld for the first time a woman

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journalist doing a man's work on a daily paper. It was worth it, he thought, as he returned to Paducah, jobless.

Perhaps some of his ruined hopes of the city are delineated in the now noted character of Gash Tuttle, "The Smart Aleck," one of the best humorous stories in the language. Gash had been the funny man of his native countryside; he went to the city, cocksure of his success, some cheap gamblers trimmed him, just as the Post position "broke" Cobb, and both of them broken-heartedly boarded the train for home. But so soon as they saw the old town again their drooping spirits revived and the world was much the same.

True to his previous form, the editor of *The Post* changed his mind about the time Cobb changed his clothes, and wired him to return to Cincinnati at once. He hesitated, Cobb did; and George R. Newman, managing editor of the *Louisville Evening Post*, invited him to join his staff as reporter and conductor of the "Sour Mash" column of jokes and jingles. He accepted the offer and from the first was a success in the Kentucky metropolis.

The next year, 1899, Cobb reported for *The Evening Post* the now notorious Music Hall convention in Louisville that nominated William Goebel as candidate on the Democratic ticket for Governor of Kentucky. He followed Goebel up and down and across the State in his canvass. *The Post* at that time was a Republican organ; but its young reporter was the most violent Goebel Democrat. He has often been accused of "coloring" his stories against Goebel, which charge is ridiculous when placed in its proper light. The color, if any was applied, was done in the home office of the paper. For many years now the Post has claimed to be an Independent newspaper.

Of course Cobb was in Frankfort on the fateful morning of January 30, 1900, when Goebel was shot down in the old State House yard. He was a member of that human litter, composed of Colonel "Jack" Chinn and others, as it wound its tortuous way across Broadway and up Ann Street bearing the mortally wounded man into the Capitol Hotel, where, four days later, after a brave and gallant fight for life, he died. "Tell my friends to be brave and fearless and loyal to the great common people," he gasped, and was gone.

"I was in the lavatory under that most marvelous serpentine staircase fashioned of polished Kentucky marble, erected nearly a hundred years ago by Gideon Shryock in the rotunda of the old Capitol, when the shots that resulted in Goebel's death were fired," Cobb told me on one of the many anniversaries of the doing to death of the Dutchman as he was walking toward the front steps of the old building, in which the Kentucky legislature was about to override the will of the people as expressed at the polls two months previously, and lift this strange creature into the gubernatorial chair. For years Goebel nursed twin ambitions: to drive the Louisville and Nashville railroad out of the State; and to become Governor of Kentucky. He did not particularly care how these ambitions were to be accomplished; and to prove that he did not, he wrote into the laws of Kentucky its most iniquitous statute: the Goebel Election Bill. It proved to be, however, his death warrant.

"I rushed out in my shirt-sleeves, bareheaded, to the front steps. There was a man standing there and I asked:

"What's happened?"

"They've killed Goebel!"

"Good God!"

"Looking down the old brick pavement and across the

lovely lawn, I first noticed that a light snow was falling and that the sky was grey and overcast. I looked again and I saw several men carrying and half-dragging the limp body of a man along between them. They had just gotten through the front gates of the old iron fence which, at that time, surrounded Capitol Square, and had headed eastward toward the Capitol Hotel, where the wounded man always lived when in Frankfort.

"I did my calculating in rapid fashion. I figured instantly that if I were to overtake them I should have to race cater-cornered across the long yard to my favorite short-cut in the eastern corner of the high iron fence, from the top of which several spikes had been broken off, and which I had been using daily in my trips to and from the sessions of the Legislature. I half fell, half leaped down and across the stone steps, and, by some fast sprinting—you may believe I turned on full steam—I arrived at 'Cobb's Corner' just as Jack Chinn, Eph Lillard and a pair of patrolmen bearing Goebel came up.

"As I hit the pavement outside the fence another 'cop' arrived and demanded:

"Here, you, give me your hand, quick!"

"The caravan stopped only momentarily, just long enough for me to slip my hands under Goebel's legs, which had been dangling or scraping more or less on the ground, and to join them with the officer's.

"I immediately glanced at Goebel and saw that he was apparently conscious, but breathing most irregularly, with his eyes open and in a set stare or glaze. I also saw he had been shot through the right nipple, from which darkish, almost black blood was trickling down and dyeing his grey clothes. But he had sufficient life left in him to be almost rigid in our arms.

(Continued on page 48)

KENTUCKY'S PROGRESS

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United States Veterans Hospital No. 79 near Dawson Springs, Ky.

THE hospital is located three and one-half miles from Dawson Springs, Ky., in Christian county, on the road leading from Dawson Springs to Hopkinsville, Ky.

The reservation upon which it is located contains six thousand acres and was donated to the government by the citizens of that community. The hospital area proper contains about one hundred acres near the center of the reservation and at the highest point in the vicinity, being at an altitude of nearly seven hundred feet.

The buildings are of tile and concrete stucco construction, being fireproof, and comprise about fifty in number. The cost of construction and equipment now reaches near \$4,000,000. The government has spared no expense in this institution and it is said by construction authorities to be one of the finest in the United States. The operating expenses run about \$45,000 a month and in addition the

government pays to patients in monthly compensation checks approximately \$25,000 a month.

The entire plant is equipped with the most modern facilities for both professional work and utilities such as power plant, ice plant, elevators, water, heat, etc. The entire plant is heated by hot water, being one of the most extensive plants in the country to be supplied from one central hot water station. It requires about thirty tons of fuel daily which is supplied locally and the electric current required amounts to about forty-five thousand kilowatts monthly and is supplied by the Kentucky Utility Company.

The first patients were received in April, 1922, after the government had completed the plant with a capacity of five hundred beds.

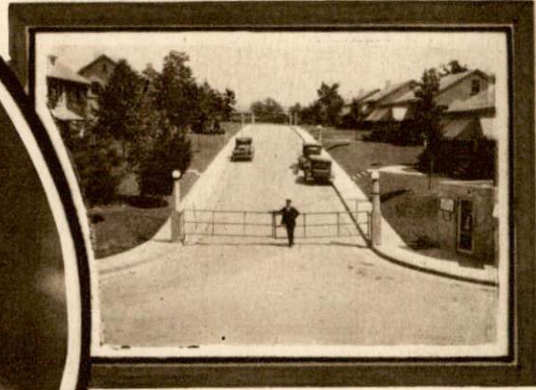
More than two hundred and fifty employees, including staff of doctors, nurses, aides, dietitians, etc., are required to operate the hospital.



Left to right are Junior officers' quarters, nurses' home, and administration building.



Col. H. E. Whitley, oldest commanding officer from point of service in the Veterans' Bureau, is medical officer in charge at the hospital.



Main entrance.



Nurses and patients, Ward No. 1



Receiving ward and dining hall



General view of a section of the hospital buildings.

*A*LTHOUGH it is only one of the 120 progressive counties of Greater Kentucky, Jefferson County pays more than one-fourth of the State's huge tax income, and in every department of Kentucky's progressive activity is giving its whole-hearted co-operation and support.

JEFFERSON COUNTY COMMISSION

Henry I. Fox Frank J. Humbert
Dr. Ben L. Bruner Ben F. Vogt

Editorial

(Continued from page 9)

Every north and south through highway in Kentucky crosses U. S. Route No. 60 and a wide territory is served by the several north and south roads crossing the State. Beginning at the east end of the State, the north and south trunk routes are U. S. No. 23, U. S. No. 25, U. S. No. 27, U. S. No. 31, U. S. No. 41, U. S. No. 45 and U. S. No. 51. Anyone familiar with the United States highways map need not refer to the map to judge the wide expanse of territory that would fall between U. S. Highways No. 23 and No. 51, both inclusive.

"In the middle of the map," so well stated by Mr. Lorimer, means something indeed. It would not mean much if Kentucky did not have good highways or if Kentucky were a barren State repulsive to the tourist who is compelled to cross it. On the contrary, it has splendid highways, excepting the fact that U. S. No. 23 is not yet completed across the State, and as for attractiveness the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine has carried an average each month of one hundred illustrations of points of touring interest along Kentucky's highways and these 600 illustrations but scratch the surface.

The efforts of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine to portray pictorially the lure of Kentucky are now to be reinforced by the 14,000-foot film, "Kentucky," which has scenes "from the Sandy to the 'Sippi'" shown by highways.

Kentucky is destined to profit immensely from the fact that it is located "in the middle of the map."

Wants Kentucky Copyright

The Kentucky Way

Last winter in Kentucky the legislature provided funds for State advertising and named a commission to see that it was real advertising. The result is the issuing of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine.

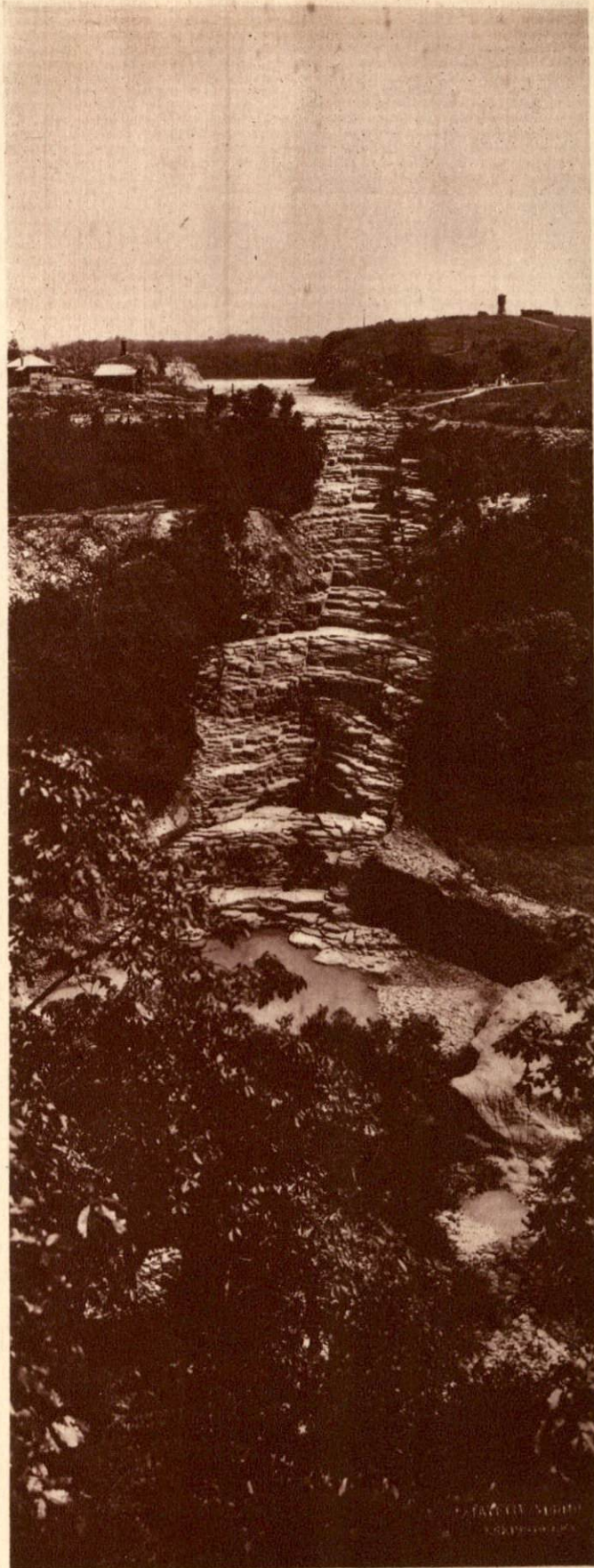
The Magazine is profusely illustrated with scenes from the various counties, each county or city being given its full quota of interesting data. It is one of the finest pieces of advertising that is issued today by any State or section in the Union.

Kentucky, populated by three million people, wants another million and hopes to get this increased population by advertising and promotion.

This Southern State, which seems far away from this corner of the Union, has much to show, historic homes and buildings, the blue-grass and the rivers and forests. It is all told in this Magazine and will undoubtedly bring results. It is interesting from the first page to the last and is bound to attract attention from the home seeker.

This is the Kentucky way of telling the world that she has something worth living for, an invitation for people to come and make homes, to join in the progress of industry and become citizens of a commonwealth.

Nevada, with its great undeveloped scope of territory, its hidden wealth, its surface richness and the call for population could well ask for a copyright from Kentucky. It is such an outstanding piece of enticing literature, and the plan is so modern that this State, the last frontier to conquer, should absorb the lesson. There is not a county in Nevada but could be put into print and tell a story that would bring some of the water-soaked, tornadoes and frost-bitten people to this land that is waiting with open arms laden with opportunity.—*The Fallon* (Nevada) *Standard*.



The spillway at Dix Dam. The photographer walked four miles to get this unique and artistic photo.



Kings Mill and the old wooden bridge on Dix River which were submerged by the lake created by Dix Dam.

Bessemer Steel Process

(Continued from page 32)

great iron knife cut off iron bars into ax lengths as easily as one would slice cheese . . . and following the process on through to where each ax was painted under a glass jar on account of the paint supposed to be poisonous to the painter to breathe. They were colored first red, and lastly gold.

Sons-in-law, grandsons-in-law possibly, visited my folks in North Carolina after I was grown. And one wrote to me from the Virginia iron fields longing to come back to Kentucky not so many years ago. The late Governor Anderson visited some of them in Louisville as late as 1893.

Chauncey Depew listed the great happenings in his time shortly before he closed his ninety years of public life and work. He named the rise of the iron industry as among one of the most important. Without underestimating any of the great inventions, radio, auto, telephone, flying, cement construction, etc., I have long believed that making iron in quantity and qualities now possible was the greatest step forward in modern civilization than anything that has happened since the railroads first spanned the country and made it possible for Kentuckians to explore, and settle, and to a great degree develop all of the West and other parts of the earth.

The region about Lyon County is most picturesque. It is very accessible by a beautiful river, a main line railroad, and now a new State automobile road.

The park property overlooks the town, surrounds it, overlooks the railroad, the river and the old Kelley workings scattered along the foot of the hill over a distance of several miles, at both ends of the mountain park, and on

the river in two other places at the foot of the park hills.

The famous Kuttawa Mineral Springs property joins this park, and the little lake at the other end of the same series of hills. There are natural curiosities that have been a puzzle to our geologists for years, curious formations—caves in short hour drives in several directions in Lyon, Crittenden and Caldwell Counties, the farthest probably not much more than fifteen miles from the depot below the park.

This park would be a most suitable playground or deer park if taken over and administered by the State of Kentucky.

And it might be proper to place a table on the face of the rocks above the railroad and river, overlooking the Kelley works where Bessemer was invented almost on the railroad right-of-way along this park boundary.

No one thing has done as much to spread our civilization in the past one hundred years as the invention of the Bessemer Process by this Irish Kentuckian, Kelley, who worked all of his life in Kentucky.

Kentucky's Call

List to the call of our Old Kentucky Home,
"Aid in my progress—
and

Come one, come all—"

We'll rally to her standard, wherever we roam—

"United we stand—

Divided we fall."

Hark! hear the call of the Old Kentucky Home
Ye sons and daughters, wherever ye roam;

"Aid in our progress—come one and come all—
United we stand—divided we fall."

Sound Sweet To Us

I DON'T know how it got on to my desk, but today I am in possession of Vol. I, No. 3, "KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine." Every page is interesting—from inside front to outside back. Will it be possible for me to get a copy each of Nos. 1 and 2?—Secretary, Santa Maria Valley (Cal.) Chamber of Commerce.

* * * * *

You folks are surely getting out some sweet publicity about the old State—that in the *American Motorist* in September was surely ringing the old dinner bell with the corn pone piping hot.—William M. Conrad, Washington, D. C.

* * * * *

I have been pleased to receive the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine each month: I have learned to look forward to it as something that will carry me back in spirit for half an hour to my homeland. Please accept congratulations from a fellow who as reporter for the *Lexington Herald* used to hound you for noos.—Clark Kinnaid, *The Edenton* (N. C.) *News*.

* * * * *

The Adair County News tells of the fourth "cow day" held by the Live Stock Promotion Association. The merchants of Columbia together with the bankers have worked out a plan which fits in with the whole structure of agricultural community life. The merchants give coupons with purchases made by farmers, these are placed in the bankers' care and drawings are held.

To date enthusiasm has marked the operation of the plan. Purebred stock is on the increase. Since the merits of registered stock is a topic of local conversation, it is more than likely that Adair County will eventually become thoroughly converted.

With the active steps being taken by the Kentucky Progress Commission to foster marketing for dairy products all over Kentucky and the program of various agencies to foster the breeding of productive cattle, Kentucky may be really "Cow Minded" before long. The student of agricultural progress who investigates what has been accomplished by Wisconsin, by the State University, the merchants, bankers, working with the farmers, may well long for the same thing to happen in Kentucky.

But we are on the way.

We are far from there.—*Louisville Herald-Post*.

* * * * *

I have read with great interest the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine and congratulate you and your commission. Surely you will have the eyes of the country upon Kentucky. God bless her history and people.—W. Fred Long, Honorary Life President, Kentucky Society in Mississippi.

* * * * *

We are much interested and pleased with what your progress commission is doing, and feel that you are doing your people a great deal of good in the manner in which you are editing and publishing the Magazine.—Secretary, Huntington (W. Va.) Chamber of Commerce.

* * * * *

Have learned that you have a very splendid publication exploiting the many resources of the Blue-Grass State. Would it be asking too much of you to forward this office a copy of the December number and any other numbers that are available for distribution? Contemplate

visiting your State next year when the American Legion convenes at Louisville.—Executive Secretary, Alameda County (Cal.) Development Commission.

* * * * *

Enclosed find a check for one dollar for which please enter my subscription to your good Magazine. It is a pleasure to tell you that your fine Magazine ought to bring pride to the heart of all good Kentuckians. I wish it were in every high school library in the State.—Glan-ton Smith, Ashland, Ky.

* * * * *

I came across a copy of KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine. It was a revelation to me. . . . I want to congratulate you on the all-around excellence of your publication. I have seen nothing in its line that is just as good. . . . It should be productive of good results in making "the grand old Commonwealth" better known to the outside world.—Arch Pool, *The Washington Times and Herald*, Washington, D. C.

I have received two copies of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine and I want to congratulate you and the good old State of Kentucky upon this splendid publication.—(Judge) Thos. S. Harris, Sapulpa, Okla.

Your new magazine is splendid in every way and is deserving of all the generous encomiums that it has received.—Rev. J. P. Lutkemeier, Colledgeville, Ind.

I wish to thank you for . . . the copy of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine. It certainly contains some very interesting information regarding the State of Kentucky and will no doubt be of great value in creating greater interest in Kentucky's resources—James B. Kelley, Professor of Agricultural Engineering, University of Kentucky.

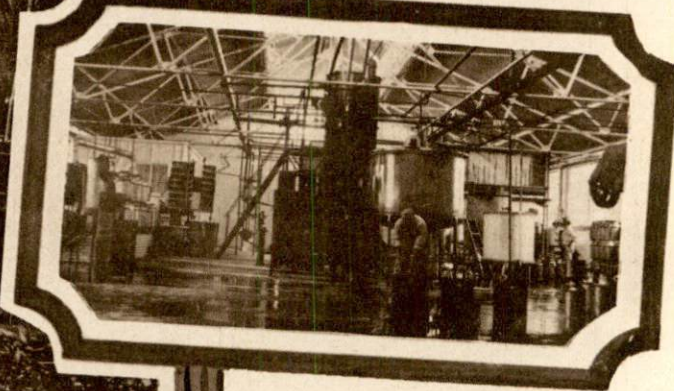
A magazine like KENTUCKY PROGRESS clarifies in the minds of thinking people not only the great beauties of the State of Kentucky, but also her strategic position in commerce and her wonderful opportunity to become the great clearing house of America. KENTUCKY PROGRESS tells the story of Kentucky in a most forceful manner. While the publication is most attractive, the American people are beginning to appreciate that the romance of your great State is slowly being translated into splendid business action and commercial development. I feel that KENTUCKY PROGRESS is suggesting that the great State of Kentucky is alive in social, industrial and economic advancement.—Frank Bruce, Publisher, The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Several weeks ago you arranged for me to receive several mailings of a publication featuring the physical resources of your home State. Permit me at this time to express appreciation to you for your thoughtfulness. They were read with a great deal of interest by each member of my family—not only once but several times—were loaned to neighbors, and are now retained in a portfolio of similar illustrated matter in our library. These publications were not only informative on economic resources, but were also of inspiring character. While we are not Kentuckians, her wonders, both scenic and economic, and her wonderful people and traditions as well, are ours in a national sense just as they are yours in the sense of birth-right. We are equally proud of that fact. These publications encourage an automobile tour through the State at first opportunity. This is good promotional work on the part of your State administration, and the cost will prove a wise investment. I am grateful for the privilege of seeing these splendid write-ups.—E. G. Bentley, American Seating Company, Chicago.

Some of Kentucky's Varied Industries



A snuff factory.



Interior view of milk condensery.



(Above)—An oil gusher. This scene is from the newly-developed fields in Western Kentucky.

Solid stone columns from a well-known Western Kentucky quarry. The product of this quarry is shipped to practically every state in the union.

Governor and Party Royally Received

(From Mayfield Messenger)

GOVERNOR FLEM D. SAMPSON who has been making a plea for Kentucky progress, brought his message to the Purchase section of the State last night and was the principal speaker at a banquet at Hotel Hall in honor of the State's executive and members of the Kentucky Progress Commission.

One hundred citizens, including State officials and representative citizens of Fulton, Hopkinsville, Smithland, Marion, Princeton, Murray, Benton, Eddyville, Paducah, Clinton, Greenville, Bardwell, Hickman and Arlington and a number of local residents heard Governor Sampson in his appeal for all of Kentucky to join in developing the State and inviting outside industries.

Governor Sampson arrived in Mayfield yesterday afternoon, motoring from Frankfort with Adj. General Jones. A number of other visitors came by auto but a reception for the guests was held at the I. C. passenger station where several members of the progress commission came to Mayfield on the 7:11 train. A line of march, led by the Cardinal boys band of Mayfield High school, followed by the governor, members of his party and Western Kentucky citizens, filed down Broadway to the north side of the court square where the band gave a performance and drill. In a brief speech to the young musicians, Governor Sampson complimented their demonstration.

Dr. J. F. Kirksey, president of the Mayfield Chamber of Commerce, presided at the banquet, and after invocation by Dr. D. M. Ausmus, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, the welcome address was given by Mayor W. T. Vaughan. A summary of progress in "The Purchase," and a call to the upstate citizens to co-operate for the building of a greater state, were contained in a speech by T. P. Smith, Mayfield banker. He mixed historical facts of the Purchase and its development with bits of humor, which were to the point.

Col. W. H. Brizendine, Mayfield's member of the progress board, introduced the visitors, including Governor Sampson, James C. Stone, Lexington; J. Robert Kelley, Covington, C. F. Richardson, Sturgis, R. E. Cooper, Hopkinsville; Edmund W. Taylor, C. Frank Dunn, Geoffrey Morgan, Edwin Quarles, Frankfort, of the Progress Commission; Con Craig, F. A. Shobe and J. A. Spears, State Highway Department; J. L. Trumbo and W. D. Blackwell, Game & Fish Commission; T. W. Vinson, Chicago; E. L. Busby, Superintendent of the Western State Hospital, Hopkinsville, and citizens representing other Western Kentucky cities.

Governor Sampson was introduced by Col. Brizendine, and he immediately promised to do all he could for the development of the Purchase counties along with all the other counties of Kentucky "It makes no difference whether you live in the First District, or the Eleventh, or the Fifth, or what church you belong to, or what political party, I am going to do what I can for your progress; I am going to try to do something for the First District the same as for the Eleventh or any other," he said.

Pleading for a united effort of all its citizens to develop the latent resources of the State and to attract new industries and new capital to give the people employment, Governor Sampson said that we had been kept back in the past through the playing of petty politics,

which, we should forget in the interest of building up the State.

Calling attention to the presence of Con W. Craig, of Paducah, member of the State Highway Commission from this district, Governor Sampson said: "What you need is not jobs, but some one with the energy, industry and ability to handle a big job and get right to it." He said he had selected Mr. Craig for the highway commission, because he believed he was that kind of man, and would look at the road building problem not only as the problem of one county, but of his whole district and the whole State.

Addressing his attention to the State's road program, he said that "there are more than 500 separate and distinct road projects now under construction in Kentucky. What we need in building roads in Kentucky, is to reach as many people as we can as quickly as we can, so that they can come into the cities to trade and haul their produce to market." Many have urged that the State build only concrete and asphalt roads, he said, but that if the State waited to get the money to do this all of the present "generation would die in the mud."

Speaking on the resources of Kentucky that await industrial development, Governor Sampson mentioned the rich clay deposits of Graves County, and the fluorspar mines of Crittenden. Potteries should be established to use these clays, he said, and steel mills to utilize the fluorspar and coal and iron deposits of the State.

The governor spoke of plans under way to establish "a \$50,000,000 plant in Western Kentucky not far from this city to utilize certain natural resources."

"I want you to get together to turn our raw materials into manufactured products and give employment to our own people, rather than continue to ship these products to other parts of the country to give employment to the people of other states." Deploring the fact that in the past there has been a certain hostility to capital in Kentucky, he said that "what we need in Kentucky is to cease to battle capital and welcome it."

The governor described the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine, official publication of the Progress Commission, as a great medium for laying the industrial and agricultural opportunities of the State before the outside world. Copies of the Magazine are being sent to 2,000 of the leading newspapers and magazines in the country, he said, and this has resulted in securing many columns of favorable advertising for Kentucky in the way of editorial comment.

Following the governor's speech, the departmental secretaries of the commission, C. Frank Dunn, Geoffrey Morgan and Edwin Quarles, spoke briefly on projects of the organization. Mr. Dunn, who is executive secretary, outlined the formation of the progress group and its task, while Mr. Morgan in charge of agricultural development gave the program of the commission for agriculture, which would rehabilitate the deserted farms of the State, make use of the trade mark "Bred in Old Kentucky" and go after agricultural industries. Mr. Quarles' message was on the formation of the Kentucky Progress Association, in which all citizens of Kentucky will be asked to take membership. The drive for the progress association will begin early next year.

He challenged the citizens to build up industries, which will keep Kentuckians in Kentucky, citing that 100 of the large institutions of Chicago were headed by Kentuckians.

At the close of the banquet the progress commission held a brief executive session in which "Organization" was the principle theme. The governor and progress members are guests of the Mayfield Hunting Club at an all-day hunt and game dinner at Reelfoot lake today.

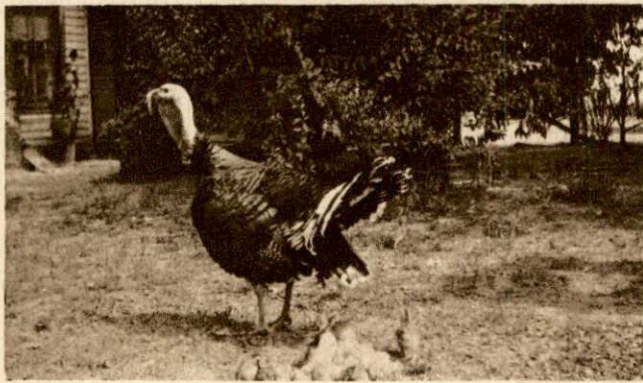
The following resolution, signed by Governor Sampson and Mr. Dunn, was adopted by the progress commission.

"Resolved that the Kentucky Progress Commission express unanimously to Colonel W. H. Brizendine and through him to the citizens of Mayfield its sincere appreciation of the delightful hospitality extended the commission on the occasion of its meeting in Mayfield on Friday, December 14, 1928."

A Progressive Gobbler

THIS Bronze Turkey Gobbler owned by Mrs. W. H. Summerhill, of Oak Grove, Kentucky, was missing one day last summer. A search was started, but he could not be found; so was given up as stolen.

After a week had passed he was found sitting on a secluded hen's nest. He was brought to the house and given food and water, afterwards he hustled back to his



nest shuffling himself down on the eggs. When he heard anyone coming he would duck his head so he could not be seen.

He was given a brood of chickens of which he was very proud and when they would get sleepy and cry around he would take his bill and push them under his wings.

He did not fuss around his brood like a hen, but if anything bothered his chicks he would walk up and strike it with his wings and usually it did not bother again.

When his chicks were real small he would mash one occasionally at night, but mothered them through rain and storm until they were half grown.

Winning Slogan In Contest

I pledge allegiance to Kentucky.

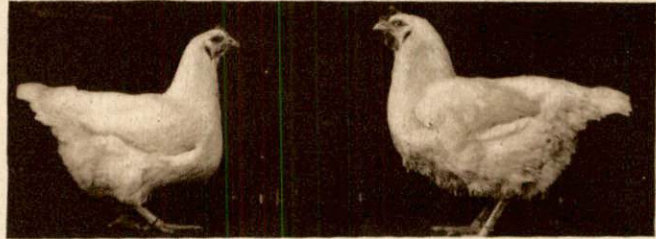
Her interests shall be my interests, her law my law,
and

Her motto shall be my creed, "United we stand,
divided we fall."

—Mrs. Victor K. Dodge.

Progressive Hens

IT IS not unusual for the light breed of fowls to start laying early, but it is most unusual among the heavy breed. "Kentucky Maid," a Jersey White Giant Pullet, owned by Harry S. Morgan, White's, Madison County, Kentucky, was hatched March 10, 1928. She commenced



Kentucky Maid.

Big Girl.

laying when she was only four months and twenty days old. She laid twenty-one eggs, three of them being double yolk eggs, and then went to setting when she was five months and fourteen days old. She was taken off with her chicks when she was six months and five days old and her chicks were eaten as friers before December first. After completing this very wonderful record she weighs eight pounds at nine months of age and has started laying again.

"Big Girl," another Jersey White Giant Pullet from the same flock, weighed nine and one-half pounds at exactly nine months old.

Irvin Cobb

(Continued from page 40)

"We pushed on with people running towards us from every direction, and the pavement black with men gyrating about us like an eddy in the Cumberland. Suddenly the cry went up: 'Goebel's shot'; and: 'Oh, Jim, the damn mountaineers have got him at last!' The whole town filled with soldiers and Republican henchmen of Governor Taylor's, seemed to be on top of us and sucking us under, but, somehow, we carried on.

"But not much farther. Suddenly Goebel seemed to raise himself, stiffen, a shudder ran through his body, he emitted a deep gasp, collapsed completely and lay limp as a wet rag in our arms.

"I instantly decided he was dead, although as it turned out he had only fainted. I began wrenching my hands from my partner's, and crying:

"Let me go, I'm a newspaper man, I must wire my paper!"

"Free, I dashed across Broadway to the telegraph office in the basement of the Capitol Hotel and, almost bursting in the door, shouted at the operator:

"They've killed Goebel; flash the Post!"

The "Jim" Newman of our introduction may have sent the first coherent story of the assassination of the man who would be Governor, but Cobb always claims to have filed the first "flash."

On the night of January 31, thirty-three hours after Goebel had been shot, newsboys burst through the several entrances of the Capitol Hotel, shouting and crying, amid the greatest excitement and wildest confusion:

"Goebel is Governor!"

(Continued next month)

At the Feet of the Enemy

(Continued from page 14)

body found burial was unknown; and since he died before he reached his comrades, even the manner of his escape remained a mystery. All his people knew about it was that he managed to get out of his captivity and that he fell, alone and exhausted and spent and dying, somewhere along the dreary way in the territory occupied by the Federals up in West Virginia. It made a pathetic, moving story as Miss Tessie told it—the agony in the stricken household when first word came that he had been taken and then, quick on that, the word that he'd had a summary trial and had been sentenced to die a shameful death, and then the suspense of the waiting and then finally, by delayed and roundabout sources, the news that having gotten clear of prison and off and away for freedom, he had dropped on a mountain roadside, and as one of the minor, unconsidered tragedies of the war, had been shoveled underground by strange hands.

She, who was only a child then, away back in '63, had idolized this somewhat older brother of hers. She grew up worshipping the image of his remembered youth. She counted him—and rightly so, as you'll agree—as great a hero as any who took a mortal wound in battle. She never married. In her heart this brother's memory took for her the place of a husband, the places of the children she might have borne. So, at seventy-odd, she hated all that was Northern. She hated it because of the cruel, ruthless machinery set in motion to speed Private John William Tate to the gallows and because no answer, no acknowledgment even, had been made to the frantic, hurried appeals for mercy sent to Lincoln at the White House through former friends of her family who, being faithful to the Union were said to have influence in that quarter; and most of all she hated because hating had come to be a very part of her warp and fiber.

LAST year, as you may remember, Lincoln's birthday fell on a Sunday and was celebrated—in the sections where they do celebrate Lincoln's birthday—on Monday. On that Monday, February 13, Mrs. Gayle had occasion to call on Miss Tessie upon patriotic business connected with an impending meeting of the Daughters. In the librarian's office they told her that Miss Tessie wasn't there, hadn't been there at all this morning, hadn't telephoned either—possibly she was sick or something. Mrs. Gayle was turning away when one of the old negro attendants of the Capitol force who had entered in time to hear the latter end of these remarks, spoke up:

"Nome, I reckon she ain't sick—leastwise I jest now seen her downstairs on de main floor. I judge mebbe you'll find her down dere."

"Whereabouts downstairs, Uncle?" asked Mrs. Gayle.

"Right down below yere in de righthand rotunder wuz whar I seen her."

"Oh, you must be mistaken," stated Mrs. Gayle. "She never comes in that way. She never would, no matter how big a hurry she might be in."

"Mebbe not, heretofore", lady, but not five minutes ago I seen her comin' in the front do' jest ez I waz startin' up the stair-steps myse'f. I ain't mistooked, lady. Ain't but one Miss Tessie 'round dis yere State House, nome."

So the puzzled Mrs. Gayle went to find her friend. She descended the curving stone treads and, descending, saw how the winter sun, filtering through the skylight in the roof above, made a sort of golden nimbus about the head of the statue and she saw a skimpy little garland of bronzed oak leaves which early that day the surviving members of the local G. A. R.—two feeble old white men and one feeble old black man—had placed at its foot and then, almost touching the oak leaves where with drooped head she clung against the pedestal in a posture which, oddly, might betoken devotion, Mrs. Gayle saw the shape of Miss Tessie.

Had Miss Tessie gone suddenly mad? That was the question which framed itself in Mrs. Gayle's mind as she quickened her pace to a bird-like little scamper.

FILLED with distress and bewilderment, she reached the level and skittered across the marble floor.

"Why, Miss Tessie!" she cried, drawing near. "Why, Miss Tessie, what in the world!"

Miss Tessie raised her white head and Mrs. Gayle saw that while the face of her friend was swollen from weeping it was a face transfigured and glorified by some tremendously uplifting emotion.

She said nothing, though. She handed to Mrs. Gayle a scrap of paper crumpled by close pressure of her hands, and in amazement Mrs. Gayle unfolded it and flattened it out. It was a half page torn from one of yesterday's big city papers—part, evidently, of a Sunday "feature article."

Mrs. Gayle's agile eye caught the page-wide heading: "A New Light on Lincoln's Life for Lincoln's Birthday." Then swiftly she skimmed through the florid introductory paragraphs, sensing that the story dealt with discoveries of interesting and, so it was alleged, previously unpublished documents belonging to a collector of rare manuscripts in the North, and so on, skipping along until at the top of the second column she came to a reproduction in facsimile of a letter, or note. She read it and it read as follows: "Dear Stanton: There is a young Rebel named Johnnie Tate under sentence of hanging for being a spy. Don't hang him. Speed brought me a letter today from his old mother down in Kentucky. I understand this boy is mighty sick. If he were turned loose he couldn't do any more damage to the Union and, anyhow, Speed promises me he'd go home, should he live to get there, and behave himself from now on. So since you've been fussing at me for letting so many spies off with their necks unbroken, and some of the newspapers have been jumping on me for being what they call too soft-hearted, I wish, as a personal confidential favor to the writer, you'd keep this particular case out of the official records and instruct somebody whom you can trust with the secret, just to leave the door of this youngster's cell unlocked and the gate ajar the next dark night. I know this is irregular, but everything seems to be irregular these times and if there is any trouble over it, I'll take the responsibility on my own shoulders. Much obliged. (Signed) A. LINCOLN."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Gayle understanding. "Oh, Miss Tessie!"

Miss Tessie appeared not to hear her. Miss Tessie was on tiptoe flat against the pedestal, stretching her two arms upwards as though seeking to reach the hem of The Emancipator's garment. She couldn't make it, though. She just could manage to touch with her reverent lips the tip of one huge, ugly, box-toed bronze boot.

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This world-known symbol identifies ARMCO Ingot Iron, "the iron that's made pure to endure." When you see it on sheets or plates, or products made from sheets or plates, you may be certain of lasting, low-cost service.

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To you manufacturers considering a plant location in Kentucky we offer reliable electric service at low industrial rates in most of the important sections of the State.

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Age sits lightly on them.!

WOULDN'T you like to look 20 at 40—30 at 50—40 at 60? It is not impossible, for now you can prolong youth by simply reducing the intestinal bacteria known to hasten premature old age.

Most everybody has these harmful bacteria. How can you tell whether you have them? Are you subject to sick headaches—chronic constipation—loss of appetite—skin troubles—tired feeling—rheumatic pains—stomach disorders? They are the sure signs of poisons in the system caused by these bacteria in the intestines.

Your doctor will tell you that the numerous clinical tests of many noted

bacteriologists* and physicians show that *B. acidophilus* overcomes the bacteria which cause a great deal of disease and premature old age.

He will also tell you that Acidofilak implants the acidophilus organisms in the digestive tract, because it contains millions of tiny, health-producing plants which restrict or prevent the activity of the enemy bacteria.

Thousands are drinking Acidofilak regularly with or between meals because they have learned that it helps keep away the tell-tales of advancing years, and at 40 they really appear to be only 20.

An implantation of *B. acidophilus* and definite results are usually obtained in drinking the first six quarts of Acidofilak. Order direct or through your druggist. Price \$2.40 for six quarts, postpaid. Address Southern Biological Laboratories, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

*We will be glad to furnish details of these experiments.



Acidofilak is the true *Bacillus acidophilus* milk. It combines the food value of cow's milk with rare medicinal worth. A quicker implantation of the friendly *acidophilus* organisms can be obtained by making Acidofilak the exclusive diet for a few days.

Acidofilak is a delightful beverage with or between meals. Drink it at the fountain if you want a refreshing, palatable health food drink. Costs no more than ordinary drinks. If the fountain does not serve Acidofilak, ask the proprietor to get it for you.

Acidofilak

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