

The Flim Flam Game

(Continued From Page 3)

You thought you were reading what the editor of the paper was saying about Mr. Bird; and that was what Mr. Bird wanted you to think.

But all the time you were reading what Mr. Bird was saying about himself.

And when you read in either of those papers the articles:—"What the Press Says About J. C. Bird" you were reading a collection of the different articles each of which had been paid for in the papers in which it appeared and which he had paid for in the first place and was then paying for again.

Neat little trick, wasn't it?

Go and write an article puffing and blowing himself—a different article for each paper, of course—pays for having them printed in the different papers, then get them all together and pay for having them all printed together under the heading: "What the Press Says About J. C. Bird."

Neat little Trick!

And all the neater because when he brought all those clippings together and had them all printed together he didn't have to say, "Adv." or "Advt." at the bottom of each of them—as he had to do when they were printed in the different papers at first—but just put "Adv." or "Advt." at the end of the whole article headed: "What the Press Says about J. C. Bird."

Neat Little Trick. And intended to delude some good people into believing that Mr. Bird is a very, very great man, a very, very great lawyer and that they themselves had never appreciated him; while others do.

For instance, we notice the following printed in the Corbin Times for this week, but credited the Mountain Advocate: "Mr. Bird is acknowledged to be one of the best lawyers in this end of the State and is one in whom the entire bar is willing to entrust their business. His qualifications for the high office to which he aspires cannot be questioned by those who know him."

Great God! said the woodcock. And away he flew.

"Acknowledged to be one of the best lawyers in this end of the State!" Great Scott!

As a matter of fact, that quotation from the Corbin Times, which we just gave is enclosed in quotation marks, by which the editor advertises to everybody that he didn't write it.

And if you'll go back to the issue of the Mountain Advocate in which it was first printed you will find "Adv." or "Advt." at the bottom of it, showing that Mr. Bird wrote it himself and paid for having it printed.

Neat little Trick. And intended to make good men, who don't know how things of that sort are done, believe that the editors of all these papers are supporting Mr. Bird and are saying all those nice things about him just of their own will and accord and they believe they are true.

As a matter of fact, as we said probably none of the editors of those papers ever saw those articles till Mr. Bird presented them to them for publication, accompanied by a check to pay for it.

And none of them any more vouches for what is in those articles than he vouches for what is in those articles than he vouches for what is in a patent medicine advertisement of a stud, jack or bull.

And trying to bamboozle the voters in such a style as that.

But isn't that like Mr. Bird as we have known him in this county for so, these many years!

Go and write a big article puffing and blowing himself, pay for having it printed and the

Another Candidate For The \$10. In The Person Of Morgan Lovitt.

In the Bird organ, to-wit, THE CORBIN TIMES, of June 8th appears a letter purporting to be by Morgan Lovitt and headed Duck, Kentucky, and which letter no doubt, like the others, was written by J. C. Bird. It is supposed to be stated by Morgan Lovitt, that he, Lovitt, heard a conversation "once upon a time," (as all stories begin) between his father, Cas Lovitt, and R. S. Rose many years ago, either in the Ancient, Medieval or Modern World, when Rose was a school boy in Williamsburg, in which conversation Rose is supposed to have argued Democracy to his father, Cas Lovitt, that is assigned as a reason why that Morgan Lovitt is going to vote against R. S. Rose and for J. C. Bird. What matters if such conversation happened years ago when Rose was a school boy and not even a voter, and was "Uncle Cas Lovitt" who is now dead, satisfied with Rose's Republicanism for and during all his life since he became a voter? We say that he was. Uncle Cas, was a staunch Republican all his life. The reason we say he was satisfied with Rose's Republicanism is because more than 10 years after this alleged conversation happened R. S. Rose was a candidate for the Republican nomination for county attorney of Whitley county, ran the race against I. N. Stealy and Uncle Cas Lovitt, father of Morgan, was one of the very staunchest supporters and backers that Rose had in that race. Did Uncle Cas know him? Yes, he did for a lifetime. Did Morgan know that Uncle Cas was one of the strongest supporters Rose had? He did. It was a matter of common knowledge in Uncle Cas's neighborhood that he was absolutely satisfied with Rose's loyalty to the Republican party, that he was true blue, that Uncle Cas would support no man that was not of his own knowledge perfectly loyal, Uncle Cas not only voted for Rose but he did all he could for Rose in that race, would he have done it had Rose not been a true Republican and had he not known it and been satisfied with Rose's loyalty. It is an insult to the memory of the dead father of Morgan Lovitt to say that he would support or be for anybody for County Attorney except a true Republican. It is a vile slander by the son, to-wit Morgan Lovitt, upon the memory of his old dead father, Uncle Cas, for him to write for Crit Bird and his gang that Rose is not a true Republican or that Rose ever argued Democracy to the dead father of Morgan. It is a question of veracity between the dead father whose integrity and honesty and loyalty to the Republican party was never questioned on the one side, and the son, Morgan Lovitt, in the hands of unscrupulous politicians on the other side. Let the people judge.

Suffice to say that Rose by neither act nor deed ever said to Morgan Lovitt anywhere that he, Rose, ever resided in Harlan or elsewhere. Birds ineligibility is being thoroughly exhibited by Rose. The people are beginning to find out that he has no qualifications at all, Rose is showing it up on every hand and corner. Crit is hard pressed to rake up and write and cause to be published letters of the son reflecting on the party loyalty of the good old father whom everybody loved.—Advt.

people believe the editor of the paper wrote it of his own accord and printed it in that same way. The police in large cities, who have to deal with gold brick men, confidence men, three card monte men, shell game men and all the other sorts of sharpers would call such a practice as that the "THE FLIM FLAM GAME." And that's something like getting money or goods by false pretenses.

Poor Old Corbin Times

Poor old Corbin Times. If ever a poor old ship was thoroughly torpedoed, she has been. You can tell it by watching her.

See her roll! See her pitch! See her wallow! See the water pouring into her through the great gapping hole in her side!

See how she settles in the water! She'll go down soon!

See the passengers taking to the boats! See some of the sailors jumping overboard and swimming for dear life lest they be sucked down!

See every living thing, even to the rats deserting her!

See Captain Price (significant name) trying to stop the yawning hole in her side with his cargo of condensed lye! Hopeless task!

And as he works hear him shout to us that he declines to be drawn into a controversy with us!

Why didn't he think of that before he fired on us?

It is a sad and pathetic spectacle.

We really didn't want to do it, but we had to.

We were sailing peacefully along attending strictly to our own business when he cut loose at us with that old smooth-bore he calls "shame on You Finley."

We repeat that we didn't want to do it. But it wasn't in human nature to stand the attempted injury and the insult of firing on us with such an antediluvian old howitzer as that.

This is an age of breech loading rifled cannon; and to fire on us with such a thing as that is a great an insult as to shoot a man with a 22 caliber pistol.

We felt the insult very keenly and just blazed away with our torpedo.

It struck the old tramp just amidship; and just see the wreck and havoc and ruin it has done.

It looks like a pity, too. If the old thing had had a different class of officers and had catered to a different sort of passengers she might have done a legitimate sort of business and been classed as a fairly reputable craft.

But just look at her now!

We were never more surprised than when he cut loose on us.

For we knew he knew we had that torpedo aboard and knew how to use it.

For that reason we expected him to be good.

We thought prudence, if nothing else, would counsel him to keep the peace with a craft that was as well loaded for bear as he knew us to be.

We wonder if he was duly sober. Or did some one of the passengers—J. C. Bird, for instance—offer him a price (There's that word "price" again) to fire on us.

We don't know, of course; but we do know that if he didn't get a mighty good price (excuse the word) for his deed he paid an awful price (!!!)

But there! The old craft is rollin' around and groaning like a horse with the colic.

She must be in great pain.

Maybe it would be mercy to put her out of her misery.

We believe it would. So here goes another torpedo:—

Mr. Price, Hon. J. C. Lay was your former partner in business, was he not?

Mr. Lay was a member of the Legislature from this District, was he no!

He is recognized as a man of honesty and integrity, is he not?

He wouldn't misrepresent anybody—certainly not you—would he?

He is a man in good health physically and mentally, is he not?

Now, if Mr. Lay is all this, told us that he paid too you the \$600.00 which the Corbin Times received from the Republican candidates—of whom Mr. Lay was one—in 1913, how would you explain it?

And if Mr. Lay, being that sort of a man, told us that he had had a conversation with you inside the last two weeks concerning that very matter and that you admitted receiving that \$600.00 how would you explain it?

And if Mr. Lay, being the sort of a man we have described, told us that you told him that your reason for supporting J. C. Bird was that you would get the county public printing should he be elected. How would you explain that?

There! That finished the business! That knocked a hole in her the whole cargo of condensed lye cant fill.

There! See! She has gone down! See the bubbles where she sank!

See! what is that floating around on the surface!

Why, as we live it's Captain Price himself!

Lower the boat! Rescue Captain Price! Bring him on board! Smell of his breath! If he isn't

duly sober put him in the cooler and dose him with our best bromo seltzer till he comes to himself! Then bring him to us; we would have speech with him concerning the whereabouts of one, J. C. Bird, whom, we understand, was a passenger on the Corbin Times, bound for a port called obscurity, but cannot be accounted for.

Later:— We have learned that when the first torpedo hit the Corbin Times, Mr. Bird seemed dazed by the shock.

Then, in the confusion, and when nobody was looking, he jumped overboard and swam ashore, having under his arm an article called "What the Press Says About J. C. Bird."

When he got ashore he at once took to the thick brush, crying out in one breath that he was one of the best lawyers in this end of the State and that nobody could question his qualifications for Circuit Judge; and in the next breath he was pursued by somebody he called Rich Rose with a buzz saw.

It would seem that his mind is temporarily unbalanced. For how could he imagine himself a lawyer of any sort—much less one of the best in this end of the State, where good lawyers are plentiful—when he never studied law nor practiced law in his life!

It is probable that he will not be seen before the leaves fall; for when a man takes a notion to hide himself out in the underbrush like that, it is next to impossible to find him till the leaves fall.

Nevertheless a searching party composed of Fred Catron, W. R. Lay and R. S. Rose are trying hard to locate him and bring him in.

A sort of a newspaper published at Corbin, on Lynn Camp Straights printed a story a day or two ago to the effect that Catron, Lay and Rose had set several traps for the poor fellow; but the story is not generally credited.

It is barely possible that he is not crazy; but is getting away by himself to study and learn what subjects an applicant for law license is examined on; or what a contract is; or what pleadings are; or what equity is; or what eligibility means; or who wrote a book on contracts; or who wrote a book on pleadings; or who, besides R. S. Rose, wrote a book on Criminal Law.

If he should happen to run across a lawyer out there in the brush who wants to know the prices of coal oil, matches, calico, paragonic, vermifuge patent medicine, children's shoes, baled hay, cabbage, peanute, side

bacon, lard, shoe pegs, etc., etc. the two of them could swap information to the great profit of both.

The lawyer might make a lawyer of Mr. Bird and Mr. Bird could make a commissary clerk out of a lawyer.

Let us hope he runs across a lawyer of that sort.—Advt.

Has Rose Written the Law Book He Says He Has?

We give below what the W. H. Anderson Law Book Company and Publishers of Rose's book say about it. They know. Their experts have gone over it. They have been a law book publishing company for 40 years for Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and in fact most all the states of the union. They have the Manuscript now in the hands of their printers. They know a good law book when they see it, print it, publish it and below is what they say about it.

"A new Kentucky Criminal Law, Procedure and Forms by Richard Sherman Rose, attorney of the Williamsburg Bar, now in the press for an early delivery. The plan of the work is an exhaustive discussion, first, of the common law crimes from the common law standpoint and second, a discussion of the common law crimes as modified in Kentucky by Statute. Also, statutory crimes and misdemeanors with an elaborate treating of each offense by the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. The author has kept steadily in mind the various steps of Code Proceedings in the preparation of this work, in doing so every step in the trial of a criminal case from the issuing of a warrant and arrest of the accused to the final trial of the case. Especially attention has been given to the subject of Indictments, Evidence, Instructions and arguments of Counsel. There are approved forms with copious notes on the different phases of each crime. This book should be a very great help both to the active practitioner and the student of law. It should be of great service to the Commonwealth and County Attorneys and a special help to the trial court in criminal and penal cases. The Index has been prepared with exacting care."

This is what the Anderson Law Book Company has to say of the law books written by R. S. Rose. We would like to see the law book that J. C. Bird would write on any law subject. No doubt it would be a BIRD.—Advt.

McFarland Candidate for \$10 Reward.

In that dirty sheet called the CORBIN TIMES rented, written and published by Crit Bird, late candidate for Circuit Judge, appeared a letter purporting to be from Ancil McFarland, of Williamsburg, Kentucky, and dated May 29th, 1917. Who wrote that letter? Ancil McFarland can scarcely write his name with pencil. This letter was written in typewriting, who wrote it? Did Ed Underwood or J. C. Bird? Who dictated it? Some of the Bird or Underwood machines. Poor little Ancil only probably scribbled his name at the bottom of that typewritten letter. He had very little to do with it. He had the least of any one. But who is Ancil this other tool of Bird? Did Rose take a part of a fee from Ancil and then represent the other side as Bird writes in his typewritten letter for Ancil to sign that he did? We say positively that that is a monumental falsehood and the facts themselves so show. Rose represented Rosa McFarland and the infant child. This was a divorce suit in which Ancil has had much experience as a wife-beater and also a Writ of Habeas Corpus. Rosa McFarland the wife of Ancil obtained a judgment for herself and their little child against Ancil for maintenance and divorce. Testimony was taken, and if Rose had been guilty of unprofessional conduct or was on both sides of the case or misled any one in the duty

Sowers in The Lead.

W. H. Sowers who is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Justice of the Peace in the 8th district of this county, will beyond any reasonable doubt make an ideal officer. Mr. Sowers is a man who stands on his belief, and, we would go the assertion that nine times out of every ten right in that conviction. He has always been an enthusiastic Republican, doing all in his power for the ticket in every election since he became a voter. He has never crossed his ticket for any man, and when there is something to be done for the Republican cause you can always depend upon him to do his part. He is in this race to win, and if elected you will find him at his post of duty, discharging any duty without fear or favor, and trying to save the county from bankruptcy, which it looks like she is headed for, he will see to it that every dollar that is spent will be spent for the people and not for any pet or set of men. He will appreciate all that you may do or say in his behalf, and your kindness will always be remembered.—Advertisement.

of Ancil and his lawyers to show that up on the trial of the case. Did he do it? He did not. Was Rose guilty of one wrong step in forcing Ancil, when Rose represented Rosa and the infant child, to support their little baby and its mother? To support flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone when he was trying to get out of it? Did Rose do wrong in making the father keep soul and body of their little child of tender years together and keep clothes on its back and bread in its stomach, a thing he was trying to avoid? Did Rose do wrong in resisting Ancil's Writ of Habeas Corpus to take it from its mother when the court after hearing the testimony adjudged that the mother and not the father was the fit and proper person to have its custody? Ancil was represented by a good lawyer, W. R. Henry and—. He stated his case to them no doubt as strong as he could. He never thought then that Rose had taken his money and had gotten his side of the case and then afterwards taken a fee from Rosa McFarland, his wife, else those good lawyers would have presented that as a defense for Ancil. He never thought of this at all until long afterwards when Jno. Crittendon Bird and J. B. Snyder his Friday, got hold of him in this election. Ancil is the only man in Williamsburg who has not spoken to R. S. Rose since Rose made him support his own little child and got a divorce from him for his wife.

WHO IS ANCIL MCFARLAND? He is the same Ancil who has had a number of divorce suit experiences. He is the same Ancil who shot a school teacher, Mr. Jones, in the jaw in Massengale's Restaurant just across the street from the Court House door. Jones had not spoken to him. The shot when it crashed through the jaw bone of Jones almost tore his jaw off. This was a case of felony of the darkest and deepest dye. Ancil was bound, labelled and billed for the penitentiary had there been a prosecution. There were no mitigating circumstances at all. He at once began dickering with J. C. Bird, the then County Attorney and J. B. Snyder his Friday, here, then and now the Commonwealth's Attorney. He paid \$350, 25 per cent of which went directly to the pocket of J. C. Bird and 50 per cent to the pocket of J. B. Snyder his Friday, and the man who now says that if it is now in the power of the Commonwealth's Attorney to elect J. C. Bird Circuit Judge he will do it. The \$350 was not paid by Ancil. Part of it was the pension of "Uncle Jasper" his old father, and the hard earnings of "Aunt Eliza" his mother. Do you wonder now that Ancil will sign anything prepared for him in typewriting by J. C. Bird and J. B. Snyder? This IS ANCIL MCFARLAND.—Advt.