

## STRAY STREAKS

(By Fluke McFluke.)

They have shortened our flour rations so that we now get just about enough to make old fashioned thickened gravy, that is, we would have, if we had something to grease the gravy.

But Nell has been troubled with bad feet lately (and so have those who have been forced to associate with him) and while the examining physicians did not use a magnifying glass or the X-ray, he said it was no trouble to tell that said feet needed nothing more than concentrated lye, water and brisk rubbing.

We saw a little "nigger" near the bakery the other evening with a hunk of old time before-the-war jelly cake as big as Bob Walker's foot (no, not both, just one of them) and if we'd a had that nigger out in some lone-some spot we'd a had that cake or murdered him on the spot.

John Henry boosted the road working proposition sky-high, got every fellow possible in a big way to give a day's labor, last Friday, and, true to our prediction, Thomas hit it for Louisville, leaving the office and work in such shape that Fluke could not even get off to work the road, as he patriotically wished to do.

The author, or perpetrator of this column and I. D. Clair were at daggers points for several days, due to jealousy. One patron of the paper dropped into the joint and said he believed that he liked "Stray Streaks" just a little bit better than he did Beads Oddly Strung. Another fellow, whose opinion I don't care much for, said he thought Beads Oddly Strung was not quite as rotten as Stray Streaks. Then the war broke out "over here" 'twixt Declair and yours truly, as to who was the most popular author, as to whose stuff was the most widely read, and as to which column induced the greater number of subscribers to drop their dollars into the concern's coffers. The row

was in its height when along came a third, unappreciative, sort of a chronic growling, sore headed subscriber who said he thought it a darn sinful shame that the Board of Directors would permit such blamed rot to run in the paper as that under the names of I. D. Clair and Fluke McFluke, and that he was going to withdraw his support of 30 years standing, if the two columns were not cut out. The self-imagined writers of great and glorious squibs then quit their scrapping, started talking the matter over through the open door, each from his own apartment and are now living happily together, tho laying with blackjacks for the unappreciative, thick headed and bellyaching subscriber. Thus murder was prevented, and this story ends.

Everything in this column is original, new and true, if not otherwise.

### SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Crops are needing rain. Some farmers are done planting corn, but the wire worms are doing great damage to that planted.

Wheat harvest is over and clover cutting is in progress.

A few girls are donning overalls, and taking their places in the fields, and doing the work of men. This good work just begun should be followed by other girls to help make a bumper crop. When the boys get back from France they will be wanting wives, and if they are wise as I think they are they will be looking for the girls that helped feed them while they were fighting for their country. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The editor of the Republican started in last week to tell what he didn't know but soon discovered it was too big a job and quit. No, John H. don't undertake it. Life is too short and paper too high.

Mrs. A. A. Murphy and three children, of Illinois, are visiting relatives, Mr. Murphy may follow soon. If the prospects look good Mr. Murphy may locate here again, for like most other people who leave Ohio county they are never satisfied till they come back.

## BEADS ODDLY STRUNG.

(By I. D. Clair.)

If the United States does declare war on Turkey won't we make the feathers fly?

McAdoo has nominated Pa-in-law for a third term, but if Pa runs them Democratic newspapers that at Teddy so hard on the third term, will have to do a lot of camouflaging their editorials of 1916.

This company order reduce Tinsley's wages for the summer. No bald headed man is worth mor'n half price endurin' fly time.

There is two native and one visitin' ninety-generians in Hartford this week. They are Uncle Billie Renter 93, Mrs. Q. C. Shanks 97, and Judge Cook's father 91.

The residence next door to mine was sold last week, and Tinsley was mean enough to say it will sell frequently unless I move.

I know a man in this town who has nine quarts of "Old Joe Taylor" whisky, and he is that dad dratted stingy he wouldn't give me and Lon Ralph and Judge Cook a drink after we went out and helped him thrash his wheat.

The street corner yarn wheel is spinning some this week. Steve May is at home.

Tinsley let it git out that if Ike Mason was elected to congress he was to be Ike's private secretary, and its losin' Ike a sight of votes.

We haven't seen Battle Nail for several days. Guess he is hidin' out from the make'm work commissioner.

I can give the Hayti boys a clean bill of health about workin'. I passed through there Monday and there wasn't a mother's son of them to be seen. But they might a bin loafin' in the back yards.

There's enough gasoline wasted in runnin' round in automobiles, grubbed to worthless dogs and time lost in discussin' the war to feed Pershin's army.

I ain't uneasy about the future defense of the country. If the war lasts a few years longer we will have an army of old maids, big enough to whip the world.

They say there is only a thin line between genius and insanity, and after readin' Stray Streaks I'll be hanged if I can tell which side that thin line Tinsley is on.

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### COOL SPRINGS.

Rev. Moore filled his appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Charlie Elliott, wife and little daughter, Marguerite, and Mrs. Emma Brown, of Graham, visited relatives here last week.

Mr. Thomes Tate and Jesse Brown visited Mr. Roscoe Wilson, of Butler county, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Robert Chinn, of Camp Taylor, is at home on a months furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wilson and daughter, Knightsburg, were the guests of Mr. T. C. Dennis, Thursday.

Mrs. O. N. Stewart will teach the Coolsprings school, beginning July 8 Misses Beulah Taylor and Corine Dennis were the guests of their cousin, Miss Pauline Wilson, of Knightsburg, last week.

Mr. Tom Kennedy, who was sent to the asylum at Hopkinsville last week, committed suicide by hanging himself Saturday night. His remains were brought to Coopsprings Monday afternoon. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Boggess, of Rochester.

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### A WAR BRIDE.

Private Cecil Rhoades, who is with the artillery division at West point, came home a few days ago on furlough and while here decided that it was not good for even an artillery soldier to live alone, and took unto himself a wife. Mr. Rhoades and Miss Jane Farmer were married by Judge Cook Monday and left immediately for West Point, where they will live until Mr. Rhoades is transferred elsewhere. Mr. Rhoades is one of the three sons of Esq. Butler Rhoades, who entered the military service in the spring.

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## BILLS

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For the first six months of our operations under the Food Administration, ending April 30, 1918, Swift & Company paid for live stock - 1,558,600,000 \$323,800,000  
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