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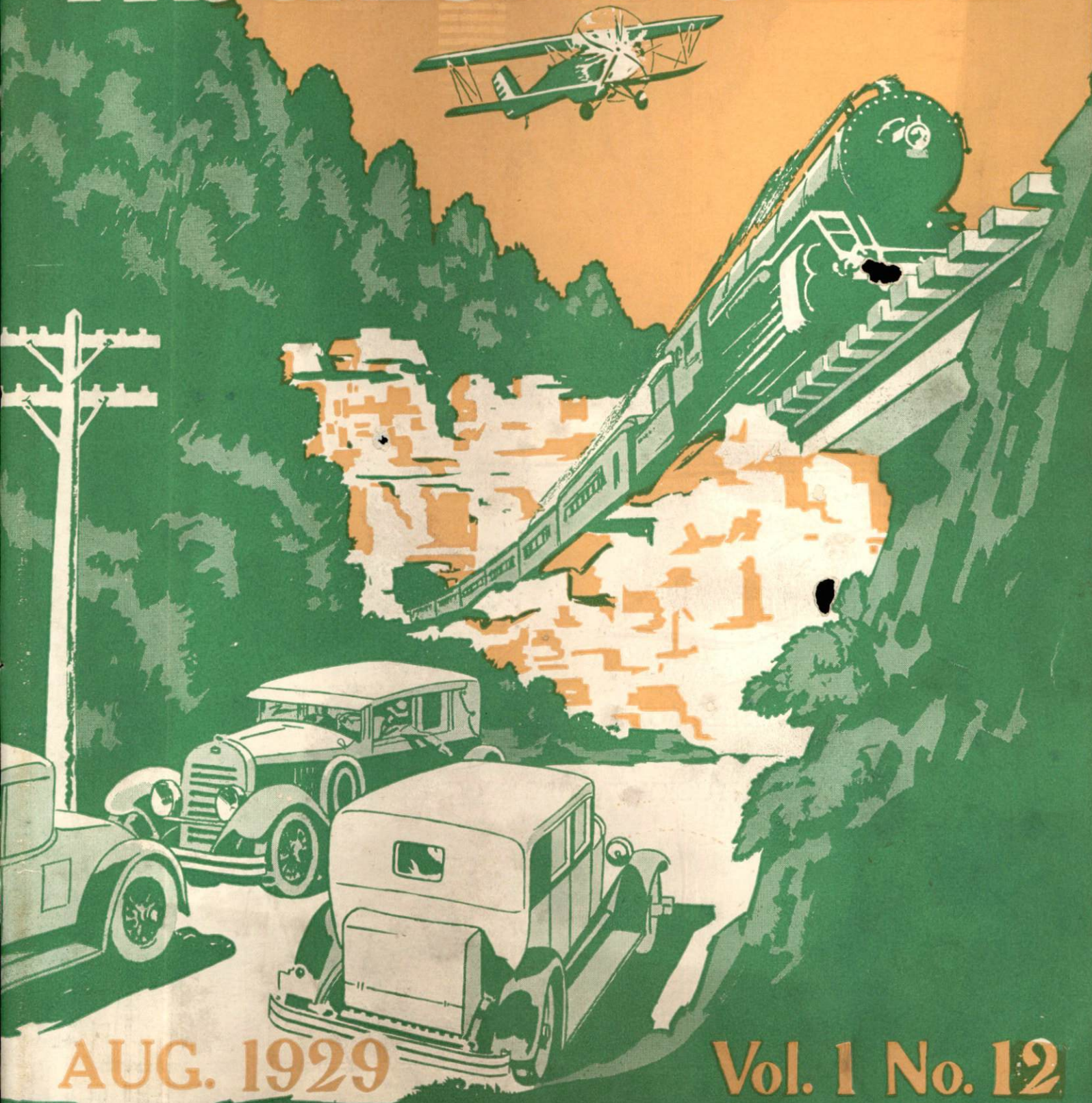
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KENTUCKY PROGRESS MAGAZINE



AUG. 1929

Vol. 1 No. 12

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

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ETHYL
GASOLINE

*No more knocks, no more bills for carbon
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INCORPORATED IN KENTUCKY

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LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

WISHES FULL MEASURE OF SUCCESS
TO THE
KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

*"All For Kentucky
and
Kentucky For All"*

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

An Ideal Location for Industries, Distributors and Homeseekers

LOCATED FROM:

Evansville	86 miles
St. Louis	252 miles
Louisville	187 miles
Chicago	375 miles

LOCATED FROM:

Nashville	71 miles
Memphis	240 miles
Paducah	77 miles
Cincinnati	301 miles

These distances from larger centers indicate to the wholesaler and merchant, freedom from city competitors; to the industrial operators a lack of competition for the native labor supply, with large markets conveniently reached, and to the farmer a large city market for his produce which it is desired to market direct instead of through local buyers.

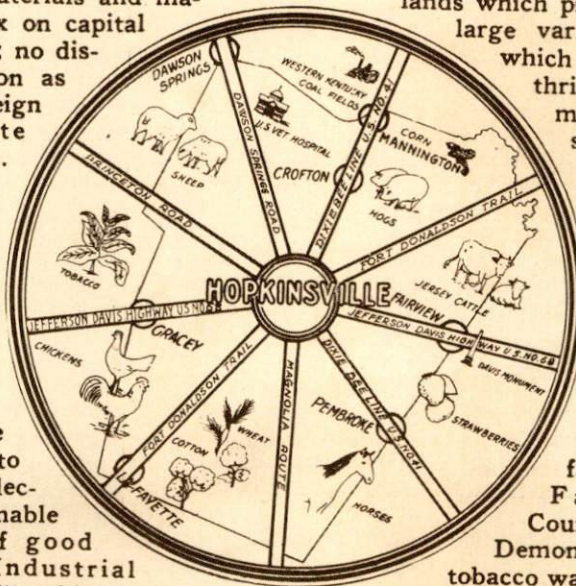
The Louisville & Nashville, Illinois Central and Tennessee Central Railroads serve Hopkinsville with fast freight service, and above markets are reached in from three to fifteen hours. Excellent highways enable industries and farmers to market their products with their own trucks or on motor lines running on regular schedules.

Hopkinsville has no labor troubles, and an abundance of intelligent native labor, white and negro, male and female, is available in the city and surrounding territory, both for factories and farms.

Especial attention will be given to locating colonies of farmers who wish to make new homes in Christian County

To the manufacturer Hopkinsville offers free taxes for five years. Kentucky exempts from taxation raw materials and machinery; no direct tax on capital employed in business; no discrimination in taxation as between State and foreign corporations; no State tax on corporations. Hopkinsville has a Railroad Belt Line around it enabling industries to secure free switching service to any road; and to pick lands to suit their needs for building. Near West Kentucky coal mines, a rate of 79 cents applying to Hopkinsville. Ample electric power at reasonable rates. Abundance of good water. Hopkinsville Industrial Foundation Fund will aid worthy people in moving their factories, in purchasing sites, establishing industries, etc.

To the farmer-homeseeker Christian County offers fine level lands at reasonable prices; lands which produce large yields of a large variety of crops, and on which all kinds of live stock thrive and make the grower money, a long growing season and short feeding season, bringing down costs of production. Wonderful field in which to feature dairying and diversified farming. Good highways to markets, rural schools and churches. Excellent colleges nearby. Complete harmony between farmers and citizens. Farm Bureau, efficient County Agent and Home Demonstration Agent. Large tobacco warehouses, not operating in summer, turn loose fine labor available to farmers in their rush seasons. Excellent market for all products of farms.



ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO
HOPKINSVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
 HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

Paducah—McCracken County

PADUCAH offers new industries; ample American labor; freedom from strikes; extremely reasonable rents; a municipal market open all year, where consumer buys from producer; freight rates comparable to any competitive point; river navigation for year round; parks and playgrounds; churches of all denominations; splendid schools; factory and residence sites priced moderately.

Commission government for both town and county; modern roads, good sanitary conditions; a most hospitable people.

Because of the character of its labor, which it has used for many years, the Illinois Central selected Paducah for the location of its new \$15,000,000 repair shops. And—

Because of its strategic location, the Illinois Central, the Burlington, the Gulf, Mobile & Northern, with terminals at Mobile and New Orleans; the N. C. & St. L. from Atlanta, Nashville and Memphis, use Paducah as the gateway north and south.

Paducah is only sixty miles from the coal fields of Kentucky and Illinois and near immense deposits of iron ore, fluor spar, limestone, coking coal, zinc, fire clay, ball and sagger clay, and is an ideal location for factories to make tile and pottery; iron and steel; textile products; clothing; stoves and tobacco products.

In Kentucky, factories pay no city or county taxes on machinery and raw materials and a State tax of only 50c on the \$100.00. Realty and personalty are exempt for five years.

No community in the South is more awake to the farmers' welfare than McCracken County. County and city officials, bankers, professional and business men are an enthusiastic unit in their efforts to contribute what they can to be of service.

Crop rotation; purebred cattle and hogs; silos; fine strain poultry; fruits and vegetables; a system of modern roads that reaches every section of the county; modern primary and high schools in every neighborhood; an alert health department; low taxes.

A selling organization through which every farmer handling any sort of crop can market his products co-operatively, profitably; a municipal market open the year around where consumer buys from grower; a splendid milk plant that takes all the milk the county can produce at higher prices than nearby condenseries pay.

A strawberry association marketing six hundred cars of berries at 50c a crate higher than competing points; a dewberry industry that offers even greater promise than strawberries; fine orchard lands where quality peaches and apples are raised in carload lots and sold co-operatively for good prices.

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION WRITE TO

THE PADUCAH BOARD OF TRADE

A Few of Bowling Green's Varied Industries



Plant scene of Southern Cut Stone Co.



Stoneyard scene of plant of Southern Cut Stone Company.



Mill scene of Southern Cut Stone Co.



Mill scene of Southern Cut Stone Company, Bowling Green.



Plant of Pet Milk Company, Bowling Green, Ky

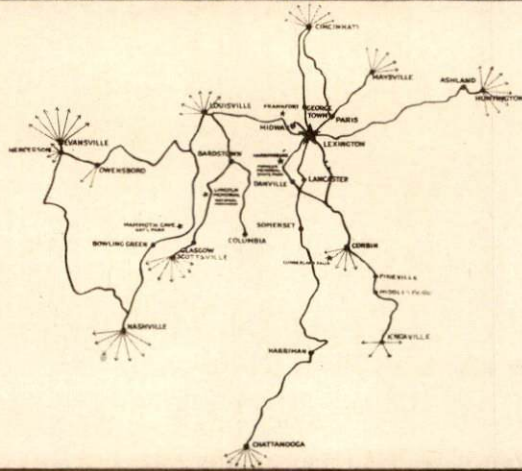
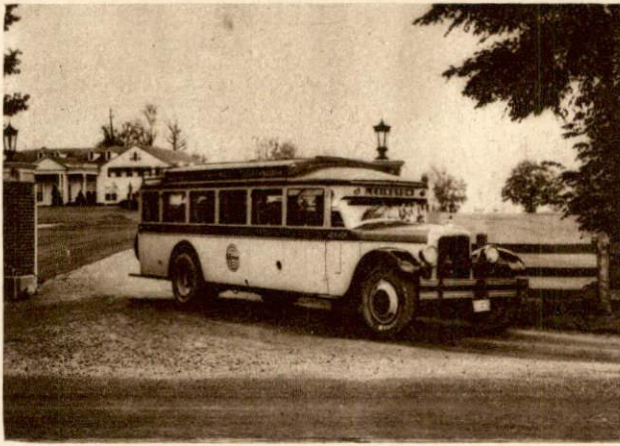


Stock pile of Kentucky rock asphalt. 200,000 tons in storage to insure prompt deliveries during road building season.

Why They Come to Bowling Green

The fuel and water supply is in abundance; attractive industrial building sites are available at moderate prices; labor conditions are ideal; adequate railway and waterway transportation is furnished; living conditions are good and educational advantages unexcelled. The city grants new industries exemption from taxes for a period of five years.

The Bowling Green Board of Trade is ever active to receive inquiries and welcomes new industries.



Save Money and Time—Ride CONSOLIDATED LINES

THESE LARGE COMFORTABLE COACHES SERVE KENTUCKY, TENNESSEE, OHIO
AND INDIANA ON FREQUENT AND CONVENIENT SCHEDULES AT A LOW TARIFF

CONSOLIDATED COACH CORPORATION, Lexington, Ky.

Fair Retail
Price
30c per Quart
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All Grades

SUPREME
GULF
MOTOR OIL

At the Sign
of the
Orange Disc



THIS entirely different two-base Motor Oil is just what you have been wanting . . . it is a tough, heat resisting, able-bodied oil, designed for the lubrication of the modern motor . . . it is made by combining the best properties of both the paraffine and naphthene base crude oils . . . it possesses all of the good and none of the bad features of single base oils.

Let us drain and fill your crankcase
with this new and different oil. At all
Gulf Service Stations and dealers.

Gulf Refining Co.



For any information on Kentucky, address
KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION
 STATE CAPITOL, FRANKFORT, KY.

VOL. I

AUGUST, 1929

NO. 12

Kentucky Progress Commission

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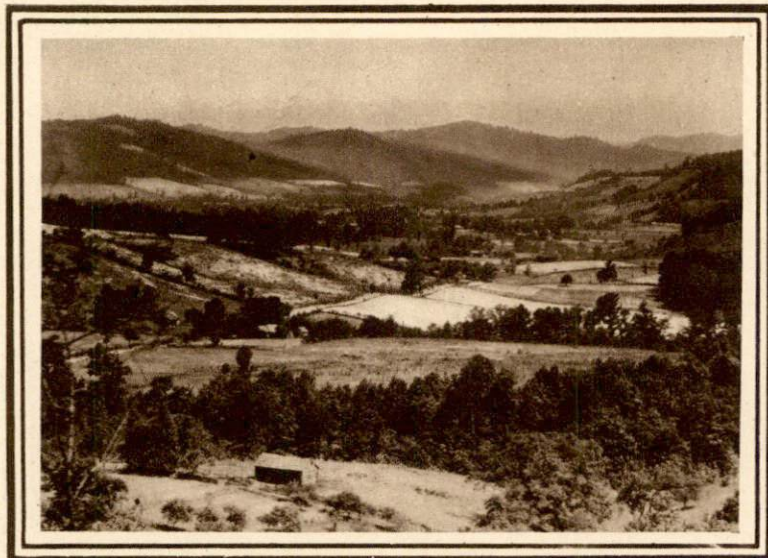
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 All others, \$1.00 per year.

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Kentucky's Varied Beauty

Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, and Streams Beckon the Tourist



Above: View of Rains Mountain (in distance) and Briar Creek Valley from Parker Mountain, Whitley County. The view is taken from an altitude of 1,320 feet.



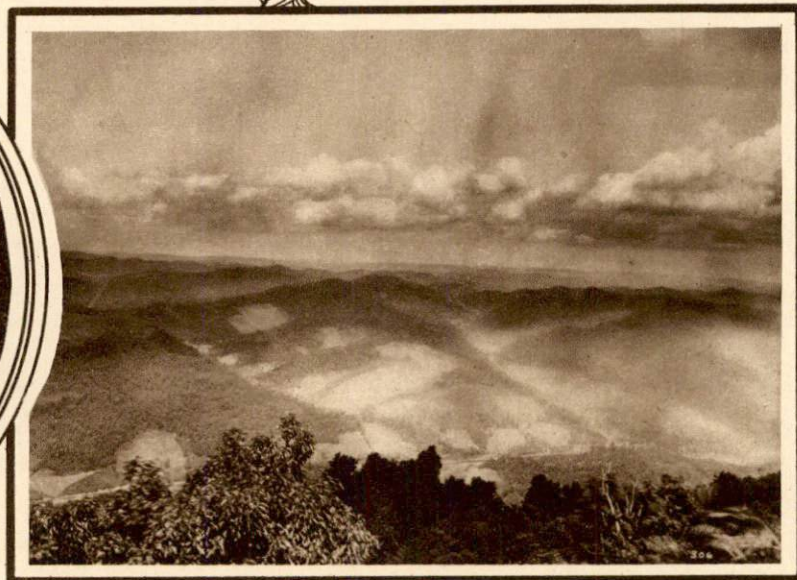
Lone Pine Island and Kuttawa Lake, Kuttawa, Lyon County.



Left: Kentucky River — looking upstream at High Bridge (in distance) from Lock 7.

Below: Falls on Benson Creek from Iron Bridge, Ky., Frankfort.

Below: The ranges of the Cumberland Mountains as viewed from Lookout Peak, Letcher County.



Kentucky Beckons Vacationists

By GOVERNOR FLEM D. SAMPSON

DREAMY, waving bluegrass fields, picturesque, rolling hills, inviting deep, cool forests and quiet green valleys around which gather a wealth of romance, culture, and captivating legend, beckon vacationists to every roadside in Kentucky.

No one can be a true Kentuckian or his appreciation be quite adequate unless he knows Kentucky. He can not have a proper pride in his State because he does not know and can not appraise its beauty and advantages. He can not extol it because he lacks the necessary knowledge of its attractions, its resources and its possibilities.

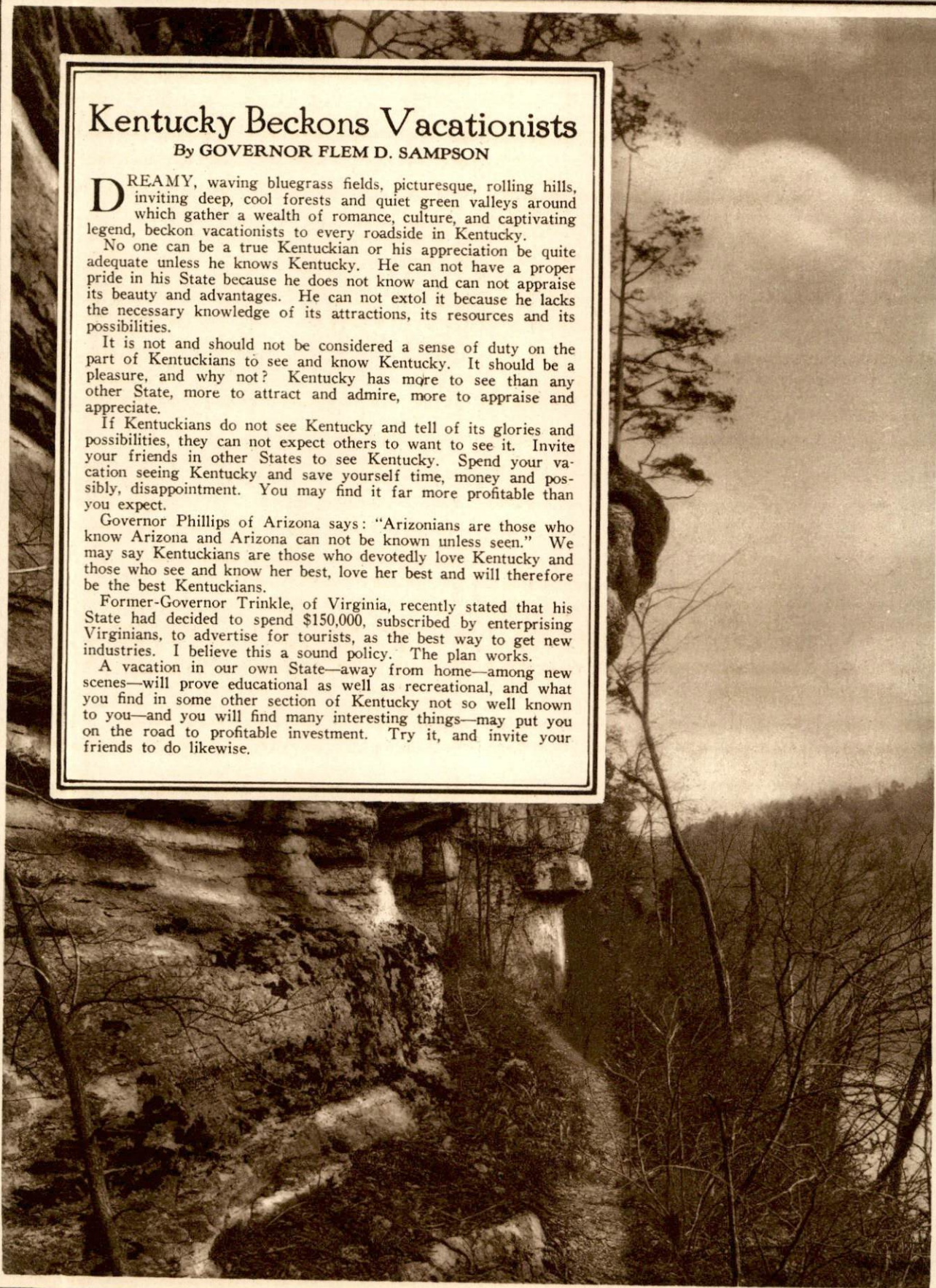
It is not and should not be considered a sense of duty on the part of Kentuckians to see and know Kentucky. It should be a pleasure, and why not? Kentucky has more to see than any other State, more to attract and admire, more to appraise and appreciate.

If Kentuckians do not see Kentucky and tell of its glories and possibilities, they can not expect others to want to see it. Invite your friends in other States to see Kentucky. Spend your vacation seeing Kentucky and save yourself time, money and possibly, disappointment. You may find it far more profitable than you expect.

Governor Phillips of Arizona says: "Arizonians are those who know Arizona and Arizona can not be known unless seen." We may say Kentuckians are those who devotedly love Kentucky and those who see and know her best, love her best and will therefore be the best Kentuckians.

Former-Governor Trinkle, of Virginia, recently stated that his State had decided to spend \$150,000, subscribed by enterprising Virginians, to advertise for tourists, as the best way to get new industries. I believe this a sound policy. The plan works.

A vacation in our own State—away from home—among new scenes—will prove educational as well as recreational, and what you find in some other section of Kentucky not so well known to you—and you will find many interesting things—may put you on the road to profitable investment. Try it, and invite your friends to do likewise.



EDITORIAL

C. FRANK DUNN, Editor

BYRON H. PUMPHREY, Associate Editor

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Man o' War To Be Immortalized

WHEN Man o' War, "horse of the century," joins Longfellow, Lexington, Ten Broeck and the other famous racers of the past in horse heaven, there will be more than a name on a tombstone to recall his greatness on the track and in the stud.

Frank C. Reilly, of New York City, inspired by a visit to Man o' War's home on Faraway Farm, near Lexington, when the Governor's Derby party visited the thoroughbred farms in the Bluegrass, decided to start a movement to immortalize the turf king.

As a result, F. G. R. Roth, noted New York sculptor, is already engaged in the work of making a life-size statue of the horse and has spent several days at Faraway Farm measuring his horsheship and getting the sculptor's slant on a "million dollars worth of horseflesh." Mr. Roth made Central Park's famous bronze of Balto, the lead dog of the Eskimo snow sled that took the diphtheria antitoxin into Nome in 1925, and his creations "are really portraits rather than statues," Mr. Reilly says.

"Mr. Bertelli, who casts and finishes the bronzes from Roth's models and who made all of Frederick Remington's famous pieces, will make a full size casting of bronze of Man o' War from the sculptor's model for \$7,600," Mr. Reilly stated. "The chance of having to make as many as three castings on pieces of this size before getting a good one and the tedious work of finishing the casting make this price ridiculously low."

Mr. Reilly thinks the statue should be erected as a permanent attraction at Churchill Downs. However, the fact that Man o' War never raced in Kentucky, but was born, bred and brought back to Lexington after his racing career, where he is visited by thousands every year from practically every State in the Union and many foreign countries, leaves an opening for a strong bid from the Bluegrass capital for the bronze statue perpetuating his memory.

Telling Kentucky's Story

COMMISSIONER NEWTON BRIGHT, of the Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Statistics, is certainly doing his part to make available in book and pamphlet form facts needed in the program of State-wide development now under way in Kentucky.

Senator Bright's latest effort is a comprehensive com-

pilation of valuable material, comprising specially written and illustrated articles on various resources, combined with statistics, prepared by Associated Industries, that is arranged by counties.

The name of the book is "Kentucky Resources and Industries." It is also labeled as "Bulletin 34" but instead of being a bulletin, it is a volume, as it necessarily must be to do credit to the subjects handled and carry vital information about every one of Kentucky's 120 counties.

The introduction, written by Senator Bright in a boosting but not boasting way, begins: "In Ol' Kentucky the spirit of the new South is also on the march."

Other splendid publications, in folder and pamphlet form, have been prepared recently by the Commissioner and they come at an opportune time, with the expansion of good roads in Kentucky, the awakening of the State to its opportunities and the wide advertising Kentucky is getting through the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine, the motion picture "Kentucky" and every enthusiastic Kentuckian.

Kentuckians As Wisecrackers

KENTUCKY excels in oratory, hospitality and other things that call for ready expression, and it is not surprising to note that Kentuckians are "there" with the modern-day wisecrackers.

"Wise Quacks," a familiar comic strip in the newspapers that gathers smart sayings contributed from the four corners of everywhere, usually has more than one Kentucky contribution out of a limited strip—and the best part of it is they often come from towns in the State that most Kentuckians never heard of, so originality is not confined strictly to the sophisticated.

Furthermore, the Kentucky brand of "Wise Quacks" is not a small-time line of "gags," as they are called by the vaudevillian. But Kentucky brands have always been good.

Many Thanks, J. R.

OUR friend, J. R. Williams, editor *Appalachian Journal*, Knoxville, Tenn., and an authority on touring and other kinds of publicity, writes:

"You are getting out a magnificent magazine, and it alone, if it is being given nation-wide distribution, which I understand it is, justifies the entire sum given to your Commission. We in Kentucky and Tennessee always have strong opinions about what any public servant is doing, usually we think his work could be bettered, but in my opinion, it was one of the luckiest days for Kentucky when your Progress Commission was conceived, made an actuality, then picked you as the active executive. Of course, I know the great work you have done for all Kentucky, even though you were supposed to be working for Lexington, so it is not surprising to me that now that you have the "machinery" to work for all Kentucky that

you are giving the entire State such wonderful publicity in and out of the State, with its electrifying reaction upon all sections of the State. Of course, as you state in one of your last editorials, you are embarrassed by the wealth of material you have to work on, for without exaggeration, Kentucky has a remarkable number and variety of historic, scenic, and romantic attractions, which, without detracting from their sentimental worth are of enormous cash value as tourist attractions, with equal resources in agriculture, industry, minerals, and other material assets.

"Your magazine, in its mechanical phases of illustrations and printing, is as attractive as its contents, making each issue a masterpiece in publicity. All Kentucky is to be congratulated upon your matchless magazine."

Playing Safe

(From *Greenville S. C., News*)

AS AN admirer of Kentucky's beautiful women, a constant optimist about Kentucky's fast horses and a biennial deplorer of Kentucky's politics, I register a solemn protest against the appointment by Governor Sampson of four more majors to his staff," writes T. H. Alexander in *The Memphis Commercial-Appeal*.

Mr. Alexander gets the proper distinction between a Kentucky colonel and a Kentucky major. A Kentucky colonel, he says, "is a person to whom one replies, 'yes, sir,' while a Kentucky major is a person to whom one merely replies 'yes' or perhaps he says even 'yeah.'"

Since the governor of South Carolina has insurrection from at least one of his colonels it might be advisable henceforth to appoint those of doubtful loyalty majors instead of colonels. If they pan out as expected, he could elevate them to colonels during his tenure of office. If they quit, he would not even feel it befitting to acknowledge their resignation. It looks like the Kentucky governor is merely playing safe.

Going Up

BEGINNING September 1, the subscription price of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine will be \$2.00 per year, single copies 25 cents. The Kentucky Progress Commission has attempted to maintain a high standard since the publication started September, 1928, and feels that it has been successful, if comments of Kentuckians, ex-Kentuckians, other magazine editors and the press generally mean anything.

Correction

AN EDITORIAL in the July number states that the Act of Congress admitting Kentucky to the Union says the State was admitted on June 4. The Act says June 1. The information was confused with a brief history of Kentucky, written by Governor Knott, according to Frank Kavanaugh, former State Librarian, in which the date of Kentucky's admission was given as June 4.

Carrying Coals Through Newcastle

THE Savannah, Georgia, *News* says: "Wisconsin is making determined efforts to improve bluegrass. A better way would be to move to Kentucky. A still better way would be to come to the southeast, where the grass can be kept green all the year round."

We thought everybody knew Kentucky's grass was green the year round. That's why Wisconsin is trying to raise bluegrass. Frederick Vining Fisher, noted lecturer and globe trotter, visited Kentucky last winter and remarked that "Kentucky looks good winter and summer. Outsiders have the impression it is a summer State. You ought to capitalize your winter as well as summer touring seasons."

Kentucky's State Parks

(*Nassau, N. Y. Daily Times*)

THE State park movement has no identity with the East alone. Throughout the country from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi delta, the States are setting aside large tracts of land for public places of recreation, to preserve their natural beauty or as shrines which have historical significance and associations.

The July issue of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine, issued by the Kentucky Progress Commission, which is an official advertising medium for the Bluegrass State, reveals that there are now five State parks in this southern Commonwealth.

Unlike the object in the development of the State parks on Long Island, Kentucky is not so congested that breathing spaces and recreational facilities are a crying need. With an area that is roughly twenty times as large as Long Island, Kentucky has only about 2,000,000 people.

Its State parks are of two types—tracts where beautiful natural scenery is to be preserved and places of historical interest.

Blue Licks State Park commemorates the site of a battle between the pioneers and the Indians, in which Daniel Boone took part, and where his son was killed. Many famous Kentuckians fought in this battle, but their names are not nationally known.

Another park at Harrodsburg is on the ground where the first settlement in Kentucky was established and the site of the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln's parents were married.

The other type of park includes Cumberland State Park at Pineville, which has a mountain setting that cannot be surpassed anywhere in North America. This is the country made famous by John Fox, Jr., in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

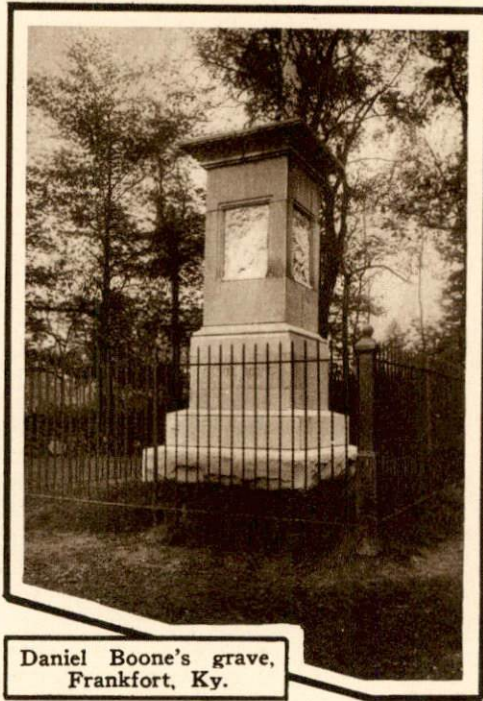
The Progress Magazine

(*Louisville Herald-Post*)

THE KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine devotes its July number to the State parks and recreational resources of the State. Anyone who is planning a vacation—and who is not?—will do very well to go to the newsstand and purchase a copy. Reading it and looking at the pictures is enough to make one want to have the car put in splendid shape, to pack up the luncheon baskets, get out the fishing tackle, the golf tools and tennis bat and start down the road.

The magazine calls attention to the fact that three of the five State parks are on one highway. That is U. S. Route No. 68—called the Historic Trail. This means that we are gradually erecting a first-class and well-planned park system.

Scenes in the Bluegrass



Daniel Boone's grave,
Frankfort, Ky.



The Kentucky River territory near Lexington.



"Ashland," home of Henry Clay at Lexington.



Thoroughbreds in the making on a Bluegrass farm near Lexington.



A Bluegrass pasture at Lexington.

The Bluegrass Region

By ED. WILDER

ONCE is not enough to visit the Bluegrass region of Kentucky. You'll come back time after time once you have seen it. Perhaps you'll enjoy it so much that you'll come back to make it your home. There's an enchantment about the Bluegrass region of Kentucky.

It is a magic country, full of scenic beauty. It is a land which can be compared to portions of England, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, France and Italy. It has certain qualities of many foreign lands. Visitors from various parts of the world find something here which reminds them of home.

The Englishman feels he is familiar with the quiet, rural beauty of the Bluegrass; the Irishman finds the Thoroughbred very close to his heart in his love of the runner; the Scotsman feels at home in the Kentucky River country and foothills. One finds also the warmth of Spain, the exotic color of Italy, and the flowering fields of France. It is picturesque, it is quaint, it is old fashioned, it is Colonial, and yet it is withal—itself. The Bluegrass region, too, is a world within itself. In its varied color and topography, its preservation

of the old and development of the new, it is like no other land. Yet, all visitors find here something they seem to have known and cherished before.

This world-famed region of Kentucky is rich in his-

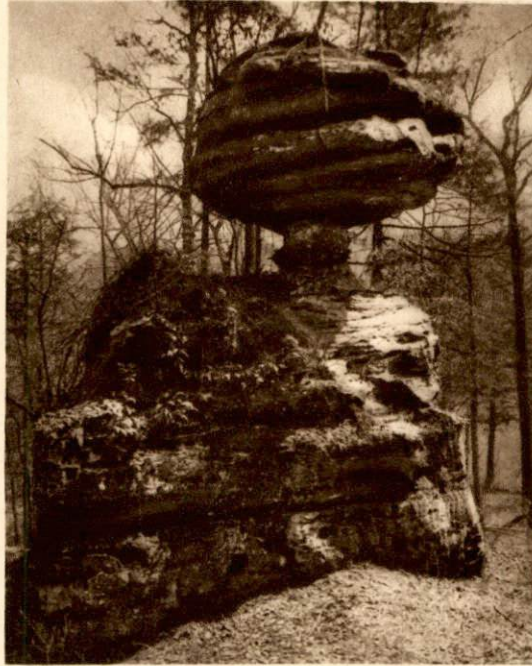
torical, romantic, and traditional lore. It is majestic in its ever-changing beauty of landscape. Here one finds wonderfully preserved colonial mansions and estates, modern thoroughbred and standard horse-breeding establishments, vast tobacco plantations, meadowland, rolling pastures, wooded foothills, and quiet streams. The gorgeous Kentucky River with its many-hued palisades equals or surpasses the Hudson in many respects.

Along the sparkling streams are found century-old water mills, their stone walls still erect and true, uncracked, but weathered with age, and covered with moss or vines. Crossing these streams, whose banks are carpeted to the water's edge with wild flowers and thick sod, are many ancient wooden bridges whose expert keying has kept them steady even to the heavy motor travel. Throughout the country one comes upon ghost-like sentinels in the form of oddly-built and ancient tool houses, long since abandoned, but still crouching beside the highway, glowering at the smoothly paved surface which has displaced everywhere the narrow earthen trails. This

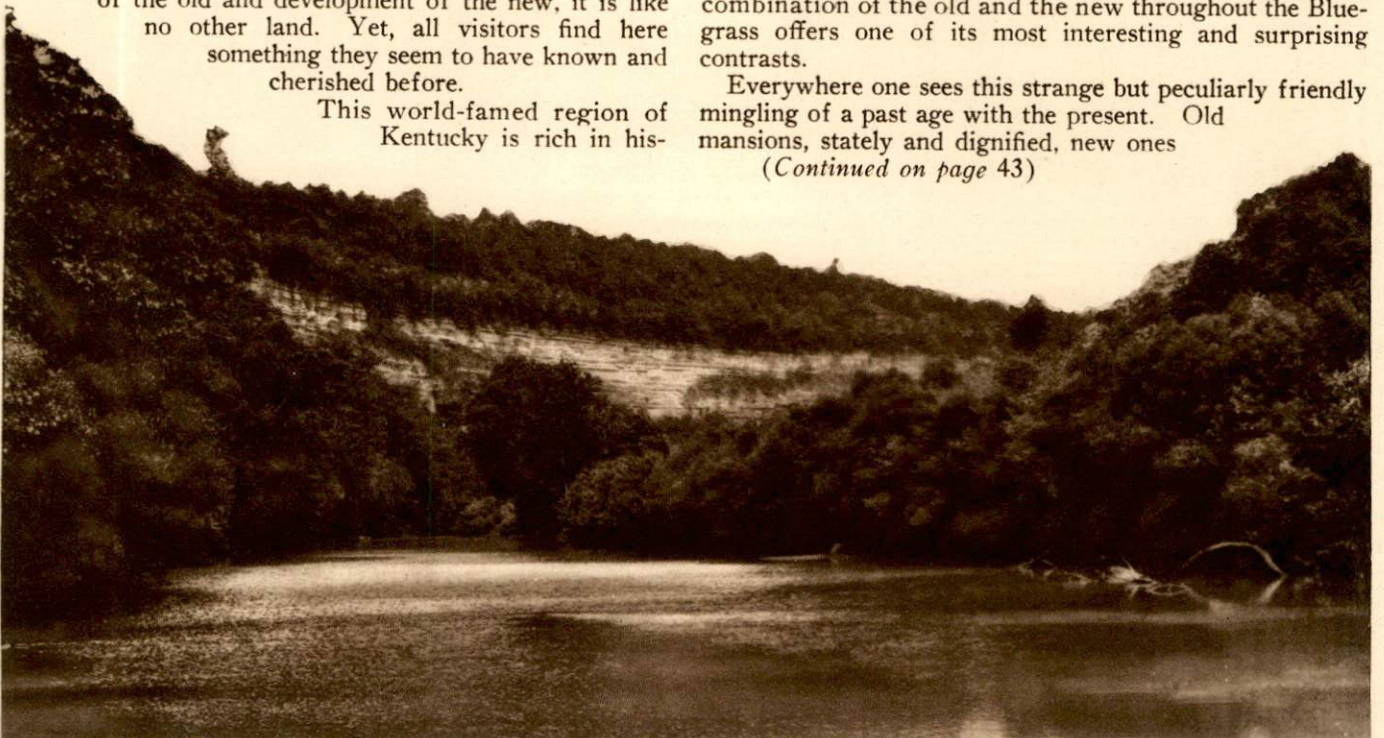
combination of the old and the new throughout the Bluegrass offers one of its most interesting and surprising contrasts.

Everywhere one sees this strange but peculiarly friendly mingling of a past age with the present. Old mansions, stately and dignified, new ones

(Continued on page 43)



Pedestal Rock, a freak formation at Natural Bridge State Park, near U. S. No. 60.



Palisades of the Dix River near where it flows into the Kentucky.

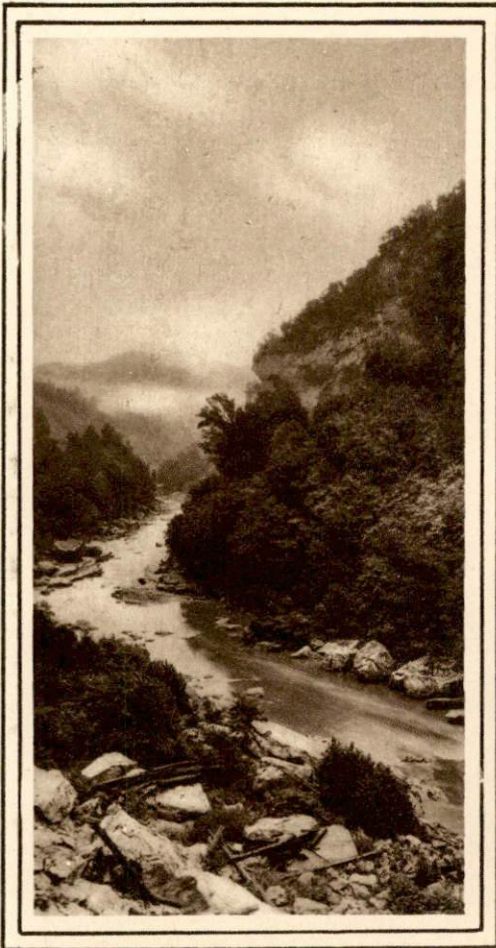
Breaks of the Sandy



"Upper Tower" in "The Breaks of the Sandy." Boulder-strewn channel of Russell Fork of the Big Sandy River.



Right: Channel of Russell Fork of the Big Sandy.



"The Breaks of the Big Sandy." The crest of the Pine Mountain anticline is marked by the tree overhanging from the right and the falls in the channel of the Russell Fork.



Above: "The Breaks of the Sandy" from Kentucky looking south up Russell Fork into Kentucky.



Left: Pool Point chasm, which is carved out of solid stone. It is located a half mile below the "Breaks of the Sandy."

Louisa In the Sandy Valley

By THE LOUISA ROTARY CLUB

LOUISA, county seat of Lawrence, is one of the prettiest small cities in Kentucky. Her broad streets are beautifully shaded and completely paved. About eight miles of street paving, chiefly of Kentucky rock asphalt, have freed this city from the bondage of mud and dust. The population is 3,000.

Louisa is situated on a large, level area, where the Levisa and Tug forks meet to form the Big Sandy river proper. The longest traffic bridge in the country, crossing two rivers, and connecting two states, is located here as the connecting link between Louisa, Ky., and Fort Gay, W. Va. Looking either east or west from this bridge, the background for these twin cities is beautifully wooded hills, rising well nigh to the dignity of mountains.

The first needle dam constructed in America was built in the Big Sandy river at Louisa, by the United States government about forty years ago. It is a French type of dam and has attracted engineers from all parts of the country.

On the peak of the range of hills to the west of Louisa, known as Fort Hill, may be seen the remains of a fort constructed by Union soldiers during the war between the states. A detachment of troops under General James A. Garfield was stationed at this commanding fort for quite a while.

History and well-established records prove that George Washington made a survey here during the days when he was engaged in that kind of work. A corner tree plainly marked by him stood near Louisa until recent years.

The Mayo Trail, a State and National highway, passes through Louisa. Also, two other State roads, one leading to Martin County and the other to Elliott. A hard road to Huntington, W. Va., is another important thoroughfare.

Lawrence County has a great many producing oil and gas wells, good coal, and productive farms. One corporation owning a body of oil lands, most of which are in Lawrence County, realized about six millions of dollars from the sale, and the present owners are getting large profits from the investment.

Excellent schools and good churches are among the blessings of Louisa. Louisa has two newspapers. One of them, the Big Sandy News, is the oldest paper in Kentucky, east of Maysville. It has been published for forty-four years by the same owner. This paper won first prize in the Kentucky Press Association for twelve consecutive years, as the best weekly newspaper in Kentucky.

A wide-awake Rotary Club is doing its share to call attention to this attractive little city, realizing its advantages and confident of its future.



View up the Big Sandy River, not far from Louisa.

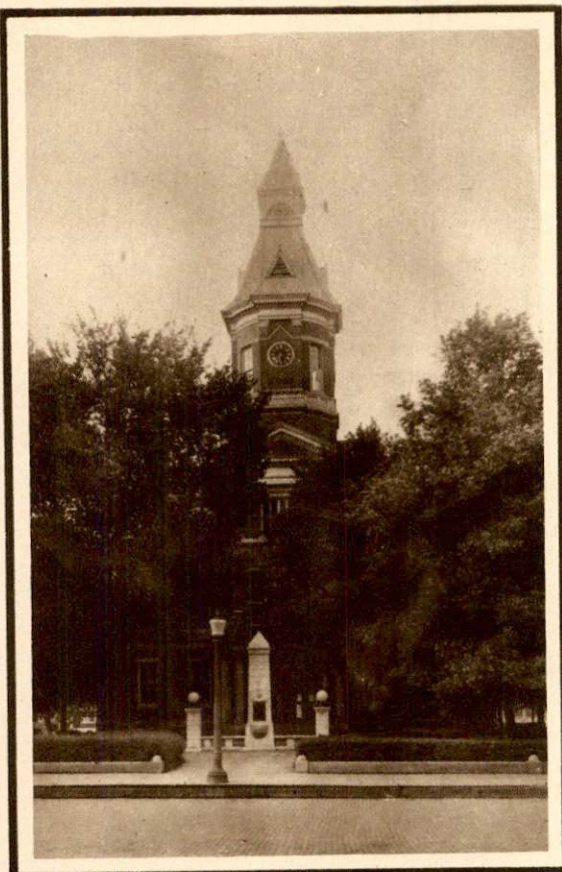
Down in the Purchase



Above: Woodland road in Marshall County near Birmingham.



Right: A cabin down in the Purchase.



Confederate soldiers memorial in Graves County courthouse yard, Mayfield.



A paradise for the rural devotees of Izaak Walton. Mayfield Creek one mile above its junction with the Mississippi River.

Paducah—A City of Trees

By HENRY WARD



New Paducah-Ohio River bridge on U. S. No. 45.

A CITY OF TREES"—that is the title most appropriate for Paducah. When viewed from the roof of the Irvin Cobb, the hotel named in honor of America's famous humorist and one time resident of Paducah, Broadway seems to be a deep, straight canyon, lined on either side with towering walls of green. Far in the distance, the canyon becomes indistinct, its outline blotted out by a huge mass of foliage. Indeed, it is as if one looked upon a waving, turbulent ocean of leaves and boughs.

The same is true of any of the streets in Paducah. The city's trees are the boast of its citizenry and love for them is shown everywhere. The people seem to have made them a part of themselves and in return, received from them, something of the charm they hold.

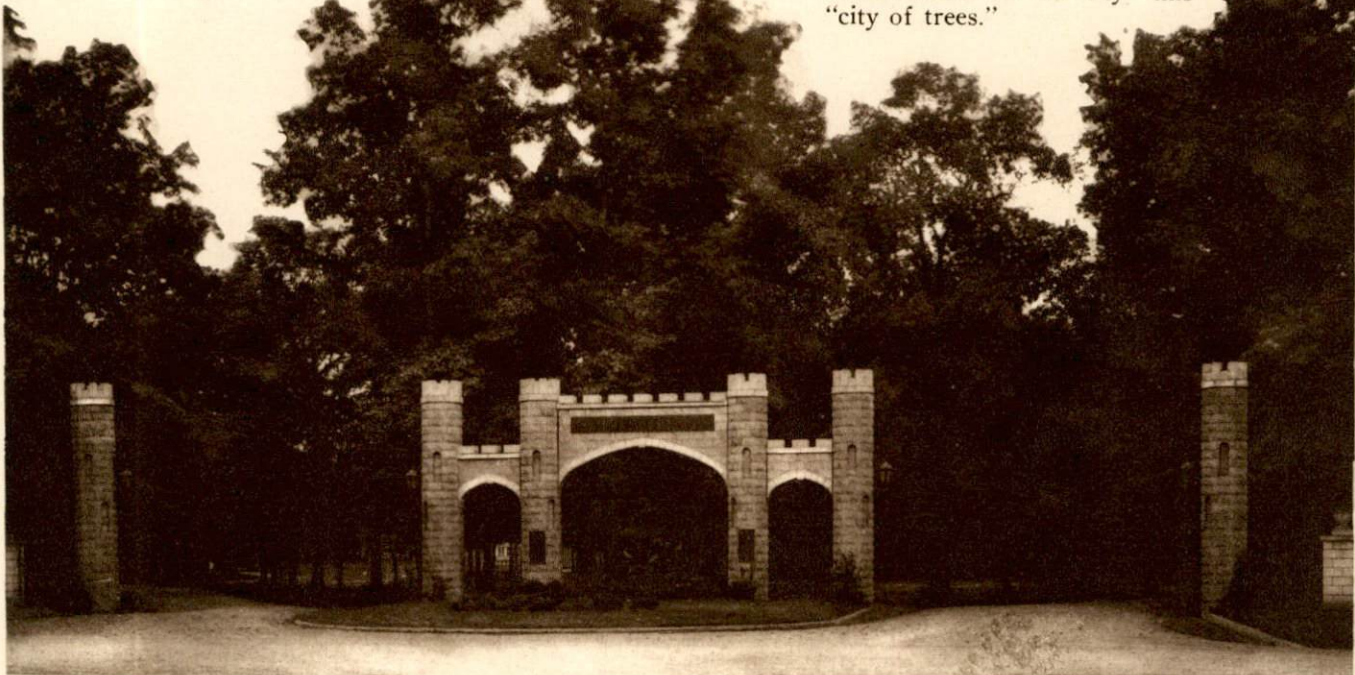
The supreme expression of Paducah's love of trees is shown by the Bob Noble Park, which is located just at the edge of the city. Acres and acres of virgin forest

comprise this park. Most of the trees are oaks and thus destined to live for years and years to come.

A refreshing trip is in store for the motorist to Paducah who makes a trip through this area. Winding driveways penetrate into this beautiful forest. Its virgin freshness makes one feel as if he were hundreds of miles from inhabited territory. Beautiful beyond description is the lake which wends its way through the center of the park, mirroring the lusty beauty of the giants who tower above it. A stone fence, over which rose bushes are now clambering, encloses the park. The entrance gate is also of stone. It is of a rough, medieval design.

A municipal playground adjoins the Noble park. A municipal golf course, tennis courts, a baseball diamond and other play facilities are included in its confines.

Paducah has a number of small parks, abounding with trees and adorned with flowers and shrubbery. They add greatly to the attractiveness of the city—this "city of trees."



Entrance to Bob Noble Park, Paducah, Ky.

Greenup and Greenup County

By ANNIE LAURIE WOMACK MYERS

MANY scenes of interest lie along the highways of Greenup County, many of them of rich historical association. It is interesting to know, for instance, that the first settlement in Kentucky was in Greenup County. This little outpost was built years before the French War in 1753, and was inhabited by French traders and Shawnee Indians. It was known as Lower Town and stood where the little village of Alexandria stood in 1805, and one mile below where South Portsmouth now stands. It was destroyed by a great flood from the Scioto River.

The first white child born of American parents west of the Allegheny Mountains was Mrs. Lucy Downs, a resident of Oldtown, Greenup County, it is said. This small village is still in existence and is situated fifteen miles south of Greenup, the county seat. It nestles between the hills in a beautiful valley along the Little Sandy River.

Daniel Boone was once a resident of Greenup County. He lived on the bank of the Ohio River where Riverton now stands. In March, 1857, a Mr. Warnock, then seventy-nine years of age, made oath that in the fall of 1799 he saw Daniel Boone at a point one and

one-half miles up Little Sandy River. He said Boone cut a tree out of which he made a canoe. It was in this canoe that he started for his new home in Missouri. As the story goes and is told by older citizens of this section, Daniel Boone came to Kentucky after he made his escape from the Indians in Ohio. He made his escape by leaping over a precipice and by swinging out into the Ohio River by a wild grapevine. He swam the river and escaped

death at the hands of the blood-thirsty warriors. The rock, known as "Indian Leap Rock," or "Daniel Boone Rock" may be seen at a point near Raceland, below Ironton, Ohio. It may be seen from several points along State Highway 23.

Greenup, the county seat of Greenup County, has one of the oldest courthouses in Kentucky. It is almost one hundred years old. It stands in the center of the town and is surrounded by spacious lawns and beautiful trees. Priceless records that reveal much of the early history of the county are filed away in this old building.

In the clerk's office can be found letters from Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis and other noted statesmen. It

(Continued on page 44)



Old courthouse, still in use, erected about 1835, Greenup, Greenup County.



One of the beautiful approaches into Greenup, county seat of Greenup County.

Beattyville and Lee County

By ROBERT SMALLWOOD

THE Indian found the valleys fertile and saw that the wooded slopes abounded in game. To the Indian, the land was the "Happy Hunting Ground." Elk, deer, bears and turkeys were plentiful when the first white settlers stopped over around Caanan, now St. Helens, in 1795. And the Indian must have been loth to leave the land, even at the call of the Great Spirit. In interest and in beauty, it has changed little since the Indian moved on to the West. Certainly, the tourist who follows our roads, as they wind in and out through the hills will not be disappointed with what Nature offers him in Lee County.

The State highway, winding up Hatton Hollow from the county line at Crystal, brings into view at every turn in the road, scenes which successfully rival many of the much advertised vistas of "tourist Edens." One views with rapt wonder, sandstone cliffs rising two hundred feet high, covered by pine and hemlock, painted by time and weather and adorned by lichens in cool grays, warm browns and soft reds. Here and there a sturdy cedar, clinging tenaciously to scanty soil, adds a touch of dark green to the picture. The pastel greens of the foliage growing on the talus slopes in the early spring, the fleecy clouds floating in a brilliant summer sky, the magic coloring of the autumn forest and the snowy blanket of winter are but different renderings of Nature's masterpieces.

After climbing some three hundred feet by easy grade from the level of Big Sinking to the top of Hatton Hill, the road soon passes within a few feet of an archeological wonder — Bear Track. In the hard sandstone of the cliff-top are plain and distinct imprints of the foot of a bear, an Indian and a turkey. All point in the direction of a two-hundred-foot precipice some thirty feet away.

Beattyville, the county seat, is located near the geographic center of the county. It is on the north bank at the three

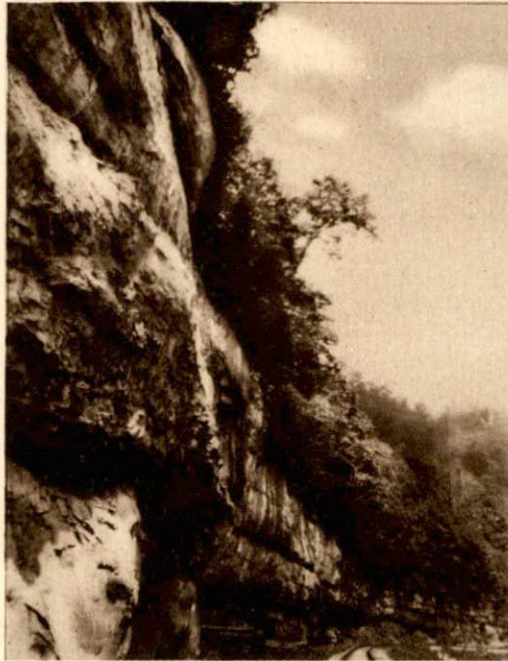
forks of the Kentucky River—the North and South forks coming together nearly opposite the courthouse.

Beattyville is accessible to the traveler by air, motor, rail or water. For motor travel the county offers three hard-surfaced roads, one of which is a link in the proposed Pan-American Highway from Canada to Cape Horn. More than one level hilltop, within and near the city, may be used by those coming by airplane and a broad, clean river bottom near the city has been repeatedly used for landing within the past year. The biggest steamboats ply the river to this point at all seasons of the year.

A hard-surfaced county road intersecting the State highway at Mt. Olive, six miles north of Beattyville, is being jointly constructed by the county and oil operators. When completed, it will open to tourists one of the most picturesque spots in the State, for the road will penetrate a territory abounding in rugged grandeur. Here one will view deep canyons, lofty crags, feathery waterfalls, palisades, limestone caverns, tumbling brooks and the forest primeval. Seekers after "fluid gold" have marred but little, if any, the scenery of this cliff-bound section. Soon now, Bald Rock, Sore Heel Hollow, Caves Fork, Raven Rock, Hell Creek and the sinks of Sinking may be easily reached.

A progressive little city, Beattyville has a one hundred thousand-dollar high school building, an eight-page weekly newspaper, two strong banking institutions, a plant for the manufacturing of handles and other products from hickory, an ice plant and an ample supply of electric current. It is ideally located for manufacturing plants of almost any kind—plants using wood, coal, oil, lime or clay.

In addition to the surfaced roads already mentioned, Lee County has the best network of connecting roads in any mountain county and they are being constantly improved in a way to benefit the tourist.



Part of an eighty-foot limestone ledge, near Beattyville.



The Kentucky River at Beattyville.

Earlington and Hopkins County

By PAUL P. PRICE



Lily pod lake at Earlington, Ky.

SO FAR as we are concerned the history of Earlington begins in 1870, when its present site was chosen as the headquarters of the St. Bernard Mining Company. Long, long before, however, the hills and valleys in and around this section of Hopkins County were inhabited.

Numerous evidences of this have been found. Thousands of pieces of pottery, spearheads, arrowheads, and other interesting Indian relics have been discovered in abundance here.

The late John B. Atkinson, former president of the St. Bernard Mining Company, recognizing the value of such things, gathered a wonderful collection of these objects. They were displayed at several State expositions and fairs. It was partly because of this collection that Hopkins County became prominent in the eyes of those interested in such things. The discovery of Indian relics never loses its savor and the tourist who would explore this territory has every opportunity of discovering these fast diminishing traces of the Indian in Kentucky.

The tourist to Hopkins County, however, will find things other than Indian relics to attract him. Tourists will find in Lock Mary and Brown Meadow lakes two bodies of water that will delight his heart. Lock Mary and Brown Meadow lakes are two of the largest artificial

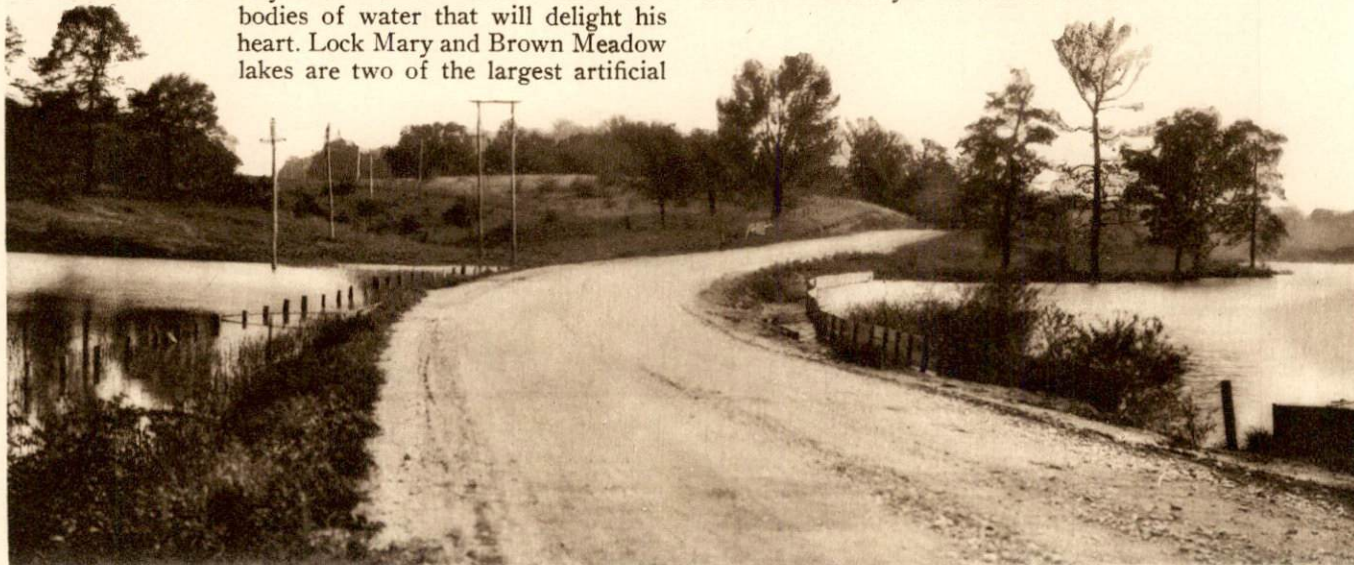
lakes in Kentucky. Both abound in fish and practically any place along their shores provides an excellent spot for a picnic. Excellent swimming in the hot summer months attracts visitors from all points in the county and when Old Man Winter comes, skating is equally popular. The lakes may be viewed from State Highway 50.

In the valley just below Lock Mary is an artesian well with a never-failing supply of pure mineral water. This spot attracts many visitors to Hopkins County.

Another interesting spot is the arboretum just south of the city limits. In this tract of woodland there is said to be a greater variety of trees and shrubs than in any other tract of similar dimensions in the State. Besides the native trees and plants many other specimens have been added, many of them very rare.

Picturesque roads, inviting lakes, virgin forests and buried Indian relics invite the tourists' investigation of Hopkins County.

Earlington is located on two great highways—U. S. Highway No. 41, from the Great Lakes to the tip of Florida, and State Route No. 50, which crosses the entire State of Kentucky from east to west.



Route 50, showing some of lakes at Earlington.

Burkesville and Cumberland County

By L. N. MCGEE

MOTORISTS of America have a rare opportunity to observe the most wonderful scenery in the world. At last the National Highways have penetrated the loveliest spot in all Kentucky, Burkesville, a historic little village on the beautiful Cumberland River, in the Cumberland Valley, in Cumberland County, Kentucky; a little city noted for its culture and refinement; a retreat for those who love nature and beauty.

Burkesville is surrounded by dazzling scenic hills and forests. Towering over this little city are the tallest cliffs on the Cumberland river. The very tallest of these cliffs, known as "Lovers' Leap," stands out like a giant sentinel! Just east of Burkesville stands a monument to all Nature. Tourists should see the sunrise as it bursts forth in all of its dazzling beauty, apparently rising out of the great white stones that tower high on the summit of this wonderful cliff. For ages it has stood there, and for ages to come it will stand there as the guardian of Kentucky's scenic beauty in all its wonders and thrills.

Tourists from all parts of America are motoring over one of the best roads of the State. They come in the evenings; they come in the mornings, that they might drive over Eagle Hill, known in history as Jack McClain's Tomb. This wonderful hill is owned by Rev. Tinsley, who is pushing work to make it one of the most attrac-

tive tourist camps in the South. One thousand feet high, this hill overlooks the little city of Burkesville, which nestles at its base. At sunrise one may look for miles and miles over unbroken forests far into Tennessee, and watch the plastic Cumberland River, like a golden thread, flowing towards the South.

Just north of Burkesville is the Old American Oil Well, the first oil well ever drilled in the United States. Over a hundred years ago a large salt producing company was drilling for salt. After drilling for days and days without result a visitor asked of the driller what he was doing. He replied that he would either strike salt or hell. A short time later they struck oil and gas. This caught fire. The driller, thinking that he had struck hell, ran for his life. The oil well stands as one of the landmarks in American history.

When the road to Columbia, a distance of thirty miles from Burkesville, is completed, and the Albany road which is now being surveyed, is completed, Burkesville will throw its

gates open to the world. It will be in the center of all the highway systems in the United States; airline from Chicago to Florida, through the finest scenic forests in the world. Cumberland County is the real birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. Visit our historic Court House and see the records that we think entitle us to this claim. Burkesville is on State Highway No. 90.

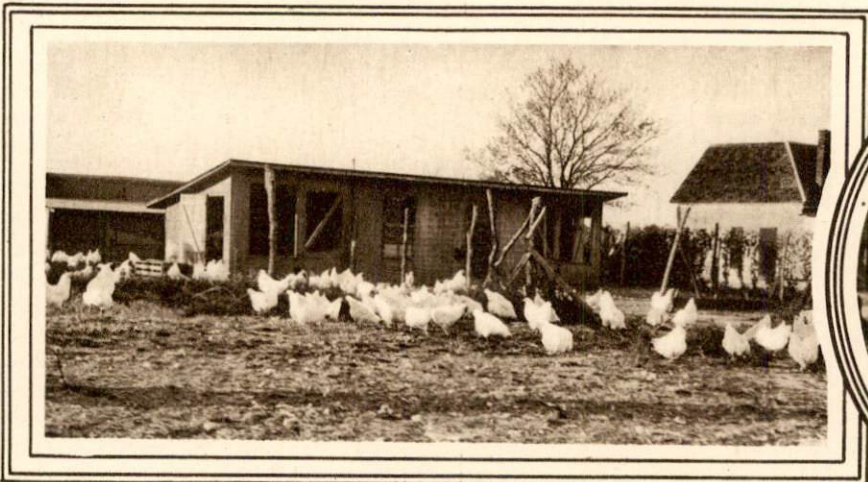


West side of Big Hill road that approaches Burkesville, Ky.



A bird's eye view of Burkesville, Ky., and forests, looking into Tennessee.

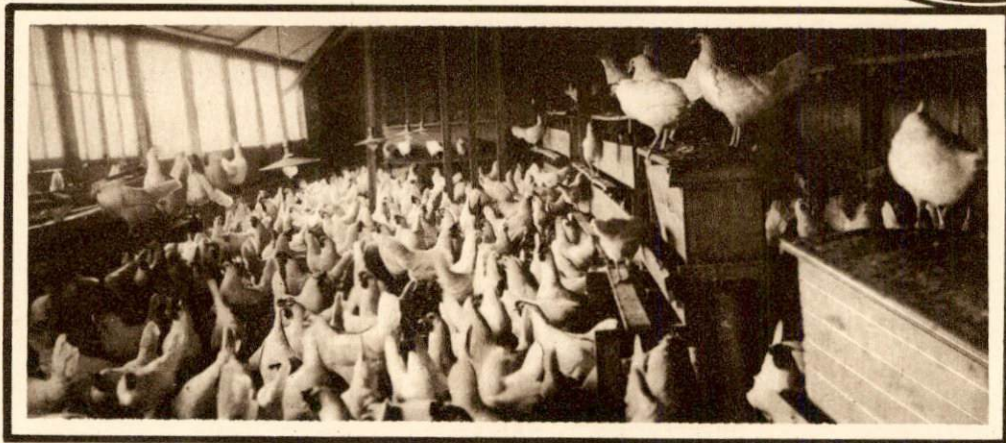
Raising Poultry In Kentucky



A profitable farm flock of White Wyandottes.

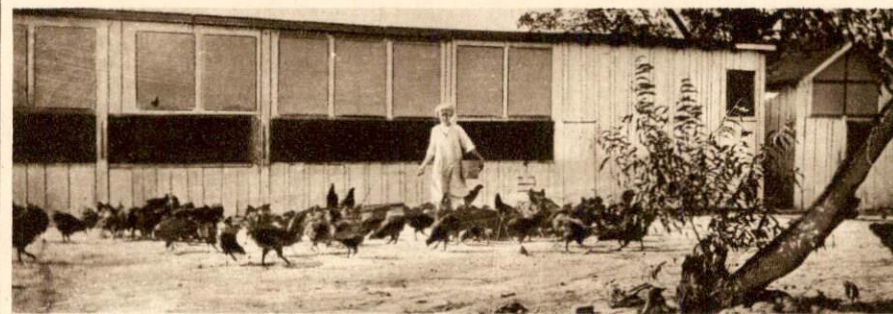


Above: A poultry cutting demonstration at the University of Kentucky Experiment Station.

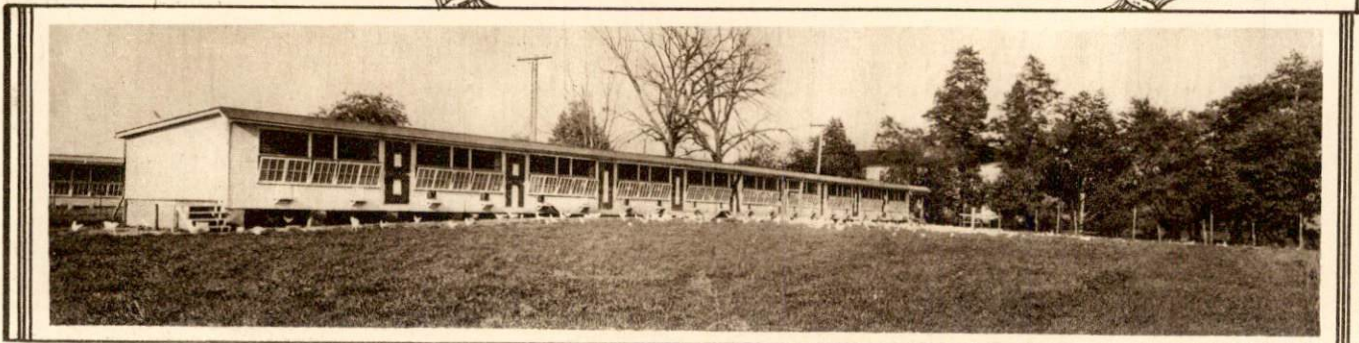


Above: A flock of 500 Leg-horn pullets on the farm of A. J. Culver, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Below: A farm flock of Rhode Island Reds, Experiment Station.



Below: Egg Farm and Hatchery, Shelbyville road near Middletown, Ky.



Progress of the Poultry Industry in Kentucky

By J. HOLMES MARTIN

Professor of Poultry Husbandry, University of Kentucky

FEW people realize that poultry is one of the most important sources of income to the farmers of Kentucky. Recent government estimates indicate that the annual value of the poultry products produced in Kentucky exceeds \$30,000,000. Since the 11,000,000 chickens in Kentucky are scattered throughout the entire State, there being chickens on practically every farm, many farmers do not realize that there are more chickens in Kentucky than in the six New England States and Florida combined. Kentucky stands fifth among the United States in the production of both turkeys and geese.

Kentucky's poultry consists chiefly of small farm flocks, that is flocks of less than one hundred chickens are found on the average farm. Because either eggs, fryers or fowls are sold throughout the year, the total income is seldom appreciated. With such crops as tobacco, or with such livestock as hogs, where the income for the year is generally in one large check, there is a tendency to overemphasize the importance of that particular source of income in comparison with the total poultry income for the year.

Kentucky is primarily a State of small-flock farms. There are very few commercial poultry farms with 500 or more hens in the flock. This does not mean that there is no opportunity in commercial poultry raising in Kentucky. There are several commercial poultrymen who have 1,000 or more hens and who make a very satisfactory income from poultry.

For the past ten years a number of farmers in Kentucky have kept accurate records of the expenditures and incomes of the farm flock. A study of a large number of these records indicates that where good stock is used and proper husbandry is practiced, a good income from the poultry flock is practically always assured. Good results are in no way limited to any certain breeds, for during the year 1927-28 a flock of 237 White Leghorns in Henry County returned the

owner a labor income of \$1,182. In other words, the owner received this amount of money for caring for his flock of chickens after he had paid all expenses involved in the care of the flock other than labor. A flock of 173 Barred Plymouth Rocks in Caldwell County paid the owner a labor income of \$406, or \$2.34 per hen. A flock of 240 Rhode Island Reds in Nicholas County paid a labor income of \$808.00, while a flock of 106 Buff Plymouth Rocks in McCracken County returned the owner \$491.00. A Trimble County flock of 68 White Plymouth Rocks returned the owner \$346.00 for the labor given in their care, while a flock of White Wyandottes in Todd County paid a labor income of \$466.00. A study of a large number of these records over a series of years indicates that a well bred flock of any of the more common breeds that is given good care can easily be made to return a labor income of from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per hen.



Lady Walnut Hill. This hen, back in 1917, broke all existing records by laying 94 eggs in 94 consecutive days.

One of the most important factors influencing the profits from the flock is the average egg production per hen. It is quite obvious that as the number of eggs produced per hen increases the profits increase, for the housing costs, labor costs and feed costs increase but little as egg production is raised. High egg production is a matter of breeding. Mongrel hens do not lay 200 or more eggs in a year, whereas the production of 200 eggs among the better bred flocks of most of the standard varieties is no longer the exception. One of the important factors in improving the production of poultry flocks has been the practice of

culling. The farmers of Kentucky have been informed about culling methods and culling practices through the county agents, poultry specialists, poultry magazines, farm papers and bulletins for the last ten years. Culling is becoming a common practice on the farm. When the flock is accurately culled the loafers are eliminated and the feed goes to the productive birds, thus increasing the

(Continued on page 44)



View of interior of one-room pullet house.

Jefferson Davis Monument on U. S. Highway 68

A Feature Attraction For Tourists

ONE of the outstanding attractions of Christian County, and destined to be one of the show places of Kentucky, is the towering concrete shaft, erected by the people of the South as a memorial to Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederacy from 1861 to 1865. The monument is 351 feet high and stands within a short distance of the actual site of the two-room dwelling-house in which the leader of the Lost Cause was born, June 3, 1808. The spot of his birth is marked by the Bethel Baptist Church, the plot of ground having been presented by Mr. Davis to the church in 1886, three years before his death. It had long been out of the possession of the family, but friends of the distinguished leader purchased it and deeded it to Mr. Davis, in order that the presentation might be made. At the same time plans were made for the erection in the future of a suitable memorial to Christian County's greatest son. Ten years after his birth, Todd County was cut off from the territory of Christian and the Davis home was but fifty feet inside the new county. However, the monument subsequently erected is well within Christian County. It stands upon a knoll, in the center of a tract of ten acres. In a grove in one end of the park area a replica of the old Davis home is used as a keeper's residence and museum.

The work of raising \$100,000 to erect the monument was not an easy task, but finally former Confederates of wealth became interested and the monument was brought

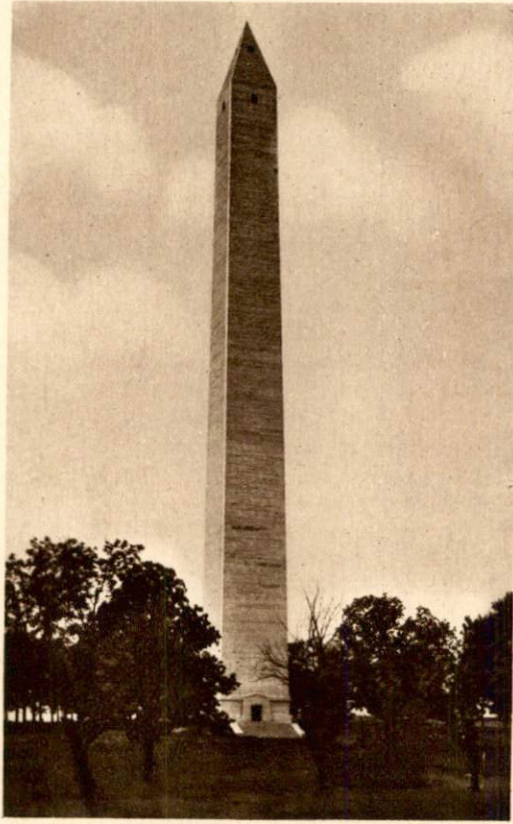
to completion, largely under the leadership of Col. Bennett H. Young and Col. Thos. D. Osborne, of Louisville, and Hon. Hunter Wood and Mr. Chas. F. Jarrett and other local veterans, all of whom are now dead.

The monument itself was finished several years ago, but was not provided with an elevator until this year. It was installed and power connection established only a few months ago. Formal dedication took place May 3, 1929, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. Judge J. L. Hughett, of Madisonville, special representative of Governor Sampson, formally presented the monument as a State attraction to tourists.

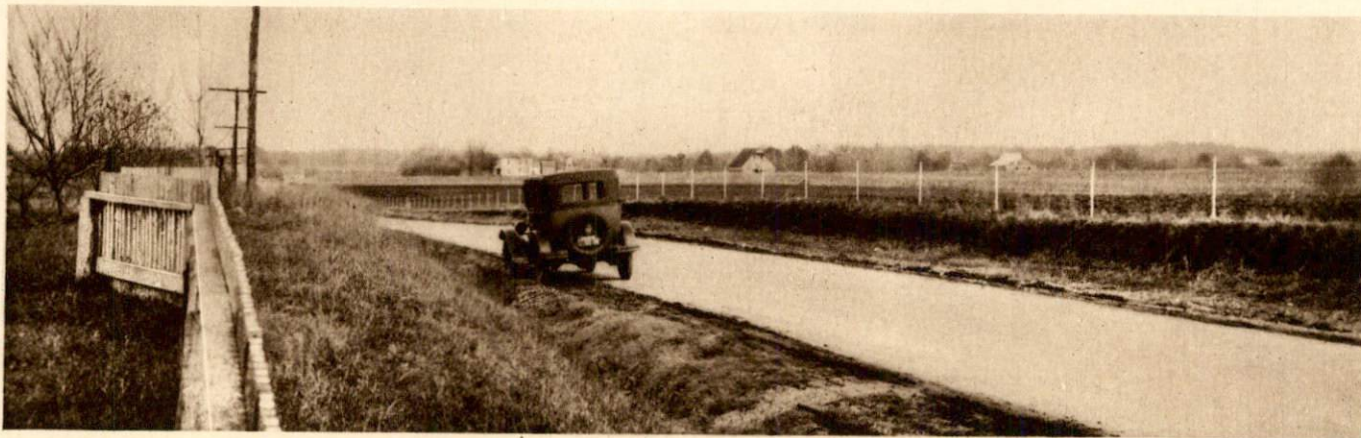
Since the elevator has been running, thousands of people have visited the monument. From it, one can view the landscape for many miles around.

The State highway which passes by the monument is known as the Jefferson Davis Highway, No. 68. It leads from Paducah through Hopkinsville, to Bowling Green. This route is to be one of the most popular highways in the State for tourists, since it passes close to the Soldiers' Hospital at Dawson Springs, the Davis Monument, and leads by a short detour to Mammoth Cave, and is within a few hours drive from the Lincoln Home at Hodgenville.

Near Hopkinsville, on the highway, and a few miles from Fairview and the monument, is one of the best equipped tourists' camps in Kentucky, with every modern improvement and a swimming pool.



Jefferson Davis Monument at birthplace, Fairview; second highest monument in United States. U. S. No. 68.



View U. S. Highway 68, Christian County.

Points of Interest in Kentucky and Highways

KEYED TO MAP ON NEXT PAGE

A

Abbey of Gethsemane, U. S. 68 (5-C)
 Allen, James Lane, Home, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Audubon, John J., Site of Store, U. S. 41 (3-B)

B

Black Mt., Highest Point in State, U. S. 23 (8-D)
 Boone Tunnel and Brooklyn Bridge, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Boone, Danl., Grave, Frankfort, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Boone, Graves of Brother, Son and Nephew of Daniel, at Athens, U. S. 25 (6-B)
 Boonesboro, Site of Boone's Fort, U. S. 227 (6-B)
 Blue Licks State Park, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Blue and Gray State Park, U. S. 68 (3-D)
 Bryant Station Memorial, near Lexington, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Big Bone Lick, near Burlington, U. S. 25 (6-A)
 Berea College, U. S. 25 (6-C)
 Breaks of Sandy, U. S. 23 (8-C)
 Bradford, John, Home, Lexington, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Breckinridge, John C., Home, Lexington, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Battle Grove Cemetery, Cynthiana, U. S. 25 (6-B)

C

Clay, Henry, Home, Lexington, U. S. 25, (6-B)
 Cross Keys Tavern, U. S. 60 (5-B)
 Cumberland Falls, U. S. 27-25 (6-D)
 Carter Caves, U. S. 60 (7-B)
 Cascade Caves, U. S. 60 (7-B)
 Cumberland Gap, U. S. 25 (7-D)
 Cumberland State Park, U. S. 25 (7-D)
 Camp Nelson, U. S. 27 (6-B)
 Crab Orchard Springs, U. S. 168 (6-C)
 Churchill Downs, Louisville, U. S. 31 (5-B)
 Centre College, Danville, U. S. 168 (6-C)
 Clark, Gen. Geo. Rogers, Grave, Louisville, U. S. 60 (5-B)
 Clay, Henry, Monument, Lexington, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Chimney Rock, Kentucky River, U. S. 27 (6-B)
 Clear Creek Springs, U. S. 25 (7-D)
 Calmes, Marquis, Home, U. S. 25 (6-B)
 Clark, Gov., Home, Winchester, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Crittenden, John J., Birthplace (log cabin) U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Camp Dick Robinson, U. S. 27 (6-C)

D

Davis, Jeff, Birthplace, (Home and Monument) Fairview, U. S. 68 (3-D)
 Dix Dam and Lake, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Dishman Springs, U. S. 25 (7-D)
 Dawson Springs, S. R. 50 (2-C)
 Doyle's Spring, Paris, U. S. 27 (6-B)
 Deer Park, near Owensboro, U. S. 60 (3-C)
 Dudley, Dr. Benj. Winslow, Home, Lexington, U. S. 27 (6-B)

E

Elixir Springs, U. S. 27 (6-C)
 Estill Springs, S. R. 52 (6-C)

F

Fitch, John, Monument, Bardstown, U. S. 68 (5-B)
 Falls of the Ohio, Louisville, U. S. 31 (5-B)
 First Cabin Built in Ky. (near Barbourville) U. S., 25 (7-D)
 Fox, Jr., John, Home, Near Paris, U. S. 227 (6-B)
 Fern Lake, Middlesboro, U. S. 25 (7-D)

G

Great Saltpeter Cave, Near Mt. Vernon, U. S. 25 (6-C)
 Grayson Springs, S. R. 50 (4-C)
 Graham Springs, U. S. 68 (6-C)
 Governors, Home of Two, Lancaster, U. S. 27 (6-C)

H

High Bridge, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Hart, Joel T., Grave, Frankfort, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Hall's Gap, U. S. 27 (6-C)

I-J

Indian Falls, Clinton Co., S. R. 90 (5-D)
 Indian Lake, Hawesville, U. S. 60 (3-B)
 Indian Old Fields, S. R. 15 (6-B)
 Johnston, Albert Sidney, Home, U. S. 68 (7-A)

K

Kentucky State Fair Grounds, Louisville, U. S. 60 (5-B)
 Kenton, Simon, Home, Maysville, U. S. 68 (7-A)
 Knob Lick (near Salt Lick) U. S. 60 (7-B)
 King's Mill, Williamsburg, U. S. 25 (6-D)
 "Keeneland," (where Gen. Lafayette stopped over night), U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Kentucky Association Racetrack, Lexington, Oldest in America, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 King Solomon's Cave, U. S. 25 (7-D)
 Kentucky Trotting H. B. A. Track, Lexington, U. S. 68 (6-B)

L

Lincoln's Parents' Marriage Record, Springfield, U. S. 68 (5-C)
 Lincoln Birthplace, Hodgenville, U. S. 68 (5-C)
 LaChaumiere du Prairie, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Lloyd Reservation (Crittenden, Ky) U. S. 25 (6-A)
 "Longfellow's" Burial Place, (6-B)
 Liberty Hall, Frankfort, U. S. 60 (6-B)

M

My Old Kentucky Home, Bardstown, U. S. 68 (5-B)
 Man o' War, U. S. 25-27 (6-B)
 Mammoth Cave Nat'l Park, U. S. 68 (4-C)
 McDowell, Dr. Ephraim, Home, Danville, U. S. 168 (6-C)
 Morgan, Gen. John H., Home, Lexington, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Monte Casino Church, Covington, U. S. 25 (6-A)
 Munfordville Inn, (where Andrew Jackson stopped), U. S. 31 (4-C)
 Mill Springs Water Mill, S. R. 90 (6-D)

N

Natural Bridge State Park, S. R. 15 (7-B)

Natural Bridge, Carter Co., U. S. 60 (7-B)
 Natural Bridge, McCreary Co., U. S. 27 (6-D)
 Nation, Carrie, Home, Lancaster, U. S. 27 (6-C)
 "Nancy Hanks" Burial Place, U. S. 60 (6-B)

O

O'Hara, Theo., Grave, Frankfort, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Owing's House, Owingsville, U. S. 60 (7-B)
 Olympian Springs, (7-B)

P-Q

Pioneer Memorial State Park, Harrodsburg, U. S. 68 (6-C)
 Palisades of Kentucky River, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Perryville Battlefield, U. S. 68 (6-C)
 Pilot Knob (Powell Co.), S. R. 15 (7-B)
 Pilot Rock (Christian Co.), U. S. 41 (3-D)
 Pine Mountain (Letcher Co.) S. R. 15 (8-C)
 Pinnacle Mt., Cumberland Gap, U. S. 25 (7-D)

R

Royal Spring, Georgetown, U. S. 25 (6-B)
 Reelfoot Lake, S. R. 94 (1-D)
 Railroad, First in West, Lexington, U. S. 27 (6-B)

S

State Capitol (new) Frankfort, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 State Capitol (old) Frankfort, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 State Fish Hatcheries, near Frankfort, S. R. 40 (6-B)
 State Historical Exhibit, Frankfort, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 St. Joseph's Cathedral, Bardstown, U. S. 68 (5-B)
 Shakertown, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Slate Run Furnace, Owingsville, U. S. 60 (7-B)
 Squire Boone Stone, Richmond, U. S. 25 (6-B)
 State Monument to War Heroes, Frankfort, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Shelby, Gov. Isaac, Grave, near Danville, S. R. 35 (6-C)

T

Todd, Mary, Home, Lexington, U. S. 60 (6-B)
 Transylvania College, Lexington, U. S. 68 (6-B)
 Taylor, Zachary, Grave and Home, near Louisville, U. S. 60 (5-B)
 Todd, Levi, Home, Lexington, U. S. 25 (6-B)
 "Tenbroeck's" Burial Place, (6-B)

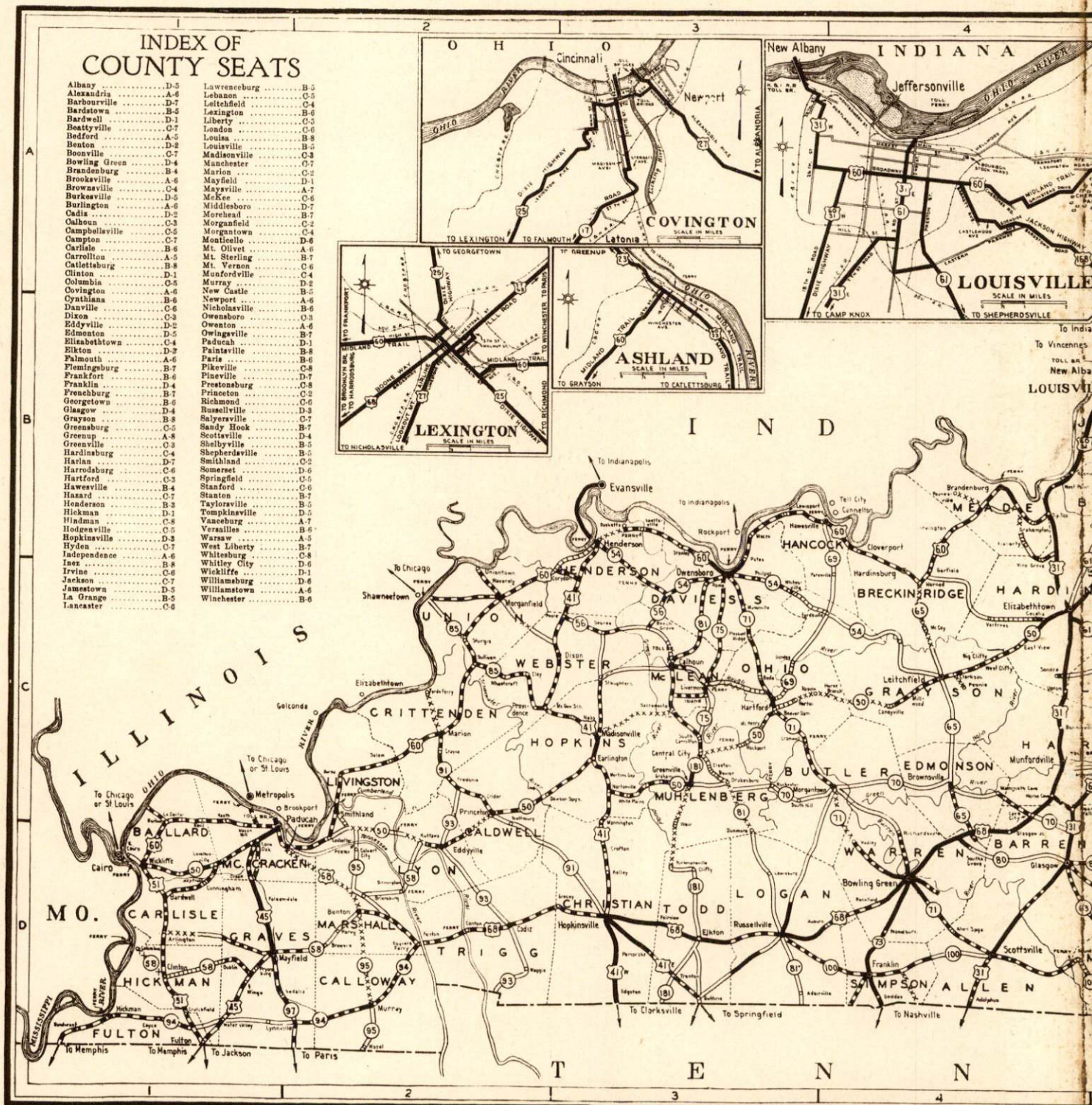
U-V

University of Kentucky, Lexington, U. S. 27 (6-B)
 "Uncle Tom's Cabin," near Lancaster, U. S. 27 (6-B)
 "Uncle Tom" Slave Block, near Maysville, U. S. 68 (7-A)

W

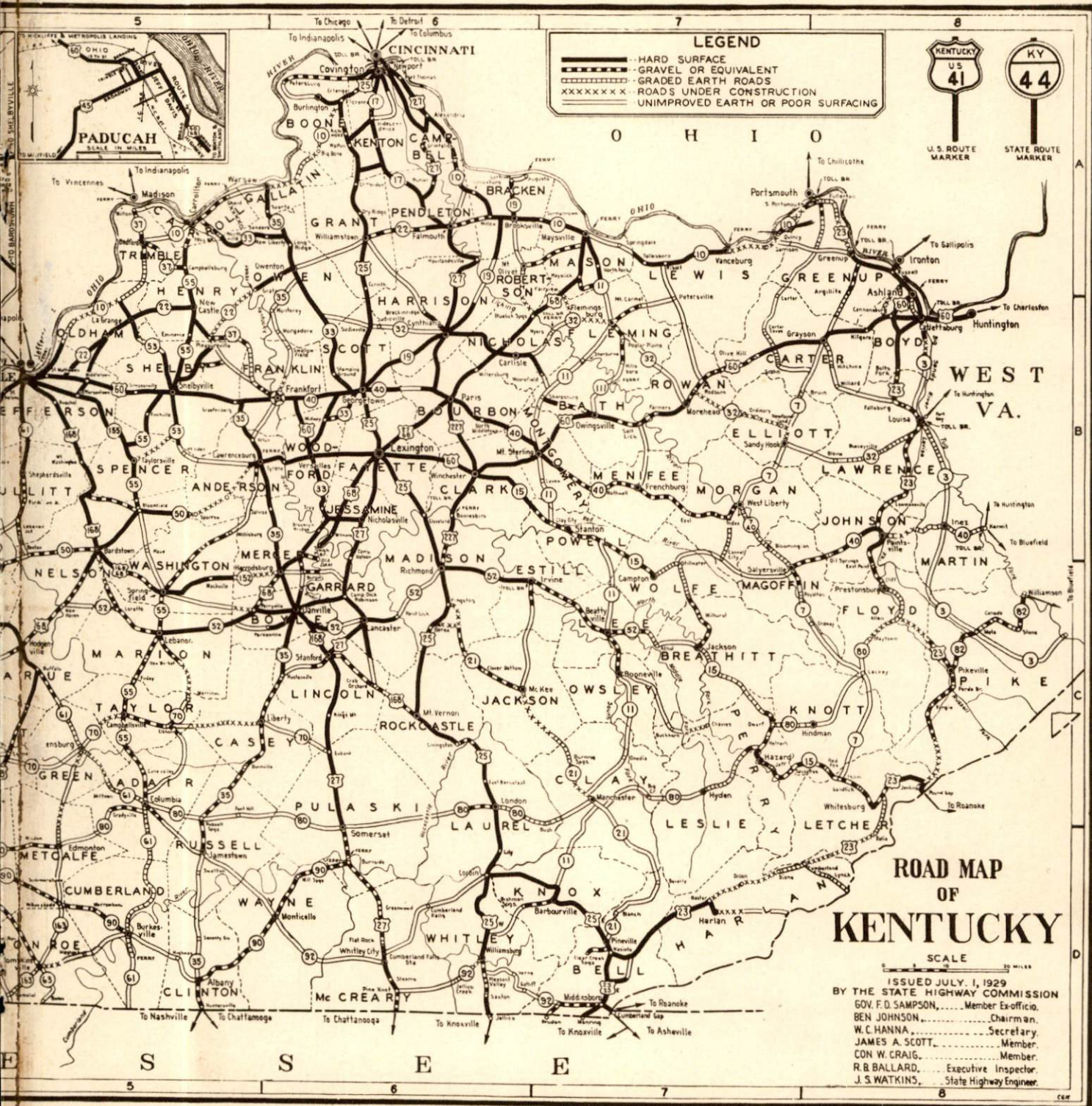
Whitley, Col., Home, near Crab Orchard, U. S. 168 (6-C)

HIGHWAY MAP



On the preceding page points of interest in Kentucky are keyed with the above map. Corrections and Progress Commission will have a special map made for permanent use in the magazine. The map is published by tourists and others interested.

MAP OF KENTUCKY



additions will be made from time to time until all accurate information is assembled, when the Kentucky in the center of the magazine so that the pages may be lifted and the information published on the back used

London, on U. S. 25

By RUSSELL DYCHE

OF ALL the towns through which the Dixie Highway passes, London is the "height of the Land" between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. Having an elevation of over 1,400 feet above the sea level, London is the highest county seat town in the State. It sits upon a plateau of the Cumberland Mountains and is surrounded by varied and beautiful scenery.

Laurel County, of which London is the seat of government, contains a number of points of more than passing interest. Wildcat Mountain, on the Rockcastle river, is



Federal Building at London, Ky.

where the Battle of Wildcat was fought in 1862. This battle is said to have been the turning point in the Civil War. Other spots equally interesting are McFarland's Defeat, on Laurel River, where a party of immigrants coming to Kentucky from North Carolina, soon after the first settlements were made here, were massacred by the Indians; remains of fortifications on the hills surrounding London, where a skirmish was fought during the Civil War; the site of the Hazlepatch Block House, on the old Wilderness road, now a part of the Dixie and the old Laurel Seminary, the first institution of higher learning in Southeastern Kentucky, built in 1855.

With London as a starting point trips of especial interest may be taken, in dry weather, to Rockcastle Springs, eighteen miles away, and to Cumberland Falls, thirty-two miles away. An all-weather tour from London, which will give you an excellent idea of the scenic beauty of the country is aptly described as "A one-day Cumberland Tour."

The route leads from London, to Corbin, by way of the Western Branch of the Dixie Highway, designated U. S. 25-W, through Williamsburg, Jellico and Elk Valley to Caryville, Tennessee. On the way one sees Cumberland College and Cumberland River at Williamsburg, Cumberland Cave at Elk Valley, and a number of big coal mines at Buckeye and other points. From Caryville take the Eastern Branch of the Dixie Highway, U. S. 25-E, back through Lafollette, by Lincoln Memorial University, through Cumberland Gap, Middlesboro, Pineville and Barbourville, seat of Union College, to London, where is situated the large plant of the Sue Bennett Memorial School. The tour covers approximately 180 miles.

With its high altitude London affords the tourist one of the healthiest of spots for vacationing. Moreover it is just the place for jaunts into the Cumberland territory.

Scottsville, on U. S. 31

By G. T. HORNE

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce

THE boundary line between Allen and Barren Counties where U. S. 31 enters Allen County is Barren River. Crossing this river is a beautiful bridge, built of concrete and steel. One gets quite a good view of the river from this structure.

U. S. 31, also known as the Jackson Highway, is noted for its scenic beauty. Thousands of tourists pass yearly over the twenty miles of the highway which comes through Allen County. It will interest the traveler to know that along this route was once a vast plantation. The master's mansion and the old darky cabins still stand. Along this same road many, many acres of growing tobacco may be seen in season; there are also hundreds of acres of the famous Kentucky bluegrass, and the hills are dotted with purebred sheep and cattle.

Not all the attractions of Allen County are on U. S. 31. We would recommend that the disciples of Izaak Walton get out their rod and reel and spend a few days on some of the numerous trout streams of the county. The celebrated Wall-Eyed Jack, the king of game fish, abounds in Barren River. Hundreds are caught every year, and some are of enormous size. A large portion of the county is situated in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, through which many streams of clear and purest water flow. Trout and bass are plentiful.

Allen County borders on Tennessee. Being thus centrally located. The climate is usually mild and pleasant. People camp out far into the fall, and beautiful camping sites are easily found.

The county is a hunter's paradise. In the quail season, sportsmen come from far and near to hunt here. The



U. S. No. 31, four miles north of Scottsville.

red and gray foxes furnish splendid sport to those who follow the hounds. The Southern Kentucky Fox Hunters' Association holds its next field trials here. These begin October 8.

Among the famous characters who have resided in Allen County, Opie Reed is perhaps the most celebrated. Mr. Reed, who has gained fame as a lecturer and writer was editor and owner of the *Scottsville Argus* in the early seventies. It is recalled by the older residents that he would walk to Bowling Green, a distance of twenty-five miles, to get his newsprint. Mr. Reed's publishing venture here, proved a financial failure and in due time the *Argus* was thrown out of its home because of unpaid rent.

Shepherdsville, on S. R. 61

By SHEPHERDSVILLE COMMERCIAL CLUB

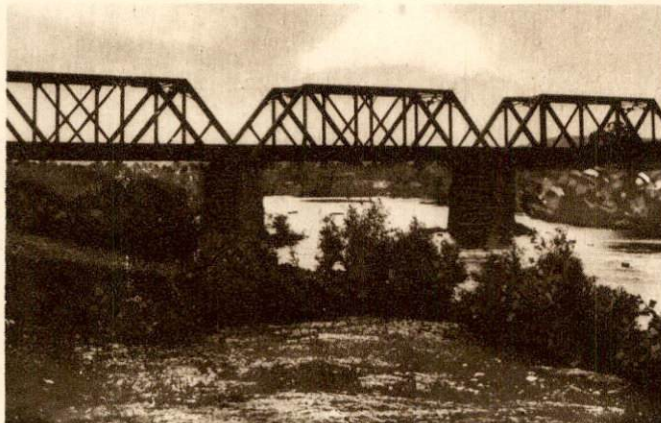


Salt river near Shepherdsville.

JUST twenty miles south of Louisville, on the main line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, is located Shepherdsville, one of the oldest towns in the State and the county seat of Bullitt County. State Highway 61 passes through Shepherdsville, runs almost due south and intersects with the Jackson Highway at Bardstown and the Dixie Highway at Elizabethtown. This direct route to the South offers some beautiful scenery and avoids heavy traffic.

Winding its way through the borders of our town is Salt River, one of Kentucky's historic streams. It starts in the hills of Boyle County and winds its way down through the fertile valleys of Bullitt and empties into the Ohio at the edge of Hardin. A large, free bridge spans the historic stream at Shepherdsville.

Many years ago Salt River was noted for its salt licks. In those days both man and beast trekked down Salt River to the salt licks just below Shepherdsville, where salt was found in abundance. It was on the historic banks of this



L. & N. R. R. bridge over Salt river at Shepherdsville.

stream that the white and red man often vied with each other for the supremacy of the licks.

Now Salt River is noted for its fine "fishing holes." During the fishing season many "lucky" fishermen visit its banks for the purpose of testing their skill with the hook and line.

In Shepherdsville is still found the rock building once occupied by one of the first banks of Kentucky and in and near Shepherdsville is an area of some 15,000 acres that is being developed for game and forest reserves. Within a few years it will be one of the show places of the State.

Somerset, on U. S. 27

SOMERSET is located on the Cincinnati-Lookout Mountain Airline Highway, half-way between Cincinnati and Chattanooga. This highway, U. S. No. 27, is one of the most traveled routes through Kentucky. Passing, as it does, through Lexington, Lancaster, Stanford, Somerset, Burnside, Whitley City, Stearns and Pine Knot, it traverses a section of the State rich in scenic beauty. It is a highway of easy grades. Among the most noted of places of scenic interest along the way is Hall's Gap, The Cumberland Valley as viewed from Burnside, Cumberland Falls, twelve miles off the main road, and the high pinelands of Southern Pulaski County.

Somerset will soon be the center of a network of highways. In June a contract will be awarded by the High-



Highway near Somerset.

way Department for an east and west road through the county. This will provide a more direct outlet to the Mammoth Cave area.

As a thriving, modern little city, with a population of 7,000, situated in a county unsurpassed in scenic beauty, Somerset invites the attention of the tourist this summer, when he passes through Old Kentucky.

IT DID not need the PROGRESS Magazine to tell me about what a nice State Kentucky is. Before the days of automobile I twice drove across the State from east to west and several times I have crossed the State while going farther south. While driving across the State I got acquainted with persimmons and have never forgotten the taste. I also hunted 'possums with some brunette gentlemen and a number of dogs of uncertain parentage. It was in the river towns of Kentucky that I learned the taste of catfish and corn pone such as only a colored cook can serve. It was in Louisville that I ate my first cut of Washington pie and I have wanted more ever since. My mind is filled with pictures of big cattle in green and lush bluegrass pastures, of far-reaching views from mountain heights and autumn-tinted woods in colors such as no artist ever put on canvas.—Miller Purvis, Editor, *Poultry Breeders' Gazette*, Wendell, Idaho.

Cloverport, on U. S. 60

By EDWARD GREGORY

CLOVERPORT is located in the lower corner of Breckenridge County near the Hancock County line. It is on the Ohio River and is the largest city in the county. Nestling at the feet of the hills in the Ohio River Valley it presents a charming picture to the tourist who approaches it.

The royal sunsets viewed from the lower bend of the Ohio River, and the sunrises seen from the bend of the river above the city, against the mellow background of the sloping hills, leave the tourist a lasting impression of Cloverport, "down on the Ohio."

One feels, beside the natural charm of Cloverport, the romance of the town. Cloverport has about it that indefinable atmosphere that is the heritage of the river town. Strolling along its shady streets, and viewing the lazy, peaceful Ohio, one thinks of the time when the steamboat was in its hey-day. Cloverport is rich in such traditions. It was here that John W. Cannon spent a portion of his childhood days. Cannon, you will remember, was one of



Ohio river valley hills on road to Cloverport.

the famous steamboat men of the age. Owner of the Robert E. Lee, famous for its race with the Natches, also, owner of the John W. Cannon, J. M. White, and Ed. Richardson, it was Captain Cannon's usual custom to spend several weeks each summer at Cloverport as a guest at the Oglesby Homestead. Many a river yarn has been spun here and many a strange event has occurred. What stories they would make were one to write them down!

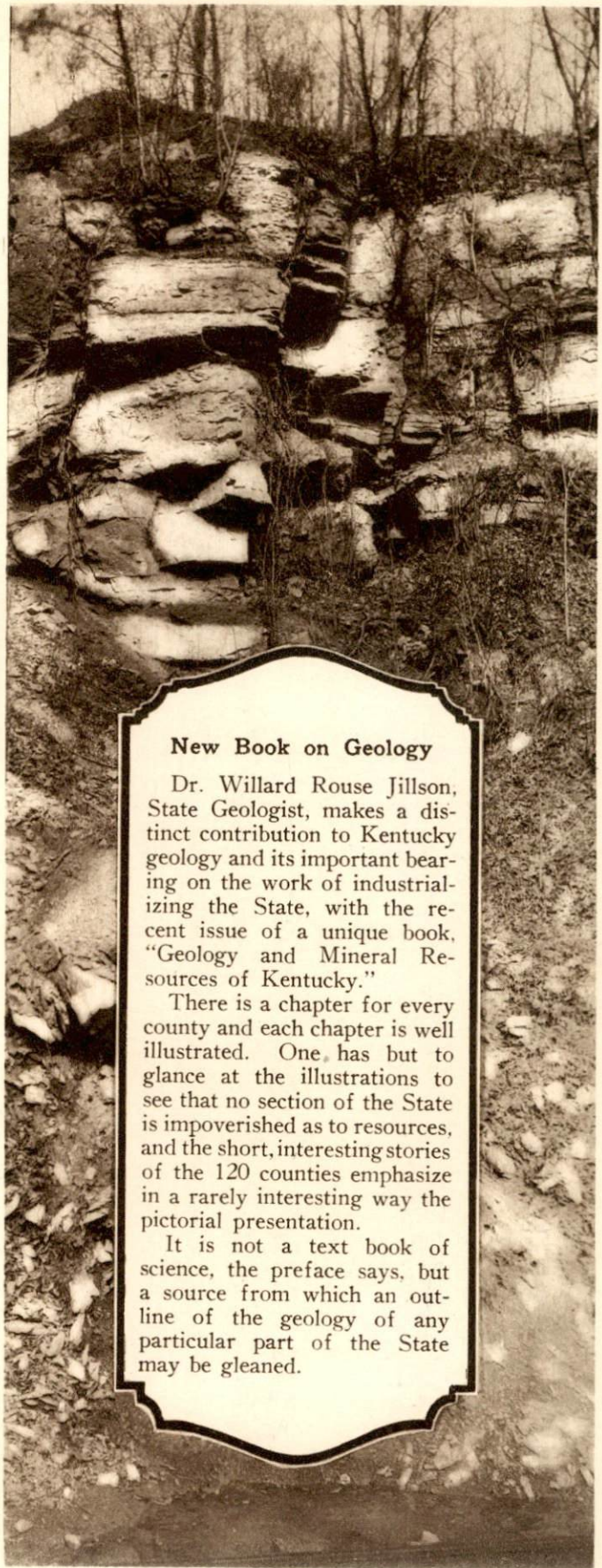
Cloverport is also famous as the early home of Dr. Norwan Green, of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He got his first start in school here, and it was here that he picked up odds and ends of information about the telegraph business.

Other famous sons of Cloverport include General Eli. H. Murray, who became Utah's first governor; Thomas T. Crittenden, who became governor of Missouri, and William L. Crittenden, his brother, who, when facing a firing squad, gave to Kentuckians those brave words—"A Kentuckian kneels only to his God."

Charm, pleasure and romance are to be found at Cloverport, down on the Ohio.



The Ohio river at Cloverport.



New Book on Geology

Dr. Willard Rouse Jillson, State Geologist, makes a distinct contribution to Kentucky geology and its important bearing on the work of industrializing the State, with the recent issue of a unique book, "Geology and Mineral Resources of Kentucky."

There is a chapter for every county and each chapter is well illustrated. One has but to glance at the illustrations to see that no section of the State is impoverished as to resources, and the short, interesting stories of the 120 counties emphasize in a rarely interesting way the pictorial presentation.

It is not a text book of science, the preface says, but a source from which an outline of the geology of any particular part of the State may be gleaned.

LOUISVILLE

*Invites All
America to Share
in its Great
1929 Fall Program
of Entertainment!*

William B. Harrison

MAYOR

COME AND ENJOY THESE NOTABLE EVENTS:

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL CONVENTION

AT SAN ANTONIO, last year, the American Legion selected Louisville as the city which could be reached by the most Legionnaires for the 1929 convention. More than 50,000 Legion members and their families are expected. World notables will attend. The program is one of the most ambitious ever arranged for the Legion. It's going to be great! September 30 to October 3.

THE NINE-FOOT STAGE DEDICATION

ALL of the United States will celebrate the completion of a nine-foot stage of the Ohio River from Pittsburgh to Cairo on October 1. Louisville is to be in the very center of the festivities, and President Hoover, accompanied by Secretary of War Good, and other notables, will visit the city for an important address. You'll want to be here!

THE OPENING OF THE NEW LOUISVILLE HIGHWAY BRIDGE

LOUISVILLE is just completing a \$5,000,000 Highway Bridge, directly connecting the city's central business district with Southern Indiana, and giving travelers for the first time a quick motor connection between the two states at this point. A tremendous celebration is being arranged for early November. Thousands will attend and enjoy the big show. Join them!

. . . we'll expect you!

Mal-Mail Boxes Impair Highway Beauty

By O. C. LEATHERS

Ex-President, Kentucky Rural Letter Carriers' Association

WHAT lover of nature's inimitable charm can drive over any of our modern highways without observing the repulsive effect rendered by the many dilapidated and ill-erected rural mail boxes which dot the roadside? Do these unsightly receptacles, haphazardly placed upon unpainted supports or anchored with bail ties to some fence post or telephone pole, not offer irrefutable evidence of their owners lack of pride?

Farmers, villagers, and suburban residents, whose homes, lawns, gardens, orchards, fields and herds win for them the admiration of the "moving throng" permit their mail to be delivered into boxes which detract greatly from the beauty of the adjacent landscape. Not only is the charm and beauty of our gracefully winding highways and well-kept countryside impoverished by such carelessly erected mail boxes but the efficiency of the rural postal service is measurably impaired and the rural postman's duties rendered more difficult and unpleasant.

When it is recalled that there are nine hundred and forty-one rural postal routes in Kentucky, whose total mileage is twenty-four thousand, four hundred and thirty-six miles, the magnitude of the task involved in correcting this fault can be appreciated. However, it should be undertaken and this article represents the initial effort of the Kentucky Rural Letter Carriers' Association to enlist public support in the movement.

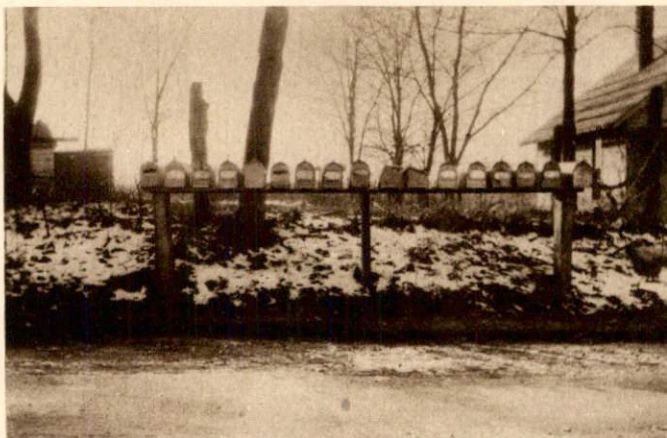


This photo illustrates the usual slovenly way in which boxes are grouped.

A properly erected mail box, neatly painted white, with the owner's name carefully lettered in black, is not unsightly. Rather, it tends to give dignity and charm to the owner's premises. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the postal regulations governing the proper erection of mail boxes and who wish to join voluntarily, the march of progress it is hoped this article will initiate, the directions are here given:

All mail boxes, if practical, should be erected upon the right side of the highway, as travelled by the carrier. They should rest upon a substantial support. This should be about fifty-four inches high. It should be stationed in such a position as to be easily and conveniently served

by the carrier during all seasons of the year, that is, the carrier should not have to leave his vehicle. Both box and support should be painted in white with the owner's name painted in black letters. The owner's name should be painted in letters not less than one inch high and upon both sides of the box. The signals should be painted red.



A good example of proper grouping.

In villages, suburban districts, and at other points where several boxes are erected, they should be uniformly grouped.

The photos supply good illustrations of proper and improper ways of erecting mail boxes. They present convincing proof of a fault that needs to be corrected if we are to improve the beauty of our highways.

The Old Jockey

Yes, laddie, I know, Derbies come and they go,
But there's never a horse like St. Alban Joe;
The pride of Kentucky was in his eye,
He'd not let another horse pass him by;
He was class from his head to his dancin' feet,
In him, lad, the heart of a thoroughbred beat.

I loved him! You bet—and I'm loving him yet,
And never a day will I ever forget
His last race. My God! How the beauty did run.
A flash under the wire—then St. Alban was done.

Sometimes as I sit by the old stable door,
Well knowing I'm never to ride any more;
I see in the clouds as a-floating they go,
My splendid old racer—my St. Alban Joe.

His spirit was that of our good old Kentuck,
And boy, if you've got it, it's mighty good luck;
The noise of the mob will be nothing to you,
If, like St. Alban Joe, you run swift and run true.

LAURA EARLEY.

Kentucky's Greener

Miss Vilma Banky, noted motion picture star, while appearing in Louisville recently, was interviewed briefly by the *Courier-Journal*. Asked for her impressions of Kentucky, Miss Banky exclaimed:

"You know, out in Hollywood our grass is not green. But here, in Kentucky, it is wonderful."

The Good Will of Kentucky

By T. RUSS HILL

Former Member of Kentucky Progress Commission

FROM the cradle you have had sung in your ears the romance of Kentucky. All your life, the glory and tradition of the old State has been built up in your mind. Today, you are revelling in all that she stands for and all that she has been to the world. It has grown common place to you until the Bluegrass no longer thrills; the majesty of her hills is wasted on your numbed spirit; the flash of her thoroughbreds do not quicken the pulse; the words from the silver tongues of her sons do not excite; the hum of her progress is scarcely noticed. You're coasting 'midst all Kentucky's grandeur. Perhaps you aren't even aware that she is such a notable State. You may belong to those who sit and sigh over her shortcomings. God forbid. As many as are her shortcomings, she has more of the eternal within her borders than any state in the Union.

When you cross her borders, there's something that comes over you and seems to say: "You're now leaving Old Kentucky." The citizens of Covington felt this and erected a sign at the Kentucky end of the bridge over the Ohio. That feeling settles about you as you travel on and though there is an emptiness that comes over you there is also a satisfaction that nestles close to your heart. You have that Kentucky feeling and it goes with you. It's a spirit of brotherhood and good will. It is sense of being in tune with the world. It's a calm resignation to your lot for a season—a circumstance that carries you beyond the borders of Kentucky—but accompanying that calm is a determination to come back. The old State never loses it's back-home appeal. Regardless of the laurels of her sons in other lands, they hold to that belief that some day they'll go back and once again wade the bluegrass knee deep and "spend the day" with their neighbors. Yes, after the battle is all over, they'll slip back to Old Kentucky to rest in the eventide of life and finally to lie down to sleep under the sod that will bring the bluegrass year after year above them. They are coming back yearly and in large numbers. The procession will grow even as the State is growing.

Somehow the travelers that you meet in distant lands sense this Kentucky feeling that every native son harbors in his breast and they react to that feeling in true Kentucky fashion. There are no strangers anywhere to Kentuckians. They seem to know our ways and once you have tacked "Kentucky" on to your name, they will say: "So, you are from Kentucky." That's the opening to an invitation to their drawing room or for at least a chat far beyond the limits of modern business. The whole country knows our State and they are happy to meet Kentuckians. What a good will the old State has among her fellows. She may have had a reputation of being the "dark and bloody" ground but that reputation has long since faded under the national knowledge that it was the spirit of her sons that made her dark and bloody in the belief that they were staking their all on their principles. The world today rather likes that sort of people—men who will go far because they believe in a thing. The scarcity of such makes for that attraction to them.

Travel anyway; on any road by motor and watch the strangers as they read your license tag. See the softening of their faces. Perhaps they will yell: "Howdy." Again,

possibly they will only speak: "Kentucky," but it will be in a tone that carries admiration and respect with it. The sort of people that come from Kentucky are known all over the land. That badge carries good will with it. Recently in Toronto, the president of a large institution stood beside a Kentucky car that was parked at the country club. He was heard to say: "Kentucky! That's a State I have longed to see and I am going there before many months. Something fascinating about the legends that come from that State."

In Eau Claire, Wisconsin, a Kentucky tourist stopped at a filling station and while his car was being serviced, a stranger approached and said: "I have just been reading in a magazine about the work of The Progress Commission in Kentucky. That's a great idea and one that every state will copy before many years. It has made me want to see that State."

In Minneapolis, Minnesota, the center of the ten thousand lakes, a Kentucky car stopped in a garage over night. The man in charge saw the tag and remarked: "That is my State. I've been away for two years, but she is still my State. I'll be back before many months more. Just can not stay away from her."

In Denver, Colorado, a Kentucky party were standing in the city park and gazing at the snow capped mountains of that beautiful state. A stranger approached and said: "I notice you are from Kentucky. I have always admired that State and her people and particularly have I watched her recent progress." The tourist learned that he was from Michigan and the head of a financial institution there, but he too loved Kentucky and her people.

Recently on a trans-continental train, a Kentuckian encountered two travelers from California. They were returning from Kentucky. They stated that they had been on a visit there and had picked Derby time as the time to come. They stated that they came every year and spent two weeks at Derby time in Kentucky. "We love the atmosphere of Kentucky," said they and "we never get away from the desire of wanting to live there."

So the story goes. Everywhere they are glad to meet you if you are from Kentucky. In no clime will you be ill treated if you let them know you are from Kentucky. Her name is on the lips of the citizens of every state. Most of them know much about her. All are eager to learn more. Thank God that you are in Kentucky and then lend your all to her advancement. Lay aside the darts of criticism and forebodings of evil. See the silver behind every cloud that envelopes her. Break the bonds of self that stifle you and join hands with the marching throngs of Kentuckians under the banner "All Kentuckians for Kentucky." That isn't a selfish banner. Any interpretation of it in that light is an error. It is a co-operative banner that will lift you to a plane of service and consequently will fill you with the broader spirit of brotherhood that will flow out to every state. Even now we feel it and some day we'll answer the pull and come back to join that army that has sprung from the noblest blood of our nation and that has carried unsullied in every stressful time the banner of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

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LOUISVILLE PAPER CO.

Incorporated

Thirteenth and Maple Streets

LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Indian Lake Country

By OWENSBORO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

ENROUTE from Owensboro to Louisville, State Highway No. 60 follows the fertile valley of the Ohio for some 30 miles, then it leaves it to ascend a gradual slope for about two miles. It is here you come into the beautiful Indian Lake Country. Pausing here for a moment, one may look up and down the valley for miles and watch the majestic Ohio as it winds like a silver thread among the hills that line the valley on the Kentucky shore. And here, on this modern highway, you are privileged to view the trail of the pioneer, once, the one and only trail into this fair land.

About a quarter of a mile further on, Indian Lake presents itself. There, amid hills surrounded by a lovely



Scene on the beautiful Ohio near Owensboro.

frame of green is to be seen one of Nature's most flawlessly beautiful mirrors. As you look out across the picturesque lake, you may see the swallows as they dip in the quiet water and hear the cardinal, that feathered, red-robed songster, as he sings along the shore.

This is indeed a fisherman's paradise, and should it ever be your pleasure to pass up or down State Highway No. 60, do not fail to stop here. Large rocky cliffs overlook the lake and there is a rough and rugged section from which the most lovely bird's-eye views may be glimpsed. One views a landscape composed in one of Nature's most indulgent moods, a view that will make every beholder remember with pleasure his visit to the Indian Lake country.

A CORRECTION

In our July issue the advertising department carried an advertisement under the name of Shearman Concrete Pipe Company, Frankfort, Ky. The correct title of this firm name should have been

Kentucky Concrete Pipe Co., Inc.
FRANKFORT, KY.

We gladly make this correction and offer our apologies to the advertiser.

President Hoover Enlists Jim Stone

HONORABLE James C. Stone, first vice-president of the Kentucky Progress Commission, has been appointed vice-chairman of the Federal Farm Board—the \$500,000,000 corporation designed by Congress to afford needed relief to agriculture.

Mr. Stone, who was elected first vice-chairman of the Kentucky Progress Commission as soon as that body met to organize a year ago, has demonstrated the unusual ability, judgment and initiative that he exercised in the formation and guidance of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Cooperative Association during the active years of that great organization.

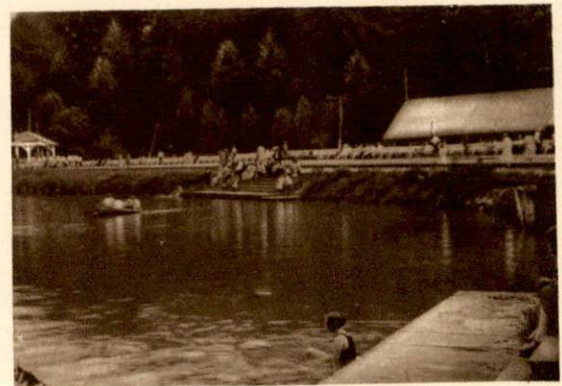
At a recent meeting of the Progress Commission, each commissioner, including Governor Sampson, gave expression to the valuable work Mr. Stone had rendered in his labor of love for the Progress Commission and voiced the general sentiment of Kentucky, that the nation was to be congratulated.

Mr. Stone assured the members of the Progress Commission that he would continue to give any time that could be spared from the work of the National board to aiding the plans of the Progress Commission to develop agriculture and industry in Kentucky, so long as the work did not interfere with his duties on the Federal Board.

Since the Progress Commission was organized more than a year ago, Vice-chairman Stone has not missed a meeting—and the Commission has held some fifty meetings in this brief period.

Spent Your Vacation at Natural Bridge State Park

POWELL COUNTY, KY.



Rustic Inn, modern baths, new equipment, pure spring water. Southern cooking, old ham and chicken dinners. Boating and bathing, mountain climbing.

RATES EXTREMELY REASONABLE

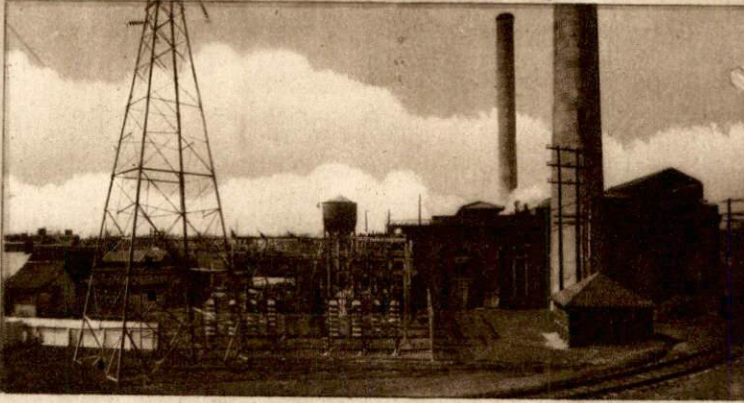
For further information, write **BEN H. GABBARD, Manager,**

NATURAL BRIDGE PARK INN
NATURAL BRIDGE, KY.

A City at Your Service

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

[[The Center of the Blue Grass Section. Mild Climate.
Good Schools, Colleges, Churches and Amusements.]]



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ING A PLANT LOCATION

OUR MODERN AND EFFI-
CIENT POWER STATION SUP-
PLIES AN ABUNDANCE OF
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WARM AIR STEAM
HOT WATER
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COMMENTS ON THE MAGAZINE

Each issue of the PROGRESS Magazine is still better than the one that went before—and that is going some.—J. D. Dorman, High Bridge, Ky.

* * * * *

You have very generously played the part of friends by responding so kindly and unstintedly to my appeal for information on the subject of our own dear old State. I believe if you could see the new life and interest the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine has aroused in my geography classes you'd feel in a measure repaid for the trouble and expense. They have made geography so teachable—the children are learning geography, history, current events, biography, literature, patriotism without knowing they're doing it, and that to me seems the best way to learn. It seems to me you're doing a wonderful work and if you keep it going more people will love and honor the old State, fewer will leave it, and those who do will go forth with knowledge of her beauties, her romances, her practical industries and will reverence and love her as many who have gone in the past do not.—Mrs. E. J. Ashby, Graham (Ky.) Consolidated School.

* * * * *

Another number of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine has reached me, and I wish to congratulate you on its appearance and contents. The writer is an adopted Kentuckian, spending two months each year at Wilmore, and it was through courtesy of friends in the latter place that I received this and a preceding number. It makes me homesick to turn through the pages, especially in the most familiar parts.—Rev. Charles F. Nettleship, Newark, N. J.

* * * * *

When a nephew wrote that his father was sending us a new Kentucky magazine, we little dreamed of the joy in store for us and we could understand why he could with pride send forth such an offering when they reached us. Yes, we revel in each number—read 'em and weep for joy and pride. We rejoice that such a commission has been created to "spread the gospel" of Kentucky to the world and we join every loyal Kentuckian in wishing you every success in such a worthy undertaking.—Mrs. B. N. Holt, Twin Falls, Idaho.

* * * * *

Your magazine is doing wonders for Kentucky publicity, and you have my heartiest congratulations upon so successful an endeavor.—Mrs. Curtis Marshall McGee, President Ky. Federation Music Clubs, Burkesville, Ky.

* * * * *

I wish to express my appreciation for the copies of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine recently forwarded to me. These magazines have proven very popular and desirable.—Ethel Hodges, Washington, D. C.

* * * * *

Mrs. Waldron and I received the magazine called The KENTUCKY PROGRESS which we have perused with a great deal of delight as we were over much of the terri-

tory described therein. We feel that country has very many things of interest that other states are devoid of. You have good roads and a good climate down there, beautiful trees and everything to make one feel satisfied and happy.—W. E. Waldron, President, Security Trust & Sav. Bk., Billings, Montana.

* * * * *

Herewith find enclosed check for \$25.00 to pay for membership for the Louisa Rotary Club.

Our club is small and its treasury still smaller, but we feel that it is our duty to help support the Progress Commission, as we feel that it is doing a great work, and we particularly appreciate the effort it is making to assist our little town to secure a factory.

So please accept the check along with our thanks for the good work you are doing. "May your tribe increase."—Louisa Rotary Club, L. S. Hayes, M. D., Secretary.

* * * * *

"We wish to thank you for the issue of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine forwarded to us a few days ago. It is greatly admired and largely read by our office and the visitors who drop in, both local and tourist."—Nan P. Nooker, Secretary Georgia State Automobile Association.

* * * * *

"In the month of March I observed an article in the *Decatur Review* relative to the publication of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine and secured a copy.

"Inasmuch as I was born at Lancaster, Kentucky, I was interested in the progress that the greatest State in the Union might make. Upon reading the magazine I found items of many places that I knew, especially Camp Dick Robinson where my parents now live.

"I want to commend the State on the idea that has been instituted to advertise the "Old Kentucky Home" to the world, notwithstanding the fact that it is pretty well known now."—G. H. Broadus, Decatur, Ill.

* * * * *

"The KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine is certainly a splendid advertisement of the resources, beauty and advantages of your State, more than interesting because it is instructive and not like the average stereotyped publicity magazine."—Mathilde Hohrmann, Union City, N. J.

* * * * *

"Many of our members are traveling through your State this summer and we have had numerous requests for copies of your KENTUCKY PROGRESS Magazine. In fact we have had a supply on hand and these books are so interesting and valuable to the travelers that we would like to be put on your list regularly to receive a supply each month.

"If it is possible we would like a small quantity of your March issue containing the map and the points of interest as described therein. We would like to advise you that these books are thoroughly enjoyed by the people of Illinois in this section who have occasion to receive them and travel through your State. It is a wonderful book.—Your very truly, Auto Club of Egypt, Inc., Southern Illinois.

Irvin S. Cobb

By JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

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(Continued from May)

Judge Hal Corbett, of New York, prototype of Congressman Durham," attorney at the trial for his cousin, Jacob Dudley, was speaking the other day of "Words and Music":

"The basis for the story was a murder trial in which I represented the defendant who was charged with killing a County Judge in the State of Tennessee. The defendant, Jake Dudley, had formerly resided in Paducah, and when I was employed to defend him, I took Judge William S. Bishop with me to prove the good character of the defendant during his residence in our town.

"Some years after the trial I was in New York, and Mr. Cobb and I were having about such a time as Kentuckians in a great city would have before Mr. Volstead and the drought more or less dried up the exuberant 'spirits' of the Kentuckian. During the course of the evening Mr. Cobb asked me what had become of Dudley, and expressed surprise that I had been able to acquit him. I told him that I hadn't done it; that it was the testimony of Judge Bishop that had brought about the prompt return of the verdict of 'not guilty' by the jury. Bishop was an ex-Confederate soldier. The jury in this case was composed largely of ex-Confederates, some of whom had belonged to General Forrest's brigade with Bishop, and I told Cobb in a very general sort of way what Bishop's testimony was and how it affected the jury, and from this passing conversation between us he took the few facts thus gathered and wove them into what I believe Mr. Henry Watterson said was one of the best short stories he had ever read.

"I doubt if any other literary man in the country could have taken these meagre facts and created such a story as Mr. Cobb did," concluded Judge Corbett. "His subsequent writings, I think, have confirmed thousands of his readers in the belief that he is a man of transcendent ability and writes so charmingly of his own people from his own country because of his unabated affection for the people, and his love of the lowlands of the State of his nativity."

The trial took place in Ripley, Lauderdale County, Tennessee, March, 1899, which is "Hyattsville, Forked Dear County," in "Words and Music." It is 114 miles south of Paducah and is very hilly and picturesque. But it is the McCracken County courthouse in Paducah and not the courthouse in Ripley that Cobb so graphically depicts in the opening paragraphs of his great story. Every touch in those first paragraphs is accurate, even to this detail: "High up on the squat cupola of the courthouse a red-headed woodpecker clung, barred in crimson, white and blue-black, like a bit of living bunting, engaged in the hopeless task of trying to drill through the tin sheeting." That woodpecker is a tradition of the old town today.

Jake Dudley laid aside his palette in Memphis the other day long enough to take his pen and write an actual description of the trial as he remembers it:

"The courthouse is still standing, a big, square two-story old-time red brick structure. The town built around it, in the old-fashioned way. At the time of the trial there were a number of old-time lawyers, ex-magistrates and others who loafed at the courthouse—old men with their well-worn Prince Alberts and fuzzy plug hats. They are

nearly all gone now. Really, Ripley still has a taint of the ante-bellum atmosphere; a few old men still congregate in the 'Cleker's Office,' sit in front of the big wood fires, chewing tobacco and talking of Shiloh, Stone River and the other great battles of the war between the sections. They still hold, this fast-thinning handful, to many before-the-war customs.

"Yes, Cobb wrote the story so near the facts that all of my friends recognized it; some of them wrote me about it. Judge Bishop was a character witness. He told much that he was not asked to tell. The old trial judge, Thomas J. Flippin, who served as judge of the same district for thirty-two years and is now dead, and Captain Simonton, the prosecutor, were both followers of Forrest. They sat as if under a spell and listened to Bishop's story.

"A feature of his testimony," continues Mr. Dudley, "that touched us all was given when Corbett asked: 'How long have you known the defendant?' The old judge reached for his chin with his open hand, drawing his brown fingers together and pulling them through his gray whiskers, turned slowly in his chair and, looking straight at me, asked: 'How old are you, Jake?' 'Thirty-nine years old,' I answered. 'Well,' he continued, 'I've known him nearly that long.'

"And then he told of passing the old farm where I was born; he described a young mother holding a baby a month or two old in her arms, while a negro drew for himself and a friend a bucket from a well at the side of the road.

"My friend and I sat on our horses while we drank and Mary handed her baby to me for a closer inspection, and then my friend had to reach over and get him," Bishop said.

"The old judge had the jury sized up for being sons of ex-Confederates and it was true to a man. Turning to the trial judge he, still combing his whiskers with his fingers, said:

"My friend, Your Honor, was a friend of yours—his name was Bedford Forrest!"

"You may imagine the feelings of that jury, as their own fathers had served under Forrest.

"The negro Corbett Cobb told of was not a musician, but an old blind negro who sat just outside the courthouse reading a big Bible (Braille)," Mr. Dudley said in conclusion. "His tones were those of an old-time negro preacher, and could be heard all day by all of us. The jury never recovered from the old judge's testimony and Corbett's speech, coming in in ten minutes with a verdict of 'not guilty.'" But Cobb has always insisted he did not have this actual blind negro in mind: he was either thinking of a negro banjo-bones-juice harp performer whom he once saw with a street carnival outfit in Georgetown, Ky., or a worthless Paducah white man, known among the "river rats" of that place as "big poison wid dem bones and on dat harp an' banjo."

CHAPTER VII.

BACK HOME

After having written "Words and Music" it is small wonder Mr. Lorimer asked Cobb to resign from *The*

(Continued on page 42)



THE HOTEL RITZ



Geo. C. Sauerbrunn, Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

PADUCAH, KY.

Geo. E. Bishop, Asst. Manager

100 ROOMS

FIREPROOF

100 BATHS



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Banquet Hall on Beautiful
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Free Fireproof Steam Heated
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RITZ HOTEL



BROADWAY AT 22ND STREET. ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH

The Hotel Ritz is owned and operated by the Charleston Investment Co. The owners considered the comforts of the commercial traveler in furnishing the Ritz and purchased the best beds and mattresses on the market, of which we invite your inspection.

Single Rooms, \$2.50, \$3.00 & \$3.50. Double Rooms, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00

Homelike Atmosphere. • Excellent Cuisine and Superior Service

TABLE D'HOTE LUNCHEON, 65c. :: DINNER, 85c. :: ALSO A LA CARTE

PROGRESS

will be exemplified by the

1929 KENTUCKY STATE FAIR

September 9 to 14

The twenty-seventh annual State Fair will be the largest and most varied in the institution's brilliant history, in keeping with progress, of which it is a criterion.

Irvin Cobb

(Continued from page 40)

World and become a regular staff contributor of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

A famous fellow on *The World*, "Big Bill" Johnston, 'Limpy's' pater, when apprized that Cobb "had left *The World* flat," as the saying is in newspaper shops when a star reporter resigns, remarked: "In all the years he wrote for *The Sunday World* he never was late in turning in his copy, reaching the pay-window, going to luncheon, buying a drink, laughing at his own jokes or demanding a raise in salary.

"In his New York career he has made only three mistakes in judgment; his house in Park Hill, the play he wrote, and leaving *The World*. The first he may sell, the second he can live down, but the third is irreparable—if not to him, assuredly for us."

Johnston is a great editor, but his powers of prophecy are not indubitable, as will appear. He realized those daily Cobb conclaves that everybody on the paper attended in order to hear the latest stories from the julep beds of Jackson's Purchase, were unceremoniously ended; and he wasn't very happy about it. That's all.

The second Judge Priest tale, "A Judgment Come to Daniel," was based in part on an actual occurrence of Cobb's boyhood days in Paducah. Daniel, the Mystic, was one of those typical hypnotic fakirs of the time, who came to town with much ado, banners flying and all that sort of thing, and usually, as in this instance, left between suns. He gave a rather wonderful performance of his powers in St. Clair Hall, but he had pulled a little job at Felsburg Brothers clothing store earlier in the day that had aroused the ire of the populace. This story introduced for the first time the fine character of Dr. Lew Lake (Dr. John Gaunt Brooks) who appears in many of the Priest pictures. Dr. Brooks (1840-1915), was a native of Montgomery County, Tenn., a private in the Confederate Army and for fifty years Paducah's beloved physician. He is buried in Oak Grove, where nearly all of Cobb's "characters" are sleeping. The yarn also mentioned little old Gideon K. Irons, whose small son had been one of Daniel's subjects, and for whom the Confederate Camp was named.

"The County Trot," the only race horse tale Cobb has written, presented the two biggest characters in the Judge Priest stories after the hero himself: Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, who in the flesh was William Gaston Whitefield (1838-1915), born in North Carolina. Orderly sergeant, 35th Ala., C. S. A., Loring's division, he was with Hood in his most famous campaign, being wounded at Peach Tree Creek. After the war, settled in Paducah, engaging in the tobacco business. He was something of a writing man and left a full record of his war activities; and Jefferson Poindexter ("Connie" Lee) a Paducah darkey. Jeff, as he is called, was the old judge's nigger "boy," his body servant, faithful and true to his white master with that devotion that once marked the Southern negro's attitude toward the Southern white man. "Connie" Lee was born in Savannah, Tenn., about 1879, and is now a chiropodist in Paducah. He was ice-wagon helper at Fowler-Crumbaugh Boat Store at First and Broadway, of which Cobb's father was manager, and at which "Cap'n", as the "hands" called Irvin, spent much of his time. Connie was famous for years as the original of Jeff before he discovered the fact for himself! Other char-

acters in "The County Trot" were Uncle Isom Woolfolk (Arthur Woolfolk); Major Ashcroft (Major J. H. Ashcraft); Captain Buck Owings (Captain James Owen); and, of course, Judge Priest and Dr. Lake.

This was the first of Cobb's stories that Mr. James Lane Allen read and it so delighted him that he wrote the author: "There are many pages that are away ahead of anything done by any short story writer in this country—known to me. There are little single sentences scattered through—usually of observation not on things within but things without—that reek with sheer genius. Hurrah for you!"

Cobb at first thought of making Jeff the hero of the stories (just as F. Hopkinson Smith started to do with his negro servant, Chad, whom Col. Carter of Cartersville crowded from the canvas); but Jeff was "so lazy" he could not be kept on the job. The truth is, perhaps, that the old judge overtopped every other character, leaving the writer with nothing to do but install him in his rightful place.

This first trio of Priest yarns appeared in *The Post* during the last three months of 1911; seven were printed in the weekly during the following year. The first of these was "The Mob from Massac," based on an actual occurrence at Bowling Green, Ky., but reset in Paducah. Reading this story again last night, I thought it one of the very finest of all of the Priest pictures, the very flower of Cobb's genius. The atmosphere of the tale is perfect, there is not a dull, unnatural or insincere line in it. Cobb knew by heart every move made in the narrative and it rings true and fine. Massac is an actual little settlement near Paducah on Massac Creek, which finally, after many meanderings, winds its way to the beautiful Ohio. On its banks is the noted chalybeate springs. On the Ohio, opposite McCracken County, is Old Fort Massac, Illinois, established in 1711, and originally known as Fort Massacre. General George Rogers Clark landed there in 1778 on his way from the Falls of the Ohio (Louisville), to conquer the Northwest territory.

"Strategem and Spoils," suggested by an actual happening in Paducah, is notable as the only narrative of the series that shifts the scene, even in part, from the Southward. After a losing battle with the Northern owners of the town's gas works, Judge Priest, as representative of the old stockholders, goes to New York. There he meets "Malley of The Sun" (Frank Ward O'Malley), who soon has his personality played across the front page of his paper. All the other papers take the old judge up, his Southern accent, his ante-bellum wardrobe, his mint julep recipe, his quaintness. "In short, for the better part of a week, Judge Priest was a celebrity . . ." At the end he recovers the money he went after and starts back home in high good humor.

"Ermine and Motley" was the magazine name of "Up Clay Street," one of the tenderest of the tales. A little boy lay sick; a circus parade was in town; the little fellow wanted the parade to pass by his home, which was not included in the route, being far "Up Clay Street;" he sent for Judge Priest and asked him to "fix it." The old judge shook his head and went down to Soule's drug store heavy of heart because he knew he could not give that sick boy the joy of seeing the elephants and everything that goes to make up a circus parade. Then destiny took a hand, a very unanticipated hand, and the sick boy saw the circus parade!

"When the Fighting Was Good," in which the Gideon

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The Bluegrass Region

(Continued from page 13)

offering a beauty that is equally appealing. Old gardens and groves of ancient forest trees—all this makes the entire country side changeful, beautiful, restful and refreshing.

Even in such structures as bridges there is an amazing contrast. Reaching out across the Kentucky River at Camp Nelson is a concrete highway bridge, a thing of modern engineering skill and beauty, and close by its side is the quaint old Wernwag covered wooden bridge, one of the most intricate examples of bridge construction as practiced more than 100 years ago. The old bridge was kept straight and true with wooden keys, the manipulation of which has become a lost art. No one lives today who can properly adjust the wooden keys so as to keep such old structures fit. It is slowly but surely buckling and creeping to ruin from its great stone abutments. It is a single span bridge more than 200 feet long.

Only a few miles farther down the river is one of the wonders of the age, "High Bridge," the highest railroad bridge of its kind in the world. This massive structure, serving the Southern Railway, spans the Kentucky River 317 feet above the water level. Then on down the river from here is another bridge, which one comes upon unexpectedly from Boone Tunnel, a highway passage blasted through the Kentucky river cliffs. Here is one of the beauty spots of the river. It is Brooklyn Bridge from whence one gazes out on the winding river. At sunset one is amazed at the brilliant, sparkling colors of water and cliffs alike.

Although the last Shaker has been at rest for many years, one still feels in old Shakertown the presence of that interesting sect. Here are unadorned, square, three or four storied buildings, showing a wonderful craftsmanship in stone masonry, with simple but perfect proportion of detail, surrounded by spacious, well-kept lawns. And one must, by all means, visit the guest house where there is an interesting display of Shaker handicrafts and antiques. The numerous other buildings are occupied and are kept in excellent repair. This is one of the most comfortable and restful spots in Kentucky.

Shakertown is only one mile from High Bridge and eight miles from Dix River Dam. The latter is one of the most worthwhile scenic sights, being the highest rock-filled dam in the world. From it a lake thirty-five miles long has been formed.

Southward along the picturesque highway from Lexington to Shakertown, is Harrodsburg, the oldest town in the State. This is the location of a true reproduction of Fort Harrod, one of the original stockades of Kentucky. Here, too, is the oldest graveyard in the State, within which is buried the first white child born in Kentucky. The next town southward is Danville, location of the famous Centre College and home of the "Praying Colonels."

On every road leading out of Lexington within a radius of fifty miles are many, many places of beauty and interest. There is Berea College, nestling in the picturesque setting of the foothills of the Kentucky mountains. It is a place no one should fail to visit. It is widely known for its wonderful achievements in providing education for mountain boys and girls. In Berea excellent meals are served at Boone Tavern. Here, too, one may inspect some of the many examples of the school's handicraft.

Transylvania University, the oldest educational institution west of the Alleghenies, established in Lexington in 1789, houses the oldest medical library in the United States and one of the oldest collections of medical books in the world. At Lexington is also located the University of Kentucky, Hamilton, Sayre and St. Catherine's Colleges, making this city one of the foremost educational centers of the South.

Other places the visitor should see while in Lexington is Ashland, the home of Henry Clay; Clay's monument in the Lexington cemetery; the home of Mary Todd, wife of Lincoln; General Morgan's home and the scenes Lafayette visited more than a century ago. Also at Lexington is the Kentucky Association race track and the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeder's Association track. At these two tracks running and trotting races are held both in the spring and fall. Lexington, too, is the world's largest looseleaf tobacco market.

In Fayette County, of which Lexington is the county seat, are found most of the famous Bluegrass horse farms: Faraway, the home of Man o' War; Elmendorf, Idle Hour, Hamburg Place, Walnut Hall, Calumet Farm, Castleton, Cold Stream Farm, the Payne Whitney, Harry Payne Whitney and many other famous farms. At Hamburg Place is a horse cemetery in which are buried Nancy Hanks, Plaudit, a Derby winner, and a number of other famous racers.

The Bryan Station Spring, famous as the scene of an attempted Indian massacre is on the Bryan Station pike just outside the city. Other scenes of historical interest are found scattered through the section. Among these are the Perryville battlefield, Camp Dick Nelson, the Blue Licks battlefield and Boonesboro.

At Frankfort, thirty miles from Lexington on the Midland Trail or Federal Highway No. 60, is the State Capitol, one of the largest and most beautiful buildings of its kind. Here also is the old Capitol building. The State cemetery in which Daniel Doone, Joel T. Hart, Theodore O'Hara and many governors of Kentucky are buried is at Frankfort, and not far from the city are the Old Taylor and Old Crow distilleries. Frankfort is one of the quaintest of capital cities, being built in a bowl-like valley surrounded by picturesque cliffs. The Kentucky river flows through the center of the town.

Only a few of the many places of scenic, historic, romantic and traditional interest within a short drive of Lexington have been mentioned. One might spend weeks in the Bluegrass and still not see half the many interesting places. To visit this section the most convenient and comfortable arrangement is to make one's headquarters at Lexington, which is the meeting place of four Federal Highways, Nos. 60, 68, 25 and 27, and the Dixie Highway, National Midland Trail, Boone Way, Appalachian Way and the Cincinnati-Lookout Mountain Airline, all of which are paved or hard-surfaced for year-around travel. These highways lead out of Lexington in every direction and connect with many paved lanes and byways. These lead to restful, hidden beauty spots which the hurried visitor seldom sees.

Mechanically, it is a work of art and beauty; its literature is classic as well as interesting; its photography is elegant and truthful, and its economic value will prove inevitable, I am sure. I am of the opinion other States will copy your tactics.—V. Blaine Russell, Vicksburg, Miss.



Spillway, Dix Dam. The lake above dam is a fisherman's paradise.

Greenup and Greenup County

(Continued from page 18)

was in a room of this old courthouse that a body of men comprising the county court of Greenup County met, and upon motion of a young explorer, Jesse B. Boone, drew an order to lay off a road leading from the mouth of the Little Sandy River to historic old Washington, the first county seat of Mason County. This trail was blazed by the stalwart manhood of Greenup. Today, this same road is under re-construction and within a year it will be a completed highway.

At one time, Greenup, famous for its Saturday night hangings, was nicknamed "Hangtown." These gruesome affairs took place at the west end of the Little Sandy bridge. The elm tree, the scene of many a tragic hanging, still stands and is ever a source of much interest to visitors and tourists.

A map, made in 1848, by a pioneer Greenup County surveyor, R. Gailbraith, and only recently discovered, shows ancient fortifications located along both sides of the Ohio. At the mouth of the Scioto River it shows a fort situated a short distance west of South Portsmouth. These ancient works are illustrated in Collins History of Kentucky. They are sketched from the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," known as the Portsmouth group. Tourists crossing the Grant Memorial bridge at Portsmouth into Greenup County at South Portsmouth, Ky., can see traces of these ancient fortifications.

A more recent attraction is the Raceland race track, known as the "Saratoga of the West." It is resplendent in its natural beauty. Famous blue-bloods of the track are brought here each summer for several days of racing.

The many different roads leading from Greenup are ever a source of attraction to tourists. The surrounding country is gorgeous in the summer months with its blossoming hills and valleys. The beautiful Tygarts valley, the Little Sandy River road, and the old grist mill at Argillite are among the numerous other scenic spots in Greenup County.

Progress of the Poultry Industry in Kentucky

(Continued from page 23)

profits. The big advantage of culling is that it eliminates the poor layers from the flock so that they cannot be used as breeders in subsequent years.

Culling, however, is only one step towards improved egg-laying strains. It is necessary not only to eliminate the poor individuals, but to breed only from the best. Consequently, in 1922, a certification project was started in Kentucky under the guidance of the College of Agriculture. During that year there were twenty flocks in the State that were certified. The project has steadily grown and in 1925 the poultrymen had developed such an interest in certification that the Certified Poultry Breeders' Asso-

ciation was organized. This association has since that time financed and supervised the certification project. However, in order to insure prospective purchasers of certified stock that the certified flocks measure up to certain requirements the certified breeders entered into an agreement with the Experiment Station turning over to that institution certain funds to cover the cost of certification.

The certification project involved the selection of special breeding pens on the basis of those external characters which indicate high egg production and good standard qualities. A group of breeders in the State, however, wished to trap-nest their stock so that the actual egg records of their hens could be known. They also desired to pedigree from all of their trap-nested stock. They realized however, that merely to advertise that they practiced trap-nesting and pedigree breeding and yet not to be able to back up their statements with official records would hardly be fair to prospective purchasers. Consequently, they combined themselves into a Record of Performance organization and entered into an agreement with the Experiment Station whereby they would turn over to that institution funds so that the Experiment Station could employ a field agent in poultry improvement to examine their flocks and certify to the fact that their records were accurate and official. This type of supervision, familiarly known as R. O. P., is becoming very popular throughout the United States, and Kentucky poultrymen are farsighted in entering the work while it is still in its infancy, taking their suggestion from the dairy cattle breeders who built up the Registry of Merit project.

The certified breeders and the R. O. P. breeders, as well as the hatcheries which had undertaken accreditation work, realized that they had much in common and consequently they banded themselves together in the Kentucky Poultry Improvement Association. This association was organized to put the improved practices of breeding and sanitation into operation. They state their object thus: "An association organized for the purpose of coordinating all the branches of the industry, in order that they may work together more effectively."

The membership of the association consists of 954 poultrymen, farmers and hatcherymen, scattered in almost every county in the State. The members are engaged in a definite type of poultry improvement work and the association is cooperating with the Experiment Station in order to secure official supervision of its accreditation, certification and R. O. P. programs. In the association are 780 accredited flock owners, who supply eggs to the ten accredited hatcheries; 150 certified flock owners, who are dealing in certified eggs, chicks and breeding stock, and fourteen R. O. P. breeders who are trap-nesting a total of 5,000 pullets and hens of the four breeds most popular in the State. These breeders are pedigreeing their chicks so that they will have available for the farmers and poultrymen of the State cockerels known to be from hens that have laid 200 or more eggs in a year. It is by the use of certified and R. O. P. cockerels of known high egg production breeding on the farm flocks and flocks which supply hatcheries with eggs that the quality of poultry in Kentucky will be gradually improved.

The growth of hatcheries in Kentucky has been an indication of steady progress in the poultry industry. Whereas in 1919 there was only one hatchery which had 25,000 hatching capacity, there are in 1929, sixty-two hatcheries operating in the State with a total hatching capacity of more than 2,000,000 eggs. When it is remembered that

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a large number of the chicks from these hatcheries are sold outside the State and the money paid by the hatcheries to the flock owners is practically all received by Kentucky poultrymen, it may be seen that the hatchery business is bringing outside money into Kentucky. If this is to continue Kentucky must not only maintain its reputation for high quality chicks, stock and hatching eggs, but must continue to improve its flocks.

That the poultry industry has a bright future in Kentucky and that poultry progress will continue is practically assured when it is remembered that 1,000 of the most progressive hatcherymen, farmers and poultrymen are banded together in a strong Kentucky Poultry Improvement Association. This association has a definite educational program. Success is further assured by the fact that the College of Agriculture, of the University of Kentucky, is carrying on a definite poultry program, the fruits of its research work being carried to the poultrymen of the State through poultry specialists and county agents. Future poultrymen and hatcherymen are receiving training in approved, scientific poultry practices in the classrooms of the College of Agriculture. The University of Kentucky through its short courses in poultry, is affording the busy hatcheryman and poultryman an opportunity to learn approved practices in poultry raising and is taking but a small portion of his time.

Irvin Cobb

(Continued from page 42)

K. Irons Camp, U. C. V., gets into the picture through an old Confederate who has been sent to prison by Judge Priest, and is on his way there as his comrades are traveling on the same train to their annual re-union, when the train is held up, the convicted man proves his mettle, and a tale that started full of gloom ends with the sunshine sifting through the tree tops. "A Dogged Under Dog," also based on an actual occurrence; "Black and White," suggested by a true happening in Lyon County, Ky., home of the author's ancestors for more than a hundred years, but transferred, by its actual hero, Uncle Ike Copeland, an aged negro, to the hall of the Gideon Irons Camp. Only Judge Priest and Sergeant Bagby were present on one of those eighth of August (Emancipation) nights, when Uncle Ike, bodyguard for a young Confederate soldier, killed in the first fighting at Shiloh, happens in. His story was a famous one, often reprinted in the *Daily News*, of how "Ole Miss" had sent him to take care of her youngest son. After he is killed Uncle Ike finds him:

"I knowed dey warn't gwine put Ole Miss's onliest dear son in no trench lak he wuz a daid hoss—naw suh, not wile I had my stren'th. I tek him up in my arms—I wuz mighty survig'rous dem times and he warn't nothin' but jes' a boy, ez I told you—so I tek him up and tote him 'bout a hundred yards 'way whar dar's a little grove of trees and de soil is sort of soft and loamy; and den and dere I dig his grave. I didn't have no reg'lar tools to dig wid, but I used a pinte stick and one of dese vere baynets and fast ez I loosen de earth I cast it out wid my hands. And 'long towo'ds daylight I gits it deep nuff and big nuff. So I fetch water frum a little branch and wash his face and I wrop him in a blanket w'ich I pick up nearby and I compose his limbs and I bury him in de ground."

No wonder the two old men made Uncle Ike color-

bearer for the Camp. "Some who never struck a blow in battle, nevertheless served our Cause truly and faithfully," said Judge Priest.

"Five Hundred Dollars Reward!" was the seventh story. "A shabby, small neighborhood vendetta affecting two families only, and those in a far corner of the county—the Flemings and the Faxons" furnished the meat for the matter. This story introduced the outstanding female characters of the ten tales, Miss Puss Whitley and little Emmy Hardin.

The stage was now set for the appearance of Cobb's first book; the prologues were pronounced by Robert Hobart Davis, famous as editor of the *Munsey* magazines, and by Gelett Burgess, who, speaking on "Humor" before the students of Columbia University, one morning in early October, 1912, said: "Irvin Cobb is one of the ten best-known living American humorists," said Burgess. "There are not ten humorists in the world, although Cobb is one of them," countered Davis, writing his now justly famous essay entitled "Who's Cobb and Why?" for the *New York Sun*. It appeared in the issue of October 19, 1912.

"I'll tell you how I came to write that," Mr. Davis said the other day. "A reporter for *The Sun* came to my office with a question from the editor as to whom in my opinion was the foremost writer on the horizon. 'Cobb,' I said. The reporter laughed. 'Never mind,' I replied, 'I'll write my reasons for thinking so and send them over.' The next day the article appeared in *The Sun*. It created quite a bit of comment, and not all complimentary or affirmative," he concluded, with an oblique smile. "Arthur Maurice, editor of *The Bookman*, laughed at my *Sun* contribution and pronounced me temporarily unbalanced. With imbecile wit I retorted: 'If you don't like my selection, make one of your own.' . . . He never did. Three years after the *literati* of New York gave Cobb a dinner at the Waldorf and asked me to write a preface to the souvenir book. I did it by reprinting the prophetic parts of *The Sun* article. Well, I was more or less right, wasn't I?" (Having made a long talk about Cobb and his writings before the faculty and students of Transylvania University in January, 1913, I believe I can honestly claim to have been rather hot upon the heels of Burgess, Davis, and Lorimer, Ltd.).

In November, 1912, the ten narratives above mentioned of Judge Priest and his people were collected and published in book form, under the title of "Back Home." This was Cobb's first book. He contributed a three-page preface to the stories setting forth his reasons for writing them. It was hailed with delight by the critics of America and England—William Heineman, famous publisher, brought out an edition in London simultaneously with the New York imprint, and his "blurb" on the book's jacket, in the characteristic yellow and black, announced it as a "series of highly attractive, keenly humorous pictures of life in the Southern States of America."

I think one of the best reviews I saw of "Back Home" appeared in the *New York Times* for December 8, signed "H. I. B." "Among the writers of the immediate present there have emerged two who belong to the South and write the truth about it when they write fiction about it—Corra Harris, who, to be sure, poisons the truth somewhat with acrid flavor of her personality. The other is Irvin S. Cobb . . . who belongs to a softer region. He shares the mellowness which marks the Blue Grass Kentuckian and the Blue Grass Kentuckian's whisky. . . . What he has done is to strike the true note of Southern life, and taking

the Southerner as he finds him to represent him as he is; he may write many tales, perhaps better than most of these. He will create no character truer than Judge Priest."

In the autumn of 1913 George Ade wrote a letter to *Life* regarding "Back Home"—"pleased me more than any other recent American book I have read. He gets at the very essence of daily life in a region somewhat South of the Ohio river. The stories are worthwhile, of themselves. They reveal the temper of an undiluted American stock: Judge Priest is a rare selection from a most lovable species. The stories are drenched with unforced humor and leavened with real sympathy. On every page are bits of description so accurate that they cause tingles of delight."

H. L. Mencken, whom F. Scott Fitzgerald once called "the Baltimore anti-Christ," has never written a kind word of any of Cobb's narratives save "Back Home" and "Hark! From the Tomb," one of the great negro stories of our language. Writing in the old *Smart Set*, of which he was editor, Mencken observed: "In the book called 'Back Home' (Doran) he is far more satisfactory. One feels that he knows these people perfectly, and what is more, that he loves them well. The result is an excellent row of portraits, a bit old-fashioned, but altogether attractive." Mencken has always appeared to admire Cobb as a man and deeply damn him as a writer. Ah, well!

Years ago down in Kentucky, and in almost the same section of the state, Francis H. Underwood, afterwards first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, then a school teacher in Bowling Green, wrote an actual type novel, entitled "Lord of Himself"; and some years ago William Courtney Watts had tried the experiment of draping people with sheerest raiment, with backgrounds of photographic accuracy, and had indeed succeeded finely in his novel, "Chronicles of a Kentucky Settlement;" but neither Underwood nor Watts carried on. Cobb did and does. Besides he has the divine afflatus, the real flair; Watts and Underwood somehow lacked this quality. That is why Cobb is at or near the top of modern American realists with romantic touches in their writings, and noted as a descriptive writer, while the two older men are almost sealed over and forgotten. More than sixty thousand copies of "Back Home" have been sold, and it is still selling steadily.

CHAPTER VIII

MARK'S MANTLE AND POE'S

About a month after the publication of "Back Home," the author's first book of humor appeared, "Cobb's Anatomy." It was made up of four *Post* articles: "Tummies," one of the funniest things he has ever written: "Teeth," "Hair," and "Hands and Feet." This little book made sure that the early outcroppings of the Cobbian humor would be preserved for the delectation of "the generation that's next," as well as for those now answering "present."

"On Main Street," an unsigned series, with a dozen sub-titles, was printed in *The Post* in 1911-1912; and this is the first announcement of Cobb as its author. "On Main Street—The Modern Tom Tuckers," dealt far from gently with the banquet and its satellites, the after-dinner speaker and guests, known in New York a decade ago; another article discussed "The Bogus Badness of New York, mostly the Bowery and Chinatown and other places the visiting 'hicks' want to see when in Gotham; "Looking Both Ways from Sewickley, Penn-



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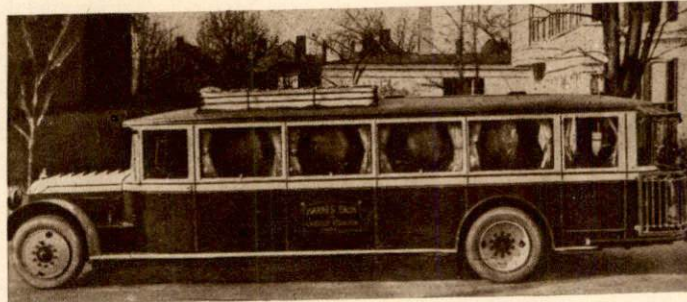
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sylvania" (home of Mary Roberts Rinehart), toward the playhouses, productions, critics and audiences of Manhattan and Chicago; "Press Errantry" (this was the only one of the articles that was buried among the advertisements, the others being decorated or illustrated by noted artists and well up front next to reading matter, as they say, as they were once wont to say, in *Daily News* office) had a few observations anent the press agent as known on the Island; "A Decline in a Noble Industry" was a sad note of hail and farewell stuff for the alienists at important court trials in that town, but somehow he appeared to have guessed wrong, as the alienist seems to be a brother of the well-spoken brook; "A Midsummer Night's Scream"—Broadway full of out-of-towners and out-of-towners full of Broadway; "Old Friends that Linger With Us" on the stage, for instance, the Barrymore family, John Drew, et al; "The Gold Bonds of Matrimony," international alliances. "On Main Street" has not been published as a book and never will be probably.

"Literature," "Language," "Holidays," "Duds," "Medicine," "Law," "Trade," "Travel," "Drama a League from Broadway," which discussed "the Yiddish drama of the East Side," illustrated with actual photographs of Jacob Adler and daughter, and Alla Nazimova, and Mme. K. Lipzin, were printed in *The Post* in 1912. They bulk large enough to make two volumes the size of the "Anatomy." Personally I think "Holidays" is one of the most delicious bits he has yet written.

"The Escape of Mr. Trimm," a collection of nine serious short stories, appeared early in 1913. He had first thought of calling this collection "This Mortal Coil." It was accompanied by another small book of humor, as in the preceding year, called "Cobb's Bill-of-Fare," which

was a press-time selection in preference to his original title, "Cobb's Digest." Satire sifted through the Cobb brand of humor for almost the first time in the "Bill-of-Fare."

"Mr. Trimm" contained besides the title story, of course, Cobb's trio of horror tales: "The Belled Buzzard," "An Occurrence Up a Side Street," and "Fishhead." "Fishhead," as we have seen, was written in Kentucky thirteen years prior to its publication in *The Cavalier Weekly* for January 11, 1913. No "demon" illustrator or cartoonist was available, so Editor "Bob" Davis "locked 'er up" with pictures. It was the only story the Kentuckian had written, except "Stony Bugg," that he has had any serious difficulty in selling. It was declined with thanks by even *The Saturday Evening Post*, and almost every other reputable magazine in America. Mr. Davis had declined it at least once before changing his mind and publishing it. Mr. Lorimer told me one day in Philadelphia that it was "red, raw meat;" Isaac F. Marcossou remarked that it would go better probably in the Chicago stock yards—place of blood and bones. The yarn is devoid of dialogue, purely narrative in form. Its publication created a furore among *The Cavalier's* readers. Mr. Davis conducted an open forum for the benefit of his subscribers' opinion of the yarn, heading it: "Now Listen to the Band."

"Me and Cobb comes from Kentucky, and it ain't all water down there," suggested Will J. Lampton, who died in 1917 without ever telling any one the year of his birth; but Lampton's line was written before the advent of prohibition. Personally I'm glad that he did not live to see "dry" Kentucky—the blow would have been too much, far too much, for a sensitive soul such as his.

"The Belled Buzzard" is the greatest of these tales of

horror; and its length is almost equal to the other two. It is a study in conscience, the conscience of the chief character, old Squire H. B. Gathers. "This present wife would philander no more—before his very eyes—with those young dagoes, who came from nobody knew where, with packs on their backs and persuasive, wheedling tongues in their heads," he muses to himself after he had taken one of these "young dagoes" to the Little Nigger-wool swamp and killed him. "So his house was saved from scandal."

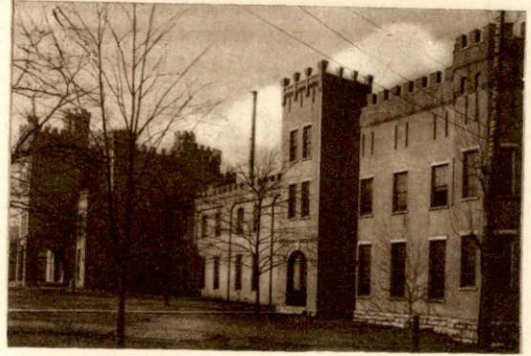
The background, the atmosphere, the description of "The Belled Buzzard" are perfect. The reader may feel the oppressive heat almost as much as the murderous magistrate and his neighbors; the Squire's homestead is as distinct as a photograph. Everything would have come out all right, had not the buzzards got busy, particularly the inquisitive belled buzzard, one of the county's institutions. He and his fellows were keenly concerned about that body in the swamps. Thereby hangs the tale.

"On January 25, 1914," wrote Blanche Colton Williams in her informing volume, "Our Short Story Writers," "The New York Times published a list of best stories representing the opinion of current story writers. Montague Glass, who designed 'Potash and Perlmutter,' placed first O. Henry's 'A Municipal Report,' and second Irvin Cobb's 'The Belled Buzzard.' Mary Stewart Cutting mentioned it as one of four 'among the finest.' Readers who had overlooked it searched back files of *The Post*, (Sept. 28, 1912) or bought the book which contained it."

The plot of "The Belled Buzzard" may be traced back to 1812, exactly one hundred years before it appeared in *The Post*, although Cobb never knew it until his attention was recently called to the fact. A similar incident, in which a murdered corpse is revealed by the persistent appearance of a flock of carrion birds hovering over the marshy spot of its concealment, was published under the heading, "Les Corbeaux Denonciateurs," in a book entitled "Les Animaux Celebres," by A. Antoine (Paris, 1812). This anecdote was later translated into English and quoted by James Rennie in his "Faculties of Birds" (London, 1835) where it caught the observant eye of Leigh Hunt, who reprinted it as an "Extraordinary Story" in his *London Journal*. The first Cobb heard of the belled buzzard was in the column of the Gravel Switch correspondent of the *Paducah Daily News*. The belled buzzard appears periodically in Kentucky; and the newspapers down here now usually append this head on the story of his arrival; "Page Irvin Cobb!" Thus the fame of a bird of the sky and a bird of a writer is securely interlocked. The tale has been translated into Russian, French, German, Swedish and possibly other languages. Thus it has flown around the world.

"Mr. Trim" included two stories of newspaper life, entitled "Another of Those Cub Reporter Stories," which he first intended to call "The War Editor," and "Smoke of Battle." Both of these were based on the journalistic endeavors of Major Putnam Stone, who in real life was none other than Col. "Cash" Merrill, Confederate veteran, verse-maker, some-time editor of the Jacksonville (Fla.) *Times-Union*, and a reporter on the *Nashville American* and other Southern newspapers. He was also first editor of *The Kentucky Magazine*. He and Cobb went to work as reporters for *The Evening Post* of Louisville about the same time. In his stories he calls *The Post* the *Evening Press*, and he, with pardonable license,

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disregards the forty years of faithful service Col. Merrill had rendered the press of the Southland, turning back the tale of his year as a reporter to the zero-hour, opening the yarns with the old Colonel a cub at the age of sixty or more on a cub's wage of \$12 a week.

There is a stray Judge Priest yarn in the book, "To the Editor of The Sun," suggested by an actual happening in a Texas town, which was transferred to Kentucky; "The Exit of Anse Dugmore," a Kentucky mountain story, which, as has been shown, was Cobb's second story in *The Post*; and the final story, "Guilty as Charged," suggested by an actual occurrence at New York police headquarters. Louis Joseph Vance, author of the "B-novels," dramatized "Smoke of Battle," and Owen Davis turned "The Escape of Mr. Trimm" toward the stage, but neither vehicle has yet arrived at its destined place.

"Cobb's Bill-of-Fare," like its predecessor, "Cobb's Anatomy," contained four humorous skits, but fringed with a satiric front: "Vittles," *The Post* title of which was "The Decline and Fall of North American Food," "Music," "Art," and "Sport." Peter Newell had deliciously illustrated the "Anatomy" and he joined hands with James Preston in doing the pictures for the "Bill-of-Fare."

Besides the two books published in 1913, Cobb wrote four serials for *The Post*, only one of which has appeared as a book. One of these was published anonymously, the second unsigned serial ("On Main Street" will be recalled as the first) he has written for the weekly, although he has done numerous single articles for it that did not bear his name. It was called "Breaking Into New York." The three signed serials were "The Island of Adventure," "Roughing It De Luxe," and "Shakspeare's Seven Ages and Mine."

"The Island of Adventure"—Manhattan, of course—really began in the final issue of *The Post* for 1912. It appeared in five installments. "Personally," Cobb once wrote to a friend, "I didn't like 'em; that's why I stopped 'em when I did." The stories were very entertaining and certainly deserve to be rescued from the forgotten files of the Lorimer weekly, and published in book form. But the chances for their publication seem remote at the present time.

The middle weeks of May witnessed the publication of Cobb's newspaper autobiography "Breaking Into New York." I always try to remain wholly calm when reading this narrative; and I usually manage very well until arriving at the story of the first big story, Cobb, cub reporter, ever wrote. Two widely-sought Chicago murderers had been captured down in West Kentucky, and Cobb covered the story for the *Chicago Tribune*. I think it is one of the most dramatic bits of writing he has done so far. If put on the stage it would prove a knockout, or should. How he got it on the wire and scored a beat on a pair of trained reporters from Chicago; how he dragged himself back home to Paducah (the story was actually written at Princeton, Kentucky) coming down late Sunday afternoon to find his yarn spread all over the first page of *The Tribune*; and then his innocence of the fame of *The Tribune's* great editor, Joseph Medill (he thought Henry Watterson Henry W. Grady, and Murat Halstead were the greatest editors on earth, and in the order named!) who wrote in his own hand a note of thanks and congratulations to the young reporter and offered him a job on his staff, are delightful links in a noble narrative. His success with this story turned his mind toward the city; but he did not go at once.

Here is his picture of the "Ways of Boss Jim" (James P. Thompson, founder and business manager of *The Paducah Daily News*):

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(Continued next month)

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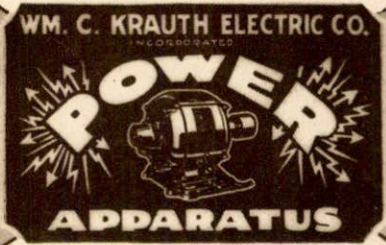
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