

EVERYTHING IN
ROOFING
 Asphalt, Gravel, Rubber, Galvanized
 and Painted.
 Also Ellwood and American Fence.
Steel Fence Posts
DEHLER BROS. CO.
 Incorporated
 116 Coal Market Street Between First and Brook
 Louisville, Ky.

REED BROS.
INSURANCE
 In All Its Branches
 Fire--Life--Casualty--Windstorm-- Burglary
 Parcel Post--Hail--Acreage Cover-
 age--Automobile and Surety
 Bonds.
 "The Service Agency"
 Columbia Kentucky

"TALKING MACHINES"
 With a Tone as rich as Gold
 The "PRIMA DONNA" machine plays
 all disc records. No extra attach-
 ments are necessary.
 Examine any "PRIMA DONNA" cabi-
 net and compare it with other ma-
 chines selling at the same price and
 you will readily be convinced relative
 to the superiority of our workman-
 ship and construction.
L. E. YOUNG,
 "JEWELER"
 Columbia, Kentucky

HAIL --- FIRE
 In Field In Barn
 One Insurance Policy Protects
 every Minute
 Insured ONLY by
Henry Clay Agents
 SEE
W. T. PRICE, Agent
 Columbia, Kentucky.
 All Kinds of Insurance

The day after prohibition
 agents raided Hurley, Wis., the
 water rates were advanced 50
 per cent. The water company
 evidently thought the old toppers
 had to drink something and
 would take their spite out on
 water.
 Only one more day to do your
 leap-yearing. Better get busy or
 you'll be left at the post.
 Elk Brand Overalls.
 Murray's Store.
 Babe Good, 82, is dead in the
 Walnut Hill section of Casey.

Hymn for the New Year
 Come, let us anew
 Our journey pursue --
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear:
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream;
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone:
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

O that each, in the day
 Of His coming, may say,
 "I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word
 "Well and faithfully done!"
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!
 Charles Wesley

Seven Sentence Sermons

MEAN to be something with all
 your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Doing what can't be done is the
 glory of living.—General Armstrong.

A bright New Year and a sunny track
 Along an upward way,
 And a song of praise on looking back,
 When the year has passed away,
 And golden sheaves, nor small, nor
 few!
 This is my New Year's wish for you!
 —Anon.

If you tell the truth, you have in-
 finite power supporting you; but if
 not, you have infinite power against
 you.—Charles George Gordon.

And let the peace of Christ rule
 in your hearts, to the which also ye
 were called in one body; and be ye
 thankful.—Col. 2, 15.

I asked the New Year for some mes-
 sage sweet,
 Some rule of life which to guide my
 feet;
 I asked, and passed; he answered,
 soft and low,
 "God's will to know."
 —Anon.

What thou hast in store
 This coming year, I do not stop to ask;
 Enough, if day by day there dawns
 before me
 My appointed task;
 I seek not great things,
 For I have learned how vain such
 seeking is,
 But let me seek Thy will, O King of
 kings,
 And find therein my bliss.
 —O. E. Fuller.

BEGINNING A NEW YEAR.
 Though we are apt to think that
 New Year's has been observed since
 the year one, such is not the case.
 In fact, there is no mention of the
 day as a Christian festival until the
 fifth century, and even now the He-
 brews celebrate their New Year's in
 September, for their calendar is ar-
 ranged according to the new moon,
 which makes New Year's a movable
 holiday. Today, however, there is
 scarcely a nation but observes this
 season of the year in some manner
 or other, though customs differ in
 most localities.

A Resolution
To be patriots, rather than
 partisans; to win the peace
 by reviving the idealism which
 won the war; to broaden our
 outlook and narrow our an-
 tagonisms; to carry into national
 and international affairs the
 maxims which guide gentlemen
 and gentlemen in their daily
 conduct; to practice thrift that
 we may be able to practice
 charity; to recognize that each
 of us is and always must be
 his brother's keeper; to work
 well that there may be plenty of
 goods in the world and think
 well that they may be rightly
 distributed; to go forward each
 day to a higher level of purpose
 and effectiveness, and live as
 our afraid of no man, and of
 whom no just man is afraid.
 —Chicago Journal

**THOUGHTS for
 the NEW YEAR**

LOOK back and appraise
 the past year and see how
 little we have striven and
 to what small purpose; and
 how often we have been
 cowardly and hung back, or
 temerarious and rushed un-
 wisely in; and how every
 day and all day long we have trans-
 gressed the law of kindness—it may
 seem a paradox, but in the bitterness
 of these discoveries a certain consol-
 ation resides. Life is not designed to
 minister to a man's vanity. He goes
 upon his long business most of the
 time with a hanging head and all the
 time like a blind child. Full of re-
 wards and pleasures as it is—so that
 to see the day break or the moon rise,
 or to meet a friend, or to hear the
 dinner call when he is hungry, fills him
 with a surprising joy—this world is
 yet for him no abiding city. Friends
 fall through, health falls, wear-
 ness assails him; year after year he
 must thumb the hardly varying records
 of his own weakness and folly. It is
 a friendly process of detachment.
 When the time comes that he should
 go, there need be few illusions about
 himself. There lies one who meant
 well, tried a little, failed much; surely
 this may be his epitaph of which he
 need not be ashamed. Nor will he

complain at the summons which calls a
 defeated soldier from the field; de-
 feated, aye, if he were Paul or Mar-
 cus Aurelius—but if there is still one
 inch of fight in his old spirit, undis-
 honored. The faith which sustained
 him in his lifelong discouragement will
 scarce even be required in this last
 formality of laying down his arms.
 Give him a march with his old bones;
 there, out of the glorious sun-colored
 earth, out of the day and the dust and
 the ecstasy—there goes another
 Faithful Failure!

So shall you front, clear-eyed and
 smiling, the stress, the shining, of the
 brave New Year.—Stevenson.

Time is but a stream I go a-fishing
 in. I drink at it; but while I drink I
 see the sandy bottom and detect how
 shallow it is. Its thin current slides
 away, but eternity remains. I would
 drink deeper, fish in the sky, whose
 bottom is pebbly with stars.—Thoreau.

What is time? The shadow on the

**BIRTH of the
 NEW YEAR**
 People of New Zealand First
 to Give It Greeting

THE birth of the new year, as
 we are well aware, is variously
 celebrated, but how many
 people know of the manner in which
 the momentous date is set? Do you
 realize that the new year is really
 hours old before the great bulk of the
 civilized world is able to celebrate its
 arrival?

Priority in rejoicing over the event
 is actually given to the untutored in-
 habitants of the islands of the South
 Pacific. The first of the civilized world
 to greet 1921 was the people of the far
 away New Zealand. Sweeping west-
 ward, the change of date crossed Asia
 and then the old world of Europe and
 Africa before starting over the Atlan-
 tic to America. Onward it sped at the
 rate of a thousand miles an hour until
 the first day of the new year died away
 in the middle of the Pacific.

In the United States the idea of an-
 nouncing broadcast over the land the
 birth of the new year originated with
 the officers in charge of the naval ob-
 servatory in Washington. About 15
 years ago it was suggested that the
 telegraph companies dispatch at mid-
 night from Washington a series of sig-
 nals proclaiming the exact moment of
 the new year's beginning. The idea
 was taken up and signals were sent
 out at midnight and at one, two and
 three o'clock in the morning follow-
 ing in order that each great time di-
 vision of the United States should re-
 ceive its own appropriate midnight
 signals from the capital.

The practice has now become fixed.
 The signals used are akin to those sent
 out each midday. These begin five
 minutes before the midnight hour by
 way of warning, and cover each second
 of the clock except the twenty-ninth,
 the last five of each of the first four
 minutes, and the last ten of the final
 minute. After this last long break
 there is a single prolonged contact, the
 beginning of which announces the ex-
 act instant of arrival of the new year.
 Since the beginning of this service
 other telegraph and most of the cable

**THE GOOD
 NEW YEAR**
 by
EMORY J. HAYNES
 in the Boston Globe

IT WAS foretold forty years ago.
 The New Year shall be a good one.
 This is the story of the prophecy.
 It depends upon you to believe it.

Forty years ago a lone skater upon
 the glassy surface of a lake in north-
 ern New England celebrated his soli-
 tary holiday. At the far end of his
 ten-mile dash he rested in the noon-
 day sun, sitting at the base of a tow-
 ering cliff.

He was a stonemason's apprentice,
 a mere boy workman. He habitually
 carried his steel chisel in his pocket.
 Climbing high, and with much hazard,
 up the face of the towering rocks, he
 cut this legend in the face of the
 mountain:

"The New Year Will Be Good."
 The bold lettering is visible for
 miles. The lake in summer is a fa-
 vorite resort of pleasure parties. Each
 year thousands of eyes have spelled
 out the cheery monograph, while boats
 passed, and many a hearty laugh has
 rung with a heartier joy as old and
 young have approved the sculptured
 promise.

It will long endure, for the steel cut
 deep, and the mountain will not re-
 move, nor the pretty lake pass away.
 The boy did not date it. Fortunately
 so, for that makes it fit every
 year and every reader. Why not for
 a century to come?

A thousand times the question has
 been asked: "Who wrote it?" And
 no one knew. So it seemed some
 eternal truth of nature that the very
 rocks had miraculously inscribed upon
 themselves.

It was true to anyone who would
 take the trouble to lift his eyes and
 read it. In storms the snow silences
 the lettering. In sun the words gleam
 with lines of living light. A sentence
 by no means elegant, but crisp and
 boyish rather. Yet what rhetoric
 could add to the abrupt and simple
 prophecy from a hopeful, healthy
 spirit?

The New Year was to be just plain
 "good." Was that enough? Is it
 not enough for us all? One good to
 you, another good to me, still another



good to others. But always to all who
 will grasp it, written on the very face
 of the turning globe, the next year
 will be "good."

Last summer a wealthy visitor at
 the lakeside hotel drew the proprie-
 tor to the corner of the veranda, and
 lifting his glasses, asked: "Do you
 see those letters on the rocks? A man
 the boy who cut them, January 1,
 1847. You seem glad to know the au-
 thor. I never revealed the fact. Why
 should I?"

"It is not because I said it that it
 is true. No matter who says it, on a
 Happy New Year the New Year will
 be good. It is true in itself. Happy
 the man or boy who says it, who feels
 it, and who will have it so."

"The mere freak of a moment, yet
 some time later I awoke to the fact that
 I had written a life creed on my heart
 out of the hopefulness and daring of a
 boy."

Let us take the hope and courage of
 youth as the truth of this latest of
 our years. The New Year must be
 good. We will make it good. Can
 you not see those lettered cliffs? No
 visitor ever was dull to their magic
 spell, and many have read them
 through grateful tears.

SLEIGHBELLS JINGLE
 Hear the moaning and the growling
 of the winter breeze; Old Year's dy-
 ing—hear him sighing, listen to him
 wheeze! Weary Willie is quite chilly
 in his threadbare coat; this cold
 weather altogether gets his back
 goat. Old Br'er Rabbit's wary habits
 now avail him not; hounds are telling
 by their yelling that the trail is hot.
 See the fuel fight a duel with your
 next week's pay; watch your meter
 and the heater steal your heat away!
 You remember last September, Au-
 gust and July? Sun was shining, you
 were whining, vowing you would die.
 You were praying for some sleighing,
 crying for some ice; now it's freezing,
 quit your sneezing; yell, and say it's
 nice!

A NEW YEAR IS NEAR.
 "It's coming, boys,
 It's almost here!"
 It's coming, girls,
 The grand New Year!
 A year to be glad in,
 Not to be sad in;
 A year to live in,
 To gain and give in;
 A year for trying,
 And not for sighing;
 A year for striving,
 And hearty thriving;
 A bright New Year,
 Oh! hold it dear;
 For God, Who sendeth,
 He only lendeth.

QUEER NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.
 Volumes might be written upon the
 queer customs and curious supersti-
 tions connected with New Year's day.
 Literature is full of them, grave his-
 torians have preserved them for us,
 and versatile poets decked them with
 fairest flowers of fancy. From Chau-
 cer, Sweet Spring of English Song,
 from Spencer and Herrick, Milton and
 Shakespeare, down to the humblest
 magazine rhymes of today—one and
 all—they have paid tribute. A wise
 essayist describes the day as "a
 peak on Darien, from which two
 oceans may be seen. Into one we
 look with sadness and regret, into the
 other, with hope and faith."

Onions Foretell Wet Months.
 Take 12 onions, cut them into
 halves, hollow them out and fill with
 salt. Those in which the salt com-
 pletely dissolves indicate the wet
 months of the coming year.