

STORY OF
Whitesburg Ky.

THE OPEN SESAME TO
MIDAS' MINES



BY
LOUIS PILCHER
ASSISTED BY
WILLIAM KELLEY BROWN

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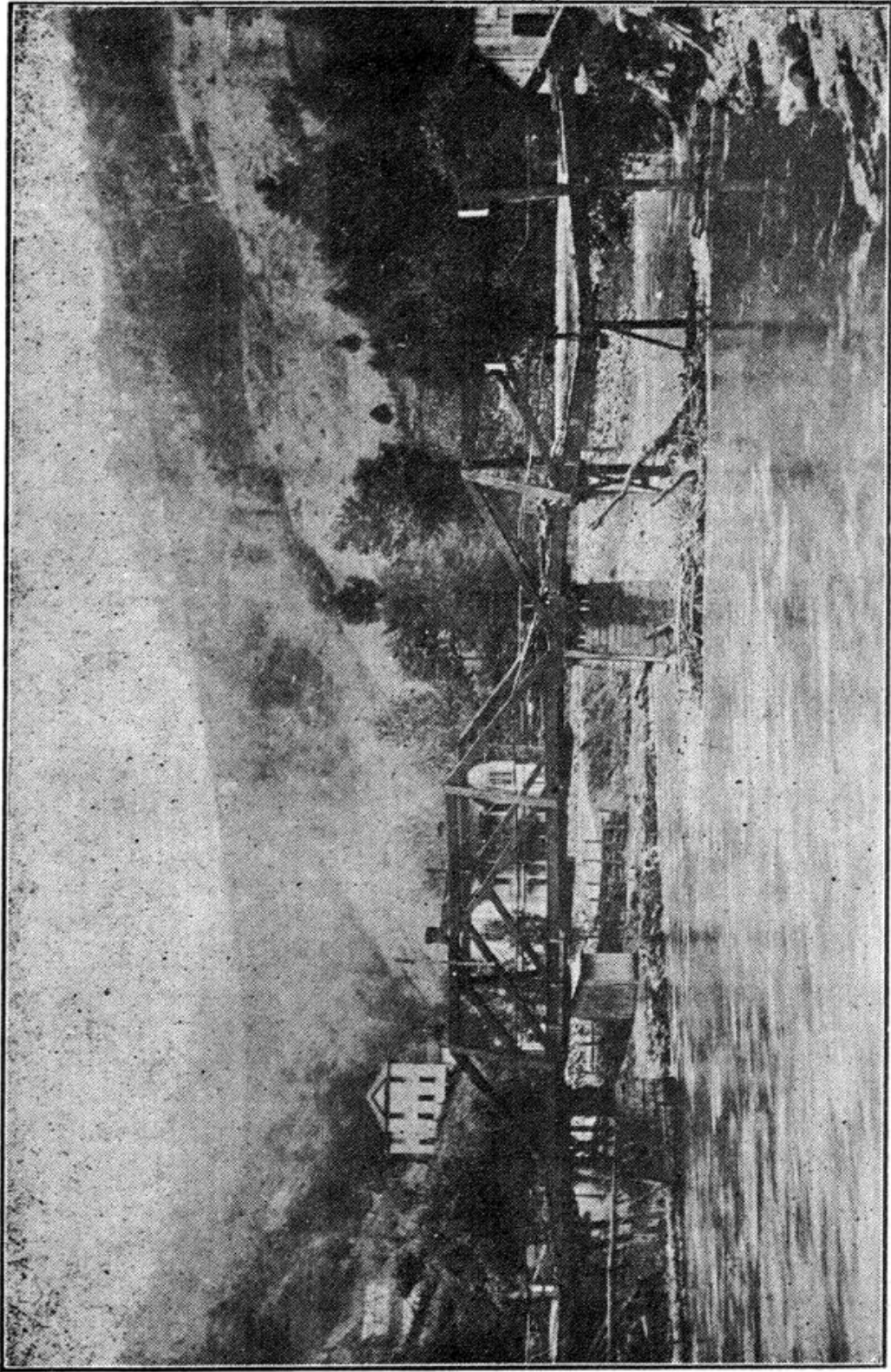
DUNDEE WOOLEN MILLS
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WHITESBURG KENTUCKY

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THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE PRINT
WHITESBURG, KY.



LOVER'S BRIDGE

The Story of Whitesburg



WHEN I left Jackson—"Dear Old Jackson"—as the loyal lovingly call the metropolis of notorious or far-famed or far-flung, Breathitt County, Kentucky—or the town that is sometimes referred to by grim humorists as The City of Sudden Death, there were over two thousand Eye-talians, Greeks and "niggers" engaged in building bridges and tunnels for the one hundred and two miles Extension of the Lexington & Eastern Railway. I wanted to see the country over which it was to traverse, but I had "buck-jumped" at footing it or observing its ponderous beauty from the back of a mu-el, and so, when I reluctantly left Jackson in December, 1911, I registered a "vow," without shaving a bald spot on the top of my knoll, that if I were spared I'd see it at all hazards, as I was looking for a place to locate and stay located.

I have traveled much by rail—little by water, not being a hydropath either by heredity or accomplishment—and I had never seen any country more inviting or restful than the first hundred miles of the Lexington & Eastern, which I had seen often, but never to light and stay lit. I would flit and not stay flitted.

Recently I had the leisure and the inclination to put my "vow" into effect, and after a week or so in Hazard, once a feudal and moonshine habitat, it occurred to me to put my impressions into a booklet, and so, with this resolve, I went on up the line to Whitesburg, over this route that never deserted the North Fork of the Kentucky River except when the train went through one of the many tunnels. As I have written up the line from Lexington to Jackson so often I will pass it up as a sort of back number, giving my observations to mettle more attractive.

These mountains seem to be inseparably identified with feuds and moonshine 'stills but singular as it may appear, I have never seen a feud nor as much as smelled a moonshine 'still at its place of residence. Occasionally I have seen the copper "worm" of one brought in to some town by deputy U. S. marshals as an exhibit that they were onto their jobs, but all the stories of battles between the officers and the partisans

of the little measly things are a thing of the past, and I think the reform was due to the reflective powers of Woodford G. Dunlap, who discovered a better way of dealing with the mountain moonshines than by fighting and getting the worst of it, and now I think that his plan has been generally adopted. Moonshining amounts to so little—a few little rotten apples and knotty peaches and a “turn” or two of corn for home consumption and for medicinal purposes, to keep the men, women and children from bad water dysentery, that now when the gentleman and scholar who presides over them gets to expanding his business, he is politely “notified,” and while he makes himself scarce, the “Revenuers” make a raid and destroy the outfit and take the “beer” to town—a sort of inspiring “butter-milk,” and treat it out to the boys. There is a U. S. Commissioner who sits at Whitesburg, and a deputy U. S. marshal where an example is made occasionally without bloodshed. When railroads reach a “dry” and arid territory the occupation of the moonshiner is gone and the bootlegger gets busy.

If a man is determined to locate and isn't afflicted with something like eczema that won't let him, I see no reason why he couldn't begin life over again at restful Whitesburg where living is easy and fishing inviting, but I have nearly all my life, been, not unlike Huck Finn, the first night he got out from under the wing of the Widow to meet Tom Sawyer, and they found themselves within reach of nigger Jim in the dark and Huck got to itching—something has kept me from locating so far. Wanderlust is congenital with some folks and then they can't find the rest for the sole of their feet, but I think and I recommend Whitesburg as a rest cure—for the other fellow, and it is my intention to remain so long as the good people will tolerate me.

After an all-day ride from Lexington for ninety miles crossing and recrossing the mighty North Fork of the Kentucky twenty-nine times in graceful curves, the passengers in the crowded coaches begin to shift about in their seats, a long whistle is given, and the Flagman cries out, “Whites-BUG—Whites BIRD—W-h-i-t-e-s-b-u-r-g-” The train describes a semi-circle and the first view of the old and noted mountain town is seen across the river; the first glimpse not prepossessing—the rear of all the houses on Main Street and their back yards and back alleys in full view. The passengers foot it across the new bridge which has recently replaced the old Foot Bridge, and after a short up-hill trudge, the old K-Y Hotel, so famous, is reached and is recognized by its double story veranda, and its inviting benches. It is crowded and there be-

ing no office, the parlor is pressed into service till the travelers are assigned to their rooms. The landlord, Colonel Salyer, understands the art of making his guests feel at home, and soon the small table in the small down-stairs dining room is found plentifully supplied with good cooking, and all "white" help. Main Street being comparatively level and side-walks good for a mountain town, guests stroll around and stretch their legs before turning in for the night. Men, all men, and none of them young men, and all strangers, nearly all. The Colonel greets a drummer, or a piano man or an itinerant preacher, or some local timber man, but the others: prospectors, miners, investors, perhaps from other coal fields in Pennsylvania or Virginia or Oklahoma; surveyors, civil engineers, draughtsmen; monied men, possibly from New York; may be globe-trotters. They are on their way to Jenkins and Mc-Roberts, fifteen miles further; rough mining towns, poor accommodations; hence they stop here and go and return; go and "come back." There are promoters and "pulmoters" and adventurers, but as yet no women. They'll be trooping in soon, however, soon the venturesome and adventuresses will be "trapsin" about.

It would be interesting to know where they are from, but as yet, the hotel is not up to the "Register" system; an interesting book to study and a protection to the hotel, too—interesting in after years. We love to study signatures and try to decipher characters therefrom.

As this is a horse-back country, timber buyers and everybody have to go in the saddle, mostly mule-back, and men in boots and leggings and spurs trudge in and out of the rooms; go and return mud-bespattered. The Town is "dry" and despite the crowding of four and six men to a room there is the best of order, nearly everybody reading newspapers or magazines in silence; strangers all, and uncommunicative, till they get acquainted and find their bearings. Nothing in the way of robberies or hold-ups have occurred, although strangers coming, go prepared. These people are proverbially honest and straightforward, but now the railroad—what may it not bring? The front of a drug store was torn out a few nights ago to put in a more attractive one, and the house was left exposed all night and nothing disturbed; no watchman was thought of.

A stranger who shuts his mouth and opens his ears will learn nearly all he wants to know here after a few days sojourn; a communicative man of curiosity will get all the in-

formation he desires right off the reel, for we are clever, sociable and hospitable.

Every few days a "man of mystery" appears, who baffles the curiosity of all and he gets to be a joke. Nobody can get anything out of him. He is passed up with a laugh. In a day or so, or perhaps a week, the curious are enlightened, and it was nothing mysterious after all; just a form of reticence or abstraction. No; so-and-so was not an artist in disguise nor an actor come up here to study Hamlet in solitude, nor a three-card monte man. Gentlemen of leisure, and we have 'em, must have something to occupy their minds, to be sure.

If a stranger is attending to his business he is sure to have a knowledgeable knocker from Jackson or some rival town to "knock" on him if he can get a willing ear. One "sharper" turned out to be a harmless colporteur.

These people here are open and frank and hearty withal. They do not look upon the stranger with suspicion as they do at "Booneville," as a fellow said, and it indicates that there is no feudal gangrene among them: nor none like to be engendered, for now a new era is at hand and new perspectives and wider vistas are opening.

The Old has passed away, as a scroll; behold the New which means the Better, for Optimism and Altruism go hand in hand.

I am no oracle, and I am making no attempt at literature. I am merely grinding out my impressions in a desultory manner, and I do not observe minutely. Don't take my impressions too seriously. I have a bad habit of introspection; too bad to be a faithful Impressionist.

I hear that the Genii will pour out vast fortunes as a regular "stunt," and I do not doubt it. If it's the vulgar dollars you want get a move on. Oppor Tew Nity is here my Honey.

Whitesburg first came into general notice when a noted trial was transferred from Jackson to this, the historic Mountain County Seat of Letcher. Then there was no railroad, no telegraph, no telephone connection; only a narrow road, twenty miles across the mountains, and in order to report the trial, a telephone line had to be constructed to transmit the news to the nearest telegraph office, thence to the newspapers. The antiquated sleepy town was suddenly alive with newspaper correspondents, lawyers, witnesses and visitors. Daylight for the first time, from the outside world had penetrated, and disturbed the tranquil serenity of somnolent Whitesburg.

The trial over once more it slept again, but never again so soundly nor profoundly. It had been "corrupted" and its sec-

ond awakening came to stay; the advent of the L. & N. Railroad, to be reached in a daylight ride from Lexington; and with it came the two pioneers of big business, the drummer and the Jew, to change, in a twinkling, the physiognomy of dear old Whitesburg; saw and hammer, stir and bustle, in the race to get in the modern Push with Winchester and Lexington.

When the first scheduled passenger train pulled into Whitesburg, the metropolis of Letcher County, it brought a few promoters, and a convocation of "Pulmotors" interesting species of the World's Higher Crit. Then there were ten identified lawyers, and several threatening to practice at this noted and eloquent bar; and since then, they have increased in a Malthusian ratio without any perceptible "swelling" of the "ordinary" or "equity" "docket"; but as the March of Civilization brings its ravages, we may soon look for many ruthless unravelings of the ties that bind, "without publicity," except that which is "ventilated" at the Open Forum—the barber shop. None of these lawyers have yet been known to treat litigants with equal impartiality, in accepting "retainers" from both sides simultaneously, which speaks low but lofty—rather paradoxical—volumes in sheep, for our "bunch" of legal headlights. We are young, however, and our Court house was planned for ample development, which elsewhere is said to be synchronous or synonymous with devilment. Let us hope for the best lawyer to win out, whatever the gist, or the crux or the merits of the case for the learned, grave and judicious Judge (sometimes of good liquor) to decide, without prejudice or partiality to the parties, or to his pulchritudinous personality. It is said that our Judges are doing the best they can, in the infancy of our evolution, hence don't "shoot" any more of 'em as we have been known to do in the Bluegrass. Let us not shoot to satisfy a homicidal mania nor in mere idle moments of absent mindedness. I have a beautiful half-tone cut of our Court house tendered me by Br'er Editor Mark Webb of the Whitesburg Eagle office; but I declined to use it in this desultory brochure, because court houses and cottages and cows bear such a striking family resemblance as to grate upon my highly developed artistic temperament; they have for so long done overtime. I should much prefer a composite picture of American Mountain Beauties, if I had the pickin' choice of 'em. I think some Publicity, done judiciously, along this line would draw like a mustard plaster and hold and glorify with the magnetic influence of hypnotic power the "victims" as with a strand of golden hair, so there!

What you ask is a "Pulmotor"? Where does "it" differ

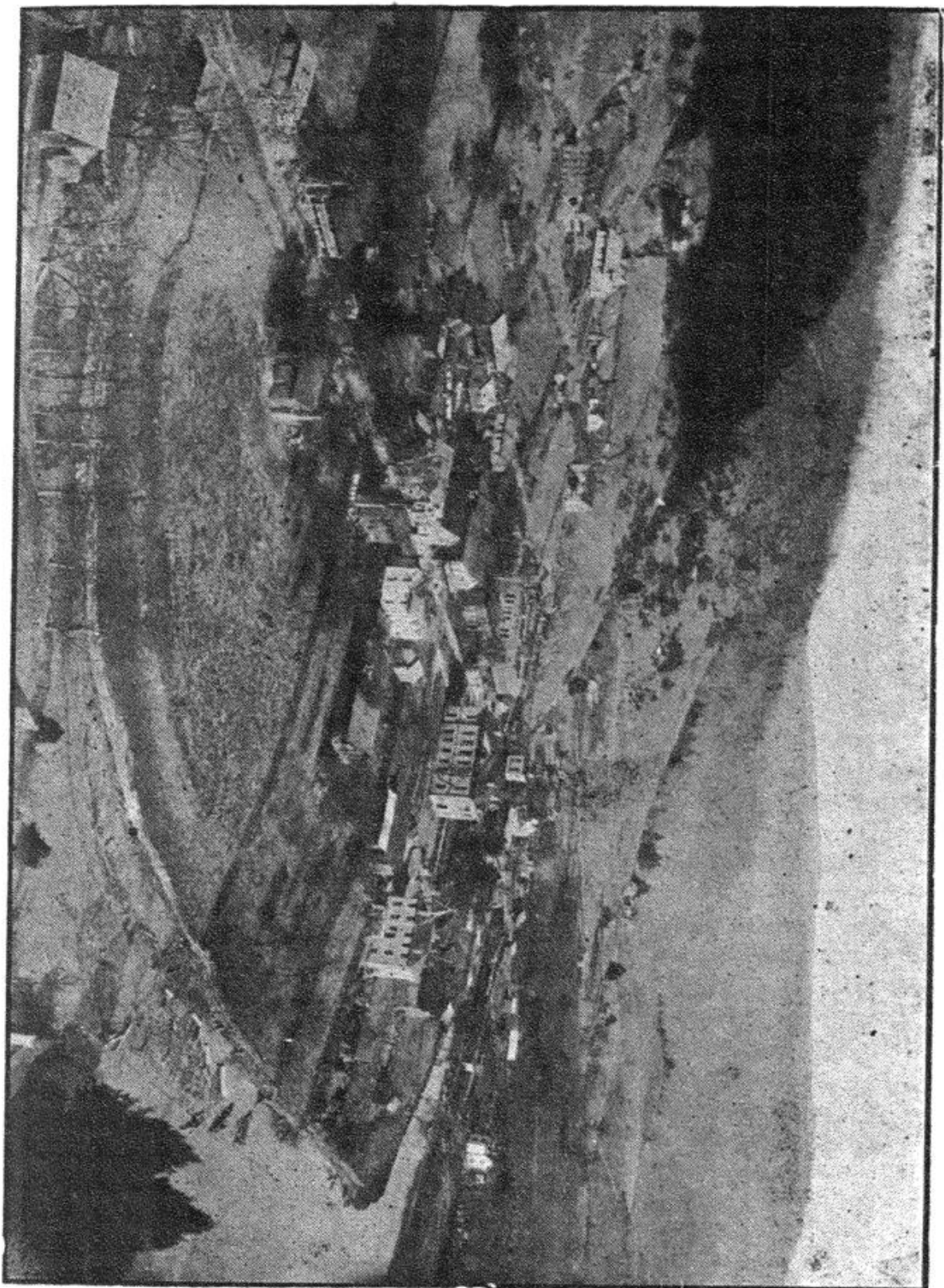
from a Promoter? A "pulmotor" is supposed to pump life into a dead one, and hence they are synonymous. Beware of "it" or both for they are both pioneers of G. R. Q. Wallingford.

Whitesburg is in the mountains of Southeastern Kentucky, and so if you contemplate a prospect don't compromise on Jackson, or even Hazard. Go the whole hog or none. This sage remark was the advice of a shrewd and successful lawyer of Louisville to a promising young lawyer now here, who prospered by the advice. The advisor had succeeded here before branching out to the City.

What I have said of lawyers may also be said of doctors. Since the advent of the railroad they have also multiplied at a geometrical ratio, and while we have not yet a graduate embalmer, nor an incorporated cemetery, let us not be impatient nor despair. Enterprise is up and doing, as are the doctors. Nothing invidious is intended in these remarks. Some of these doctors give you heroic doses, some infinitesimal, and some of 'em I hear are so obliging as to let their patients elect the treatment, which is highly considerate and commendable in them. None of 'em are guilty of fads or fancies or foibles, such as secretly practicing "suggestion" and "autosuggestion" or even if the patient has a smattering of Eddyism, and yearns for it as though it is "unprofessional." Up here the doctors are an "unregenerate" and hard-headed common sense set as far as I can learn. They depend upon quinine and calomel, rather than preying upon human credulity. I hear their fees are moderate and that they are not in a "ring," even for long mountain visits, where they have to "raw hide" it and often foot it; and the intimation that any of them are directly or remotely, tacitly or avowedly interested in the undertaking industry is a vile calumny of persons who think they are doctors down at Hazard and Jackson, who should be properly classified as belonging to the leisure class.

Since the rumblings of our first passenger evangel to now, the ranks of our dental surgeons have not increased *pari passu*, with our lawyers and doctors, but the *creme de la creme* of literature makes their offices more inviting. This fact ought to make the extracting of teeth painless, or less painful, at least—to the operator. The Dentist and Literature ever go hand in hand. There are no regular "tooth-carpenters" thriving here any more I hear, and I cheerfully make record of it for timid new-comers, but truth compels me to confess that we have one barber who between "long-whiles" is overworked. When found make a note on.

Speaking of barbers: It is said that while a victim was be-



LATEST WHITESBURG

ing "scraped" a mule was heard to bray, and an enemy of the barber said, "Another victim being shaved." This invidious remark caused a coolness to spring up but it is thought that the feudal period is past. In the language of Artemus Ward, "Let it went."

But I digress. I proceed.

I do not like to part company with the large spacious brick and stone edifice in which every tax burdened citizen owns an integral part, the Temple of Justice, without saying that it is substantially built for utility rather than for ornamentation, and that it looks good for our posterity; and if they don't like it they can tax themselves to build one to conform to the other progress twenty years will doubtless bring, if Whitesburg is not visited by some earthquake or cataclysm, or some calamitous event, such as a few hoarding misers might bring who own the town, and who enter into a conspiracy to see that the grass is growing in the streets, as an evidence of their lack of Enterprise, and who fail to invite Opportunity, now that she is knocking at the Door.

As an object lesson, and a notable example, witness St. Helens.

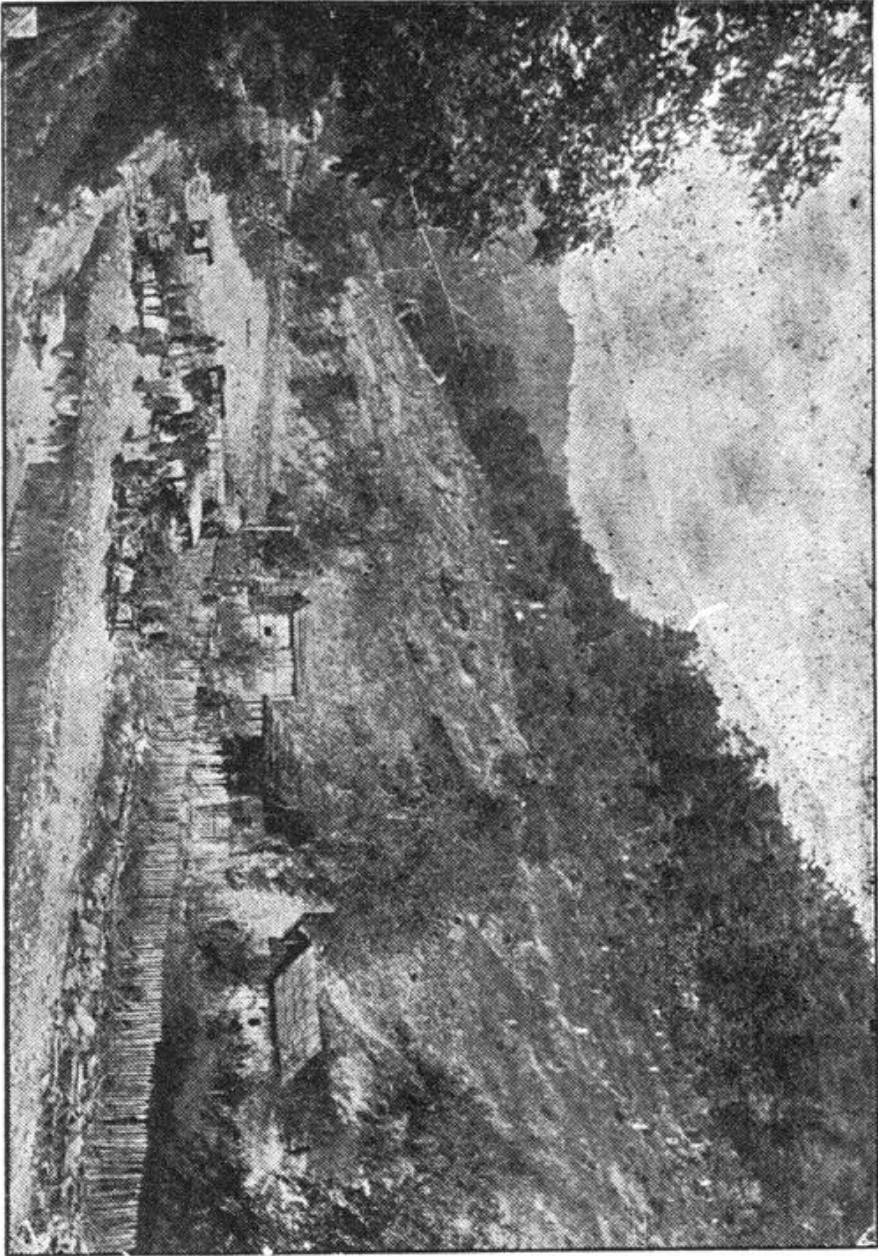
No; only add a fine Seth Thomas Clock to the Cupola, Honorable Justices, and set it to conform to Standard Time, to trains, to mail, to business, and the posterity referred to, will not damn you with faint praise.

The law is the noblest of professions, and Whitesburg is to be congratulated upon its Court house, its bar and its officers, for here law and order are established, and here is where timid capital is sure, in time, to take up its abode.

Soon you will have two trains daily from the Blue Grass Capital, and soon there will be Sunday trains, for in the business world, it is a long time from Saturday night till Monday morning to start an answer to a business or important letter. Don't be a back number. It is the inevitable. The sooner you adjust yourself to conform to the changed conditions that confront you the better. The Lord loves one diligent in business.

What of the church and the school? Both healthy we thank you. From where I write I see the foundation of limestone and the red earth excavation for a \$20,000.00 graded school building, to be built for all the children of the county and by the county. The pupils are now taught in two separate buildings by a professor and three efficient teachers. There are about two hundred young hopefuls all healthy and studious.

Professor Crawford is a scholarly gentleman, born and



PROSPECTORS IN LETCHER COUNTY

bred in the famous Nelson County, and who confesses to once being a country correspondent of newspapers. He came here and cast his lot when it required heroic courage, came on the hurricane deck of a mule. Now there is no hardships unless a days ride in a palace coach is so considered by the effeminate parlor knights and puling wights, who had better stay home.

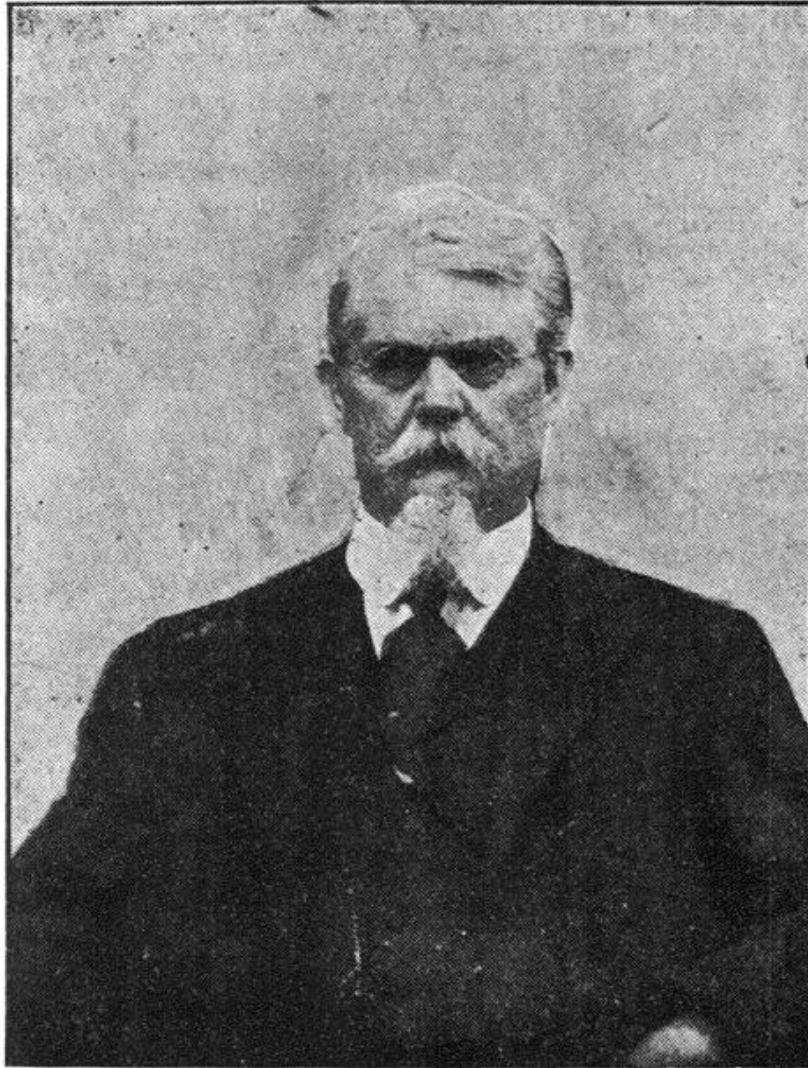
Three religious faiths out of six hundred different warring sects of the outside world have penetrated and taken root, the Baptist and the Methodist, and Presbyterian faiths, and they seem to fill the bill as to spiritual phenomena. We hear of Mormon Elders, and other religious "exhibits," such as Seventh Day Adventists, coming and going, without making any perceptible headway. The ancestors of our people came from Virginia and North Carolina, Cavaliers; common sense and independent thinkers; and when they discuss religion and creeds, they do it with charity, tolerance and smiles.

Now, and for the immediate future, it will be the chase of the Mighty Dollar and the Worship of the Money Devil, at which indictment all acknowledge the soft impeachment when the subject is mentioned to ears polite.

Now let us touch the Business Pulse of Whitesburg, the sure guide and gauge to future progress. Briefly let us catalogue what we have. The stranger finds one good hotel, conducted by Colonel L. H. N. Salyer, who come here from Hazard over a decade ago; an ideal landlord, a gallant ex-Confederate soldier, a retired lawyer, who spent twenty years in Hazard, and who is a bureau of information as to both Perry and Letcher counties. As he states it he knows every road and creek and hog path, and their meanderings. Colonel Salyer is a gentleman of varied experiences and wide range of information on important subjects; a man of remarkable physical and mental vigor. His mind is a store house of interesting reminiscences of men and things of the remote Yesterday and Today, and with prophetic ken for the Morrow; full of wise saws and wise sayings, and modern instances. To meet him is a liberal education to the Tenderfoot, with his preconceived ideas, ignorance of history, and bump of misinformation.

Typical of these people, his mind is practical and eminently free from illusions, delusions and superstitions; he looks at the problems of life and circumstances with a clear and serene mental vision, and hence we risk his judgment and impressions and comparisons as of value for they are unbiased and disinterested.

In a tete-a-tete, Colonel Salyer, among many other things, said of Whitesburg and Hazard, of Perry and Letcher counties, having long been familiar with the subject:



COLONEL L. H. N. SALYER

"I have no desire to disparage or knock our neighbor and friendly rival Hazard, for the vast distance of untold wealth for both towns to fatten on and batten on for years and years to come, ought to satisfy the most hoarding skinflint. There is a short distance between us, however, measured in railroad miles, but to the observant mind familiar with both old towns recently sprung into newness of life and business activity, there is a wide divergence; and there is an immensity of difference between the character and characteristics of the new citizens, as any one may notice. Whitesburg is out of debt, with a surplus of its own capital to build up on. We have no enforced idleness, no loafers and bad characters, no lazy and indolent burden.

Letcher County is a rich county; and as an example to illustrate one phase of the question, all the railroad ties used were shipped into our county teeming with timber. We are not selling our timber, as the farmers do not need to. One reason, a farmer gave a prospective buyer who offered him \$12 an acre for his timber was, that he intended to leave it all, as a legacy to his progeny; a wise conclusion. We are building, and not on borrowed capital; perhaps, building as the Emersonian aphorism has it "Wiser Than We Knew," on a safe and firm foundation. Our creditors, if we have any, do not have to ride for miles, and mountain miles at that, to collect their debts. We have many fine and productive farms and our strains of live stock are improving."

Much more in the same strain which lack of space forbids.

Colonel Salyer is not thinking of leaving his children to a guardian's care as Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" philosophy has it.

Earlier in this article I referred to the advent of the drummer and the Jew; then the "pulmotor." At the K-Y Hotel I soon formed the acquaintance of an Oklahoma boomer offering town lots for sale. I wasn't surprised; they go where there is something doing, and this agent will doubtless do business and take somebody away from Whitesburg and Letcher County, despite the activity here at the "great awakening." We are a restless people, and we come and go; come and go some more, to do better or worse; with the determination to go further, even if we do fare worse. That's grit.

With one old hotel doing well there are two new ones rushing to completion, and would you believe it, there is not a bakery nor a butcher shop in the town, and beef is a rarity on the tables, yet the Armour's and the Swift's are within a daylight travel by rail. I mention this as among the many business opportunities here.

I mentioned the Eagle newspaper, and I hasten to mention the East Kentucky News, presided over by Editor Hale, the latter Republican; the Eagle being Independent. I always like a "two-paper" town better than a one-er, for there is always a little breeze and friction between them even if Pickwickian to add to the gaiety of "natives," if not nations.

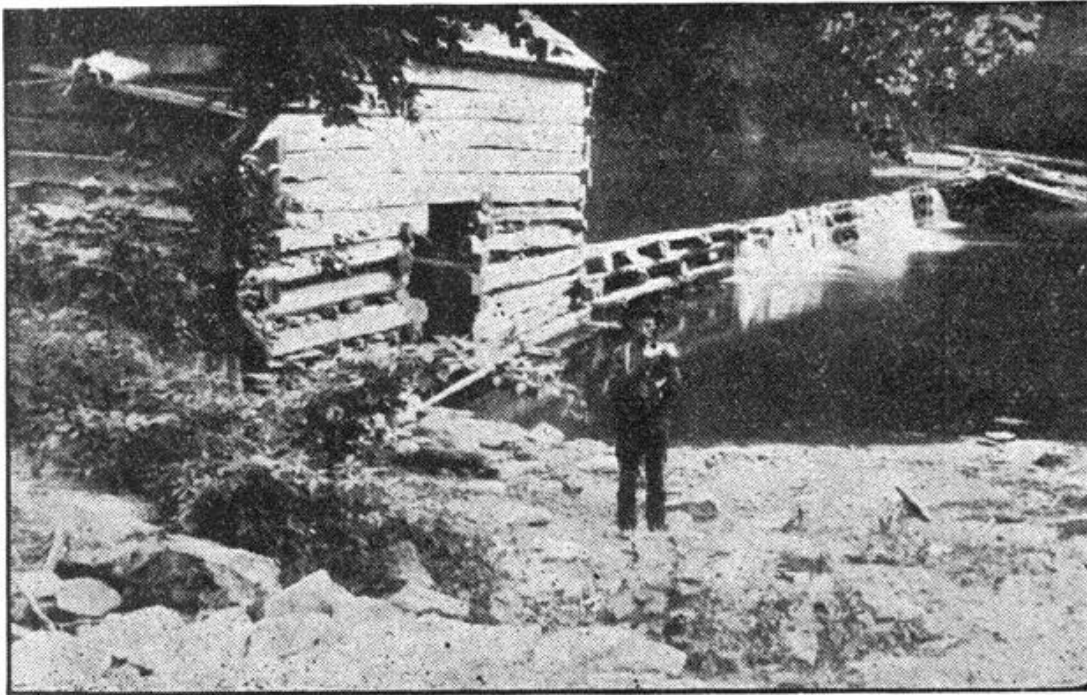
I have been unable to get any authentic history as to how Letcher County and Whitesburg were named, but I have a hazy and nebulous idea that the county was named in honor of Governor Letcher and that the town was named after the numerous White family, one of whom became noted as a politician and Congressman, John D. White, who won the eu-

phonious soubriquet of the Crested Jayhawker of the Mountains.

I have determined not to burden this story of Today with anitquarian researches. I am no Old Mortuary, and I hate statistics too. I am trying to reflect faithfully my impressions of Whitesburg, and her people, now with breath in their bodies. That is the extent of my ambition, and I am not going to be diverted into biting off more than I can masticate.

As there is no visible coal nor oil nor natural gas rolling out nor gushing out right here I refuse to become excited for the nonce.

The quality of the coal in my grate is profanity provoking and I read by acetyline light. I hear the good coal is hauled out for the consumption of the barbarian world. That means progress; and the absence of the tintinnabulating bell from



THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

the mooley cow is another great stride in seven-league boots. The octopii coal mining towns a few miles further up or down the mountains McRoberts and Jenkins walled places against competition or individual initiative merely treat us with "spent" coal contempt as they ride high handed and rough shod over us as they do their miners who are forced to patronize their Pluck 'Em commissaries and Takeout Hotels. Please make a note Congressman Langley that this isn't permitted in the new

States of Arizona or New Mexico nor in Oklahoma and why here in your bailiwick? Do they want a repetition of the troubles over the line in West Virginia here? From what I hear organization and strikes will soon follow, as it is the law of retaliation and the law of compensation.

There is one bright spot on the map of the Consolidation Coal Company marked "Not For Sale," which I hear belongs to private parties, several thousand acres, etc. Will this, in time, mean competition for the Pluck 'Ems?

One idea seemed uppermost in the minds of a number of thoughtful citizens with whom I held pleasant interviews, and that was that fair Letcher County is now free and immune from all Feudal virus and Old Grudge scorbutic festers; that further, Whitesburg was one "dry" town by the sovereign will of a homogeneous people, unanimous for the sentiment, and it looked it, although all signs sometimes fail in dry weather.

The Romance of these hills—heart of these noble old Mountains should be Dig, Dig, Dig—The Open Door—The Open Sesame, To Old Midas' Mints. Here all one has to do is to tickle the sides of Old Mount with a pick and an avalanche of "gold" rushes down. Why, just the other day the Ellen N placed an order for 3,600 new coal cars to temporarily relieve Old Baldy of his Coal congestion—this offer to fill the exigency. "Smith," however in the very presence of this pile of rhino won't tickle. Smith has just come in my room holding a ten-cent investment in Eastern literature in one hand and the bowl of a pipe in the other to let me in on a scheme to put a new remedy for female complaints on the market. Here where anybody can literally coin money lawyers will sit for hours gazing at rows of sheep bindings—briefless lawyers—reading French translations of erotics, scorning five dollars a day or fifty; for they can't dig. How pitiful it is too in some cases.

It is Nature's law of compensation that somebody tickle something somewhere. The anti-tickler cares nothing for the new trolley line and the order for 4,400 more houses placed yesterday bringing the total up to a city of the third class on this and "yon" side of the Divide twixt two coal companies' co-operatives. Oh the fatality of Fate.

The original Ticklers, the Mayos, the Slems, the pioneers of the Mineral Company, The Consolidation, The Swift Timber & Coal Company, all, at first blush, in the remote past started at the mouths of the mines to tickling with picks. It was the same with the anti-Ticklers, the '49ers; the Klondikers, too. The "incapables" leading the van and balking at the Open

Door. The Hookworm or the Hypo—what dreadful diseases of the Imagination!

One of the oldest business men in point of continuity is Mr. J. H. Frazier who for thirty years has been engaged in general merchandizing here. No man is better informed as to the topography of the mountains and streams and the unexplored veins of coal.

In a conversation he described the sources of the Elkhorn Creek, a tributary of the Big Sandy River; the North Fork of the Kentucky; and also the Cumberland; all of which have their rise in Letcher County, and all at or near the same spot, near the edge of Wise County, Va. This spot is between Jenkins coal mines and about twelve miles northeast of Whitesburg. There high on the Boone mountain, may be seen bubbling from the earth a stream of water that an ox could drink dry apparently, a little trickling stream or streams, one of which forms the mighty arm of the North Fork of the Kentucky River, another detouring, is the beginning of Elkhorn Creek, emptying into the Big Sandy, going on their divergent journeys to empty miles and miles apart. From this birdseye view may be seen the greatest undeveloped coal fields in America and the further up this way the greater and richer the veins. What has already been discovered is merely the primary department as I might say. I am optimistic, for I have evidences to go by; the opinions of the experts in Washington geological departments; richer veins than are found in West Virginia or anywhere in the United States. I believe it will go beyond description or our limited mental visions; enough coal right here to heat and light the world for decades to come. All along this hundred miles of railroad the discovered veins get better to McRoberts and the best yet to be found in that vast area, in my judgment.

Mr. Frazier believes that here are vast fields and opportunities here for investors and individual initiatives and enterprises, despite the reports that the McRoberts and Jenkins coal mine owners have the best, and that with a Chinese Wall around, against all competition.

He said the vast fields beggar description, and one must go and survey with one's own eyes, and with one's mind's eye and imagination; that the mountains are mighty big when one attempts to contemplate them and their storehouses as prepared by the Almighty for all his children's good, and that the old theological idea that all the coal and gas and oil was originally stored in the bowels of the earth for the purpose of burning it up, was exploded.

He said that all the stories told in Lexington and Louis-

ville of the vast coke ovens at work, were premature as no coke is being produced as yet; and that the output of coal was small as yet, the chief difficulty being the scarcity of cars on the railroads to transport it, thus holding the miners back in their work. The price for mining ranged from about 70 cents to a dollar a ton; that the miners are not as yet organized, but are reaping the benefits of organized labor, as the scale is being paid.

These coal fields which lie within twelve miles of Whitesburg, lie best for mining from the Boone Fork side, high up on Boone Mountain; the geological formation a slight descent to the mouths of the mines; nature's incline planes, and miner's delight; while down below, or at Hazard, the mouths of the mines are way down to the bed of the river; so you see, that the coal is more accessible this side of the mountain than it can possibly be on the "off" side, as I might say, as it is at Jenkins. Now McRoberts is near the head of Boone's Fork or the North Fork of the Kentucky River, a continuation of the same mountain, giving the richer fields near Whitesburg, decidedly the advantage.

It is erroneous to say that Jenkins has all the coal fields "nailed down." I know of five persons who own in one adjoining body 4,000 acres and I also know of 6,000 acres some of it in small bodies yet in the hands of individuals, and hence, there is plenty of room for investors and healthy competition.

When the Autocrats assemble at the breakfast table may be heard:

"What is the hour Horatio?"

"Which hour?"

Nobody has yet established a reputation as an authority as to the time o' day. The two watch makers reside at opposite extremes of Main Street and each has his partisans. There is a discrepancy in each of their many time pieces. We have Sun time, Central time and Standard time and everybody is puzzled and perplexed over the problem, some claiming that the difference is thirty minutes; others putting it an hour—whether faster or slower is the time puzzle to be debated daily. Watches like "Waterbury" thermometers are often neglected to be wound the desired number of revolutions and nothing will out-lie most of them.

Editor Nehemiah Markus Webb is a bubbling fountain of true sentiment and it often takes the form of prose poems in his Screaming Weekly Eagle, often running naturally, and set at the "case" without "copy."



MARK WEBB



KARL DAVIS

Associate Editor and Publisher Karl Ellis Davis of the Eagle's Nest is one of the swiftest exponents of the Art Preservative of all the arts that ever wasted his sweetness and light on the mountain air or any other for that matter—still resisting the lure of the great metropolitan dailies in their frantic search for real printers as none of them are made any more in the cities. Mr. Davis has a picturesque bungalow on the classic banks of the North Fork, adjoining the Eagle's Nest.

*"To build a happy fireside clime, for weans and wife,
Is the true pathos, and sublime, of human life."*

What printer in Chicago or New York, is thus master of his fate or captain of his soul?

Mr. Davis was born in Bowling Green, Ky., in 1880 and learned the craft in the old Courier office and later worked under Charles Combs, a fine book and job printer. Mr. Davis was married to Miss Blanch Salyer, a native of Perry County, in 1909 and they have two mountain products, Mary Gee and Karl E., Jr. After they lived in Bowling Green a short time they returned here to make their permanent home.

With the advent of the railroad came numberless changes, visible to the naked eye. I don't know at what figures the Geodetic Department puts our height above the sea level, but I think we are a little more altitudinous than we were when these scientific chaps measured us: some of us, at least, have our chins on a giddier elevaton I'm sure. I'm sure we look with hauteur upon that imaginary sea level, and I think we are higher up in the circumambient air that we breathe with difficulty during the siege of "unusual" weather which afflicted us in February causing coughing paroxysms—a poking out of tongues for the inspection of entire strangers—recommendations of our favorite pills, pills, pills; expectorating, blowing of

trombones swelling into a concatenation of sharps and flats often out of tune and harsh; in short grating. Yes; I know we are higher up, or else the river would be running the opposite direction. I use the river as my compass, my guide; and sometimes as my philosopher and friend in moments of inspiration when I am in communication with the Almighty—or I think so when I am merely soliloquizing.

I was observing one of our seventy-seven hills upon which Whitesburg meanders, to see if the topography of the scene had changed since my arrival. This particular "bump" on the physiognomy of Mother Nature was so beautiful in evergreen, and so densely clad in pea-green ivy, with red and bronze and bright yellow all glistening in the afternoon sun; in contrast to its sister knoll, bald and denuded; its aesthetic worth having been commercialized, when a fellow said to me:

"That pea-green you mistake for ivy is our famous rhododendron. Up in thar I've wallered around with John Fox many a time, and I hope him to write Little Shep; thar he'd sing and ply me with all sorts of fool questions like a lawyer interrogator."

Said a Rubberneck who joined us:

"You call that pea-green, rhody eh? Rhody's a bush; grows four an' five feet, and flowers white an' yaller an' red maybe in some s'iles." The dispute still rages dangerously, inviting that element. I think the dictionary 'sides with the bushyman, but I am always cautious in steering clear of entangling alliances.

Despite many other evidences Sundays up here remain stationary; observed, where they are not honored in the breech. Regular or independent preachers "hold forth" to those they can hold up, but this will all fade away Jean, when the Sunday "speaky" opens. At present we are short on amusements so necessary to one's digestive apparatus.

Killing Time, however, now has some new allies. The Chicago Blade and Pennsylvania Grit and the magazines have their partisans. The Young Americans take to Adventure, like this form of literature were Mullin's Food (no advertising is insinuated).

The other night an urchin of eight called at the Hotel to borrow a story from the landlord, as he wanted to finish a story which he characterized as "a cracker jack good 'un."

Our population is so shifting and unstable that it is only safe to approximate it, liberally, when guessing, and avoid this

pitfall, which might lead to a "ruction." After all it's quality that counts anyway. In this population there are many rare and interesting characters, as are to be found in all of our Highland—men who stand for something; their "articles" being signatory, like old time editorials, now nearly obsolete, the exceptions being Bryan and Watterson and Mark Webb. It would be misleading to multiply our population say five to every suit on our docket, there being over two hundred to date.

I made it a point to avoid politics, and especially small politics, as I would any other stranger cur or "dern ficed," as one of Fox's heroes put it. Bull Moosers are nearly all concealed in thin disguises, and you couldn't find an avowed Socialist with a search warrant now. They will be thick enough and troublesome enough when the miners are organized by The Appeal to Reason Army, which is the inevitable. A few counties up here, and four little States is all the remnant of the Log Cabin, but it will be safe to use it locally I think till the Progressives are informed. They are sure to look after this stubborn case and diagnose it. You couldn't find a harmless single-taxer up here with a search warrant or with a detective armed with a fine tooth comb. Some of these "land patent" holders, now have difficulty in paying taxes at the rate of ten cents an acre, and to think of saddling all taxes on land values would be monstrous; burning at a stake would be too good for such agitators!

Stories of longevity without senility are staggering, but they are vouched for by credible witnesses. James Bentley, grandfather of County Clerk Bentley died at the age of one hundred and two years, and Samuel Salyer, is reputed to have reached the mature age of one hundred and fourteen years. Both men were natives of Virginia and neither prolonged his life by all sorts of fool notions about health, common sense being their guides and mentors. This effeminate generation of "physicers" and dopers needs an heroic "dose" of Eddyism without its deceptions and delusions and "testimonials." It is well to be rid of our physical infirmities but not at the expense of mentality.

Everybody borrows from everybody else about new places, where there are not enough barbers and bootblacks. Careful men who pack all sorts of conveniences in their saddlebags are popular with the army of neglectfuls, but those who have reached that habit, draw the line at lending their tooth brushes.

I hear that some of the very young misses sometimes swap their tolu as a mark of favor.

The idea that timber is high is an anachronism. For a quarter of a century the timber owners were exploited and held up, their timber and land seemed to have no value and when they began to realize a pittance, times being so hard—that it brought a sort of flush in times, as it were. Twenty-five years ago the owner of walnut timber even in the enlightened Blue Grass knew nothing of the foreign value, and now today, the walnut stumps and fitches are bringing more than fine walnut logs. The owner of timber and land today is getting his eyes open and his timber land is low at \$15 an acre when that price is compared to his high cost of living. Timber is no longer sold like ginseng was for a long time; to the old rag buyers, the diggers knowing nothing of its value and medicinal use in China and Japan, as a great tonic.

If it be true that God made the country and that man in his love of artificiality, to go from the simple and homogeneous to the complex or heterogeneous made the city, and that the devil made the Sixth Class Town, happy then is Whitesburg, for she, by a simple twist of the wrist, abolished it. No police court, no nothing of the sort such as Hazard our neighbor has on its hands as a deplorable condition, not a theory. We get along with county officers thank you. There is a United States Commissioner here, and a perniciously active Deputy Marshal to cover the ground, break up 'stills and sometimes have some fun with a jug or two of the "buttermilk" or yeast or beer. The people can see no need of all the Sixth Class flub-dubbery, and the "officers" blew out the lights and quit.

This is all "dry" territory by the old school law statute, while at Hazard the county officials are of a "wet" bias, and the town layout "dry," generally for revenue. The conflict of authority is incongruous and farcical. One set of officers raid blind tigers; the other set releases them; one believes malt mead is Dixie Beer and all because it has Dixie Caps on it; the other scouts the idea and hence it goes. It is said that some little of the ardent is obtainable, even here, by giving the right sign and pass word, and recently, one fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy, was mulcted to the tune of \$300 and the costs in the United States Court for his moral and mental obliquity.

The problem is menacing everywhere and we pass it up as our space is limited, as is also our time on earth.

Said an enthusiast: "Soon we'll have nat'ral gas 'nough to light the world an' then some."

"How about supplying the Martians?"

"Depends 'pon how they is quoted by our Bradstreet."

How cramped and circumscribed is Fame; what squalid limitations! Anyone, noted or notorious, in Lexington, will find himself in a new world in Whitesburg. Not a soul did I know; and, happy thought, not a single individual knew me! What a place to come to begin life over again; to reform; to make brand-new friends; to congratulate the successes, to have large charity for the derelicts. Here is a community to take one on trust; for what one is, at face value. No searching analysis into what one wants to hide; no speculation for the Mr. Hyde one drags from the old cast-off life; a sort of haven; an earthly Aiden. Here is a place to come to in a few hours, and look honest men in the faces, and be a man again; only keep ones mouth shut. Of course the delectable state cannot last. Others are coming and going. Soon some one will meet somebody, and say: "We have a man from your town up our way; name so-and-so."

"Have you? Ha, ha, ha! Was he so—?"

"Sure he was. Was he ever dr—?"

Ones weakness has thus found one out, and the dream is dissolved into thin air!

Now and then one strikes a sassafras root in soliciting; a tight-wad species; generally not indigenous. One of these night blooming exotics balked at a write-up.

"Anything in the remote distance in your eventful career you would like to have exploited or concealed? Now is the time to—bribe. Nothing? Ah well; you're fortunate. Some are born to obscurity; some achieve it and in your case it will be thrust upon you."

The tight-wad brightened and his petals opened up

For many geological "long whiles" the eternal hills upon which old Whitesburg rests lay dormant. We heard much of their untold wealth by Louisville space-writing correspondents with their pipe dreams, etc. Even our old men would sometimes dream dreams, and our young men, and young women too, would see visions, and then they would yawn and sleep again like Sancho Panza. They were locked in, and contented. Now comes the March of Progress, the railroad to disturb, to upset, to energize. What an old freebooter and freethinker is a passenger train from out of the world beyond, that we have heard something of, and read a pack of lies about! Here comes

the shrill whistle of the powerful locomotives, putting us in touch with that huge, mysterious, amorphous Monster, with his inventions, discoveries, experiments, to metamorphosize us in a twinkling, and to rob our little, simple world of rest. For as it brings us strange things, it also lays tribute, and takes things away; our goods, our titles, our lands, our sons, and by Hec, sometimes our darling darters! No more will the old ghost of that Whitesburg revisit the pale glimpses of the moon; no more will the old spirits of our prison houses be released; for the Money Devil is an old, bald-headed atheist.

Illustrative of the primitive simplicity and native honesty and sense of humor, at the arrival and departure of trains, may be seen the silhouetted contrast between the Yesterday lingering into the Today, and the Today forging into the Future. Travelers faultlessly dressed, with traveling bags of alligator, mixed with the rough mountain garb, and the struggle of the well-to-do, to don the latest, and here it is that the female does it gracefully by feminine intuition. Grips are deposited about the tracks, carelessly, and nothing has ever disappeared. I hear that since the negroes have been coming as cooks and laborers that it is now not always believed that they are responsible for a little petty pilfering which can be safely shifted to their account. But I started to tell of the long angular native from the heart of the hills who with a jews harp regaled the crowd at the depot for a long delay with great muscular vigor; picking the simple musical instrument for dear life, totally oblivious to the critical auditors who had to endure it. Orpheus never charmed his own ear to more delight than did this embryonic master of this buzz-saw. It has been some years since the nickle instrument was cast into the discard down in the cultured Bluegrass, and now it must "go" here as the phonograph is already "speaking" with iteration and reiteration. With these and other such vagrant reflections of an amusing nature I wended my way up the hills for a stroll till nearly dusk and just as I halted to retrace my steps, from out the distance sweet and soothing sounds of that jews harp fell upon my ear as an interlude, and from these burring bumble-bee drones I had no more desire to escape than I had once in breaking away from grand opera.

The Whitesburg booster is not so persistent in his application of the forces at his command, as the Hazard and the Jackson boosters. The Whitesburg booster remains at home and pursues the even tenor of his way while the excited and feverish rivals keep coming here to see what's doing.

The Jackson booster tells his story at the crowded table, to his interrogator, who is in the game, that Jackson is the business place and bound to continue so; no ifs nor ands to that. Jackson is now building a hotel to rival the Brown-Proctoria, or the Phoenix; the federal building yet to be built is also dwelt upon; the volume of mercantile and banking leads all others. Jackson, *per se*, is civilized, cultured, moral and deeply spiritual. Jackson is maligned, and, has to bear the bad reputation of the out-lying districts. It is a habit with the newspaper correspondents to send out everything possible with a Jackson date line, the yellow journals giving it flash heads in bold wicked "box-car" letters; Lexington is bad; Louisville is bad; Chicago has some criminals, etc.; Jackson is the heart, the main artery. There, attend to your own business; be wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, and get peace, prosperity and contentment. One never hears of the good—that isn't news—or the fine people, cultured, refined, charitable. Over there, in time, will be the salt of E—K, etc. Jackson needs to be let alone, as she is working out her own salvation, only she hasn't yet hit upon the plan of perfection. She is being transformed along evolutionary lines rather than quick-action nostrums of short-sighted reformers, in a hurry, etc. Come and see us as we are, "warts" and all, and mark me, you'll seek no further. We have the strategic point, the geographical center—the railway division point, etc.

The speaker was a melodious voiced gentleman, a Jackson banker of *sauve* manner and winning smile; somebody said that he was Mr. Williams, president of the Jackson Bank and that gave him prestige. Perhaps his predictions were right.

The best place to find a well-equipped and finely fortified Jackson knocker is at Hazard, and hence the job is let, so that Whitesburg maintains brilliant flashes of silence, and remains neutral and dignified. Fire away, Hazard:

Jackson is a back number. Timber is gone, coal mines played out, population on the wane, bad rep; formerly two newspapers, now one; five banks reduced to three; sure signs of Old Jack having "shot" everything including her "wad."

Then our loyal Whitesburger spake thus: With everything up here fresh, and so new that one can smell the veneering—hundred miles of rich timber lands, mining lands, gas and oil and everything in minerals; possibly silver and gold and—who knows—may be diamonds, why should any rational prospector or investor stop at a place that lingers superfluous, to be shot at? Who wants to be dodging a fusillade of bullets some of which might scatter and hit a fellow accidentally? Look at the

court dockets over at the "City of Sudden Death" and then look at Whitesburg which should be named Whitewings. One murder case on the docket; a woman, and a negro at that, charged with killing another negro; imported of course. We have some shooting cases in far-away coves or at inaccessible places from which the survivor "moves," saving the officers and the courts trouble; a good thing for the fellow and society. He goes to Oklahoma and begins life over again, and possibly, becomes a shining light in church or state, or an ornament to society.

Thus the good natured bantering and friendly rivalry is enlivened from day to day, and in the interim Whitewings rests location when the psychological moment comes for the "rush" on her laurels, as having the best of it; as having the strategic of the investors for the place to light and stay lit; as now is the flitting time.

The home man thus closes: Jackson for war; Whitewings for peace; the industrial; for peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, as Old John Milt said. Prosper by these observations and objurgations. Comparisons are odious; come and see what you want, or ask for it.

I hear of a little old-time daemonology a preacher is trying to spread here. He claims to be in league with the First Cause, and when he is unable to "put over" faith cure by laying on of his holy hands, he gets riled and threatens individuals with dire results and death, and if he has this power, it is reasoned that he is in league with another Power a long ways separated from the Great Goodness. He is an importation, who might succeed better at Wilmore, Ky., or with the Chicago Holy Rollers. I hear of this miracle worker, having a stubborn patient whose complaint failed to yield because she wanted her doctor in with the healer and he went to the physician and offered to cure her and give the Allopath the credit or glory. The doctor balked at a prolonged consultation with a man who hadn't a sheepskin, as it was unprofessional. What sticklers for ethics some of these old hard-headed practitioners are.

Already the Greek and Italian peddlers of imported needle work are traversing the mountain paths their great "packs" piled on the backs of horses or mules; as they freely and swiftly tramp in search of customers at lonely mountain homes; jewelry, notions, etc. They were sure to follow in the wake of the foreign railroad builders. They are the advance guard of a noisy world about to rush in like winds into a meteorological

vacuum. There is room up here for more—for thousands, and work for those who are not seeking to avoid the penalty, old as the mistake in the Garden of Eden. Smith was telling me of a new scheme to beat the old original curse, while pressing out the “bag” in the trousers. Greeks since Lord Byron’s day have no imagination; they are no longer dreamers, nor poets; they want ready money and hence they are peddlers; vulgar, despised, peddlers; poor, practical fools!

The absence of young men traveling up here is easily explained. They are flocking to the cities, or they are being rounded up in the Southwest or the South. These mountains, as yet, are not generally advertised. Whitesburg is yet to wake up to the Publicity Idea; to the drop of Printer’s Ink, to make the millions think; to organize a Commercial Club; to spread the story far and wide. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad has photographers, taking views of the picturesque route to use in their folders, to attract travelers seeking the aesthetic in nature; for all along the railway from Lexington is a series of summer resorts and fishing streams, to be enjoyed best in summer glories.

You may think you may beat it, but you can’t. The coca cola distributing department leads the van. Mineral waters, however, take well where water is not to be trusted, and it is the dope that knocks all the other soft (?) drinks out; except beer and whisky. The dopesters keep it cool and refreshing and tempting, and it is said to be a sort of habit-forming drug that grows and destroys body and mind; and the moral to the fable is: Don’t compromise on a drink that eludes analysis. There is much discussion here of the water they don’t drink.

The best and the purest stock in America inhabits these mountains, Cavaliers from Virginia and North Carolina; the purest English is spoken here. It is only corrupted by alleged dialect writers. The language was handed down from father to son, when schools were few. Many were educated by orators from Kentucky and Virginia. Shakespearean words, now obsolete, often “bob up” here from the lips of men, who perhaps, read little of, “the most divine mind the world ever saw.”

All of this campaign of education inaugurated by Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford’s-for-a-cent, telling of the poverty and ignorance and godlessness of the mountaineers, begging for cast-off clothing, money, jewelry, books, etc., is resented here as no longer true. There is work for the able-bodied, and charity for

the poor. In some places it is regarded as a graft and some of the pious (?) frauds have been apprehended over in Tennessee, for misuse of the mails; a preacher named Bryant, now in the toils, having been caught by decoy letters. Clothing and books, etc., had been disposed of, and the railroads and express companies put a stop to dead-head shipments for charity. There was a time when this work was needed, and the Soul Winner Society did much good work for the poor, but the time is now thought to be past, and that Society has been taken over by the Presbyterian Church's missionary board.

The worst shaking up anything ever got, was the first piano that ever reached Whitesburg not long since, hauled from the railroad, from Stonega, Va., twenty miles over Old Baldy, and Old Piney, or Old Whitey, or Old Miss Blackey, or whatever the name of the mountain is. It had been disturbed in its in'ards, as if Paderewski had played it in a fit of delirium.

Land patents are curious things to speculate in. I hear of one man who sold a patent on a mountain, when in a pinch, for a fiddle bow.

I witness every day, the mountain mail carrier, riding one mule and driving an extra one, which had been loosed, going in front of him, loaded with long mail sacks, the extra mule to convey the extra post parcels. It is hard on the contractor, and harder on the mew-el.

Editor Mark Webb of the Screaming Mountain Eagle, can perform two hitherto impossible feats for mountain editors: he can write poetry, and he can make money on his lively sheet, which combination means genius and talent. He can't, however, change the sex of his progeny—six daughters.

Warning to Tenderfoot arrivals: Don't ride the Water Wagon too bibulously at first blush, up here. I can't tell you what it has in it besides sulphur, verdigris, magnesia, iron, and other minerals to give it a soapy "farewell" to the taste; something fierce you'll agree.

The Lexington Herald is the only morning newspaper to arrive here on the day of publication. There being no mail service by train yet, a letter mailed from here to Lexington first travels all day over the mountains, then around much of the

world before it reaches the desired spot. Soon the mule-back route will be discontinued.

A general cleaning up of premises, plenty of purifying lime, agitation of accumulated refuse and rubbish of decades; a sanitary commission of women; condemning of old wells, and the doctors will have a little surcease from their break-neck chase after the deadly typhus germs. How easy to transform a disorganized town into a Spotless Town; to beautify the ugly places. Soon the critical eye of Lexington and Louisville will be upon us. When found get a move on.

As horseback riding is the rule over our mountain roads the "criss-cross" and divided skirt has appeared, and it has come to stay as the safe and sensible way to do it.

There are two distinct dialects in use up here, and it is safe to leave them severely alone. The Eastern writers of mountain stories often employ an alien dialect, mixed up with Yankee glibness when not stolen from Fox and Chas. Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree).

The despair of the Prohibitionist is the Prescription Case, but here I hear it is said to be as dry as the Valley of Jehosephat.

To mountain students of "lopped branches" of peoples: What became of the Hessian prisoners driven out of Virginia into these mountains?

WHITESBURG NOW HAS

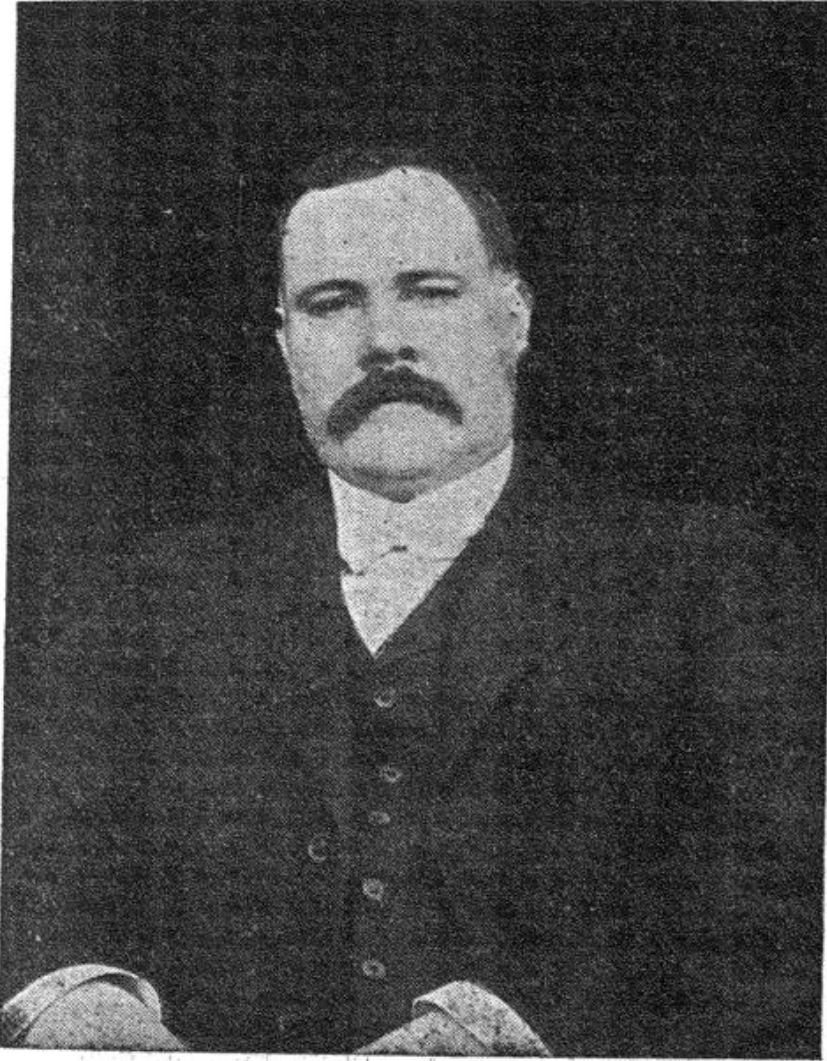
One bank
 Two newspapers
 Two drug stores
 One furniture house
 Five general merchandise stores
 One milliner
 Two restaurants
 Two watchmakers
 Two pool rooms
 One barber shop; one chair
 Two churches
 Graded school
 Masonic hall

One blacksmith shop
 Four doctors
 Two dentists
 Fourteen lawyers
 One bottling works
 One canning factory being built
 Six stenographers
 Sewing machine office
 Two insurance agencies
 Grist mill
 Planing mill
 K—Y Hotel
 Mountain View Hotel
 Central Hotel
 Whitesburg Hotel
 Telephone system

WHITESBURG NEEDS

Butcher shop
 Barbers
 Saw mill
 Ice plant
 Electric light plant
 Water works
 Steam laundry
 Speaking picture theater
 Livery stable
 Concrete works
 Brick yard
 Marble works
 Undertaker and embalmer
 Real estate agents
 Tailor shop
 Shoemaker
 Tinshop
 Photographer
 Produce dealer
 Veterinary
 Industrial insurance agents

Biographical Sketches



HON. IRA FIELDS

Hon. Ira Fields, who maintains law offices in Whitesburg and Hazard, is a native of Letcher County, and is a fine representative of the large and influential Fields family of Eastern Kentucky. After holding county offices in Letcher, such as Justice of the Peace and County Attorney, he was elected to the Prosecuting Attorneyship of this the old Twenty-sixth Judicial

District, transferring his residence to the Twenty-third District, which, in its creation, cut out his native county, and hence, he settled in Perry County, at Hazard. He was again re-elected to the office. Mr. Fields still possesses a lively interest in Whitesburg, where he has investments, and is at present putting up a three-story building, to be used for hotel and offices, and he spends much of his time here. Felix G. Fields, his son, and Monroe Fields, his nephew, are his local law partners with offices in the Fields Building. The former is Postmaster, and the latter is Prosecuting Attorney of the Twenty-sixth Judicial District. Mr. Fields is yet in the prime of manhood, having been born February 3, 1863. By great diligence he managed to pre-empt the rudiments of a common school education and his ambition caused him to attend the Center College Law Department at Danville, where he graduated. After declining to be a candidate for re-election as County Attorney of Letcher, he actively engaged in the practice of law, and was soon at the head of the profession in his practice throughout Eastern Kentucky. He is a citizen of business and progressive ideas, and a man of strong mentality, coupled with moral fiber, who has been content with the office he has mastered when higher honors tempted.

STENOGRAPHERS

There are quite a number of busy typists and stenographers busily engaged on the various kinds of work, legal, commercial, and for the coal and mineral companies, many of them doing their work in Whitesburg. In the County Superintendents' office may be found Messrs. Luther Baker, a son of Judge S. E. Baker, and J. P. Adams, formerly Circuit Clerk of Letcher; Misses Marie L. Bentley, daughter of County Clerk Bentley, Carrie Combs, Lizzie Holcomb, Miss Hattie Adams and Mrs. Minnie Lewis Venters, who are chiefly employed by the Consolidation Coal Company. This is convenient for examining County records, constantly in request. Mr. Baker was formerly an employe of the L. & N. Railroad, is a native of Letcher County where he was born February 26, 1882; married Miss Hester Brashears and they are blessed with three promising children. Mr. Adams is single, and confesses to thirty-six years of age; eight years of which he spent in school teaching. He does a little farming in order to keep in touch with the independent and simple life. His "case" may not be hopeless and "Barkis is willin'" perhaps.

ED. L. WILLIAMS

Ed. L. Williams, son of Hiram Williams, is a native of Whitesburg, and has been a hustling deputy in the County Clerk's office for over a year, and indeed a busy year, the recording of deeds for the great coal and timber and development companies being the leading feature of the work. Mr. Williams had sufficient training to make him a valued deputy from the first, as he was a graduate of Bowling Green Business College. Mr. Williams was born in 1887; is steady, persistent and prospers by the experience of County Clerk Bentley. Mr. Williams' mother was a Miss Mary Jane Jenkins. He is single, and if he is a prospective candidate, it only requires one vote to elect.



H. M. DENTON

On the first passenger train entering Whitesburg there was a young lawyer who had decided to make the little county seat of Letcher his future home. And though scarcely four months have passed H. M. Denton is already not only recognized as one of Whitesburg's ablest young attorneys but numbers his friends by the score, and is known by all as a young man

vitaly interested in the social, educational and religious development and progress of his new home and community. Mr. Denton was born in Henderson County, Kentucky, in 1883. Having taught school in Kentucky, Louisiana, and Arkansas, in order to gain a wider experience and earn money with which to better educate himself he entered the Law Department of Yale University, where after four years of study he received the degree of LL. B. in 1912. Mr. Denton is well pleased with the future prospects of Letcher County, likes her people and is looking forward to a useful and happy career in the mountains of Kentucky.



ARCH C. ADAMS

Most of the men of Letcher County who served the people faithfully in the exacting and arduous, and sometimes strenu-

ous, duties as school teachers, were the ones who had other honors thrust upon them, as we have noted in so many of our brief sketches and pen pictures of officials. It is also again emphasized in the case of Mr. Arch C. Adams the present cashier of the Union Bank, of Whitesburg. He taught first in the common schools; then he was elevated to County Superintendent of Schools, of Letcher County; and then, after serving in a responsible position in the Union Bank, he again turned to his first love, being called to the position of Principal of the Public School, at once placing it on a high plane, to again give up the work reluctantly, when he was made cashier of our banking institution. This position of trust he continues to hold with unanimous endorsement of directors, stockholders and patrons. Professor Adams is a careful and persistent official of fine judgment, and ready mental resources for the problems as they daily arise. No citizen is more deeply imbued than he in advancing the material, educational and moral progress of Eastern Kentucky. Still in his thirties, he is full of mental and physical vigor. His literary training was received at Valparaiso, Indiana.

In the business conduct of the inner working force of the Bank, Mr. Adams is ably assisted by his brother John M. Adams, son of the late Stephen Adams, of Little Cowan, an expert accountant, having graduated from a Louisville Business College, and only recently took up his position in the Bank where he is confidently expected to master the details and intricacies of the business, under the guidance and tutelage of his proficient brother.

THE UNION BANK

The evolution of banking in Letcher County began with the organization of the Whitesburg State Bank in 1903. Some years later The Citizens Bank was organized in the same town (Whitesburg). Many of the best and wealthiest citizens were stockholders and officers of these banks. After one year of active competition these banks with their combined interests were consolidated and known as the Union Bank, with a capital of \$35,000. It is a State institution, with \$6,200 surplus and near \$200,000 deposits. Judge James P. Lewis was instrumental in organizing the Whitesburg State Bank and served as its cashier until the formation of the Union Bank. Arch C. Adams was assistant cashier of the Whitesburg State Bank. J. H. Frazier was president of the Citizens Bank and B. E.

Caudill cashier. All of these men were retained as officers of the Union Bank and all are now officers therein except Mr. Caudill who very efficiently served as cashier for more than two years, since which time Arch C. Adams has likewise served as cashier.



W. M. HALL

Mr. W. M. Hall is serving his first term as Jailer of Letcher County, and to the general satisfaction of the people. He is kind and humane to the unfortunates in his charge; keeps the building, a fine one, in a clean and sanitary condition, and looks after the wants and bodily welfare of the inmates. The residence part is connected with the substantial and safe sand stone double story structure, and he has never had any serious trouble with any of the prisoners, who are mostly transients, charged with violations of internal revenue laws, as this is an examining court of the United States Commissioner. The number of county prisoners is four; total number eighteen. Mr. Hall is

a native of Letcher County; was born at Right's Fork, May 19, 1872; has a wife, who was Miss Sarah Frances Cornett, and six sons and two daughters, bless their home.

ADAM O. RAMEY

Mr. Adam O. Ramey is the local manager of the Whitesburg Telephone Company; is a native of Pikeville in Pike County. He has been here with his family for several months and is pleased with the town and the work. He had five years experience in Pikeville and is familiar with all the duties. He is assisted by Misses Hannah Caudill and Mattie Adams. The office has telegraphic connections and the service is excellent for long-distance demands.

HUGH COMBS

The only barber here now is Hugh Combs, whose shop is in the Lewis Block. He is a native Letcherite, has a good shop, and is a skilled tonsorial artist. He is married, and has a bright little daughter Gypsy, aged three years. He was born at Colly, August 16, 1876. His only complaint is the Saturday rush. He is a "Prohibitionist" and isn't as fluent a conversationalist as Nello in Romola.

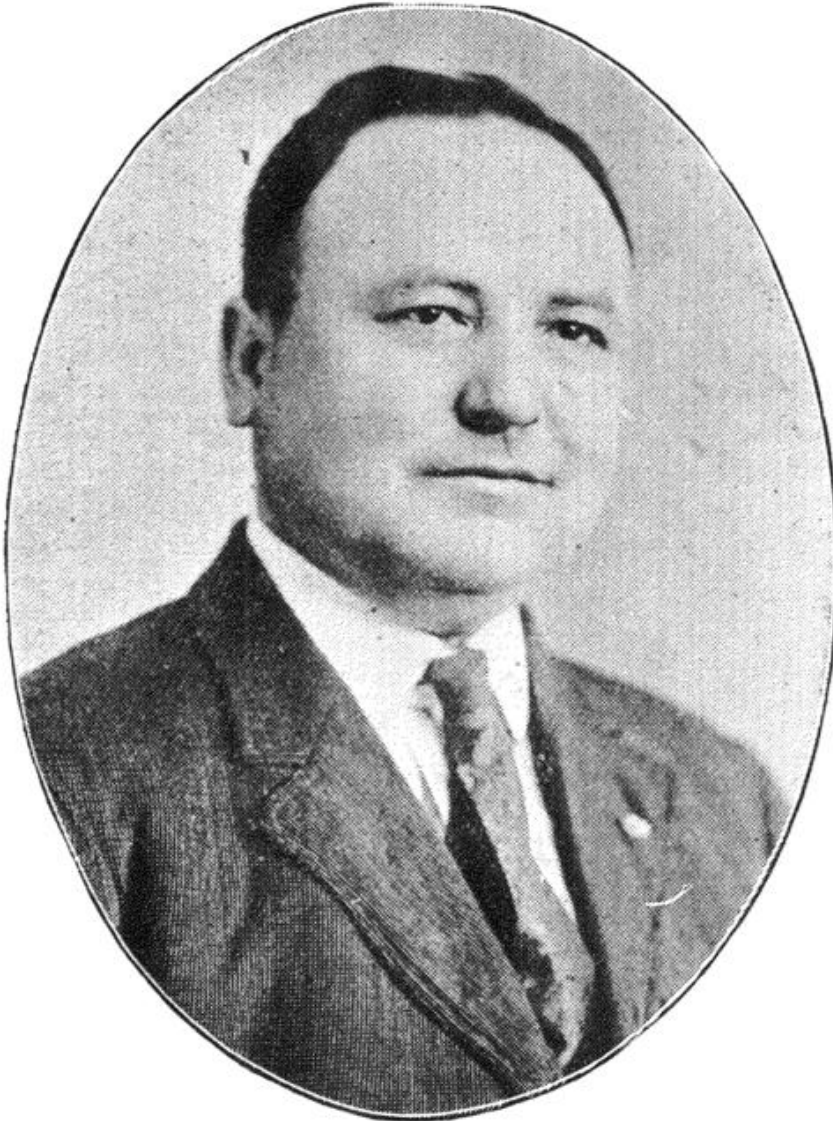
STEPHEN COMBS

A new limb o' the law with promising future is Stephen Combs, of the numerous and highly respected Combs' family, his father being Wesley Combs. The candidate for legal honors, was born in Letcher County, in 1891, and taught for four years. He is a graduate of the Jefferson School of Law, of Louisville, Ky., and was licensed to practice a little over a year ago, or February, 1912. Mr. Combs has his office with Mr. David Hays whose companionship is equal to a law partnership. There are thirteen in Mr. Combs' family—that is, his father's family, and there is no evidence of the number being a "hoo-doo."

JOHN M. COOK

The present Master Commissioner of Letcher County, is the well-known attorney, John M. Cook, who has offices in the Union Bank Building, and in his law practice, he is connected with Judge James P. Lewis, A. Floyd Byrd and S. Monroe

Nickell. Mr. Cook was born on Rockhouse and is but slightly over his legal majority, twenty-five years of age and married. He is the son of Dr. T. A. Cook. Like a battalion of other successful Letcherites, he has been a teacher. He is representative of mountain manhood, alive and progressive in all material educational and ethical matters pertaining to Eastern Kentucky. He is a brother of Miss Minerva Cook, who too, has been a teacher, and who is a refined and scholarly woman.



DAVID HAYS

David Hays has a career, similar in many respects, to that of many a mountain lawyer who forged to the front in his profession against many obstacles and barriers. After teaching successfully for over a decade, this honorable vocation was im-

proved as a stepping stone to the profession of law, and today he stands in the front rank of the distinguished Whitesburg bar. A strong and aggressive specimen, both physically and mentally, he is always sure to leave the impress of his individuality. Socially, he is pleasing and familiar in address. Before being admitted to the bar Mr. Hays married Miss Holcomb of Linefork, and with their children they reside in Whitesburg. His father was Captain Anderson Hays. His office is in the Courthouse. Mr. Hays belongs to a remarkable family for vitality and longevity. He is forty, and the youngest of ten living children; eight sons, and two daughters. His father died at the age of ninety-four years. The subject of this sketch was born in Buckhorn, Floyd County, in 1872 and looks to be good for a century mark. His friends predict for him a long, useful and honorable career.

WILLIAM KELLEY BROWN

The enclosed is a picture of William Kelley Brown who had the courage to assist me in the publication of this booklet, he having recently located at Whitesburg for the practice of law, and to engage in other up-building enterprises. He is from Murray, Calloway County, Kentucky, and in locating here got as far from home as possible without being disloyal to the State. He is not married yet; likes trotting and saddle horses, and is known to the trotting circuits; and not finding any level training tracks in Letcher County he will organize the next best thing, an aviation field the surroundings being ideal for an aero club. He frequently indulges in flights now, in his



mind, and some flights in reality may soon materialize. Brown prefers a biplane for two as he is tired of going it alone. From what I know of Brown I can recommend his style of morality as Artemus Ward advertised his bears; Ward had "Two moral bears." Whitesburg has one moral Brown.

MISS JOSEPHINE HOPKINS

Miss Josephine Hopkins, an expert and highly trained stenographer, came here recently from Bowling Green, Ky., to



accept a position with the law firm of Fields, Fields & Son, and also Attorney W. K. Brown, and she alternates her duties between the post-office and the law offices. Miss Hopkins is a graduate of the Bowling Green Business University. She taught in the public schools of McLean County, the county of her nativity. She is a gentlewoman of culture and refinement, of a brunette type of beauty, charming in manner and exceedingly popular. She is highly pleased with Whitesburg, and is a lover of the grandeur and magnificence of the scenery, which is yet to

be seen in Spring and Summer beauty and picturesqueness. Her former home was Calhoun, Ky.

CLEMENT F. KELLY

Among the recent additions to the Whitesburg bar is Clement F. Kelly, who is in charge of the Whitesburg office of Kelly & Kelly. This firm is made up of Clement F. Kelly and his brother, Martin T. Kelly, who has been well-known as a member of the Jackson bar for the past ten years. Mr. Kelly



DR. J. MONROE BENTLEY

is a native of Pittsburg, a graduate of the law department of the State University of Kentucky and holds an additional degree from the law department of the University of Michigan. Since locating in Whitesburg he has made many friends and nothing less than a brilliant future can be predicted for him.

DR. J. MONROE BENTLEY

Dr. J. Monroe Bentley who has been practicing medicine in Whitesburg and adjoining counties for the past seven years, is a graduate of Louisville Medical College, and until recently was also interested in the drug business as a partner of Dr. Fitzpatrick. He still holds offices in the same building. Dr. Bentley is popular as a physician and citizen whose interests are identified with Whitesburg. Dr. Bentley is Health Officer for Letcher County and Secretary of Letcher County Medical Society. He is the son of our excellent County Clerk. He resides with his family in one of our attractive homes which may be seen elsewhere in this booklet. Dr. Bentley expresses himself in an optimistic manner, as to the immediate and future growth and development of Whitesburg; in its certain evolution from a town into a mountain city, as expansion is sure to follow Eastern Kentucky development since we are in touch with the arteries of trade and the world of business by railroads.

LEWIS COOK

The present Sheriff of Letcher County, Lewis Cook, is about finishing his first term in this important office which has been conducted so as to give general satisfaction, he having been assisted by his son, W. E. Cook, as Deputy and who has active charge of the office. The Sheriff has a long list of precinct deputies, all of whom have generally been alert and faithful to their oath of office. During the Cook incumbency, the law has been respected and order maintained. The son W. E. Cook will probably succeed his father, as his constituency is active in his behalf, and he will probably accede to their wishes, to serve the people should he be nominated and elected. Mr. Cook was born at Rockhouse November 17, 1881. He married Miss May Hale and they have two little daughters aged five and three years. His mother was Miss Frances Hannah of Johnson County, Kentucky. The date of the birth of his father was November 17, 1861.

EDWARD COMBS WATTS



Mr. Watts, the pastor of the M. E. Church, South, at Whitesburg and Colson, is a native of Clark County, Kentucky. He was licensed to preach September 1, 1908. In October of the same year he was placed in charge of the Beattyville and Campton Junction Mission. At the annual conference which met at Paris in 1909 he was again assigned to this field where he served until sent to Whitesburg.

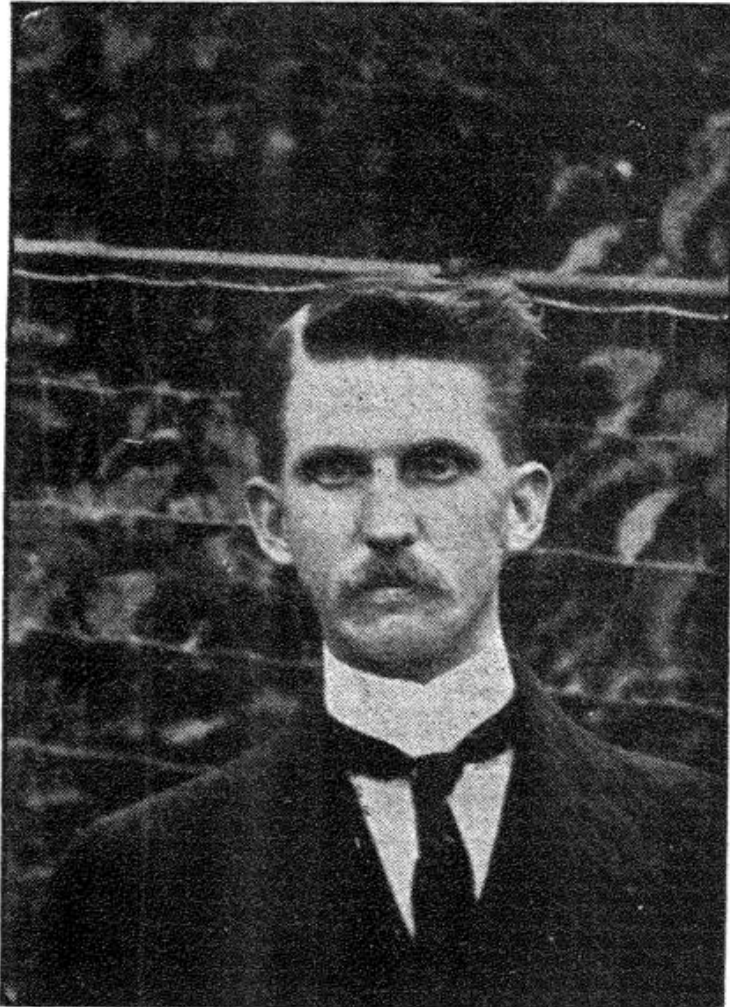
LEWIS BROS.

The firm of Lewis Bros., with M. D. Lewis as manager, began business some twenty years ago with less than \$5,000 capital in rented property, doing an annual business at first of less than \$10,000. At present under the same management this firm owns its own store building and residences, besides various tracts of coal lands and does an annual business of \$50,000 and has a commercial rating of over \$100,000. They are now planning to establish a branch wholesale grocery business at Whitesburg, Ky. Very few people can boast of such phenomenal success in the retail mercantile business, especially in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. M. D. Lewis is now forty-two years old and has a family of seven children. J. P. Lewis is forty-four years old and has nine children.

JOHN J. WAKEFIELD

John J. Wakefield, attorney-at-law, with offices at Whitesburg, is a native of Nelson County, Kentucky. He is a graduate of Central University in both the literary and law departments. Although one of the younger members of his profession, he has

had charge of some of the most important litigation arising from the recent developments in Eastern Kentucky; and it may be said that he has gained for himself an enviable position at the bar.



JUDGE JAMES P. LEWIS

It seems that the good people of grand old Letcher County have long held to a sound sentiment, that "teaching the young idea how to shoot" ought to mean more than political preferment, and we have a notable instance of it as illustrated in the case of Judge James P. Lewis, by turns teacher, County Superintendent of Schools, County Judge, business man and banker, active, earnest and conscientious in all of these vocations. Yet a young man, here is his career in brief. Born in 1869 on Poor Fork—which seems paradoxical—son of the late esteemed and

once influential Wilson Lewis. His grandfather John J. Lewis came from North Carolina more than a century ago, and was County Judge of Harlan County, Kentucky, just before the Civil War. He received his early training in the public schools of Letcher County, later taking higher branches in Lee County, Virginia, and later at Knoxville, Tennessee, and at a college at Valparaiso, Indiana. Then for years he taught school here and entering a business career became a successful merchant. He served as Superintendent of Schools, both by appointment and election, and left the impress of his personality and individuality on the character of the schools and the teachers by his lofty ideals. He was elected to the office of County Judge in 1901 and served with fidelity and credit, both to himself and the County, and was importuned to again stand for another nomination, but declined that he might give his attention to Whitesburg State Bank which he was instrumental in organizing and of which institution he served as its cashier till it was merged into the Union Bank of which he was made president, and which by his guidance was made strong and successful and influential in all Eastern Kentucky, as he proved a safe and able financier. His money-making bias, however, did not warp him from his deep and abiding interest in the cause of education, and morals, and things which endure as lasting monuments, which memory reveres and enshrines.

JUDGE D. D. FIELDS

The Nestor of the Whitesburg bar and yet not an old man, is Judge D. D. Fields, who began as a teacher and followed this calling for some years. Later he turned his attention to surveying. Then he was elected Sheriff. He was admitted to the bar in 1890 and was retained as attorney for the Mineral Development Company, the biggest concern and largest land owners in Letcher County. This position he still holds, and he is still actively engaged in the practice of his profession, he being a member of the law firm. Judge Fields is kept busy supervising his new buildings and other interests. His practice is extensive in the United States Courts and the Court of Appeals. He is an enthusiastic fraternity man. He has a wife and three sons and three daughters, all married, two living in Virginia. He was born in Letcher County August 13, 1853. Mrs. Fields was a Miss Mustlewhite, a grand-daughter of Isom Caudill a pioneer of Letcher County.



MARTIN D. LEWIS

Mr. Martin D. Lewis the active Manager of the immense department mercantile establishment of Lewis Bros. in the conspicuous Lewis Brothers Block, had his first training in a common school at Poor Fork of the Cumberland, where he was born in 1871, and in his early manhood he wisely turned to the high vocation of teaching, which training ever after fits one for either a business or professional career. Choosing the former, and perhaps wisely, "Mr. Mart," as he is familiarly called, has been both successful and influential in building up a commanding and notable artery of trade, known and approved throughout Southeastern Kentucky. The business of great magnitude for years, is expected to expand with the general development

of this highly favored section. Mr. Lewis is alive to all enterprises and takes an animated interest in moral and educational problems, being a married man with children, and having a normal interest in posterity.

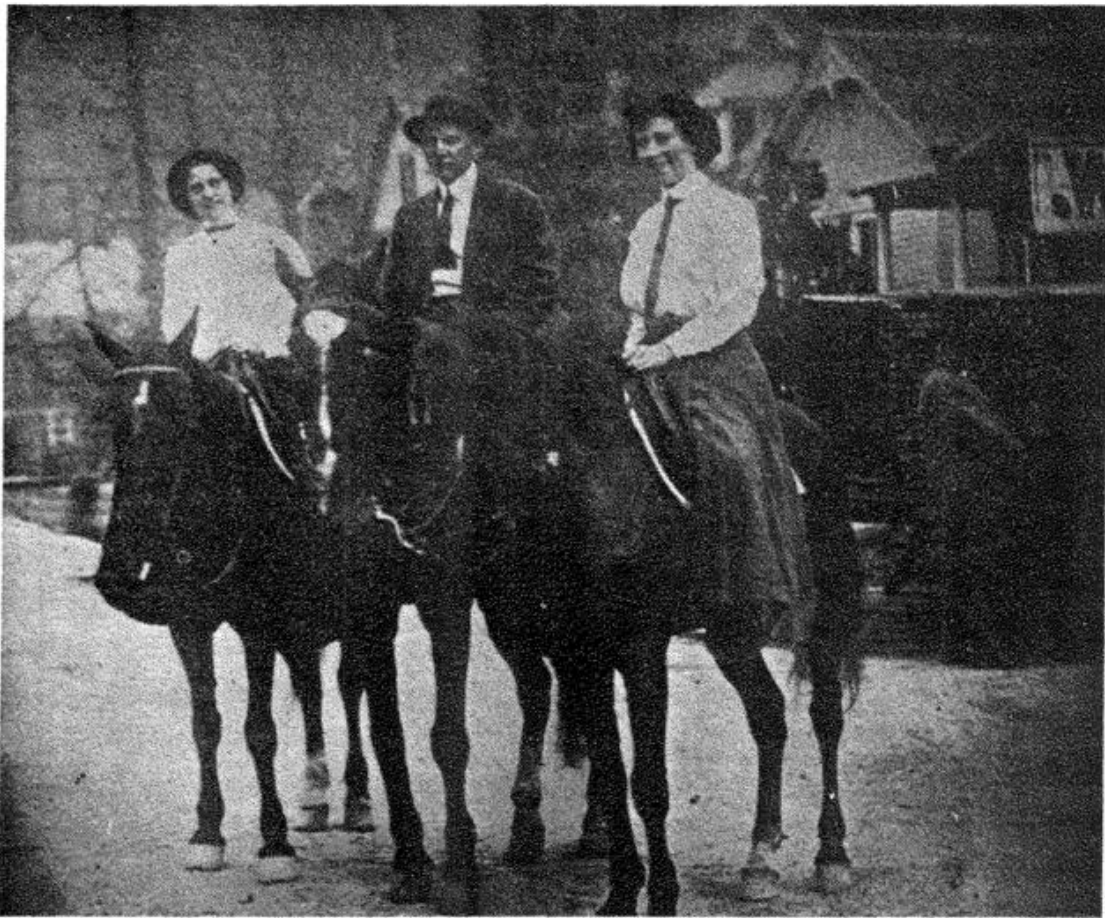
Mr. Lewis has two experienced and urbane assistants in the conduct of the business, Captain Chas. H. Back and Kelley Fields, the former the son of former Assessor John P. Back. After making an honorable record in the State Guards he now turns, with equal energy, to the industrial, and business affairs. He is the head of a contented family and a happy home and is widely known and popular. Mr. Fields has been employed in the concern for some time and is well known to the citizens generally.



S. P. COMBS

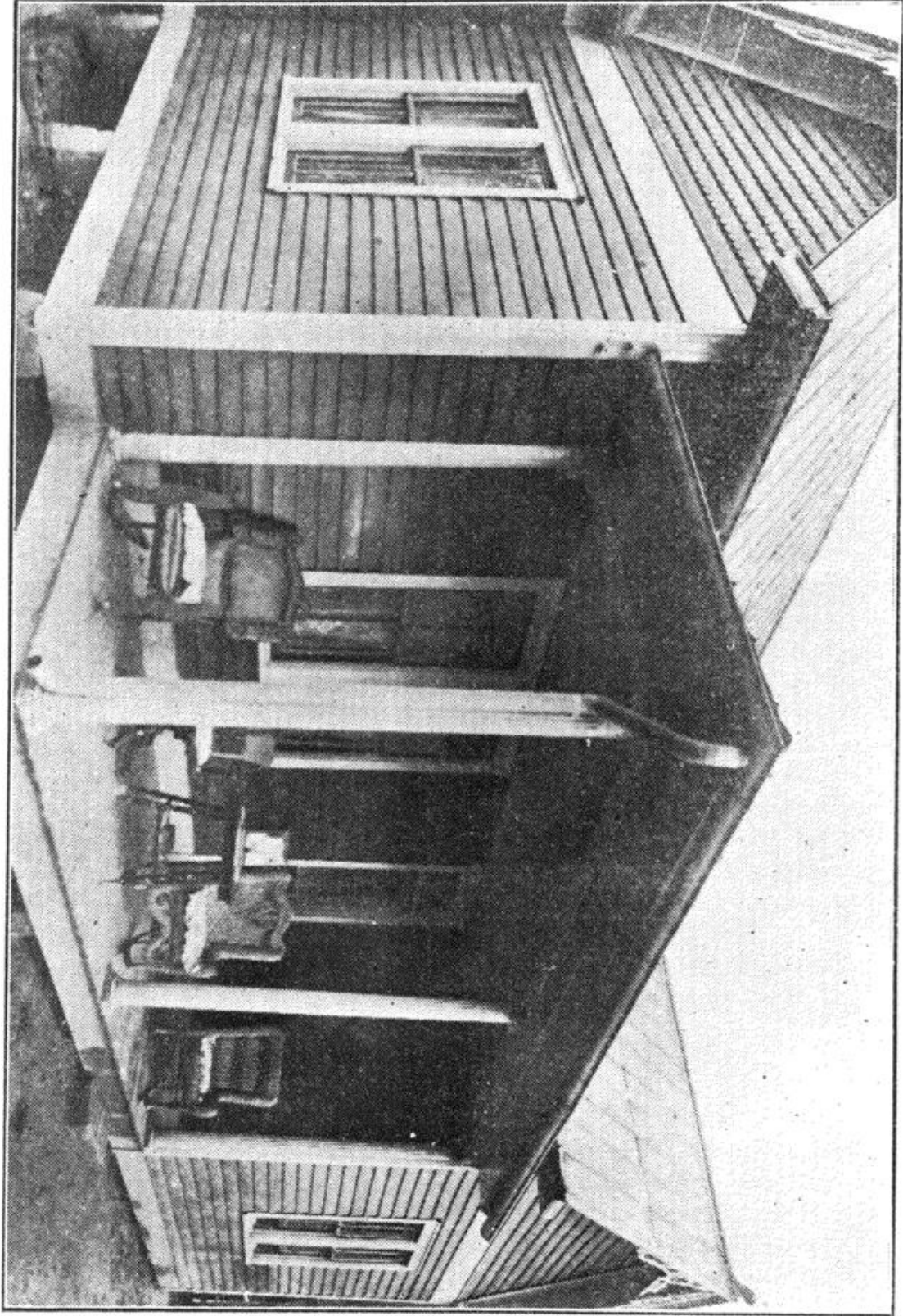
The present Circuit Clerk S. P. Combs, who is now serving the latter one-half of his first six-year term, taught school for fifteen years before his constituency "released" him from his "confinement." He was born in the Rock House neighborhood,

and went to school at Hindman, and later took a business course at Lexington. Mr. Combs married Miss Martha Adams, and is the father of a "class" of seven children. Between his home recreations, and his crowded docket, he has but little time for other forms of amusement. Our Circuit Clerk's parents reside at Rock House. G. A. Combs is his father and his mother's maiden name was Millie Maggard. Mrs. Combs is the daughter of Solomon Adams and Ellen L. Taylor. All are natives of Letcher County. His mother is an invalid.



W. K. KILBOURN

One of the interesting characters to meet is Colonel W. K. Kilbourn a landed proprietor, with a decided literary bias; friend of John Fox, and local historian; an authority on flora and fauna, and bureau of general information. He was born in Wise County, Virginia, the exact date he shies at, but he is over thirty and is still single. Colonel Kilbourn has been in some of



Dr. J. M. Bentley's Residence.

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the biggest land and timber deals in Eastern Kentucky. He represented the firm of Altemus & George for nearly a decade; was a partner of Geo. Hogg, and then he was a copartner with J. Blair McLin (now the Manager for Floyd Day, General Merchandise at Jackson, Breathitt County, where he is also Postmaster, and of which land firm Mr. Day was also a member). Colonel Kilbourn is still General Manager of this firm. One of their timber deals became noted in the Supreme Court. His individual interests are also important. His faith in the development here is well grounded on facts and exact knowledge, and it is well for prospectors and investors to cultivate the Colonel's acquaintance.

JUDGE JOHN A. CRAFT

Among those who have been long identified with business and politics of Letcher County, may be mentioned Judge John A. Craft, a native of Letcher County, who was born at Colly precinct in 1849, having been fortunate in receiving the advantage of an education which he improved in the honorable calling as a school teacher. Later he was prominently identified with the Baptist Church. He has been honored time and again with offices by the good people of his native county as Jailer, County Court Clerk, Circuit Clerk and then as County Judge. Prior to this time Judge Craft had a successful career in merchandizing, and by his fair dealing, live-and-let-live methods he was most popular, and so, after retiring as County Judge, still being active and energetic, he again re-embarked in general merchandizing, building a large and well constructed building which he has stocked with the best brands of dry goods, groceries, etc. He says his trade is fast increasing. He owns the large residence in the center of Main Street which will some day in the near future be the most valuable lot for some big business concern in Whitesburg. Here is his official record: Served as County Clerk 1886 four years; 1900 Internal Revenue service three years; two terms as Circuit Court Clerk; County Judge four years. Judge Craft is now being urged to make the race for County Judge.

MISSION WORKER

Elder Thos. B. Talbott a mission worker in the Presbyterian Church whose home is in Louisville, Kentucky, frequently visits Whitesburg and sometimes fills in for regular preachers of this as well as other churches. He is interested in educa-

tional work and is well known all along the L. & E. Extension. Elder Talbott early learned the printers' art and he is a frequent contributor to religious and secular journals.

THE FIELDS BUILDING

The new Fields' Building rapidly nearing completion is the property of Judge Daniel D. Fields a well-known attorney. It is to be of concrete, two stories 30 by 73 feet, the first floor designed for store room and four offices, and the second floor will have safety vaults on both floors. It will be fire-proof and will have safety vaults on both floors. The building will be ready for occupancy soon. The site of the building is on Main Street, diagonally from the Courthouse. It will be an ornament to the new Whitesburg.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL

The Mountain View Hotel was purchased from the builder Mr. Fields by Circuit Clerk S. P. Combs and it is most picturesquely located at an altitude of easy ascent on the side of a beautiful pine covered knoll where one can overlook the town nestling on the banks of the river, and where it may be seen from the passenger coaches of the L. & N. Railroad. While neither large nor pretentious it is both cosy and restful, and it will doubtless prove popular as a resort for visitors seeking comforts and conveniences. Mr. Combs and his family reside there and are in active management of The Mountain View Hotel.

DR. JOHN DISHMAN FITZPATRICK

Dr. John Dishman Fitzpatrick is the youngest and now only living son of the late Attorney James B. Fitzpatrick once one of our best known citizens. He was born at Whitesburg, Kentucky, and for the first few years of his life was a close student in school. When about grown he secured a teacher's certificate and for several years was one of our very best teachers. By strict economy he saved enough money to enter the University of Louisville, Medical Department, and in 1904 graduated from that institution and at once entered upon the practice of medicine with an unconquerable zeal. He was a success from the beginning and today has a large practice in all sections of the country. When Dr. Fitzpatrick entered upon his career he was poor but today he is worth considerable money being among the best-to-do of our young men. He is owner of the

drug store the second institution of the kind at this place. Dr. Fitzpatrick is County Judge of Letcher County.

D. I. DAY

D. I. Day, an attorney-at-law and an expert stenographer, is a native of Letcher County, and a scion of the large and prominent Day family of Eastern Kentucky. He was born in 1874 and taught twelve years before permanently gaining his "release" from school duties. His business proficiency was gained at a Louisville Business College, and he at once entered the employment of the Mineral Development Company as stenographer ten years ago, which position he still holds. Five years ago he was admitted to the bar, combining business with the practice of law. Mr. Day, who is familiarly called "Doug," is suave and polite and approachable; pleasing in his manner, and hence easily one of our most popular citizens, held in high esteem by all. He has offices with D. D. Fields & Son, in the Lewis Block. Mr. Day is married and has two sons and daughters, and the family reside in a hospitable home here. Mrs. Day was a Miss Wells. Mr. Day having been on the "inside" is well informed about development present and prospective; an authority.

DR. D. F. SMITH

An active practitioner both surgeon and physician is Dr. D. F. Smith, a native of Williamsburg, Whitley County, Kentucky, who graduated at Louisville, Kentucky, in The Hospital College of Medicine in 1907 and after practicing at Lancaster, Ky., came to Whitesburg in 1912. His literary education was received at The Williamsburg Institute, a famous college in Southeastern Kentucky. Our medico had a long experience as a teacher (to be exact twelve years) in Whitley County. His father, James Shelton Smith, was a prominent stock dealer and planter; his mother was a Miss Meadors; both were natives of Whitley County. His paternal ancestors came from Virginia and maternal from Tennessee. He is a brother of Hon. W. T. Smith of Williamsburg, Kentucky, who is prominent as a politician and merchant. Dr. Smith married Miss Faulkner of Whitley County and has two very pretty bright little girls of which he is very fond. Dr. Smith is surgeon for the L. & N. Railway Company, a prominent K. of P. and is zealous for the upbuilding of his adopted home where he is highly regarded both as physician and citizen. His office is located in the Ira

Fields building. Mrs. Smith is an accomplished musician, takes great interest in literary affairs, and women's club reform work. She is an adept in fancy needle work and is always welcomed in social and charity circles.

DR. P. Y. PURSIFULL

The first regular drug store to be established in Whitesburg about six years ago was by Dr. P. Y. Pursifull, a native of Bell County, Kentucky, who came here to locate for the practice of his profession, and he has conducted the business successfully, now enjoying a fine and firmly established business, all the while, by earnest attention to his professional duties building up an enviable reputation as a regular practitioner and surgeon. Dr. Paschal Young Pursifull was born in Bell County in 1879, and his youth was spent in Pineville where he attended public and private schools. In 1904 he was graduated from the Hospital College of Medicine in Louisville, and since that time he has continuously prosecuted his studies, and in connection with a growing and exacting practice, having been given a fair share of practice from his first arrival four years ago to establish himself in Whitesburg. Both Doctor and Mrs. Pursifull are popular in social and club circles. Dr. Pursifull points with commendable pride to the biography of his father who was a civil engineer and draftsman well known in Eastern Kentucky, and alternately, a banker, merchant and realty dealer, being eminently successful in all his undertakings. His mother was a daughter of the well-known Christian minister Elder Knox Hurst of Tennessee. Both the doctor and Mrs. Pursifull affiliate here with the Baptist brethren. The happy couple is blessed with an interesting daughter, Renaval aged five years and a bright and promising son Hobert aged four years. Dr. Pursifull says he has always been pleased with his adopted home here and now with the development at hand on every side he has faith in the steady progress of Whitesburg and Eastern Kentucky to which he has ever been loyal. He thinks no better place could be found in all of Eastern Kentucky for business or for residence, for health or contentment, than right here where peace reigns and where prosperity will eventually be "passed around" and where Nature's massive magnificence of scenery cannot be duplicated in the Appalachian range of Mountains. Mrs. Pursifull was a Miss Gorman, daughter of Perry Gorman, Sr., a coal operator of Tennessee. Her brothers are interested in the Whitesburg Drug Company, and as an instance of the faith of the firm, they have just put in a \$1,200 soda fountain

which is going some. Dr. Pursifull is surgeon and physician for the L. & N. Railroad and performs surgical operations here with both skill and remarkable success.

A. J. CALDWELL

A newcomer, Mr. A. J. Caldwell, who is interested in real estate and life and fire insurance, sought the Mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and located at Whitesburg recently, after some time interested in these lines at Richmond, Ky., awaiting the opening of the Extension of the Lexington & Eastern (now L. & N.). Mr. Caldwell was born in Weiser, Washington County, Idaho, in 1890, and he has resided in Portland, Oregon, and later at Springfield, Mo.; a rolling stone, you say, who has thus rubbed off the proverbial moss. Mr. Caldwell feels that he is located now to stay and grow with the other wonderful development to be seen from every angle of vision here, and he thinks that realty, will in time, be his specialty.

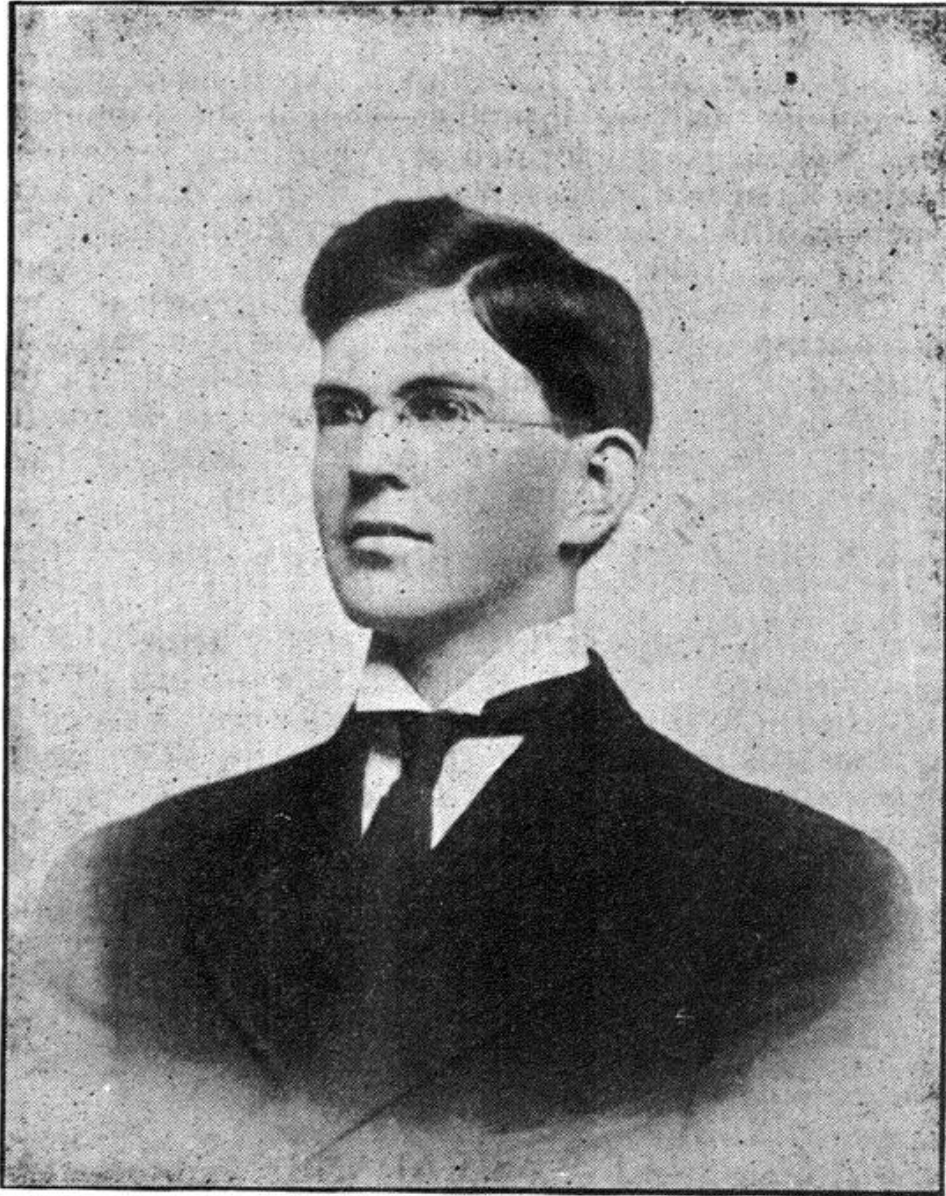
DR. GIDEON WHITAKER.

Dr. Gideon Whitaker, a surgeon dentist, here, who has offices in the new Ira Fields Building, is a product of Letcher County, hence to the manor born, which event is dated by his parents, as August 23, 1885. After teaching seven years, he graduated from the Louisville College of Dentistry in May, 1912, and he wisely elected to practice among his home people. At present he resides in the vicinity of Whitesburg with his wife and two promising children. He is already building up a practice. Dr. Whitaker spent his happy boyhood near the mouth of Rock House. He is related to the well-known Whitaker family with its branches all through Eastern Kentucky. He has a pleasing and social side to his personality and is already well acquainted and popular.

J. WASH ADAMS

J. Wash Adams, ex-teacher, farmer and lawyer, whose home is Mayking near Whitesburg, is one of the best known lawyers in Letcher County and he is engaged in realty deals also. He is the son of former Assessor John B. Adams and Sallie Craft, both deceased. His wife's maiden name was Cornelia Webb, and they have four sons and four daughters. He was born September 8, 1858, and was admitted to the bar in 1873. He taught for ten years, and is self-made, having began his way

as a penniless boy, both of his parents having died in 1863. Mr. Adams has never entered politics but he is personally popular.



COLLINS & STURGILL

Two of the best known and most enterprising among our younger business men are Messrs. Sam Collins and A. J. Sturgill. The latter was assistant cashier and bookkeeper for the Union Bank for three years when he joined forces with Mr. Collins in merchandising, now about ready to branch out in larger business. Mr. Sturgill came to Whitesburg ten years

ago. Born in the old Virginia hills and springing from the F. F. V. strains of sturdy lineage in his youth his father wisely adopted Letcher County for his future home and here in this stimulating and vivifying mountain ozone the son grew to manhood. He had a college education, had a naval experience in voyages to foreign ports; when a healthy yearning possessed him to seek again his mountain home where he was honored by his people as County Clerk in which office his popularity became a proverb. Here he happily married and is now established awaiting the prosperity the marvelous development is sure to bring to him and the faithful of his tenacious class who not only choose wisely in marital as well as material affairs, but well.

JOHN A. CRAFT, JR.

Mr. John A. Craft, Jr., is a young man and promising clerk in the Whitesburg Drug Company who is not yet a graduate of pharmacy but he may take up the study if he continues in the business. He taught in the common school and is a son of Judge J. A. Craft and is a native of Whitesburg. He is young yet having been born in 1891.

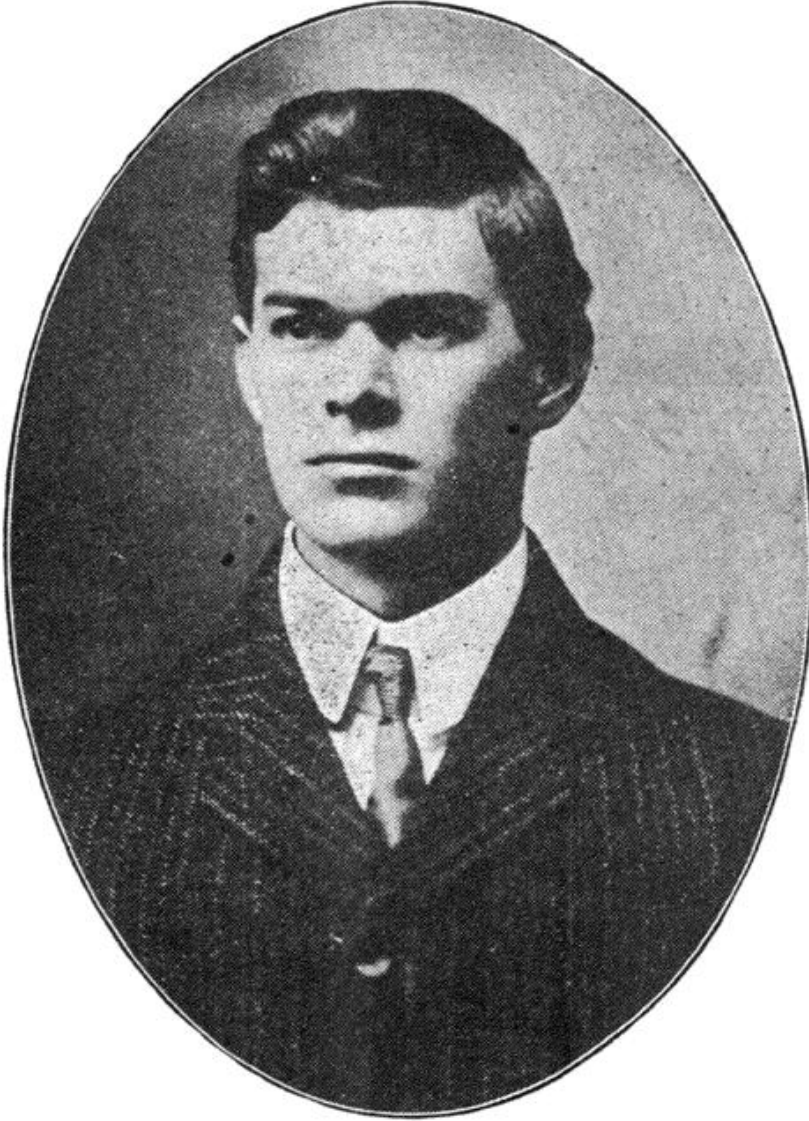
EDITOR NATHANIEL HALE

of the East Kentucky News, a Log Cabin newspaper published weekly, has a new plant and also a well equipped job printing outfit, the office being in a new building on Cross Street. He does not trace his lineage back to Nathan Hale or Edward Everett Hale or Sir Mathew; but he was a zealous pedagogue for twenty-four years before filling the Editorial Easy (?) Chair. He is assisted by his devoted daughter Miss Lavinia, who started at the printer's "case" and she doesn't stick there as most girl compositors do, but she is more ambitious, and is trying to master the craft, by trying her skill at setting ads and jobs.

DIXON BRO'S.

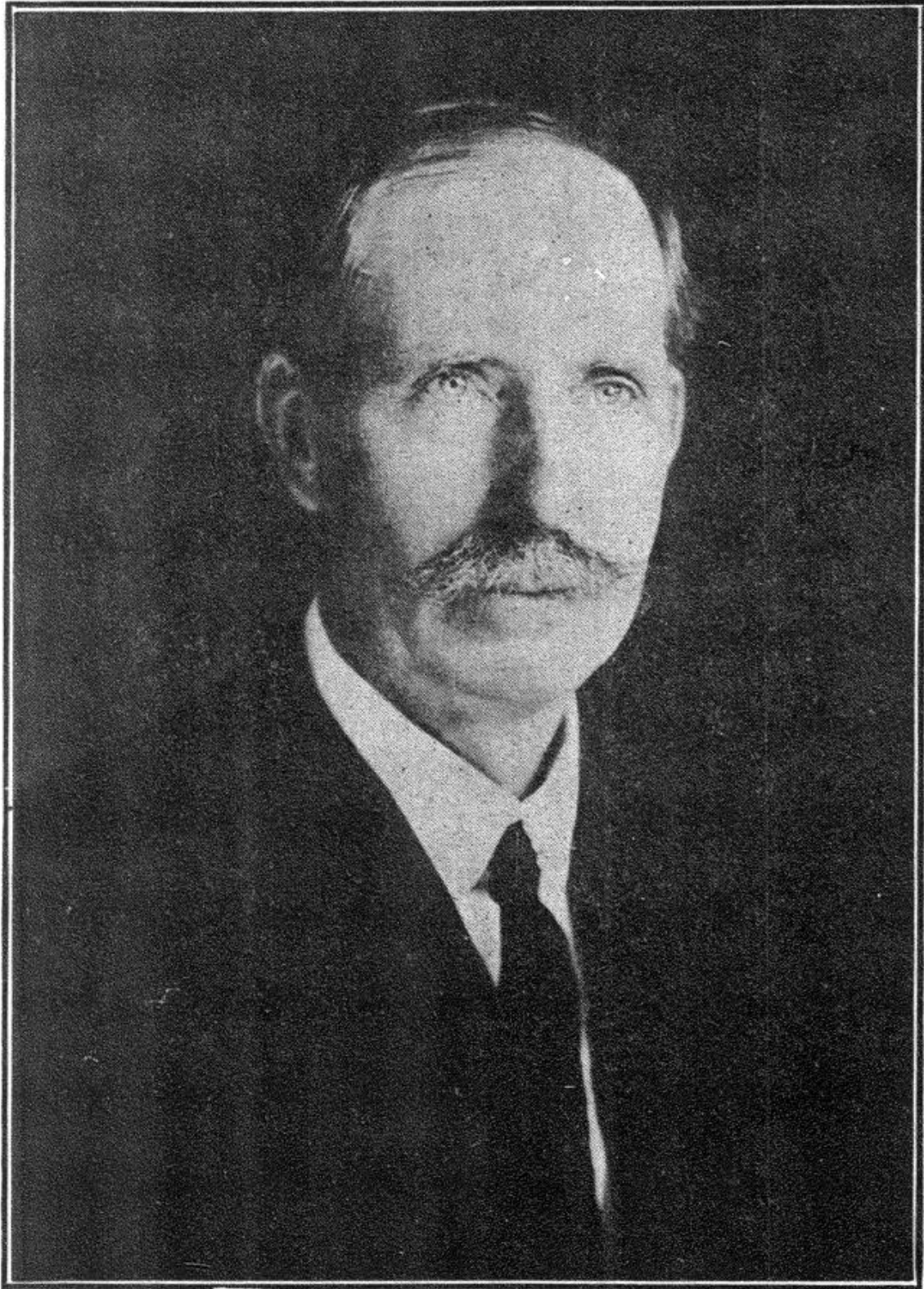
Among the new and important enterprises of the Greater Whitesburg is the new restaurant on Main Street near the new bridge spanning the river. Crowds of new comers want such accommodations as restaurant and quick lunch counters afford, and so Messrs. Wm. C. and James Dixon, brothers, have opened up this necessary convenience for transients in connection with staple and fancy groceries, cigars and tobacco, soft drinks, etc. They are both natives of Letcher County, both

married and their families reside here. The former Wm. C. Dixon, had a road experience as a shoe salesman. They formerly resided at Indian Bottoms. Their prices are tempting considering the high cost of provisions. They deserve patronage. J. C. Dixon was formerly Assistant Postmaster and in merchandising.



SAM COLLINS

Samuel Collins is actively engaged as a field Deputy U. S. Marshal of the Internal Revenue department and is too well and favorably known to require an extended notice. He is a native of Letcher County, a self-made man of physical courage and mental energy, of a pleasing personality and was once a popu-



ROBERT BLAIR

lar and urbane Postmaster for two years, resigning because of urgent solicitation on the part of J. Sherman Cooper, Collector, as his Danville office deputy, a most arduous and responsible position which important duties he discharged faithfully and efficiently. Mr. Collins is interested in several local enterprises and is preparing to embark in the wholesale grocery business. Despite his liberality he has accumulated some property, several residences and is enthusiastic for enterprises for the upbuilding of his native heath. Mr. Collins is a determined officer, but he is diplomat enough to do his sworn duty without accumulating a lot of dangerous enemies. It is believed by his partisans that there is something bigger and better for "Our Sam" than what has as yet come his way; that he is Congressional timber, and he is young yet, not out of his thirties.

ROBT. BLAIR

The present County Attorney Robert Blair has been re-elected repeatedly to this office, the first time in 1893, and he appears to be holding a life tenure, if his ambition does not lead him higher up, and he is yet in his fifties. He was born in Letcher County in 1857 and his early education was somewhat interrupted by the four years of civil strife. But being a determined and studious youth he managed to pick up the rudiments of the common school branches, and is what one might say self-educated, improving the time by teaching school. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two. He was also ordained to the ministry of the Primitive Baptist Church in 1894. It was largely through his influence that the new Courthouse was secured; also the jail and the school lands. Combining the profession of law with the ministry, gave him an unique and almost hypnotic influence with the whole people. Having practiced and preached so long, it is doubtful if he will ever throw the whole weight of his mind to either one of these professions, to the exclusion of the other.

JOHN W. HALE

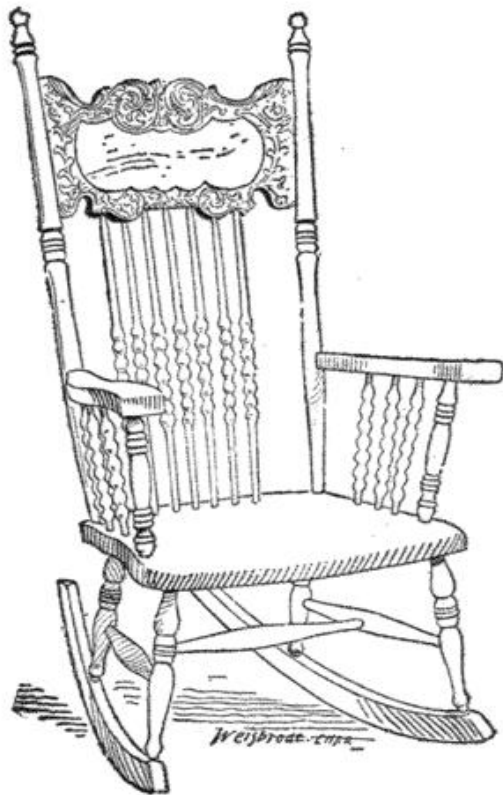
Attorney John W. Hale has had a long and useful career as teacher and lawyer, and for several years as United States Commissioner, which office he still continues to hold, and his excellent service in this trying office has reflected honor upon his integrity of character and firmness for law and order. The duties of presiding over this Court of "Uncle Sam" are highly important and exacting, and they are ever discharged faithfully and

with a high sense of honor and justice. He is a brother of Editor Nathaniel Hale of the East Kentucky News of Whitesburg, a Log Cabin organ. Commissioner Hale resides here with his wife and sons and he has one daughter, in Oklahoma.



MAJOR JOHN A. WEBB

Born in Letcher County in 1879; attended and taught public schools, and for six years was principal of Whitesburg Academy. He was Captain of Co. E Second Reg. K. S. G. and in 1896 was promoted to Major. He is now engaged in the furniture business and is just completing a handsome residence.



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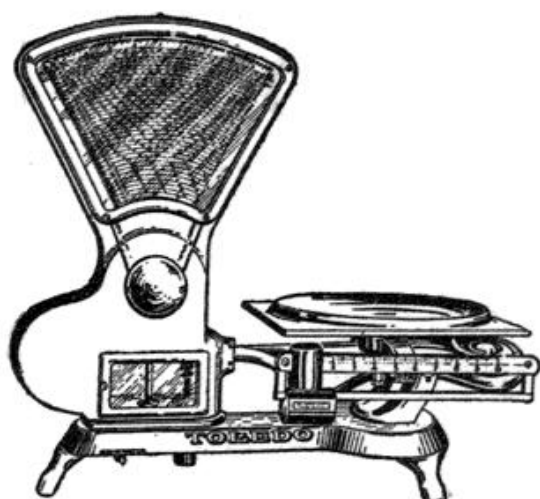
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