CARLISLE MERCURY

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THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1924

You were made for enjoyment, and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud to be pleased with them, or too grasping to care for what you can not turn to other account than mere delight.—Ruskin.

LOWERED TAXES THE TEST OF A GOOD TAX BILL.

Quite a number of our exchanges have stated that the lowering of the State tax rate by the last Legislature from 16 cents to 10 cents on the hundred dollars worth of property and the increase on live stock and intangibles, far from relieving the farmer, would but add to his burden. In fact, we read in one weekly newspaper last week that it was a "smooth scheme to sell to the (the farmers) burden-ers."

Now, The Mercury is not an apologist for the Nelson law and we were never particularly apt at juggling with figures, but if we have added and subtracted and multiplied correctly, the new rates, instead of increasing taxes, have lifted a five thousand dollar load from the shoulders of the taxpayers of this county. This has been done, despite the fact that the local school tax rate is increased this year from 40 to 45 cents.

In 1923 Nicholas county paid $126,360 in taxes. In 1924 he will pay $119,826. Our taxes will actually be $7,310 less than last year. This saving may not be attributed to the new tax law, as our total assessment is $382,145 less than in 1923. If, however, we take the assessment for this year and compute the tax to be paid at the old rates, it amounts to $421,960, as against $119,826, the amount to be paid under the new law.

Not being a tax expert, nor, for that matter, very apt at "figgers," we are not claiming that the saving of some five thousand dollars to the taxpayers of Nicholas county proves the Nelson law the best ever. Perhaps there may be a better sewing-Peter-to-pay-Paul nigger hid-den somewhere in our new tax woodpile, and we may be called upon yet to stand and deliver. However, we note that Anderson county saves something over three thousand dollars, by reason of the new rates, so the pleasant news is not confined to Nicholas.

After all, the average citizen's notion of a good tax law is one which will reduce his taxes. The new law seems to be doing that for us here.

A CAUSE FOR ANGER BUT NOT FOR LAWLESSNESS

The Mercury certainly is opposed to lawlessness, as it is opposed to the regulation by force of the private business of any individual. Consequently, together with all law abiding citizens and all friends of the tobacco pool, we regret the night-riding and scraping of tobacco beds that occurred last week in two counties of the State.

While we have no patience with such summary methods of growers' unrest, we are not unmindful of the provocation furnished by those men who fatten his purse on the labor of his neighbors. Such rules, but will not pay his fare. The member of the pool is fairly lean days, unless protection of tobacco is extended all over the market wideed and the demand increased. That, under these circumstances, it is maddening to see the man on the roadside getting his cash at once and getting more of it than he ever have gotten, were it not for the association of tobacco growers, may not be denied.

A resort to lawlessness, however, will not solve the problem. Mobs are not convinced against their will and bed-scrapings will hurt the cause and it will not help it. A reduction of acreage must come, we believe, but it should come voluntarily and from within the association of growers.

STRAINING AT GNATS

Being a firm believer in the existence of all newspaper advertising, which confines itself to a true statement of facts and is decently prepared, The Mercury is unable to see the necessity for a bill introduced by Senator Gooding, which seeks to have the amount expended by railroads for that the Senator terms "propaganda" investigated. Charges as propaganda in Senator Gooding's bill is the "publication or distribution of advertising matter." This strikes us as absurd.

We suppose that an example of this form of propaganda would be the advertising that the L. & N. Railroad Company is now carrying in nearly all of the newspapers published in the territory contiguous to its lines. This series of advertising is informative, honestly written, as far as we are able to judge, and has for its intent the acknowledgment of the good-will of its patrons. In our opinion, that is fair enough. A railroad should have its day in court and be permitted to present its side of the question as well as an individual.

Railroads, it is true, have dabbled in politics in the past, and any effort on their part or that of any corporation to control legislation should be decried, but an attempt to classify as propaganda legitimate advertising, having for its purpose the promotion of the goodwill of the public for the advertiser, strikes us as a matter of straining at gnats."

If we may be allowed to mix a metaphor, we rather think the Senator will strike more "pay dirt," if he will confine his investigations to oil.

"PINTING WITH PRIDE."

"Th' Dimmycrat platform this year," says Mr. Dooley, "will be a wan sintinner. We print with pride to th' rottenness iv th' Raypublican party."

With his usual political shrewdness, Mr. Finley Peter Dunne makes his genial Dooley score a hit, if not a knock-out, with at least one observation. The Democratic platform, of course, will cover considerably more territory and white paper, but the paramount issue in the actual campaigning will be the shortcomings of the Republican administration. "No wan ever read a platform but th' boy that wrote it," is a statement that would seem to be justified, after a campaign gets into full swing.

The Mercury, having no favorites in the New York "free-for-all," does hope most mightily that the selection of the convention may be one, who may "print with pride," without fear of being "pinted back at."

—Lowell

Suggested as appropriate to be used as a standardized etcetium at some future campaigns for re-election, after reading the development from day's investigations at Washington.

Wily all the viewing with alarm the tendency of the snapper see to bob her hair and wear slave bracelets and wonderment loudly in the —"everything." One should realize what a safety valve she and her sister are to the small-town monotony of civilized respectability. Wondering just what she will do next adds a zest to the existence of the envious, money-grubbing male, whose fine feathers she flicked with an occasional glance. It's unconscious envy, that's what it is, for being the only male species in evidence that doesn't wear the plumage.

A BAY DAY SOG

Oh! Od this lovely day at Bay. Of gentle rain and bitter breezes, I'll bowed to sig a sog of sprig And write these lines betweed by adezes.

I draw by overcast up tight As go out id the freezig raid And wonderment loudly tonight. —Hag it! I've got to release agaid.—Widnore Enterprise.

AT TIMES

At times our spirit swoons within us and we feel
A hopeless helplessness upon us steal;
We count our scars, our battles lost and say,
Behold the pessimistic frame: "Life may not pay."

At times we look with jaundiced thoughts and sour disgust
On those who own the prize we could not win—
Those "favored ones" who win with reckless ease
The things we've prayed for on our bended knees.

But swooning never won for a man a single goal
And hopelessness can daunt the spirit's soul;
While covetousness, envy, discontent
Can quickly make the happiest lament.

Teach thy rebellious soul this wholesome truth to sense,
The God who made thee still sits on His throne,
And all is just, no matter what it seems;
And Justice is not measured by thy dreams.

—Los Angeles Times

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, June 7, 1894

Married—Mrs. Pearl Smith and Mr. Benjamin Price, both of this county, at Jeffersonville on May 31.

Call Parnell and G. R. Keller elected trustees of the Carlisle city school at the election held Saturday.

Miss Hattie Tallaferro, of this city, who studied for highest grade in vocal music at Millersburg College.

John I. Fisher has in his possession a hymn book which once belonged to John T. Hart. Mr. Hart's name is inscribed on the fly leaf.

L. D. Young, chairman, calls for meeting of Populist Party to elect delegates to attend the Congressional convention to be held at Ashland.

Mercury issues special edition in honor of the 50th annual meeting of the General Association of Baptist churches, which was held here May 31 to June 5.

George English, charged with stealing and wounding his brother in Millersburg, and who escaped after a duel with Millersburg officials, and returned, and lodged in jail here.

44 YEARS AGO

Thursday, June 10, 1880

Prof. William Moeller, of Cincinnati, has opened school in the Kimbrough hotel.

One hundred editors pass through Carlisle enroute to Ashland for annual meeting of Kentucky Press Association.

Republican convention at Chicago nominated James A. Garfield For President and Chester A. Arthur for Vice President.

Reception staged at Kimbrough hotel in honor of Miss Hargis, who was victorious in the Green-Hargis breach of promise suit.

At a meeting of the Democratic county committee Saturday, Green Adair, F. M. Frale, T. J. Glenn, P. D. Perry, Thomas Kennedy and Lee Campbell.

FINE CHANCE

Here's a great opportunity for some lady matrimonial market seeking husband.

There are 2,500 bachelors in Clinton, Mass., and a public stallion is given out by Town Clerk Carr and Assessors Gates, Gray and Cox, and this, blond and brunette, many of them handsome, well-to-do and very seldom at the harbor shop—everything!

Clinton is often called the "Girls' Paradise," a reputation here is very keen for such girls' parents as have any Clinton girl parents away and would like to see them settled in life should write to the Clinton Board of Trade, Clinton, Mass., and they will do the same thing and it much less expensive.

Keep Cost At Low Point

Farm prices are low, ridiculously low. This means that the farmer who makes any money must produce his crops at a small cost. Co-operation will help him if crops and stock are produced at a small cost; but it can not help the other fellow.

Mr. W. D. Nicholls in writing about production costs of farm crops in the May issue of the Kentucky Agriculturist, has the following to say in part:

There is a great difference in the cost of producing farm crops. This has been brought out very forcibly by investigations carried on by the writer for the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky, in which the records of hundreds of farmers was analyzed during the past three years. One set for instance that in La Rue county 18 farmers averaged $132, while the ten most efficient farmers averaged $81.81 for man labor and management for the year. In Boone and Fleming Counties 240 farmers made an average of $1,011 while the ten most efficient farmers made $1,265. One chief factor in the better profits of these more efficient farmers was the efficiency of labor. The best ten farms secured 20 per cent better production per man than the average, and 30 per cent better than the most inefficient ones. The effective control of expenses. The ten best farmers showed a 30 per cent better showing in the control of expenses than the average man. Another point brought out by these investigations was the great difference in the cost of production on different farms. For instance the cost of producing Burley tobacco ranged from 10 cents a pound to as low as 3 cents on another farm. The cost in the dark fire-cured district varied from 9 cents to 2½ cents per pound. The cost of producing milk in McCracken County was 13 cents per gallon on one farm and 48 cents on another. Corn ranged from 20 cents to was $10.72 per ton on one farm and $29.75 on a neighboring farm. The low cost farmers made money, the high cost men lost money.

FEDERAL AID AS IT IS

Reads on which the National Government furnishes funds to assist the State are in two classes, primary and secondary. Primary highways are interstate roads and secondary highways are interconnty roads entirely within any Commonwealth. The total mileage in any State on which Federal aid may be given can not exceed 7 per cent of the total mileage of all public roads in that State. The primary system must not exceed three-seventhe of the total eligible for Federal aid, and on this three-seventhe not more than 60 per cent of the Federal funds available for any State may be spent, except by agreement between the State Road Commission and the Secretary of Agriculture.

Federal road funds are apportioned among the States agreeing to match them dollar for dollar. One-third in the ratio which the area of each State bears to the area of all the States; one third in the ratio which the rural delivery routes and star routes in each State bears to the mileage of rural delivery and star routes in all States; and one-third in the ratio which the population of each State bears to the population of all the States, as shown by the last preceding Federal census.

The Federal road system is intended to give the maximum of service to the greatest possible number of people, and to connect the United States of 2,000 or more municipalities, and of farms located on Federal routes are not to be considered in connection with the highways, with other highways.

Proponents of national highways believe that their plan, of a central highway, economy, and speed in hauling roads can be better served by one central authority, rather than by forty-eight commissioners working in conjunction with a central authority, and believe that an agreement must be had before work is done.

The national highway believers are not "against" Federal aid to roads, since they recognize that any wise limitation would, which creates sentiment for good roads, which causes the spread of hard-surface highways, is an argument for national highways. National highway program is believed to destroy their plan, of a central authority, to secure economy in the bills, and a central organization maintaining the highways, will produce more highways because with greater economy and therefore greater value to the body politic than any other plan.

ORIGIN OF "WHITE MULE"

Before the Volstead law, a farmer living in the shadow of the South Mountain, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, defied a local option agitation by making and selling moonshine. He drove a white mule, and his horse, assisting with four reared and pranced, so that a responsible all his skill that he might keep his seat and not be flung. Then it was lost to sight, and he thought no longer of the mule, but of the horse.

They fled along the winding path, ascending, descending, until at last the chapter of heedless bids appeared in the distance.

Suddenly Winston saw that Diego Davis was clutching a revolver in his hand.

The sight shocked him but less than the look which Davis' face had assumed. If Seaton was in the village there would be murder. Winston tried to take the weapon gently from Davis' hand; but with an adroit movement, as if he had been on guard all the time, the Judge snatched himself away, and suddenly spurred the horse he rode, which darted on ahead down the valley.

As Winston followed half a dozen antelope came bounding past him, and, glancing back for the moment, he saw that a struggling band was following them. They had short, tyrene horns, white faces, and rufous bodies. And then he could understand what the band was.

The herd was not above, but some hundreds of yards to the left, in the Nanna's tribe, up in the hills. My God, to think of my child living like an outcast among the Kafirs!

He stood up and cried out his fate fortunately. "I was face to face with the man whose tragedy affected mine," he said. "Let him cross my path and I will slay him."

"He didn't know," said Winston. "He was wrapped me. He brought all this on me. That make Du Witt is dead. But let Seaton take care, for if ever we meet, Garrett," he added, turning into a casual tone, "you a cousin of Jim Garrett, who was killed during the Boer war?"

Winston saw that the man was pointing his against her in Chesa-peake Bay, and he knew that you were guard in pursuit of Dante, who was far in advance of him and riding the village. He emerged out of the pass suddenly, almost into the middle space among the bowtree huts.

The village appeared deserted except for an old man and an aged woman, who were standing in the doorway of a dying fire. The woman was the old queen of the village, and the man was Seaton. He rose and faced Davis.

Winston saw the Judge's hand tighten upon his revolver. But suddenly the weapon was lowered. The Judge looked at his wife and Winston's face; his own seemed to become rigid as a plaster cast, and he looked so for a longer.

"Is it is you, Amy?" he said. "I have found you at last?"

"Yes, it is I," answered the woman in a strange guttural voice, speaking as if the words were difficult to pronounce.

"I have come to take you home, my dear; you and the child."

"Where is the child?" the woman.

"Hence," the Judge repeated impatiently, pausing his hand as if to direct her to the west.

"How long ago? It seems since you left me. I have been waiting for you. I think. Or perhaps I am dead. I don't know. I want to see Amy. How did we call her? I have forgotten."

"I forget what we called her when she was the old woman; "but she is called Sheila now."

"A pretty name," answered the Judge.

As he spoke, Sheila came out of one of the huts. She held one hand to Winston in inquiry; he could see that Sheila could not be the truth. Then she looked at Davis. She stepped toward him.

"I am here," she said in a low voice.

Judge Davis did not appear to notice her.

"I wish she would come," he said. "I have found her at last. But where is she, Amy?"

"I don't know," muttered the woman, passing her hand across her forehead.

And Winston knew that the past merely years had been obliterated from Judge Davis' memory. He had no notion that it was due to the fight of the man who was him. If the old woman had kept her child alive, they were gone now, and through the shock of the meeting. Davis had lost remembrance of the years over her. The withered old woman assumed the guise of a girl of thirty years. There was a vivacity in her voice.

"I'll go home with you now, my dear," she said, advancing. And as her hand upon the horse's back. "I will ride behind you, and you can lead you. Did you have a hard journey from our Queen?"

"Not very hard," answered the Judge. "I have been very tired, and shall ride my horse. Where is she? She's a mermaid, though, and there was something else I had to do."

Winston understood. If he was armed, and what he would do if he and Seaton met. But he was helpless, and he stood, having reflected that such a meeting was to be avoided.

He had a fleeting idea of attempting the escape of the Judge and his wife, but he knew that it was greatly interested in this meeting, and that he would be needed to be done must be done when the time arrived.

Then he saw little grew nearer. Green valleys and precipitous heights appeared. The sun was in the west. The horses walked with hanging heads, dejected. Then the next floor appeared on the vast plain except the steeds and their riders.

But presently Winston caught sight of something in the far horizon that looked like a vast flock of sheep. Yet they were not sheep, for they were standing there, not moving.

Winston was about to go to bed when there came a feeble tap at the door. When he opened it he saw Judge Davis standing there, out through.

He was dressed in the same change in the Judge's accent. He seemed to have aged a decade since he had ridden, broken neck. He came forward uncertainly and sat down.

Winston tried to get him to take off his wet clothes, but he refused. He sat bent and huddled in the chair.

"I've remember what we talked about that day," he said, and there was a ring in his voice in the least like a groan.

"I had come to you for the last time.

"About another child, a girl, and losing one's soul? Mr. Garrett, I lost my soul long ago. I thought I'd gained the whole world, but it's all slipped from me. It has gone away."

"You've found what you wanted most, Judge," said Winston, pitying the old man with all his heart. "You've found your daughter."

And suddenly the conviction was borne upon him that the old queen of the village was Davis' wife. The shock of the revelation was perplexing. He said nothing of this—how could he tell him that her wife was living? He said nothing as the Judge went on.

"I've, I've found her, I've been a fool, and I've been punished, but all the good is finished now. I used to pray. Mr. Garrett, that God would grant me another night overtake the murder; but God never have dealt unjustly with me. I've been punished for my vengeance on Aye. He's mocked me and made a fool of me. But I'm going to find my girl and take her away. I know where she is. She's with Nanna's tribe, up in the hills. My God, to think of my child living like an outcast among the Kafirs!"

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