

VOLUME 1

TALES
OF THE
MOUNTAINS

A Complete Directory of the
EASTERN KENTUCKY
COAL FIELDS

Motto: "Laugh and the World Laughs With You."

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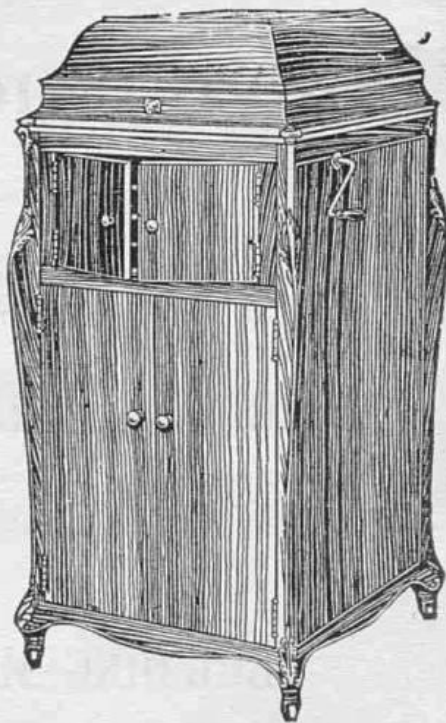
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"Tales of The Mountains"

BY J. W. HALL

Author of

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"The Commonwealth of Man," "A Trip to The
Bullhole," "Uncle Frank," "Passing The
Buck," "A Trip to Hazard," Etc.

A COMPLETE DIRECTORY OF THE EASTERN
KENTUCKY COAL FIELDS

— With —

Extracts from the Geological Reports, Forestry, Oil De-
velopment, Education, Superstition, and Religion
of the Mountains

Volume 1.

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"TALES OF THE MOUNTAINS."

INTRODUCTION

Dear Boys:

In offering you this series of booklets, we wish to make the following pages an invitation to you to return to your native hills. Of course, everything is not like it was when you went away. But the old town is still glorious, with the June sun and winsome faces, and we are doing our best to preserve some of the old landmarks, so you will know the place when you get back.

Say, boys, you will remember the old man, Frank; well, he is just as big a liar as he was when he was young and, if anything, he can smooth them over with a thicker veneering than when you used to know him. The big bear tales stick out from his old map just as amusing as when he tackled that big grizzly which climbed the old oak "snubble," with him hanging to its tail. The fish has grown in his mind to large dimensions, and the happy hunting ground just swarms with elk, deer, turkey and wild ducks. And, believe me! the ducks are still flying off with his lakes, and he is still jumping the Mississippi river at one leap; and his famous violin, "old Strad," is still in tune. The big peach orchard which he planted from the seed taken from the deer's back is still bearing.

The big beech which shaded the old "swimmin'" hole when we were boys—and where, if you remember, we heard the first strains of "old Strad," descriptive of the "sourwood mountain"—still spreads its shadows across the placid water, just as inviting as when we wet our first pair of new breeches and received a good threshing when we returned to the house.

The influx of population from the west, and from far beyond the Alleghanies, is pouring into the mountains in the same fashion as when they first fell upon the Aborigines, cut down the forest, built birch canoes, and plowed our granite hills.

The blue smoke from the old still is still curling its way in spiral rings above the ivy and laurel, which camouflage its whereabouts. The big log house where we first went courting, and where the "old man" rolled pumpkins under the bed to scare the children out to supper, is still standing.

But our native hills have grown so big they have "busted" with bigness. Great coal tipples, power plants, railroad depots and terminals, bedeck the landscape in every direction. Your old playmates you left behind have caught the "influ-

ence;" and if any of them happen to get a finger greasy, he gets up the next morning and goes to boring for oil.

And say, boys, this is the place to make your "jack," and to reclaim some of the lost fortune you bartered away for a railroad ticket to that land just a little farther on—which you found to be a rainbow with a silver string tied to its tail.

"We are "rushing the can" for your "home coming;" and no longer ago than yesterday I saw a big guy plastering a big sheet of paper on pap's barn, which said that Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Burke were coming to see us. And I have been wondering ever since if Billie is any kin to Uncle Steve. Anyway, I am going to tell Uncle Steve about it, and have him bring the gals down to the show just to see if they favor Billie.

I saw in the papers the other day where some of you boys had married black-eyed Susans of Turkey and France, and we sincerely hope this is another newspaper mistake. Woolen stockings and babies still predominate here; and, as this is locust year, we are awaiting your return. And you may bring any number of desirables with you, as we feel that the contrast could not possibly injure them—for we are still speaking the purest Anglo-Saxon language in the world, and the only bastard English spoken among us was brought here by the newcomer, or by the college chap who went off to school and got above his "raisin'" and forgot which end of the cow gets up first.

Boys, there are still here in this section a few of the vanishing race of old American men who, by their faith in work, their courage and straight shooting, won the revolution and several subsequent wars. But such men have become scarce in America now. New breeds have come in and the old breeds have been changed by changing conditions. But this is one section of America in which the old race breeds true to types and, more than that, still lives almost as it lived when the highlanders threw down their axes, took their rifles, with powder-horn and shot-pouch, and went out to exterminate General Ferguson's command at King's Mountain.

John Fox's sheep pasture, on Kingdom Come, has been turned into a large mining camp. The lonesome pine has been sawed into lumber and converted into a beautiful bungalow. And the lonesome cove resounds with the rattle of "Birmingham machinery and the roar and bang of enterprising facturs." And "String-town-on-the-pike" has become the "Pearl of the Mountains," and when she washes her face in the rising sun she looks like a pearl button on a "tow shirt."

Sunlight is being taxed; moonshine is on tap; wild cats are prowling around; blue sky is on sale, and your old job is waiting for you—so hurry up and get your name in the pot before the bell rings for supper.

THE AUTHOR.

MY HIGHEST AIM

I wish to give you a welcome entertainment. I want my booklets to be a message of love and good will to you, no matter where you live. I want to make you feel that we are friends, although we may never meet in the flesh. Though we may not agree always and on all questions, yet surely we can agree on this one:

That love is the moving spirit of this world; that there are joys as countless as sorrows; that mercy is far loftier than justice, and that to give and forgive is the one joyful recreation after each and every day of work and fight and strife.

WHAT LIFE SEEMS TO ME

I feel within an impulse, perhaps that Divine impulse, which has moved all races in all ages and in all climes, to record in enduring form the emotions that stir within. I may model these emotions in clay, carve them in wood, hew them in stone, or forge them in steel; I may weave them in textiles, paint them in canvas, or voice them in song—but, whichever I do, I must harken always to the song of the lark and the melody of the forest and stream, and respond to the color of the rose and the structure of the lily, so that my creation and labor may be in accord with the universal laws of order, fitness and harmony. Moreover, I must make my creation good and honest and true, so that it may be a credit to me and live after I am dead, revealing to others something of the pleasure which I found in its making.

THE CREED OF SCIENCE

To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forgive wrongs and remember benefits, to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all of its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art and nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed and the noble deeds of all the world, to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts and the warmth of loving words, to discard errors, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm and the dawn beyond the night, to do the best that can be done and then be resigned—this is the religion of reason, the creed of science. This satisfies the brain and heart.—Robert Ingersoll.

LOOKING US OVER

The principal occupation of the world's ablest thinkers during the past few years has been to come up into the mountains to look us over, and to see if they can find a reason for our being here at all. They examine our teeth to find out how old we are, just as if we were some kind of a horse; they make us jump up and down, and stand on our heads, and run around a tree—and then write books about us, in which they speak of the mountains as being a "phenomenon," something that may possibly grow up some day and amount to something.

This is the great and glorious time, when the mountains are being patronized by all the world—seeing that we have so much raw material out of which the finished product may be made.

Personally, I like most of the big men who come up here. I have met and talked with a number of them, and in private life they seem much like the rest of us. I secretly confess that I have never met any of them that I thought knew how to run his affairs any better than I run mine.

Remember this: The biggest man that you can think of is not much more or less than you are yourself. We are all human beings, but many of us don't know it. It is an easy matter to come up here and tell us how to run our business, and get paid for it in good royalties in the bargain.

Some "brought-on" fellows say we have "hot air" merchants here; but if we have any more "hot air" merchants here than are produced in other parts of the country—judging from some of the specimens who come up here—then I will give up my season ticket to the movies and settle down into a life of obscurity.

Perhaps the truest thing that might be said of us is that we have no sense of humor. Think of inviting a lot of people from below to come up here and tell us how to run our business; of feeding them up on chicken and dumplings, of giving them the best bed room to sleep in—and then of making it possible for them to live in luxury all the rest of their lives on royalties we pay to them for telling us how crude we are. Can you beat it?

Now, I like them all—but I am undeceived by them. Mr. New-comer does not know how to bathe a baby any better than I do, and I'll bet him a pair of moccasins that in a fair contest my chances of bringing the baby out of the bathtub alive at the end of thirty minutes will be better than his.

Yes, they come up here and, after being dusted off by some of our best people, go away in a cloud of glory, announcing that our "wimmen" are "lovely." That is the one thing I notice they all say. The country may be rotten. Our language

may be atrocious; our vulgarity may be intense; may be somewhat "whapper jawed;" our manners may be loose but there are just two things about us that are quite all right—our girls and our money.

TALES OF THE MOUNTAINS

The Old Hearthstone

"When I take down the ole fiddle
An' rosum up the bow,
I find the sweetest music
In the tunes of long ago.
Ther's a kind o' mellow sweetness
In a good thing growing old;
Each year that rolls around it
Leaves an added touch of gold.

"We love the ole fren's better
Than we'll ever love the new;
We get the greatest comfort
When we wear the oldest shoe.
An' I find the greatest pleasure
By hickory coals aglow,
A-listenin' to my parents tell
The tales of long ago."

One bright morning in September I left the railroad station about ten miles from where I was born (born, of course—had to be born somewhere), and my parents still reside. I rode horseback to the old home, which still retains much of its ancient simplicity.

The same old black pine tree, growing on top of the big buck mountain, lifting its head majestically above the surrounding forest, seemed to nod a welcome salute to my coming. From the top of this mountain the big, Black and Cumberland mountains loom up against the southern sky in quite magnificent grandeur. Some of the most cherished memories of my early childhood are connected with this mountain; I learned to read by a firelight made from pine knots which I had gathered along the side of this mountain.

Next morning, going to the barn to feed the horses, I found the old hand-mill standing under the shed, upon which I had ground out many a turn when a boy. After looking about the old place to see if possibly I could find some visible marks of my boyhood days, I found that there were many wounds up on the rocks and trees still standing—which I had

inflicted by throwing rocks at some spot, or at a lizard running up their sides.

On returning to the house I went up into the garret loft and looked at the old cradle in which I had been rocked when a baby. This cradle was made from a bee-gum, bursted open in the middle, one side of the gum having boards nailed on each end and extending about twelve inches beyond the sides, which served as rocked and prevented the gum from turning over. But mother says that one day, while she was sewing and I was yelling a little louder than usual, she rocked the gum too far and spilled me out onto the floor, skinning my nose.

I next went down to visit my grandfather, and while there he showed me his old bark-dyed hunting shirt, made from the fiber of the wild nettle, and dyed with copperas and whitewalnut bark. The wild nettle grows in abundance here, and the natives gather the stalks, and when dry, break them in a wooden device called a flax-brake.

My grandfather and I went out that afternoon to gather pawpaws and, after eating all we wanted, grandfather tied his hunting shirt up at the waist with two straps, fastened behind for that purpose, and, placing about half a bushel of the ripe and yellow fruit in the bosom of his shirt, took it back with him and spread it out on the kitchen roof to mellow.

My great-grandfather came up in the afternoon, and I interviewed him about the primitive doings of his generation, and here is what he told me:

It was about one hundred miles to the nearest store where powder and lead could be purchased. And sometimes the hunter's supply of ammunition became exhausted. But the bear was caught in a trap made from split logs and set by a trigger; by tying a bait to the trigger, a hungry bear would walk into the trap and, by biting at the bait, would loosen the trigger; then the pen-like trap would fall, and Mr. Bruin would find himself a prisoner inside the trap.

The deer was bagged in a more unique way. The hunter would find a cliff where the deer was wont to shelter from the rain or snow and, going above the cliff, would drop a large rock from the top of the cliff and observe where the rock would strike. Then he would place grass or salt in the dent made by the rock, and when the deer would gather around the grass so placed the hunter would tipple another rock onto the heads of the deer below. My great-grandfather claimed to have killed two deer with one stone placed in this way.

The wild turkey was caught by building a pen and digging a trench along and under the pen, slanting up like a stairway; the turkeys would follow corn or bread dropped along the trench into the pen and would then walk around with their

heads up, and would never discover the passageway by which they entered.

Fish were caught with a seine made from the bark of the native pawpaw, or the fishermen would build a sluice in the shoal below a large hole of water, swarming with bass, and take a long, white pole and wade into the hole of water and, by thrusting the white pole about through the water, scare the fish out of the deep water into the shoal below, where they could be easily thrown out on dry land.

Nearly all farming implements were made of wood. The wheel-spindle was hickory; the plow stock had a wooden coulter. Cooking stoves were unknown among those primitive pioneers.

The cooking was done over an open fire. A pole was placed across the chimney, above the mantel, and an hickory withe was tied around the pole; this withe was made from a forked hickory switch, one prong being used for the withe and the other prong cut off so as to make a hook on which to hang the kettle. With this rig the housewife had to be careful not to allow too big a fire, lest the entire outfit take fire and burn up.

The tableware was also wood; the tray was made from the native buckeye; the sifter was a dressed deerskin, stretched over an hoop, with holes burned in it with a hot awl; the corn was ground by cutting an hole in a large poplar log, then placing a pole through the forks of a nearby tree and attaching a swing-pole to a lever, which was operated by lifting the lever up and down, thus pounding the corn into meal; the meal was baked into bread by sweeping the hearth with a broom made from sagebrush, then placing the dough on the hearth and, when dry on top, by covering with hot ashes and coals, with a shovel made from an oak board. This old-time shovel-board was used to punch the fire, bake the bread, bang the cat, dog and pig, and sometimes the shirt-tail boy had an occasion to envy this instrument of torture; also this board was sometimes used by the housewife as a weapon of defense when being punished by the old man's gunstick.

Some economy was used in the construction of those primitive houses, which were built of logs of the dimension of 18x20 feet, and contained but one door; a fireplace was in one end, five or more feet wide, finished off with a stick and clay chimney. The one room was used as a sitting parlor, a cooking and sleeping apartment; a bedstead was placed in one corner by making a single leg, placed in an hole in the puncheon floor, and long enough to fasten to the joist, and constructed from a forked pole—another pole passing through the forks and extending through a crack in the wall; a cross railing was then placed on the first pole and extending through another

crack on the semi-opposite side of the house; boards were placed with one end resting on the pole, and the other through a crack in the wall. The mattress was made from leaves, shucks or sage grass; this bed was made sufficiently high to admit another stead called a trundle bed—being pushed under the other during the day, and then pulled out into the floor as a sleeping place during the night. This trundle bed could be used to advantage during the day by the cat and puppy, when their room was needed around the fire on a cold day.

A VISIT TO UNCLE LISH

Uncle Lish came along in the afternoon, and would have me go home with him; and, as he was an old-timer, I was glad of the opportunity. He lived up in the head of a small branch, in a small log house, with a large door in each side looking east and west.

The evening sun cast a flood of golden light through its western portal, as we were met by Aunt Bets, and the children all excited and gushing with welcome at seeing me.

After the usual exchange of greetings and asking after each other's welfare, I was taken over the place and showed the corn, the hogs and cattle; all of these were common, but one thing in particular excited my admiration, and that was more than four acres of ginseng, which had been in planting for more than forty years. Nearly all the bunches of this famous weed were golden yellow, and the owner remarked: "I expect to get some money out of my 'sang' some of these days." I said, "Uncle Lish, you will hardly believe me when I tell you that your garden of ginseng is already worth more than \$20,000." Then he answered, "Why, I would be glad to get four hundred for it"—seemingly not realizing the value of this particular four acres.

On returning to the house, Uncle Lish stopped at the crib and, taking from a crack two ears of corn, he gave a loud call, and said: "Now, I want to show you my pigs;" and, opening the gate, he let through nine fine shoats, which followed us into the house. As the beautiful porkers filed through the door, Uncle remarked, "Bets don't want me to feed my pigs in the house, but she's got a consarned gang of ducks that is right in the house the minute you open the door. If ther's a thing on 'erf' I hate it's a duck; no one can tell how much they eat. I'll tell you what I done the other day. I went and shelled off half bushel of corn, and I called them five ducks out thar up in the floor here, and I fed them that whole half bushel of corn, and they eat every grain of it; and I jest shet the door and grabbed them five ducks, and crammed them into the half bushel, and

—pray I may die—that half bushel wuzn't over two-thirds full."

And while talking he was shelling the corn on the floor to the pigs, and by the time he got through passing sentence on the ducks the music of the popping and cracking of corn by the pigs had flooded the room and, passing out at the large doors, was echoing against the nearby hillside. After the pigs had finished their supper, they were driven back through the gate into the field.

About six o'clock in the evening supper was announced, and the chicken, eggs, pork, potatoes, honey, butter, milk, soda biscuits and corn flapjacks—all piled profusely before us—would have made the city table look like thirty cents.

After supper Uncle Lish called the five girls into the big room and said: "Now, gals, get the fiddle, 'banjer,' and knitting needles, and give your old cousin some homespun music." And the way the "gals" did up the "Sourwood Mountain," "Sugar Hill," Arkansas Traveler," "Boating up the Sandy," and many other mountain reels, would have graced any stage in vaudeville.

After the music, he said: "Now, old cousin, I 'allus' lay down early, and get up early, and Bets and the 'gals' wants to go to a big funeral meeting up in the gap tomorrow; and if you will go with us, I will hitch up the mules and the wagon, and we will all go and hear the old Baptist 'preach infants in hell, not a span long.'"

We retired about nine o'clock and, after a good night's sleep on a big feather bed, I was awakened by Uncle Lish calling up his hogs, and the quacking of ducks, and the lowing of the cattle—all of which brought to my mind many recollections of my boyhood days.

A FUNERAL MEETING IN THE REMOTE PARTS OF THE MOUNTAINS

It was October 1, a beautiful, frosty Sunday morning; and, in good mountain fashion, we got away for meeting by 7:30 o'clock. Our vehicle was an ordinary farm wagon, guiltless of springs; the body was bright blue and the seats a real red; our team was a very big and a very little mule, with "blinds" that were bright red; our harness was of heavy leather and chains. The day was a not-to-be-forgotten one; the goldenrod and the clematis, in their grey old age—made beautiful by the sparkling frost—the forest glorious in its autumn coloring, with the sturdy, grey tree trunks, for balance in the picture. As we wound our way up the stream, a thin skim of ice "scronched" under our wheels, the sun shone gloriously,

and that wonderful Sunday feeling and a great peace lay over the land, and the joy of living surged in our hearts.

This country is thickly populated—too much so, in fact; for the amount of ground level enough to farm, with any advantage, is very small. The houses are almost invariably close on the streams, and nestle picturesquely by the water; with the hills rising around them are corn fields on end; the cliffs preclude even goats; and on these ridges and shaggy cliffs the forest is undisturbed, as a rule, so the sky line is a beautiful timbered one.

As we wound slowly up and up, men and women passed us on horseback, going faster than we; often there were two on a horse, when the two were a man and a woman. This was to be a pretty meeting—a funeral meeting to be held at the graveyard on the mountain top—and the perfect day called out a good attendance. Arriving at the top, the spell of the place and the occasion lay hold on our spirits. In a cleared space on the top of one of the beaver mountains—and, therefore, in a gap of the surrounding mountains—lay the little graveyard, surrounded by a close picket fence. Above the gate some white boards, clumsily put together, held this inscription, badly lettered: "God Bless Those Who Sleep Here." A close thicket of young trees grew to the fence on one side, and above great oak, chestnut and beech trees spread their shadows over to the grave of "Little Lucinda," whose funeral we had come to hear. The fallen tree trunks and great boulders were moss covered; the mountain ivy showed green among the gay autumn leaves, and the sky was a veritable azure.

In the cleared space in front of the graveyard, logs (with bark still on them) had been arranged for seats, with a small open space in the middle, where stood a table with a white cloth, on which a bucket of water and gourd was placed. The preachers sat in front of the table, on their private log, facing the graveyard. The crowd far outnumbered the seats, reaching into the hundreds, and overflowing onto the ground to the outlying logs and on to the stake and rider fence—as to the masculine part of it.

Groups arranged themselves on the ground, in the angles of the fence; the others scattered in knots on the hillside. There seemed an army of mules and horses hitched in the thickets and along the fence; the woman's saddles were covered with some bright color, the men's showing a gay blanket and many bridles, with bright red blinds. Every animal had saddlebags, a carpet bag, or some evidence of dinner to come.

The young women's and children's dresses were of many colors. The old women were all in black, with their black cotton sun bonnets, or else quilted woolen ones, and with their shawls and their white or colored knitted "half-handers."

Very many of the women carried bright bunches of autumn flowers for the grave, and some of the men had stuck a chrysanthemum in their button holes, or even jauntily in their hat bands. Sitting there in the gap, a mountain rose directly before and one directly behind us; and on either hand there spread out before us a panorama, ridge after ridge, in all the glory of autumn coloring and brilliant sunshine. It would be hard to find a more picturesque scene in the old world, or one more vivid in coloring—both as to humanity and nature.

The preachers were three, who had come to "funeralize" over "Little Lucinda"—as one affectionately called her. She had been dead nearly two years, was the mother of six children, and died at the age of twenty-three. Topography and custom have fixed the conventionalities of life in this country; death is hideous—unsoftened by our veiling of sentiment and convention; people are put in a box and put in the ground, without ritual of any kind except singing and prayer—but the family "aims" to have the funeral preached at a pretty meeting when the preacher and the weather are propitious.

The first preacher was an half Indian, who apologized for his ignorance—but, with the natural eloquence and emotions of his race, rose to the occasion and rambled and ranted in "sing song" in a way that I found still creditable, after being absent from my native haunts so long and after hearing the two white men. He said he was not much acquainted with the family, and begged their pardon if he stepped on their feelings or their toes by being ignorant of them and their ways and their failings. He ended his harangue by saying he had "collected" a hymn, and proceeded to line out "I Am a Lonesome Dove." This hymn told of the "lone dove" having lost his mate and, further, "My children cry, no mother by to take them on her knee, etc."

I felt uncomfortable, knowing the man had married again, and he and his new wife were present—but found, when number two of the preachers arose, that I need feel no responsibility, and that in this truly simple life the pretense that step-mothers are really mothers does not exist.

Number two wore no collar, waist-coat or coat. He called for the husband, and asked him how many children he had; called for them and all the immediate family to come and sit about him, and asked if the chief mourner were married again; called for the new wife—whereupon he proceeded to read the obituary, telling of the pitiful life and glorious death of "Little Lucinda." As she lay dying, she told her husband not to grieve for her (evidently literally obeyed), and told him she "saw a white nag at the trough, all shining and beautiful and ready to bear her to her dear babies who had gone on before. This "shining nag" was the theme of his discourse. The

preacher moaned and wept, and wrought up himself and the family over the little twins, who had scarcely lived at all, until every woman (and there were but few present who had not lost a little baby) wept aloud; and the children all wept because those people are emotional and not afraid to show their feelings—so all the congregation wept aloud with him, and big, rough men let the tears stream down their cheeks unchecked.

Then he began again on "Little Lucinda," and the children here, and added to their forsaken state: "And now these 'pore' little 'children' have fell into the hands of a stepma, and I want to say right here and now that this here step ma (shaking his fist in that lady's weeping countenance—for she set mingling her tears with those of her husband for wife number one) and all step ma's, that they will have to appear at the judgment bar of God and give an account to God for the 'pore little chilern' that have fell into their hands for how they have treated 'em."

After this practical touch, he wandered back into his hysterical heights. At the end of an hour and a half he said he noticed the folks sorter mustering round and maybe wanting to hear Brother Keen, and so he lined out to the people a doleful, intricate chant of a hymn.

The service had begun at nine o'clock, and it was now noon when the third preacher started in. He was a coatless, gaunt, sickly looking man, with the face of fanatic; his big, heavy jaws looked like the Heidelberg man; he rolled up his sleeves and exhibited his arms to the elbows; long, black hair covered his arms to the wrists; these, together with other rudimentary exhibits, and his grinning and showing his canine teeth, all bespoke his lowly origin. It seemed that the other two preachers had reached the acme of hysteria and mere talk, but this man climbed heights before undreamed of. He "sing songed" and put "er" before each word and "ah" behind each word, with his hand held behind his ear; and he spat at the end of each sentence, as punctuation; and he called on "Brother John, 'thar'; you watch me good, for you read 'right smart,' and I tell you 'hit's' time we were all 'readen' and 'getten' book 'larnin'"—for I had no chance. I went to a log school house, with a dirt floor, and holes in the walls big enough for children to crawl through, and 'sot' on split log seats with a teacher that 'nowed nothen' to teach."

And then he was off again, launching into the other denominations; he scored a Methodist circuit rider who sat over in the crowd, who had been holding a protracted meeting, which he denominated as only 'a sanctified row' he said the reason so many people were going to hear the Methodist preacher was that the people were always like pups—they

were Methodist until they got their eyes open, and then they were Baptist. He said that he had learned that "Brother Dave" had gone off Methodist, and that the circuit rider had eaten up all of "Brother Dave's" chickens, and that Dave had "gritted" his thumbs off "gritten" for the preacher, and that if the people didn't quit following false prophets and going off after the sons of "Belial" there would be a great "earthquake", or some big calamity, to overtake them.

Meantime, it was very true that the people were "mustering round"; young girls got together and talked audibly; girls and their sweethearts moved off to some stumps; fence tops grew audible with talk of corn crops and coming elections; mothers moved off and compared their babies—and on and on went the flight of words.

The attention of the old men directly about the preacher, and a bevy of black-bonneted old women, never wavered, but the attention of the audience at large was only caught and held when he got to weeping and shrinking, and working on their feelings as to the dead babies. Finally, one woman jumped up and began shouting, which was the signal for handshaking to begin; and, while the preacher preached frantically on, number two of the preachers got up and lined out one of their minor pathetic hymns. The hymn went on, the hand shaking went on, and the preacher went on—almost insanely—until finally announcements were "published" for funerals next September—nearly a year off.

BACK TO "NORMALCY"

The city chap, just out of a boxing school, who comes up into the mountains on a vacation and imbibes a little too much "mountain dew," and gets into a scrap with a lean, lank mountain "Rube," finds that he has to do everything that he has learned not to do. Fighting, the way they give it in the books, is great stuff—as long as the fight goes according to the book. But, sometimes the battle don't behave the way the book says it ought to. The lean "Rube" would never hit below the belt—no, never—but to keep his thumbs out of the other fellow's eyes was something he hadn't learned.

GETTING BETTER

There is an impression among the more cultured that the mountains are a place of abject poverty, where people live on grits and bacon, sleep in log cabins without windows, and shoot their relatives for sport.

THE LITTLE MOONSHINER

A small town in the remote parts of Kentucky mountains had by reason, perhaps of its isolation, become the center of

traffic in moonshine liquor. The prohibition department decided to send to the town a shrewd detective from one of the large cities to find and arrest the leaders of the moonshine forces. The detective arrived safely, on time, and established headquarters at the Wayside Inn, as a timber salesman.

After a much relished breakfast at the inn, the detective pulled his chair out onto the porch fronting the highway, and had just begun reading a copy of *The Hazard Leader*, when he was approached by a small, freckled-faced, barefooted boy about 12 years old, carrying a shoe box under his arm. Side-ling up to the detective, the boy said: "Stranger, would you like to have a quart of good moonshine?" The detective, scenting, perhaps, a clue to his quest, answered: "Certainly, little man, how can I get some?" The boy said: "Why, you give me five bucks, and I'll go and get it for you, if you will 'keep' my shoes 'till' I come back." The boy handed the shoe box to the detective and, seizing the five dollars, he scampered across the yard and over the yard fence, disappearing into a neighboring cane patch.

Hours passed, and the boy had not returned. Dinner came on at the inn, and the detective took the shoe box and held it on his knee while eating dinner, after which he went back to his chair on the porch and, for several hours longer, watched the cane patch for some sign of the returning boy. His patience becoming exhausted, he decided to untie the box and examine the boy's shoes. Removing the lid from the box, there, neatly wrapped in silk paper, was a quart of moonshine whiskey.

A man and a skunk got into a fight, and when they got through it was hard to tell which was the skunk.

UNCLE ANDY, THE WATCH DOCTOR

About nine o'clock in the morning, on a bright June day, the train pulled into the small station at the western end of the gateway through the Cumberland mountains, known as the "breaks."

As I alighted from the train I noticed an old, gray-bearded man standing on the platform, with his hands behind him. Stepping up to the old man, I informed him that I had come up among the "breaks" to camp and fish for a few days, and was looking for a guide and some place to stay and board while there. He said, "Well, most all the 'furriners' that come up here stay with me. I live right up 'thar' in the 'flats'; and, if you can put up with our fare, you are welcome to stay, and I know all the 'pints' of interest 'round here and can take you anywhere you want to go, and not lose you, either."

He told me his name was Andy Porter; that he was born and "raised" "thar" in the "flats." The aged mountaineer lived in a small log house, with a kitchen attached to the south side next to the hill; and, as we entered the front yard, we were met by a big, spotted dog and a gang of ducks. Several fine chickens were standing about the yard, and when we entered the gate the chickens all lifted up their heads and made off to the brush. I told Porter to tell the chickens I was not a preacher and not to be uneasy, that I expected to live on fish for a few days—if I could catch any. The "Doctor" turned to me, with anger in his voice, and said: "Yes, 'narry' hell! if I wasn't gone for a few weeks, and two Mormon preachers come up here and stayed all the time I was gone, and 'liked' to eat up every chicken on the place; and every time they see a stranger they take to the hills."

Just outside the gate was a large hog trough, dug out of a poplar log, and near enough to the kitchen door for the cook to give the hogs the dish water, and not waste it by throwing it out into the back yard.

At the dinner the "Doctor" picked up a plate of large, red tomatoes and, passing them over to me, said, "Stranger, will you have some of these things?" Then the girl at the head of table giggled out, and said: "Grandpa don't know what to call 'em." To which the "Doctor" replied: "No, narry hell! Since the railroad come here, if my folks 'hain't' got so 'propper if I can understand half they say; they call these 'pemortices' 'tomattices.'"

Two other men got off the train when I did, and the "Doctor" asked me if I knew them. I told him I did not know their names, but that one was a United States Marshal and was going up into Dickenson county, Virginia, on a moonshine raid. The "Doctor" jumped up from the table and ran up a small ladder which stood in the corner of the room, and up into the loft; he came back with a large, crooked ram's horn, ran out the back door and then around the "flat" onto the "point," and began to blow the horn long and loud—which reminded me of the din sent up by General Joshua's forces when the walls of Jericho fell down.

When the "Doctor" returned to finish his dinner, I asked him if that was the way he made it rain. Then he answered, "The boys is out, and I was 'jest' calling them in." I learned afterwards that when the "boys" were out "stilling" and heard the ram's horn blowing, they knew the prohibition agents were in and that it was a signal to take their still out of the furnace and sink it in the river by the side of a round, black rock which looked very much like the still.

When the "Doctor" had sat back down to finish his dinner, he looked over at me, and said: "Now, stranger, if you want to stay around here and fish, you get in with my 'George;' I think he has dynamite hid somewhere, and he knows where the State line is. You see, he can take you up into 'Ferginia' and throw the dynamite in the river for you, and they can't law you in Kentucky, and up in 'Ferginia' it's only a \$2 fine."

I saw at once that the "Doctor" knew his business, and had the proper dope on evading the law, and that it was very necessary for me to get in with "George."

A short time after dinner "George" came in, and the "Doctor" said to the young man: "Here, George, is a man who has come up here to fish, and wants you to go with him; and I told him that you 'nowed' where the line was, and that you had something to kill the fish with." After a while "George" and I took a walk around the flat; and, after assuring him that I would not in any way divulge the whereabouts of his supply of dynamite, he took me to a large, hollow chestnut log, which contained a supply of explosives, and looked to be a veritable magazine.

"George" said: "I got the old man, 'Tan,' to steal the dynamite from the railroad for me, and I only let strangers see it who looks like they wouldn't give me away." He seemed to take me into his confidence so quickly that I was impressed with his quick intuition in judging a stranger—for there was nothing farther from my thoughts than to give the young man's secret away, after being intrusted with it.

The young man, "George," proved to be a congenial associate, considerably ahead of his father in intelligence, and imbued with the spirit of the new generation; and, while discussing his family tree, said to me: "'Pap' thinks he can kill witches and can bewitch the dynamite so it will not fire—but I go right ahead and kill all the fish I want to."

I soon found out that my companion was somewhat free with his ideas, and that I was likely to find out from him the exact information I was seeking. So I began to question him, though rather cautiously, about the methods employed by the "Doctor" to bewitch people, and to forecast the weather. After making him understand what I wanted, he said: "Now, I'll tell you what you do. You make out like you believe in witches, and he will tell you all about his plans and will show you his witch balls and witch sticks."

After arranging with "George" to go fishing on the morrow, we returned to the house. Very soon the "Doctor" began to question me concerning my parentage, place of birth, Church faith, and so on. I told him my maternal ancestors were Bowlings and came from England about the time of the Revolution. The "Doctor" stroked his long, grey beard, shook

his head, and said: "Why, I married Old Zeek Bolling's 'gal,' and she was named 'arter' Queen Elizabeth, who was the 'darter' of Anna Bolling who was beheaded by King James 'arter' being 'cused' by him of being a witch."

After confessing to the "Doctor" that the old man, "Zeek," was my great uncle, he said: "Well, then, you and George is a-kin, and I'll bet the 'years' off my head that you and him steal something before you are together a week." I told him that we would be careful, and not be caught with the goods.

We had moved our chairs out under the shade of a large beech tree that stood in the back yard, when the "Doctor" called out, "Hey, Bets! come out here," and when "Bets" had come out in answer to the call of the "Doctor," he said: "Bets, this 'feller' says he's half Bolling, and that your pap, Zeek, is his great uncle."

At this sudden news, Bets ran over and, seizing my hand, said: "I 'jest' thought you might be some of our kinfolks, come to see us and wouldn't tell it." And, perceiving that my relationship might gain for me the information I was seeking and my board into the bargain, and had placed me on intimate terms with the family, and that it was more than likely to disarm the "Doctor's" suspicion, I felt free to discuss any subject they wished to talk about.

Late in the afternoon the "Doctor" took me down to the river and showed me a bee hive in a cliff, more than three hundred feet from the water. Pointing up to the bees on the rock, the "Doctor" said: "My grandpap found them bees in that rock more than 'a hundred' years ago, and I'll bet there's five bushel of honey in that cliff, and I wish you and 'George' would fall on some plan to get that honey."

On coming to the boat landing, the "Doctor" said: "Now, we will go over to the mill, as I have some malt to grind for the boys" (speaking of a small water mill across the river). But when we got down to the water someone had untied the "Doctor's" boat and took it to the other side. He turned to me, his face blushing with anger, as he said: "Narry hell! if I ever come to this river in my life but what my boat was on one side or 'tother'; and now I'll have to wade over and get it." And as he was looking me straight in the face, I was forced to turn away and fix my gaze on the grandeur of the great canyon, to conceal the smile I felt rushing to my face.

Next morning "George" and I were up early to try our luck at fishing. We went to the hollow log and, taking therefrom several sticks of dynamite, and going up into the canyon across the line, we sat down on a large round rock and loaded the dynamite. I told "George" to count the sticks of dynamite and I would pay him for them. But he said, "No, it is against the law to sell dynamite, but I'll tell you what you can do. I'm nearly out, and old Tan will be along back this evening from work, and you can hire him to steal you a coffee-

sack full for fifty cents. You see," he continued, "old Tan works on the railroad, and he can steal dynamite and the road will never know it."

We took the dynamite up by a large eddy pool of water, lit the fuse and threw about an half dozen sticks into the river, and then ran down to the shoal and caught the fish as they attempted to float by. I following down the river after some fish which had passed us in the shoals, we met the "Doctor" coming up the bank with several large fish, and he said: "I 'now-ed' you 'fellers' would let all the good fish get away over the shoals, so I 'ketched' these against the mill gate."

I was very much elated over our good catch, and late that evening old "Tan," as the young man called him, came along, and called my companion aside: after talking a few minutes, "George" motioned me to them, and said: "Now, Tan, this man is a stranger and don't live about here, and he wants to fish a few days, and wants to 'barry' a few sticks of dynamite from you; he will pay you good for your trouble in bringing it to him." Old Tan said: "Well, I've got about forty sticks left (he had it hid under a cliff), and I can bring your friend some tonight a little 'arter' dark. I won't charge him for the dynamite, but he can pay me a dollar for the trip." I told "Tan" the bargain was sealed, and the dollar was ready for him as soon as he delivered the dynamite.

By this time money matters were somewhat easing up with me, as I felt sure my board was not going to cost me anything—among my kinfolks—and "George" had just sold the depot agent two big cat-fish for one dollar and had given me half the money, and had assured me we could sell all the fish we could catch for a good price. A short time after dark old "Tan" turned up with fifty sticks of ammunition. I handed him the promised dollar, and "George" and I took it to our arsenal and hid it.

After hiding the dynamite, we returned to the house, and the "Doctor", picked up his chair, said: "Now, stranger, bring your 'cheer' out into the yard, as I 'allus' sit out in the yard fer a while 'arter' dark, when it is clear, so I can watch the 'stairs'—for I can't tell a thing about the weather unless I keep up with the movement of the sky."

The conversation finally turned into ghost tales, witch stories and the like, when the "Doctor" went into the house and brought out a box about eighteen inches square. Unlocking the box, he took therefrom about a peck of hair balls, about one-half the size of an ordinary baseball, and said: "Now, these witch-balls was made from my father's beard, and at his death he intrusted me with them as his successor in the spirit world; and when I die I am going to turn them over to

my son, "Role," whom I have 'larnt' to use them in dealing with the spirits and witches."

Then fishing down into the one corner of the box, he brought out a double handful of balls similar to the first, and said: "Now, these balls were made from my own beard."

I asked the "Doctor" how he managed to make the balls so uniform in size and shape. He answered, "I only poll my hair and beard twice a year, and my beard is about the same length each time; only once the woods got fire and, in fighting the fire, I got 'ketched' above a big dry 'ruff' of gravevines, and the fire 'liked' to a-burned me up—it burned off my hair and beard, and I made this little ball from the beard that time" (exhibiting a smaller ball). I said, "Why didn't you keep the burned beard and mix it with the next year's crop?" "Why," he said, "you have to 'foller' the 'derections' in the Bible and, like old Absalom, poll your beard and put it away twice a year. Bets cuts it for me in April and November, with the sheepshears, and when I grind the shears to shear the sheep I make her cut it while the shears are sharp."

I interrupted the "Doctor" to inquire why he did not shave the beard off, and his answer was: "Why, I never had a razor on my face in my life, and if we should use any of the new ways, the Spirit would desert us, and we would become helpless. That was the reason Sampson couldn't shave, and if I should do 'sich' a thing I would be as helpless as you are in dealing with witches." Continuing, he said: "Now, I have a big, round rock in the house which I put in one end of my sack to balance my turn when I go to mill, and some of the young 'spirits' who have been off to school laugh at me and tell me to throw the rock down and divide the corn—as if I didn't know that. But you see they are ignorant of the Spirit, and can't understand that God's prophets musn't eat anything that has been divided. Of course, the rock makes the turn heavier, but 'onless' we carry some kind of a burden we would not be worthy of the Spirit."

I was becoming interested and said: "Doctor, I would love to see that rock." At my request the "Doctor" went into the house and brought out a large, blue limestone rock, almost exactly the shape of an egg; it would have weighed fifty pounds. Laying the rock down before me, the "Doctor" said: "This rock has been in the family for more than one hundred years. My father used to tell me this rock was like one that some of the old men in Bible times used; but, as I can't read, I can't remember who it was."

At this honest confession, I felt inclined to try and help the "Doctor" out, and ventured: "Moses used two stones called Urium and Thumium to find out the working of the Spirits; perhaps you refer to them." The "Doctor" said: "Now, that's

'hit.' 'Hit' was old Moses who led the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and you are the 'fust' man who have ever been here, in my 'noens,' that could tell me who that was that used the rocks as I do. Do you think you could find that place in the Bible for me?" I told him, Yes, if he had the Old Testament.

The "Doctor" went into the house and brought out a much worn Bible. He handed it to me, saying: "Now, if you can find the place." I took the Bible and, turning to the book of Exodus, I hastily ran over the headlines and read that "Aaron, the high priest, took the two stones that Moses had used, and was commanded to wear the breast-plate of judgment with the stones, Urium and Thumium, near his heart continually, especially when he went in before the Lord." The "Doctor" made me read the entire chapter. When I had finished reading, the "Doctor" said: "That is precisely what my father used to tell me about it, and I want you to mark that place so I can find it."

I took a pencil and placed a crossmark at the head of the chapter, and also marked the verse referring to the two stones. The "Doctor" then walked over to some corn shucks that lay in the yard. He pulled off a shuck and placed it in the Bible, with the remark, "Now, I don't want any of you to lose this place; and be sure to keep this shuck right where I put it," taking the Bible back and placing it on the fireboard.

I asked him if the witches bothered him much. He answered, "Yes, there lived an old witch on Elkhorn, around here, and she seemed to have a spite at me, and once concluded to put me out of business. She worked on my hogs until she had an old white sow so smart that she would tear down the fence and let all the hogs into the field at once, and if she didn't tear it down low enough at the start she would run back and tear it down lower, so the small hogs could get over, too; and then she would go to the peach trees, rear up and get hold of the limbs and shake the peaches off as good as a man, and then run to another tree, until she would shake every tree in the orchard. The 'old thing' would work on my cows. One time I hunted four days for an old roan cow, and she laid out from the calf—and I couldn't find her to save my life; she had on a big bell, and I could hear the bell right up close to me—but I couldn't find the cow. I went in home and concluded that I would find out what was the matter. I took down the box here and arranged the balls in the proper way, but every time I would count them they would come out 'on-even.'" Finally, I took the old witch by surprise; counting the balls again, they came out even—then I 'nowed' I had her where Slusher had the hog; so I went around the 'flat.' where I thought I heard the bell, and there laid the old cow in a sinkhole; and I had walked right through that very sinkhole more'n a dozen

times, and couldn't see her—but the cow had been right in the sinkhole all the time. So I concluded to get 'shet' of the old flax-brake. I took me a firecoal and 'drawed' her off on a board, set her up against a tree, loaded my old gun with a silver bullet, and shot her right through the body; and in a day or two I heard the old witch was 'liken' to die. I 'nowed' what the trouble was, but didn't tell anybody. And she lived five or six days and died."

I said "Doctor, did you sure enough shoot the old thing?" He said, "Certainly; the ball went through her, but there was no place in the hide where the bullet hit. You see," he continued, "when you shoot a person with a witch ball—if you know your business—'hit' don't break the hide, but passes through their insides and kills 'em." I asked: "Doctor, did you ever know of any one else being killed with a witch ball?" And he said, "Yes, I can show you a grave down on the river, where a man fell dead, shot with a witch ball; and they buried him right where he fell. Everybody was afraid to take him any other place."

I ventured, "Perhaps the man died of apoplexy, or some other sudden disease." Then he answered, "Poxy, 'nothen,' he was killed with a witch ball—that's 'hit.'"

Next morning when "George" and I made ready to go fishing, the "Doctor" said to us: "Now, you 'fellers' come back by eleven, as there's some people coming here today to see me and Bets will have dinner sooner than common." After taking a good string of fish, we returned to the house. The "Doctor" was examining a large, raw-boned man and, after thumping and feeling over the patient's body, he said to him: "Well, my good friend, you are in a bad fix. You've got a white liver, and 'thar' is somebody trying to destroy you; but if you will listen to me and do as I tell you I can 'chore' you. But you mustn't do like old Sam did, who eat so many hot vituals he burned out all his insides and died." Then the "Doctor" instructed the man how to ward off the effect of witches.

The patient inquired of the "Doctor" the kind of weather to be expected during the coming Fall, as he was going to the black mountain to "sang," to which question the "Doctor" answered: "I can't tell a thing about the weather, for I've lost my 'stairs' and will have to find 'em again. (The "Doctor" had been sent off to prison for moonshining, and had lost his stars). But, as you say," continued the "Doctor," "you are going to the black mountain to 'sang.' I'll give you an order which will protect you while there." Calling me over to him, the "Doctor" said, "Now, young man, do a little writing for me"—and he dictated as follows:

"To all demons, devils, goblins, spirits, robbers, wild-cats, wolves and bears:

"I command you that, under the penalties pronounced by the Great Spirit, you allow Frank Tackitt, and all other persons he may have with him, to dig all the 'sang' and yellow root they find while in the black mountain, on all days of the week, except Sunday.

"(Signed) THE GREAT SPIRIT,

"By Andy Porter."

After the patients had left, the "Doctor" went into the house and brought out a new book and handed it to me, saying: "Here is a book George bought the other day, and I want to hear you read some in it." I took the book, and began looking for something thrilling to read. (The book was an history of the great World War.) I began to read about the torpedoing of the Lusitania when, suddenly, the "Doctor" turned in his chair, facing his wife, and remarked: "Now, Bets, I'll bet the 'years' off my head that that was them confounded Mormons that done that." (The "Doctor" was still mad about the Mormon preachers eating up his chickens). After reading to him for more than an hour, I closed the book, and he said: "He's a right reader, 'ain't he? I never got no 'larnen,' but I see 'hit's' a good thing."

(To Be Continued in Volume II.)

Author's Note: "TALES OF THE MOUNTAINS" is published twice a year, and is intended as an advertising magazine for the great Eastern Kentucky coal field.

COAL PRODUCTION

In the State of Kentucky there were, in 1920, approximately, 40,000,000 tons of coal produced, and valued at more than \$100,000,000. Thirty of the 120 counties are listed as coal producers. Harlan led, with a production of 5,357,483 tons. Pike county followed, in second place with a production of 5,080,653 tons. Muhlenberg was third with a production of 4,220,489 tons. Letcher came fourth with a production of 3,423,164; and Perry was fifth.

According to the State geologist, the reason for the large tonnage in Harlan, Pike, Letcher and Perry counties, is to be found in the high quality of the coals produced in these sections.

Coals of this section of the eastern coal fields average high in B. T. U.'s, low in ash, and extremely low in sulphur. Many of the most workable coals of this part of the State are analyzed less than four-fifths of one per cent and are, therefore, extremely desirable for various steaming, domestic and by-product purposes.

It is interesting to note that Harlan, Pike, Perry and Letcher counties represent those sections of the Eastern Kentucky coal fields most lately reached by headwater extension of Kentucky railroads. It is the opinion that within the next decade it will be possible, if railroad lines and spurs can be secured, to open up vast areas of virgin coal lands now untouched in this section of Kentucky, and double the present annual production of this particular section. This is regarded as a safe prediction, due to the fact that coals from these sections of Kentucky are readily merchantable and will displace in the open market inferior coals produced in the adjoining states, especially to the northwest.

OIL PRODUCTION

A total of 8,949,185 barrels of oil was produced in Kentucky during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, according to the State Tax Commission. The value of the oil produced was \$27,068,403, and the amount of taxes collected by the State on the production was \$270,692.

Lee county produced the greatest number of barrels, its production being 5,005,704, the value of which was \$15,829,881. Allen county was next, with a production of 774,504 barrels, the value of which was \$2,215,050. Warren was third, with 728,338 barrels, valued at \$1,714,572; and Wayne was fourth, with 318,116 barrels, valued at \$838,150.

ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THE WORLD COULD STAY

ALL NIGHT IN PERRY COUNTY

If you should inquire, "How much room do you think would be required if the whole world's population could be gathered together into one place, and allow just enough of room to stand up? Do you think that it could be done in Kentucky, or do you think that it would require such a state as Texas?" The following calculation may be interesting to the curious:

The county of Perry averages twenty miles in width by that many miles long, or 400 square miles (256,000 acres)—which if reduced down to square feet and divided by four, the space required to accommodate one person, the astonishing fact would be revealed that Perry county could accommodate 2,787,820,000. And we are listening, too, for the tread of coming millions.

COURT DIRECTORY OF PERRY COUNTY

COURT CONVENES first Monday in January, May and October.

CIRCUIT JUDGE—Hon. R. B. Roberts.

CIRCUIT COURT CLERK—Zach Duff.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY—C. W. Napier.

COUNTY JUDGE—Joshua Smith.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Charles Wooton.

COUNTY COURT CLERK—J. C. Whitaker.

SHERIFF—Tolbert Holliday.

TAX COMMISSIONER—Farmer Johnson.

CORONER—William Combs.

JAILER—Van B. Combs.

SURVEYOR—G. W. Lyttle.

COUNTY COURT CONVENES second Monday in each month.

PERRY COUNTY'S HONOR ROLL

List of dead, as reported by the War Department, of those who gave up their lives in defense of liberty, from Perry county, during the great World War:

Steven Bach, Milton Barger, Lieut. Samson B. Brashear, Cyrus Taylor Buckner, Saul Campbell, Capt. Hanson Fields Combs, Monroe Combs, Lieut. Daniel Duff, Lieut. Alex Davidson, Willie Engle, Roscoe C. Hurt, Lieut. William Jamison, Roscoe Morris, John C. Napier, Shafter Napier, Yerkes Plowman, Custer Singleton, and Lawrence Wages.

These are the names that wring a tear in stately mansion hall
And in the lowly cabin home—meed alike for all."

(Continued in Volume II.)

The Great Coal Industry of Eastern Kentucky.

Directory of Mines.

—A—

	Daily Output.	Employees
	Tons	Men
ACME-BY-PRODUCT COAL CO., Etna, Ky.	325	50
F. F. Brooks, G. M., Fleming, Ky.		
ACUP CREEK COAL CO., Acup, Ky.	1000	100
A. L. Ware, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
ADAMSON COAL CO., Burdine, Ky.	—	—
AJAX COAL CO., Ajax, Ky.	550	—
G. P. Fritz, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
ALGOMA BLOCK COAL CO., Lothair, Ky.	950	150
R. C. Pritchard, G. M., Lothair, Ky.		
ALMA THACKER FUEL CO., McCarr, Ky.	600	150
G. C. Deaton, G. M., Matewan, W. Va.		
AMBURGY COAL CO., Amburgy, Ky.	350	50
J. T. Morgan, G. M., Dalna, Ky.		
ANCHOR COAL CO., Prestonsburg, Ky.	500	10
W. H. Layne, G. M., Prestonsburg, Ky.		
APEX COAL CO., Lavers, Ky.	600	—
R. F. Haskins, G. M., Diablock, Ky.		
APPALACHIAN WASHED COAL CO., Nicholson, Kentucky	375	—
J. P. Kivett, G. M., Tazwell, Tenn.		
ARCADA COAL CO., Wallsend, Ky.	193	100
H. R. Sharter, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
ASHLESS COAL CORP. No. 1, Asheo, Ky.	900	100
Hugh Burford, G. M., Lothair, Ky.		
ASHLESS COAL CORP. No. 2, Asheo, Ky.	150	25
Hugh Burford, G. M., Lothair, Ky.		
ASHLAND IRON & MINING CO., Rush, Ky.	200	125
E. C. Jones, G. M., Ashland, Ky.		
ATLAS COAL MINING CO., Capito, Ky.	300	80
J. L. Saunders, G. M., Ralston, Ky.		
AUBURN COAL CO., McCarr, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Detroit, Mich.		
AYERS & LONG, Williamsport, Ky.	125	60
G. C. Ward, G. M., Williamsport, Ky.		

—B—

BAILEY COAL CO., Toler, Ky.	—	—
J. L. Terrell, G. M., Toler, Ky.		
BAILEY COAL CO., Griggs, Ky.	100	—

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
C. R. Bailey, G. M., Blanche, Ky.		
BAKER COAL CO., Mosstown, Ky.	100	—
B. W. Baker, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
BAKER COAL CO., Dakota, Ky.	250	—
B. W. Baker, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
BANNER FORK COAL CO., Kentenia, Ky.	1000	150
Abner Lunsford, G. M., Kentenia, Ky.		
BANNER FORK COAL CO., Tisdale, Ky.	800	150
A Lunsford, G. M., Kentenia, Ky.		
BANNER POND CREEK COAL CO., Orinoco, Ky.	—	—
BARKING COAL CO., Barking, Ky.	150	30
W. H. Draper, G. M., Barking, Ky.		
BARWICK COAL CO., Barwick, Ky.	250	10
Lee Congleton, G. M., Lexington, Ky.		
BEATTYVILLE FUEL CO., Beattyville, Ky.	150	—
J. E. Jones, G. M., Beattyville, Ky.		
BEATTY COAL CO., East Barnstadt, Ky.	140	20
George Pennington, G. M., East Barnstadt, Ky.		
BEAVER ELKHORN COAL CO., Beaver, Ky.,	—	—
C. O. Messenger, G. M., Paintsville, Ky.		
BEAVER CREEK COAL CO., Alphoretta, Ky.	200	50
C. R. Holt, G. M., Alphoretta, Ky.		
BELLMAN COAL CO., Winona, Ky.	200	110
J. L. Manring, G. M., Middle-boro, Ky.		
BENNETT'S FORK COAL MINING CO., Vowles, Ky.	400	75
J. E. Evans, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
BIG HOLLOW COAL CO., Pikeville, Ky.	100	20
T. N. Huffman, G. M., Pikeville, Ky.		
BIG RUN COAL CO., Princess, Ky.	175	75
G. W. McNeal, G. M., Princess, Ky.		
BIG SHELBY COAL CO., Shelbyiana, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Asbland, Ky.		
BIG ELKHORN COAL CO., Betsy Layne, Ky.	400	20
G. H. Justice, G. M., Betsy Layne, Ky.		
BISHOP & HATFIELD C. CO., Williamson, W. Va.	—	—
BLACK COAL CO., Cote, Ky.,	25	—
H. M. Yarbrough, G. M., Everts, Ky.		
BLACK MT. CORPORATION, Kenvir, Ky.	2000	150
W. C. Argust, G. M., Dixney, Ky.		
BLACKKEY COAL CORP. No. 1, Taymax, Ky.	200	—
L. J. Madden, G. M., Blackey, Ky.		
BLACKKEY COAL CORP. No. 2, Blackey, Ky.	1200	—
L. J. Madden, G. M., Blackey, Ky.		
BLACK JOE COAL CO., Leonard, Ky.	250	—
BLACK GEM COAL CO., Toler, Ky.	200	—
BLUE BEAVER COAL CO., Prestonsburg, Ky.	200	110
C. Y. Ligon, G. M., Ligon, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employees Men
BLUE DIAMOND COAL CO., Blue Diamond, Ky.	2500	300
H. H. Braden, G. M., Blue Diamond, Ky.		
BLUE JAY COAL CO., Dunraven, Ky.	200	10
A. J. Upton, G. M. Yerkes, Ky.		
BLUE RIDGE COAL CO., Calvin, Ky.	80	35
W. M. Bullock, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
BOONE TRAIL COAL CO., Easley, Ky.	200	35
R. H. Barker, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
BON JELICO COAL CO., Bon, Ky.	450	150
J. E. Taylor, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
BOLINGER-JONES COAL CO., Chavies, Ky.	200	—
J. N. Bolinger, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
BOWLING BROS. CO., Galindo, Ky.	125	—
N. Bowling, G. M., Evarts, Ky.		
BUCKS BRANCH COAL CO., Smalley, Ky.	70	35
M. M. Tyree, G. M., Huntington, W. Va.		
BUCKFIELD COAL CO., Yeager, Ky.	150	—
BURNWELL COAL CO., Sassafraz, Ky.	400	125
J. H. Pritchard, G. M., Sprig, Ky.		
BUNCH BLUE GEM COAL CO., Dal, Ky.	10	—
Sterling Bunch, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
BURK HOLLOW COAL CO., Burk Hollow, Ky.	150	—
W. H. Hobb, G. M., Jellico, Tenn.		
B. P. WHITE COAL CO., House, Ky.	50	—
B. P. White, G. M., Cottingim, Ky.		
BURGESS COAL CO., Heidrick, Ky.	50	—
J. H. Burgess, G. M., Barbourville, Ky.		
BRADLEY JELICO COAL CO., Hujel, Ky.	400	110
J. T. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
BROAD BOTTOM MINING CO., Pikeville, Ky.	300	—
P. W. Day, G. M., Pikeville, Ky.		
BROWN PARKS COAL CO., Rockhold, Ky.	50	—
M. L. Parks, G. M., Rockhold, Ky.		
BROYLES & KONEY COAL CO., Rockhold, Ky. ...	10	—
L. C. Broyles, G. M., Rockhold, Ky.		
BRUMMET COAL CO., Brunmet, Ky.	10	—
Elbert Manney, G. M., Rockhold, Ky.		

—C—

CAIN COAL CO., Keenoy, Ky.	150	—
J. D. Cain, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
CAN-BIT COAL CO., Selby, Ky.	100	10
C. H. Adams, G. M., Wallings, Ky.		
CANDELL COAL CO., Candell, Ky.	350	150
F. S. Foster, G. M., Whitesburg, Ky.		
CARLAS COAL CO., Yerkes, Ky.	250	—
John McIntosh, G. M., Yerkes, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
CARBON MINING CO., Hiearbon, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Ashland, Ky.		
CARTER COAL CO., Warren, Ky.	200	190
M. M. King, G. M., Coalwood, Ky.		
CARTER COAL CO., Trosper, Ky.	75	50
M. M. King, G. M., Coalwood, Ky.		
CARRS FORK COAL CO., No. 1, Allock, Ky.	1300	—
H. E. Bullock, G. M., Lexington, Ky.		
CARRS FORK COAL CO., Perrone, Ky.	1000	60
H. E. Bullock, G. M., Lexington, Ky.		
CARRYON COAL CO., Toler, Ky.	—	—
CARY ELKHORN COAL CO., Smalley, Ky.	—	—
CARTER COAL CO., Anchor, Ky.	225	—
M. M. King, G. M., Coalwood, Ky.		
CHARLES COAL CO., Myrick, Ky.	100	—
H. P. Hoffo, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
CHENOA HYGHITE COAL CO., Grenada, Ky.	400	90
Wm. Castello, G. M. Middlesboro, Ky.		
CHINA COAL CO., Exby, Ky.	50	—
B. F. Howard, G. M., Wallings Creek, Ky.		
CHRISTY DARBY MINING CO., Mossy Bottom, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Pikeville, Ky.		
CLAY COUNTY COAL CO., Hima, Ky.	325	35
I. H. Buchanan, G. M., Hima, Ky.		
CLIFF COAL CO., Cliff, Ky.	100	45
H. C. Stalner, G. M., Cliff, Ky.		
CLINTON, COAL CO., Jeff, Ky.	450	—
D. Y. Wooton, Hazard, Ky.		
CLIMAX COAL CO., Edgewood, Ky.	500	150
R. C. Howe, G. M., Shamrock, Ky.		
CLOVER FORK MINING CO., Kitts, Ky.	750	—
B. W. Whitfield, G. M., Kitts, Ky.		
CLOVER LEAF COAL CO., Clover Leaf, Ky.	175	25
J. L. Manning, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
CLOYD COAL CO., East Bernstadt, Ky.	25	—
John Cloyd, G. M., Viva, Ky.		
COAL CREEK COAL CO., Edmons, Ky.	200	—
J. E. Evans, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
COAL RUN COAL CO., Sutton, Ky.	75	40
H. H. Funk, G. M., Pikeville, Ky.		
COLEMAN MINING CO., Fox Ridge, Ky.	225	110
C. R. Coleman, G. M., Cary, Ky.		
COLLINS MINING CO., Lackey, Ky.	100	20
Fred Blackburn, G. M., Lackey, Ky.		
COLONIAL COAL & COKE CO., Prestonsburg, Ky.	200	75
G. W. Evans, G. M., Prestonsburg, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
COLUMBIA-PANAMA COAL CO., Manchester, Ky.	250	150
F. M. Moxey, G. M., Manchester, Ky.		
COLUMBUS MINING CO. No. 3, Christopher, Ky.	2000	318
P. F. Allais, G. M. Hazard, Ky.		
COLUMBUS MINING CO. No. 4, Allais, Ky.	1050	120
P. F. Allais, G. M. Hazard, Ky.		
COLUMBUS MINING CO. No. 5, Allais, Ky.	800	120
P. F. Allais, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
COLUMBUS MINING CO. No. 6, Hilton, Ky.	750	100
P. F. Allais, Hazard, Ky.		
COLVAN MINING CO., Reekie, Ky.	150	30
L. M. VanHart, G. M., Connerville, Ind.		
CONANT COAL CO., Reams, Ky.	360	—
M. D. Bell, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
CONE BRANCH COAL CO., Luster, Ky.	40	—
Frank Ward, G. M., Wilton, Ky.		
CONEVA COAL CORP. No. 1, Chavies, Ky.	850	200
Frank Horn, G. M., Chavies, Ky.		
CONEVA COAL CORP. No. 2, Chavies, Ky.	350	30
Frank Horn, G. M., Chavies, Ky.		
CONGRESS COAL CO., Congress, Ky.	200	—
Rya Moss, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
CONSOLIDATION COAL CO., Jenkins, McRoberts and Fleming, Ky.	5000	700
J. B. Smyth, G. M., Jenkins, Ky.		
CONSOLIDATION FUEL CO. No. 1, Smoot, Ky.	600	—
V. A. O. Gabonny, G. M., Dalna, Ky.		
CONSOLIDATION FUEL CO. No. 2-3, Wevokin, Ky.	600	50
CONSOLIDATION FUEL CO. No. 2-3, Wevokin, Ky.	600	50
COOK & SHARP COAL CO., Petain, Ky.	315	—
Wm. Cook, G. M., Lejunior, Ky.		
COWAN CREEK COAL CO., Ice, Ky.	180	—
J. L. Darlington, G. M., Ice, Ky.		
COW CREEK COAL CO., Cow Creek, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Prestonsburg, Ky.		
CRANE CREEK COAL CO., Cross, Ky.	500	50
T. T. Wright, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
CRAWFISH COAL CO., Sibert, Ky.	50	—
L. G. Botner, Sibert, Ky.		
CREECH COAL CO., Low, Ky.	1960	200
R. W. Creech, G. M., Twila, Ky.		
CRYSTAL COAL CO., Birdwood, Kv.	300	100
J. L. Saunders, G. M., Ralston, Ky.		
CRYSTAL BLOCK COAL CO., Richardson, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Ashland, Ky.		
CUB BEAR MINING CO., Melcon, Ky.	300	—
Wm. Lewis, G. M., Four Mile, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employees Men
CUB MOUNTAIN COAL & COKE CO., Cub, Ky.	—	—
CUMBERLAND RIVER COAL & OIL CO., Nevisdale, Ky.	30	—
G. C. Croley, G. M., Nevisdale, Ky.		
CUMBERLAND COAL & COKE CO., Melvin, Ky.	300	30
E. M. Brown, G. M., Melvin, Ky.		

D

DAL BLUE GEM COAL CO., Dal, Ky.	69	—
J. M. Mahan, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
DARB FORK COAL CO., Tauber, Ky.	1000	—
S. D. Hardy, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
DEAN BRANCH JELICO COAL CO., Blowers, Ky.	400	—
Wm. Mc. C. Johnson, G. M., Lexington, Ky.		
DEFIANCE COAL CO., Defiance, Ky.	1000	—
G. C. Jacks, G. M., Happy, Ky.		
DEMPSEY COAL CO., Dempsey, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Gray Eagle, W. Va.		
DENVER COAL CO., Denver, Ky.	150	10
DESSE-ELLEN BLUE GEM COAL CO., Dal, Ky.	50	15
P. Wessner, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
DIAMOND BLOCK COAL CO., Diablock, Ky.	750	70
C. H. Bowers, G. M., Diablock, Ky.		
DRAPER COAL CO., Millard, Ky.	100	—
DRAKE BLUE GEM COAL CO., Dal, Ky.	1000	—
J. M. Mahan, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
DRY BRANCH COAL CO., Mathel, Ky.	150	50
J. C. Hoskins, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
DRY FORK COAL CO., Millard, Ky.	—	—
DUDLEY COAL CO., Walbolt, Ky.	750	—
W. F. Mandt, G. M., David, Ky.		
D. Y. LITTLE COAL CO., Manchester, Ky.	50	—
D. Y. Little, G. M., Manchester, Ky.		

E

EAST HARLAN COAL CO., Ages, Ky.	350	75
G. F. Neel, G. M., Ages, Ky.		
EAST KENTUCKY COAL CO., Alloway, Ky.	200	—
N. B. Sewell, G. M., London, Ky.		
EAST TENNESSEE COAL CO., Winster, Ky.	90	—
C. C. Vermillion, G. M., Jellico, Tenn.		
EDEN COAL CO., Felix, Ky.	500	—
F. G. Fields, G. M., Whitesburg, Ky.		
EDGEMONT COAL CO., Minnie, Ky.	125	50
J. W. Cockill, G. M., Minnie, Ky.		
EDGEWATER COAL CO., Hellier, Ky.	1500	500
C. A. Warfield, G. M., Hellier, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
ELKHORN & JELLICO COAL CO., Walram, Ky.	400	—
P. L. Marlow, G. M., Whitesburg, Ky.		
ELKHORN BLOCK COAL CO., Orkney, Ky.	—	—
ELKHORN COAL CORP., Fleming, Ky.	1100	100
J. F. Bohannon, G. M., Fleming, Ky.		
ELKHORN COAL CO., Kona, Ky.	600	100
S. L. Bastin, G. M., Mater, Ky.		
ELKHORN JR. COAL CO., Lorraine, Ky.	450	—
Leslie Picklesimer, G. M., Millstone, Ky.		
ELKHORN COLLIERIES No. 1, Mater, Ky.	1000	—
S. L. Bastin, G. M., Mater, Ky.		
ELKHORN COLLIERIES No. 2, Mater, Ky.	1000	—
S. L. Bastin, G. M., Mater, Ky.		
ELKHORN HAZARD COAL CO., Belcraft, Ky.	400	50
Edmond Coekburn, G. M., Whitesburg, Ky.		
ELKHORN COAL CORP., Wheelwright, Ky.	5000	2300
G. S. Kinsler, G. M., Wheelwright, Ky.		
ELKHORN COLLIERIES CO., Bevinsville, Ky.	1100	50
R. W. Bronk, G. M., Bevinsville, Ky.		
ELKHORN PINEY COAL MINING CO., Weeksbury, Ky.	325	180
M. B. Mitchell, G. M., Weeksbury, Ky.		
ELKHORN SEAM COLLIERIES CO., Elkhorn, Ky.	100	100
W. E. Crothers, G. M., Yeager, Ky.		
ELKHORN AND SHELBY COAL CO., Estill, Ky.	200	100
Main Office, Huntington, W. Va.		
ELKHORN STAR COAL CO., Minnie, Ky.	200	100
Main Office, Ashland, Ky.		
ELLSER COAL CO., Gambill, Ky.	150	—
V. M. Linsay, G. M., Saldee, Ky.		
ELMER ELKHORN COAL CO., Allen, Ky.	50	10
Main Office, Pikeville, Ky.		
EUREKA COAL & MINING CO., Prestonsburg, Ky.	100	60
Henry Porter, G. M., Prestonsburg, Ky.		
ESTES-JELLICO COAL CO., Pleasant View, Ky.	100	36
W. L. Moore, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
EVANS JELLICO COAL CO., Myrlin, Ky.	140	—
J. C. Byrd, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
EVARTS COAL CO., Fisk, Ky.	265	—
J. D. Casey, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		

F

FEDERAL COAL CO., Castro, Ky.	95	58
Ray Moss, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
FEDERAL COAL CO., Cary, Ky.	195	89
Ray Moss, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		

	Daily Output.	Employees
	Tons	Men
FEDERAL COAL CO., Glendon, Ky.	450	156
Ray Moss, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
FEDERAL COAL CO., Ferndale, Ky.	100	—
Joe Tarner, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
FERN LAKE FUEL CO., Logas, Ky.	100	—
H. E. Dinger, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
FIRST CREEK COAL CO., Dowlais, Ky.	1700	175
E. L. Douglass, G. M., Blue Diamond, Ky.		
FLOYD ELKHORN MINING CO., Robinson Creek, Ky.	100	—
Main Office, Cincinnati, Ohio.		
FLOYD ELKHORN CON. COLLIERIES, Drift, Ky.	250	100
W. W. Fields, G. M., Drift, Ky.		
FORT BRANCH COAL CO., Fusonia, Ky.	250	35
R. E. Potter, G. M., Fusonia, Ky.		
FRIEND-KASH COAL CO., Little, Ky.	200	—
R. H. White, G. M., Soldee, Ky.		
FUNK COAL CO., Sutton, Ky.	50	20
H. H. Funk, G. M., Sutton, Ky.		
FURNACE COAL MINING, Ashland, Ky.	220	50
W. J. Smith, Boldman, Ky.		
FURNACE GAP COAL CO., Hima, Ky.	50	25
G		
GRANT JELICO COAL CO., Wofford, Ky.	160	—
J. T. Estes, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
GATLIFF COAL CO., Gatliff, Ky.	550	—
N. B. Perkins, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
GATLIFF COAL CO., Gatliff, Ky.	750	525
N. B. Perkins, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
GLEGORA COAL CO., Wavland, Ky.	250	—
Main Office, Huntington, W. Va.		
G. B. BAYS COAL CO., Myrick, Ky.	50	—
G. B. Bays, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
GENERAL REFRACTORIES CO., Hutchins, Ky.	75	50
C. S. Hutchins, G. M., Hutchins, Ky.		
GOLDEN ASH COAL CO., Neubert, Ky.	300	100
W. A. Ellison, G. M., Kitts, Ky.		
GORDON MILLER COAL & COKE CO., Coats, Ky.	196	57
J. L. Jones, G. M., Grays, Ky.		
GOOSE CREEK COAL CO., Hima, Ky.	60	—
L. L. Warren, G. M., Hima, Ky.		
GOODIN & BARNEY COAL CO., Garrett, Ky.	250	38
Goodwin & Walton, Williamson, W. Va.		
GORMAN COAL CO., Diablock, Ky.	1000	150
John Gorman, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
GRAVITY COAL CO., Dorland, Ky.	60	—
E. R. Short, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employees Men
GREGORY BRANCH COAL CO., Sibert, Ky.	100	30
J. T. Gray, G. M., Grays, Ky.		
GREENOUGH COAL CO., Hellier, Ky.	500	100
J. M. Smith, G. M., Hellier, Ky.		
GREEN ROCK COAL CO., Hicoville, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Richmond, Va.		
H		
HARBINSON WALKER REFRACTORIES CO., Den- ton, Ky.	100	50
O. S. Boggs, G. M., Olive Hill, Ky.		
HARDY BURLINGHAM MINING CO., Hardburly, Ky.	2550	30
C. W. Snyder, G. M., Hardburly, Ky.		
HARLAN DAILY COAL CO., Harnick, Ky.	(New)	
N. P. Smith, G. M., Evarts, Ky.		
HARLAN-Co-operative COAL CO., Sikes, Ky.	(New)	
W. S. Woods, G. M., Evarts, Ky.		
HARLAN KELLIOKA COAL CO., Dartmont, Ky.	200	50
C. N. Bolinger, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
HARLAN COAL & COKE CO., High Splint, Ky.	340	—
W. R. Grant, G. M., High Splint, Ky.		
HARLAN GEM COAL CO., Ages, Ky.	300	—
W. H. Green, G. M., Ages, Ky.		
HARLAN COLLIERIES CO., Brookside, Ky.	580	50
B. W. Whitfield, G. M., Ages, Ky.		
HARLAN GAS COAL CO., Gaston, Ky.	900	150
J. A. McIntosh, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
HARLAN BLUE BUCK COAL CO., Oblo, Ky.	40	—
H. A. Walker, G. M., Wallins, Ky.		
HAROLD COAL & COKE CO., Harold, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Roanoke, Va.		
HATCHER COAL CO., Big Shoals, Ky.	—	—
HAWLEY COAL CO., Hawley, Ky.	350	35
W. E. Price, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
HAZARD JELLICO COAL CO., Staub, Ky.	1100	125
G. P. Felev, G. M., Staub, Ky.		
HAZARD BLUE GRASS COAL CORP., Nos. 1 and 2, Hazard, Ky.	2000	200
C. E. Bullard, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
HAZARD BLOCK COAL CO., Happy, Ky.	400	—
T. G. Foreman, G. M., Happy, Ky.		
HENSLEY COAL CO., Sibert, Ky.	100	30
J. M. Hensley, G. M., Sibert, Ky.		
HUJA COAL CO., Heidrick, Ky.	40	—
J. S. Stansberry, Barbourville, Ky.		

	Daily Output.	Employes
	Tons	Men
HIGH SPLINT COAL CO., Jeffrey, Ky.	300	—
J. B. Gatliff, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
HIGNITE COAL MINING CO., Hignite, Ky.	560	100
E. S. Helburn, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
HI-GRADE COAL CO., Denver, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Williamson, W. Va.		
HIMYAR COAL CO., Warfield, Ky.	—	—
HIMYAR COAL CORP., Domino, Ky.	1500	250
W. L. Carter, G. M., Domino, Ky.		
HOMBRE COAL CO., Hombre, Ky.	250	—
D. F. McCullar, G. M. Hombre, Ky.		
HOME RUN COAL CO., Kelby, Ky.	150	—
F. D. Hart, G. M., Midlesboro, Ky.		
HORSE CREEK COAL CO., Hima, Ky.	170	—
J. B. Wall, G. M., Hima, Ky.		
HORSESHOE COAL CO., East Bernstadt, Ky.	125	—
Fred Blunchi, G. M., East Bernstadt, Ky.		
HUFFMAN T. N. CO., Pikeville, Ky.	60	10
T. N. Huffman, G. M., Pikeville, Ky.		
HUNTINGTON BY-PRODUCT CO., Burdine, Ky.	150	20
E. A. Anthony, G. M., Burdine, Ky.		
HUGHES HORSE CREEK COAL CO., Sibert, Ky.	100	—
W. R. Hughes, G. M., Barbourville, Ky.		
HURON COAL CO., Heidrick, Ky.	40	—
I		
IMPERIAL ELKHORN COAL CO., Sergent, Ky.	400	—
A. J. Laverty, G. M., Sergent, Ky.		
INDIAN CREEK COAL CO., Rim, Ky.	500	100
T. T. Wright, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
INDIAN HEAD COAL CO., Feetham, Ky.	400	—
L. R. Feetham, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
J		
JACKSON BLOCK COAL CO., Jackson, Ky.	250	40
Lewis Hays, G. M., Jackson, Ky.		
JACK'S CREEK MINING CO., Bevinsville, Ky.	—	—
JACK MAYS COAL CO., Sibert, Ky.	50	—
Jack Mays, G. M., Grays, Ky.		
JACKSON COAL CO., Myrick, Ky.	150	—
D. H. Jenkins, G. M., Knoxville, Tenn.		
JACKSON COAL MINING CO., Dean, Ky.	150	—
J. B. Jones, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
J. B. BLUE GEM COAL CO., Hosman, Ky.	265	125
J. T. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
J. B. BLUE GEM COAL CO., Wood, Ky.	350	125
J. T. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
J. B. ELKHORN COAL CO., Hildason, Ky.	300	10
E. L. Douglass, G. M., Staub, Ky.		
J. B. HICKORY COAL CO., Redwine, Ky.	—	—
J. B. STRAIGHT CREEK MINING CO., Nuss-Baum, Ky.	80	75
J. T. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
J. B. JELLICO COAL CO., Sheaffer, Ky.	425	125
— J. H. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
JELLICO COAL MINING CO., Mountain Ash, Ky.	300	175
H. H. McCutchan, G. M., Mountain Ash, Ky.		
J. D. SMITH COAL CO., Williamson, W. Va.	—	—
J. L. SMITH COAL CO., Draper, Ky.	450	—
George F. Neel, G. M., Ages, Ky.		
J. G. EVERSOLE COAL CO., Hazel Patch, Ky.	50	—
J. G. Eversole, G. M., Hazel Patch, Ky.		
JOHN B. JEWEL COAL CO., Copland, Ky.	150	25
M. G. Yingling, G. M., Copland, Ky.		
JOHN B. MURPHY CO., Idamay, Ky.	100	—
John B. Murphy, G. M., Dayton, Ohio.		
JOHN'S RUN COAL CO., Leadville, Ky.	200	30
M. T. Bradley, G. M., Grayson, Ky.		

K

KANAWHA-KNOX COAL CO., Morse, Ky.	400	75
J. H. Martin, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
K. D. BLUE GEM COAL CO., Pennsy, Ky.	80	20
B. H. Smith, G. M., Cannon, Ky.		
KEEL COAL CO., Pikeville, Ky.	200	15
J. F. Pauley, G. M., Pikeville, Ky.		
KENTUCKY HICARBON CO., Hicarbon, Ky.	200	40
J. H. Baisden, G. M., Hicarbon, Ky.		
KENTUCKY GEM COAL CO., Rush, Ky.	250	30
W. R. Stewart, G. M., Rush, Ky.		
KENTUCKY ELKHORN COAL CORP., Praise, Ky.	250	75
H. A. Womack, G. M., Praise, Ky.		
KENTUCKY ELKHORN BY-PRODUCT CO., Dor- ton, Ky.	250	50
H. L. Cox, G. M., Dorton, Ky.		
KENTUCKY BLOCK FUEL CO., Joancy, Ky.	200	20
W. G. Andrews, G. M., Virgie, Ky.		
KENTUCKY BEAVER COAL CO., Allen, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Chicago, Ill.		
KELLIOKA COAL CO., Kellioka, Ky.	30	10
W. W. Austin, G. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.		
KENTUCKY & GEORGIA COAL CO., East Bern- stadt, Ky.	115	25
C. L. McDowell, G. M., Lexington, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
KENMONT COAL CO., Kenmont, Ky.	1250	75
J. L. Bishop, G. M., Jeff, Ky.		
KENTUCKY RIVER COAL MINING CO., Whitsett, Ky.	1200	—
J. E. Tucker, G. M., Heiner, Ky.		
KENTUCKY BLOCK MINING CO., Hayslen, Ky.	650	75
John Hayslett, G. M., Typo, Ky.		
KENTUCKY HARLAN COAL CO., Tasker, Ky.	250	—
S. A. Douglass, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
KENTUCKY-KING COAL CO., Lisle, Ky.	370	100
W. B. Miller, G. M., Wallins, Ky.		
KENTUCKY CARDINAL COAL CORP., Cardinal, Ky.	350	40
J. C. Straus, G. M., Car, Ky.		
KENTUCKY COLLIERIES, Stilson, Ky.	200	—
T. C. Hughes, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
KENTUCKY COLLIERIES, Troster, Ky.	385	—
T. C. Hughes, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
KENTUCKY RIDGE COAL CO., Easley, Ky.	75	—
E. W. Pitman, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
KEYSER COAL CO., Keyser, Ky.	300	70
Chas. M. Keyser, G. M., Keyser, Ky.		
KEYSTONE JELICO COAL CO., East Bernstadt, Ky.	40	25
J. E. Stringer, G. M. Farriston, Ky.		
KEYSTONE COAL CO., Wofford, Ky.	60	—
J. W. Davis, G. M., Wofford, Ky.		
KING BLUE GEM COAL CO., Sibert, Ky.	80	—
F. White, G. M., Sibert, Ky.		
KING HARLAN CO., Kildav, Ky.	400	130
A. R. Tinsley, G. M., Kildav, Ky.		
KLENE KOLE MINING CO., Klenco, Ky.	—	—
KNOTT COAL CORP., Sassafras, Ky.	2000	—
J. W. Reedy, G. M., Lothair, Ky.		
K. R. & C. RAILROAD CO., Caryton, Ky.	500	—
J. A. Heaton, G. M., Cressmont, Ky.		
KRESGE COAL & MINING CO., Williamsburg, Ky.	—	—
L. H. Dresbach, Receiver, Cincinnati, Ohio. (Bankrupt).		
KRESGE COAL CO., Masten, Ky.	65	—
J. F. Wilson, G. M., Calloway, Ky.		
KY-BLUE GEM COAL CO., Myrick, Ky.	50	—
John Manning, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
KY STRAIGHT CREEK COAL CO., Ramona, Ky.	220	30
J. E. Settle, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
L		
LACKEY COLLIERIES CO., Aflex, Ky.	800	225
Wm. Leckie, G. M., Aflex, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Employees	
	Tons	Men
LACKEY MINING CO., Lackey, Ky.	100	15
R. D. Clear, G. M., Ashland, Ky.		
LANDRUM COAL CO., Arjay, Ky.	205	—
W. B. Landrum, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
LAYMAN AND CALLOWAY COAL CO., Corell, Ky. 65		—
R. I. Cowthron, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
LAYNE COAL MINING CO., Auxyer, Ky.	100	10
R. C. Layne, G. M., Harold, Ky.		
LEDFORD COAL CO., Krypton, Ky.	150	—
Wm. Ledford, G. M., Krypton, Ky.		
LEE COAL CO., Redwine, Ky.	75	45
Guy Snyder, G. M., Clearfield, Ky.		
LENA RUE COAL CO., Rue, Ky.	600	—
W. F. Hall, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
LENNOX COAL CO., Lennox, Ky.	400	—
T. H. Pollock, G. M., Lennox, Ky.		
LEWIS COAL CO., Luce, Ky.	100	—
H. H. Lewis, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
LIBERTY COAL CORP., McDowell, Ky.	—	—
LIBERTY COAL CO., Bonnyman, Ky.	800	225
W. H. Sienknecht, G. M., Bonnyman, Ky.		
LIBERTY COAL & COKE CO., Easley, Ky.	565	125
R. R. Adkins, G. M., Straight Creek, Ky.		
LIBERTY COAL & COKE CO., Straight Creek, Ky. 200		100
R. R. Adkins, G. M., Straight Creek, Ky.		
LICK BRANCH COAL CO., Coxton, Ky.	1500	250
Louis Francis, G. M., Coxton, Ky.		
LICK CREEK COAL CO., Willard, Ky.	200	—
J. W. Ketchum, G. M., Willard, Ky.		
LINCOLN COAL CO., Napfor, Ky.	950	—
H. H. Givin, G. M., Krypton, Ky.		
LITTLE FORK COAL CO., Willard, Ky.	—	—
LOGAN ELKHORN COAL CO. No. 1, Parsons, Ky. 500		—
H. A. Shufflebarger, G. M., Fleming, Ky.		
LOGAN ELKHORN COAL CO. No. 2, Fleming, Ky. 350		—
H. A. Shufflebarger, G. M., Fleming, Ky.		
LOG MOUNTAIN COAL CO., Harrison, Ky.	250	60
R. F. Hopkins, G. M., Harrison, Ky.		
LONG RIDGE COAL CO., Kothe, Ky.	110	35
J. J. Cozatt, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
LONG BRANCH COAL CO., Rook, Ky.	200	—
W. R. Evans, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
LONG BRANCH COAL CO., Drift, Ky.	200	10
H. F. Ellis, G. M., Ashland, Ky.		
LOONEY CREEK COAL CO., Clutts, Ky.	315	75
Tom Miller, G. M., Pee Vee, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
LORAIN ELKHORN COAL CO., Melvin, Ky.	200	—
C. O. Messenger, G. M., Paintsville, Ky.		
LOTS CREEK COAL CO., Downing, Ky.	450	—
C. M. Davis, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
LOW ASH MINING CO., Excelsior, Ky.	565	130
E. P. Nicholson, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
LYON BRANCH COAL CO., Denver, Ky.	—	—
M		
MAHAN JELICO COAL CO., Packard, Ky.	650	275
T. B. Mahan, G. M., Packard, Ky.		
MAIN JELICO MOUNTAIN COAL CO., Kensee, Ky.	250	55
J. H. Barker, G. M., Jellico, Tenn.		
MALONE ELKHORN COAL CO., Beaver Creek, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Huntington, W. Va.		
MAMMOUTH BLUE GEM COAL CO., Gatliff, Ky.	250	80
S. L. Smith, G. M., Gatliff, Ky.		
MANUFACTURERS COAL & COKE CO., Hellier, Ky.	500	300
C. E. Anderson, G. M., Hellier, Ky.		
MARTHA LESLIE COAL CO., Prestonsburg, Ky.	80	40
S. L. Spradlin, G. M., Prestonsburg, Ky.		
MARTIN COAL CO., Wayne, Ky.	75	—
W. G. Miracle, G. M., Cannon, Ky.		
MARIETTA COAL CO., Pinson Fork, Ky.	100	—
O. C. Huffman, G. M., Huntington, W. Va.		
MARROWBONE MINING CO., Lookout, Ky.	125	50
J. J. Christy, G. M., Lookout, Ky.		
MARIAN COAL CO., Letcher, Ky.	700	—
H. R. Smith, G. M., David, Ky.		
MARY HELEN COAL CO., Merna, Ky.	650	—
S. V. Preston, G. M., Coalgood, Ky.		
MASON CREEK COAL CO., Viper, Ky.	150	—
J. E. Kelly, G. M., Viper, Ky.		
MAYKING COAL CORP., Mayking, Ky.	450	—
D. C. Bomer, G. M., Mayking, Ky.		
MAYNARD COAL CO. No. 6, Lennut, Ky.	800	—
Zach Gross, G. M., Lennut, Ky.		
MAYNARD COAL CO. No. 7, Lennut, Ky.	600	—
Zach Gross, G. M., Lennut, Ky.		
MAYNARD COAL CO. No. 8, Heiner, Ky.	1250	—
Zach Gross, G. M., Lennut, Ky.		
McCARTHY COAL CO., East Brnstadt, Ky.	50	—
Fred Blunchi, G. M., East Bernstadt, Ky.		
McCOMB COAL CO., Keeman, Ky.	—	—
McGUIRE ELKHORN COAL CO., Smalley, Ky.	—	—
McKINNEY STEEL CO., Regina, Ky.	200	—
D. E. Giles, G. M., Regina, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
McNEIL BROS. COAL CO. No. 1, East Bernstadt, Ky.	160	—
Robert McNeil, G. M., Pittsburg, Ky.		
McNEIL BROS. COAL CO. No. 2, East Bernstadt, Ky.	50	—
Robert McNeil, G. M., Pittsburg, Ky.		
MEADOWS CANNEL COAL CO., Loveland, Ky.	—	—
MEEK COAL CO., Drift, Ky.	—	—
MELCROFT COAL CO., Coxton, Ky.	865	—
F. B. Dunbar, G. M., Coxton, Ky.		
MELCROFT COAL CO., Jayu, Ky.	550	—
F. B. Dunbar, G. M., Coxton, Ky.		
MIDDLE CREEK COAL CO., Prestonsburg, Ky.	500	100
Lee Solman, G. M., Prestonsburg, Ky.		
MIDLAND MINING CO., Tribbey, Ky.	850	75
W. E. Davis, G. M., Tribbey, Ky.		
MIDLAND COAL CO., Kilgore, Ky.	—	—
MILD BRANCH COAL CO., Kilgere, Ky.	130	30
J. H. Rhodemeyre, G. M., Ashland, Ky.		
MITCHEL COAL CO., Brummet, Ky.	15	—
O. H. Mitchel, G. M., Rockhold, Ky.		
MITCHEL WILLIS COAL CO., Gorman, Ky.	350	—
C. E. Pendleton, G. M., Typo, Ky.		
MIRACLE COAL CO., Pennsy, Ky.	70	—
W. G. Miracle, G. M., Cannon, Ky.		
MONARCH COAL & COKE CO., Wilmont, Ky.	360	125
Wm. Castello, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
MODEL COAL CO., Townsend, Ky.	365	—
P. E. Benett, G. M. Lejunior, Ky.		
MOLUS COAL CO., Sanborn, Ky.	500	100
G. H. Marting, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
MORNING GLOW COAL CO, Wayne, Ky.	70	—
J. L. Drake, G. M., Hima, Ky.		
MORGAN ELLIOTT COAL CO., Redwine, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Willard, Ky.		
MOSSY BOTTOM MINING CO., Mossy Bottom, Ky.	200	—
Ballard Lowe, G. M., Mossy Bottom, Ky.		
MONTGOMERY CREEK COAL CO., Montoco, Ky.	300	—
G. W. Smith, G. M., Sassafras, Ky.		
MOUNTAIN GEM COAL CO., East Bernstadt, Ky.	160	—
L. N. Burk, G. M., East Bernstadt, Ky.		
MUD LICK COAL CO., Sharondale, Ky.	200	50
J. C. Woolford, G. M., Williamson, Ky.		
MUNCY COAL CO., Krypton, Ky.	500	—
W. H. S. Armistead, G. M., Nashville, Tenn.		

N

NEW DIAMOND COAL CO., East Bernstadt, Ky.	85	—
J. Jones, G. M., East Bernstadt, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
NEW STRAIGHT CREEK MINING CO., Logan's Switch, Ky.	100	40
J. W. Charlton, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
NEW WATTS CREEK COAL CO., Wafford, Ky.	75	30
W. C. Walker, G. M., Wafford, Ky.		
NO FOUR SUPERIOR COAL CO., Lennut, Ky.	500	—
C. R. Luttrell, G. M., Lennut, Ky.		
NORTHEAST COAL CO., Paintsville, Ky.	1800	425
H. La Viers, G. M., Paintsville, Ky.		
NORTHERN ELKHORN COAL CO., Hueyville, Ky.	1000	—
S. C. Ferguson, Prestonsburg, Ky.		
NORTH JELICO COAL CO., Wilton, Ky.	550	175
C. S. Neild, G. M., Wilton, Ky.		
O		
O. & K. RAILROAD CO., O. & K. Junction, Ky.	1500	—
M. L. Conley, G. M., Cannel City, Ky.		
P		
PANHANLE COAL CO., Jackson, Ky.	250	—
E. O. Darley, G. M., Jackson, Ky.		
PARAGON ELKHORN COLLIERIES CO., Dun Leary, Ky.	800	50
O. P. Chatfield, G. M., Dun Leary, Ky.		
PARRIS COAL CO., Kinlow, Ky.	75	—
A. M. Gregory, G. M., High Splint, Ky.		
PATTERSON CREEK COAL CO., Verne, Ky.	60	30
B. E. Cheely, G. M., Packard, Ky.		
PENNSY BLUE GEM COAL CO., Pennsy, Ky.	40	—
B. R. Manning, G. M., Cannon, Ky.		
PERKINS-BOWLING COAL CORP. No. 1, Sassa- fras, Ky.	1500	—
J. H. Bowling, G. M., Lexington, Ky.		
PERKINS-BOWLING COAL CORP. No. 2, Sassa- fras, Ky.	1250	—
T. H. Bowling, G. M., Lexington, Ky.		
PIKE FLOYD COAL CO., Betsy Layne, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Columbus, Ohio.		
PINE RIDGE COAL MINING CO., Italy, Ky.	165	100
J. F. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
PINNACLE COAL MINING CO., Stony Fork, Ky.	325	75
J. L. Saunders, G. M., Ralston, Ky.		
PINE KNOT COAL CO., Lennut, Ky.	—	—
PINSON ELKHORN COLLIERIES CO., Willard, Ky.	—	—
PIONEER COAL CO., Kettle Island, Ky.	380	200
C. S. Neild, G. M., Kettle Island, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
PIVOT ROCK COAL CO., Alphoretta, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Coburn, Va.		
PLATTS FORK MINING CO., Cordas, Ky.	100	—
J. W. Montgomery, G. M., Ashland, Ky.		
POLLY COAL CO., Lomash, Ky.	60	30
B. E. Cheeley, G. M., Packard, Ky.		
POND CREEK COAL CO., McVey, Ky.	3500	900
J. L. Snyder, G. M., Stone, Ky.		
POND CREEK BY-PRODUCT CO., Hardy, Ky.	1800	650
A. R. Bichel, G. M., Huntington, W. Va.		
PONZA COAL CO., Mansfield, Ky.	50	—
G. D. Conant, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
PORTSMOUTH SOLVAY CO., Freeburn, Ky.	1300	330
A. B. Roan, G. M., Huntington, W. Va.		
PRAISE ELKHORN COAL CO., Dun Leary, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Pikeville, Ky.		
PREMIER COAL CO., Lennox, Ky.	—	—
Walter Proctor, Yamaecraw, Ky.		
PRESTONSBURG COAL CO., Prestonsburg, Ky.	125	47
J. W. Alley, G. M., Prestonsburg, Ky.		
PRICE JELICO COAL CO., Huckin, Ky.	—	—
Dunn & Butter, Four Mile, Ky.		
PRINCESS COAL CO., Princess, Ky.	50	—
C. V. Bartell, G. M., Princess, Ky.		
PRINTER ELKHORN COAL CO., Printer, Ky.	100	—
W. F. Ellis, G. M., Ashland, Ky.		
PRITCHARD COAL CO., Altemont, Ky.	100	—
H. W. Bowman, G. M., East Bernstadt, Ky.		
PRITCHARD COAL CO., East Bernstadt, Ky.	75	—
H. W. Bowman, G. M., East Bernstadt, Ky.		
PROCTOR COAL CO., Red Ash, Ky.	250	140
J. L. Boyd, G. M., Knoxville, Tenn.		
PURITY COAL CO., Prestonsburg, Ky.	100	60
S. L. Spradlin, G. M., Prestonsburg, Ky.		
P. V. K. COAL CO., Prestridge, Ky.	500	—
J. S. Ronisson, G. M., Lejunior, Ky.		
Q		
QUEEN BLUE GEM COAL CO., Manchester, Ky.	50	—
R. A. Winkler, G. M., Manchester, Ky.		
R		
REDWINE COAL CO., Redwine, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Clearfield, Ky.		
REGAL BLOCK COAL CO., Ival, Ky.	800	—
B. R. Linsay, G. M., Ival, Ky.		
RELIANCE COAL & COKE CO., Glomawr, Ky. .	950	50
W. M. Miller, G. M., Glomawr, Ky.		

	Daily Output.	Employees
	Tons	Men
REX COAL CO., Forester, Ky.	400	60
H. H. Bemett, G. M., Kistt, Ky.		
R. H. ELKHORN COAL CO., Yeager, Ky.	—	—
RICHLAND COAL CO., Charlton, Ky.	50	—
H. R. Sharter, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
RICHLAND CREEK COAL CO., Heidrick, Ky.	50	—
A. M. Decker, G. M., Barbourville, Ky.		
RIVERSIDE COAL CO., Pearson, Ky.	160	—
M. L. George, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
R. L. BROWN COAL CO., Guffey, Ky.	200	30
R. L. Brown, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
ROCKCASTLE RIVER COAL CO., Amber, Ky.	150	—
J. A. Records, G. M., Lebanon Junction, Ky.		
ROCKHOUSE COAL CO., Harther, Ky.	550	—
Carl Robinson, G. M., Blackey, Ky.		
ROGERS ELKHORN COAL CO., Virgin, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Pikeville, Ky.		
ROSSLAND MINING CO., Rossland, Ky.	58	—
Chas. Conant, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
ROTH COAL CO., Wheeler, Ky.	400	—
J. T. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
ROTH COAL CO., Hanby, Ky.	150	—
J. T. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
ROSCOE SHACKELFORD, Barwick, Ky.	150	—
Roscoe Shackelford, G. M., Altro, Ky.		
ROYAL BLUE GEM COAL CO., Nevisdale, Ky.	25	—
H. N. Hill, G. M., Gatliff, Ky.		
ROYAL COLLIERIES CO., Offutt, Ky.	400	95
J. A. Johnson, G. M., Offutt, Ky.		
ROYAL ELKHORN COAL CO., McDowell, Ky.	—	—
R. T. DAVIS COAL CO., Jackson, Ky.	250	35
Hugh Needham, G. M., Jackson, Ky.		
RUTHANNA COAL CO., Vanhart, Ky.	100	30
J. L. Oldham, G. M., Wolfcoal, Ky.		
RYE HOLLOW COAL CO., Springton, Ky.	200	—
W. F. Burwinde, G. M., Evarts, Ky.		

S

SAINT PAUL COAL CO., Betsy Layne, Ky.	—	—
SAMOSSET FUEL CORP., Betsy Layne, Ky.	—	—
SAXTON COAL CO., Katinka, Ky.	30	—
S. R. Daugherty, G. M., Saxton, Ky.		
SCUDDY COAL CO., Scuddy, Ky.	500	—
W. J. Brown, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
SCHWENZER MINES, Wilkes, Ky.	75	—
G. W. Schenwenzer, G. M., Molus, Ky.		

	Daily Output. Tons	Employes Men
S. F. BROUGHTON COAL CO., Burk Hollow, Ky.	10	—
S. F. Broughton, G. M., Jellico, Tenn.		
SHARP BLUE GEM COAL CO., Rockhold, Ky.	10	—
J. M. Sharp, G. M., Rockhold, Ky.		
SHAWNEE COAL CO., Densam, Ky.	200	35
H. C. Smith, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
SHARON COAL & COKE CO., Sharondale, Ky.	250	100
J. L. Tierney, G. M., Sharondale, Ky.		
SILER COAL CO., Brummet, Ky.	15	—
J. C. Siler, G. M., Rockhold, Ky.		
SILVERLEAF COAL CO., Hazard, Ky.	50	20
W. H. Huston, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
SMITH COAL CO., Faber, Ky.	30	—
J. C. Smith, G. M., Rockhold, Ky.		
SMITH RILEY COAL CO., Barbourville, Ky.	200	—
W. B. Riley, G. M., Barbourville, Ky.		
SOLAR COAL CO., Conda, Ky.	600	30
M. H. Blythe, G. M., Yerkes, Ky.		
SOUTHERN MINING CO., Balkan, Ky.	325	—
T. B. Mahan, G. M., Colmar, Ky.		
SOUTHERN MINING CO., Amru, Ky.	1050	210
T. C. Mahan, G. M., Williamsburg, Ky.		
SOUTHEAST COAL CO. No. 1, Seco, Ky.	1250	150
Henry Pfening, G. M., Seco, Ky.		
SOUTHEAST COAL CO. No. 2, Lavers, Ky.	700	50
Henry Pfening, G. M., Seco, Ky.		
SOUTHEASTERN KY. COAL CO., Perritt, Ky.	450	—
W. A. Cooper, G. M., Krypton, Ky.		
STANARD ELKHORN COAL CO., Garrett, Ky.	—	—
A. J. Johnson, G. M., Garrett, Ky.		
STEARNS COAL & LUMBER CO., Stearns, Ky.	300	135
R. W. Henderson, G. M., Stearns, Ky.		
STEEL COAL CO., Mossy Bottom, Ky.	500	125
S. A. Grant, G. M., Keyser, Ky.		
STEEL & ADLER, Gridler, Ky.	50	—
STEWART COAL CO., Acosta, Ky.	40	—
Wm. Stewart, G. M., Wasioto, Ky.		
STORM KING COAL CO., Storm King, Ky.	600	75
C. A. Beatty, G. M., Storm King, Ky.		
STOVER ELKHORN COAL CO., Hueyville, Ky.	100	45
H. C. Wright, G. M., Chicago, Ill.		
SUDDUTH COAL CO., Stone, Ky.	100	25
E. L. Bailey, G. M., Williamson, W. Va.		
SUGAR CAMP MINING CO., Merrill, Ky.	100	—
R. F. Wolford, G. M., Evarts, Ky.		
SULLIVAN POND CREEK COAL CO., Stone, Ky.	—	—
J. C. Sullivan, G. M., Tralee, Ky.		

	Daily Output.	Employes
	Tons	Men
SUN COAL CO., Sibert, Ky.	200	—
C. F. Luther, G. M., Sibert, Ky.		
SUN COAL CO., Flat Lick, Ky.	175	—
C. F. Luther, G. M., Sibert, Ky.		
SUNSHINE COAL CO., Hima, Ky.	125	—
J. T. Gray, G. M., Hima, Ky.		
SUNBURN COAL CO., Peachorchard, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Williamson, W. Va.		
SUPERIOR ELKHORN COAL CO., Hueyville, Ky.	100	10
Sam Porter, G. M., Ashland, Ky.		
SUPERIOR HARLAN COAL CO., Lupton, Ky.	400	—
W. E. Prichard, G. M., Huntington, W. Va.		

T

T. C. BERGER COAL CO., Shields, Ky.	400	—
C. E. Ralston, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
THOMAS COAL CO., Rose Siding, Ky.	—	—
R. J. Thomas, G. M., Ashland, Ky.		
TIERNEY MINING CO., Stone, Ky.	600	275
G. C. Wood, G. M., Stone, Ky.		
TORCHLIGHT COAL CO., Torchlight, Ky.	125	60
C. E. Stafford, G. M., Torchlight, Ky.		
TRACE BRANCH COAL CO., Pennsy. Ky.	35	—
C. W. Morris, G. M., Cannon, Ky.		
TRACE FORK COAL CO., Rytip, Ky.	350	—
J. S. Prewitt, G. M., Bulan, Ky.		
TRIVITT ELKHORN COAL CO., Smalley, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Pikeville, Ky.		
TRIBUNE COAL CO., Himyar, Ky.	55	25
Ed Pursiful, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
TUGG VALLEY FUEL CO., Goody, Ky.	—	—
TURNER JELICO COAL CO., Trudel, Ky.	216	16
W. H. Jackson, G. M., Grays, Ky.		
TURNER COAL CO., Lagos, Ky.	—	—
J. S. Bingham, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		

U

ULVAH COAL CO., Pershing, Ky.	350	—
C. W. Murphy, G. M. Bluefield, W. Va.		
U. S. COAL & COKE CO., Lynch, Ky.	5000	2500
E. V. Albert, G. M., Lynch, Ky.		
UTILITY GAS COAL CO., Fowler, Ky.	225	50
W. R. Morrison, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		

V

VALLEY FUEL CO., Goody, Ky.	—	—
VARILLA MINING CO., Varilla, Ky.	125	75
J. T. Bradley, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		

	Daily Output.	Employes
	Tons	Men
VICTOR COAL CO., Besson, Ky.	200	—
W. F. Ely, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
VICTOR COAL CO., Stone, Ky.	—	—
VINSON-KALB COAL CO., Hoyt, Ky.	130	—
George Henson, G. M., Cargo, Ky.		
VIRGINIA MINING CO., Allen, Ky.	800	150
L. E. Bryant, G. M., Allgn, Ky.		
VULCAN COLLIERIES CO., Vulcan, W. Va.	—	—

W

WAGONER COAL CO., Hanby, Ky.	50	—
E. M. Wagoner, G. M., Blanche, Ky.		
WALDEN COAL CO., Emma, Ky.	100	20
C. W. Strickland, G. M., Prestonsburg, Ky.		
WALKERS BRANCH COAL CO., Wabaco, Ky.	200	100
J. C. Jennings, G. M., Hazard, Ky.		
WALLEN JELLICO COAL CO., Gatliff, Ky.	40	20
G. M. Wallen, G. M., Gatliff, Ky.		
WALLINS CREEK COLLIERIES CO., Aldrian, Ky.	810	100
R. B. Winkler, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
WALLINS CREEK COLLIERIES CO., Cornet, Ky.	800	—
G. H. Marting, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
WARFIELD COAL CO., Warfield, Ky.	150	10
T. A. Shewey, G. M., Armor, Ky.	—	—
WATERS & GARD COAL CO., Williamson, W. Va.	—	—
W. E. BATCH MINING CO., Stilson, Ky.	50	—
W. E. Batch, G. M., Pineville, Ky.		
W. E. GUNN CO., Murtea, Ky.	450	—
W. E. Gunn, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
WELLS ELKHORN COAL CO., Estill, Ky.	150	40
C. O. Messenger, G. M., Paintsville, Ky.		
WEST VA. BY-PRODUCTS CO., Goody, Ky.	—	—
WEST VA. & KENTUCKY COAL CO., Dalna, Ky.	350	155
J. C. Jones, G. M., Dalna, Ky.		
WHEELER COAL CO., Bemettsville, Ky.	500	—
R. L. Wheeler, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
WHEELER COAL CO., Anchor, Ky.	200	—
R. L. Wheeler, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
WHEELER COAL CO., Bemettsville, Ky.	50	—
R. L. Wheeler, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
WHEELER BOONE COAL CO., Linder, Ky.	100	—
R. L. Wheeler, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
WHEELER COAL CO., Bemettsville, Ky.	300	—
R. L. Wheeler, G. M., Artemus, Ky.		
WHEELER-JELLICO COAL CO., Bland, Ky.	1100	200
R. C. Tway, G. M., Louisville, Ky.		
WHITESBURG COAL CO., Whiteo, Ky.	500	—

	Daily Output Tons	Employees Men
J. H. Hall, G. M., Whitesburg, Ky.		
WHITLEY BLUE GEM COAL CO., Montain Ash, Ky.	50	—
H. H. McCutchan, G. M., Mountain Ash, Ky.		
WHITE STAR COAL CO., White Star, Ky.	1000	165
W. L. Hammond, G. M., White Star, Ky.		
WHITE-TRUITT COAL CO., Sibert, Ky.	90	—
M. D. Wagoner, G. M., Sibert, Ky.		
WILLIAM WITZ, Winslow, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Ashland, Ky.		
WILLARD COAL CO., Willard, Ky.	100	10
H. B. Traley, G. M., Willard, Ky.		
WILLSON-BERGER COAL CO., Grays Knob, Ky.	200	25
S. V. Preston, G. M., Grays Knob, Ky.		
WILHOR COAL CO., Karval, Ky.	50	—
W. H. Horr, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
WINSTON ELKHORN COAL CO., Kewanie, Ky.	100	50
D. R. Coleman, G. M., Kewanie, Ky.		
WINONA COAL CO., Winona, Ky.	450	—
J. L. Manring, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
WM. D. BAYER, TRUSTEE & CO., Verda, Ky.	800	—
G. H. Harding, G. M., Harlan, Ky.		
WISCONSIN STEEL CO., Benham, Ky.	2550	550
R. A. Walter, G. M., Benham, Ky.		
WISCONSIN COAL CORP., Sassafras, Ky.	1500	550
J. H. Bowling, G. M., Lexington, Ky.		

Y

YANCE COLLIERIES COAL CO., Mossy Bottom, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Pikeville, Ky.		
YELLOW CREEK COAL CO., Bosworth, Ky.	1050	—
E. S. Helburn, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
YELLOW HILL COAL CO., Falk, Ky.	160	—
R. L. Smythe, G. M., Middlesboro, Ky.		
YORK COAL CO., Krypton, Ky.	300	—
Max Meyers, G. M., Glenn, Ky.		

Z

ZELLA MINING CO., Lackey, Ky.	—	—
Main Office, Ashland, Ky.		

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