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THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1926

INADEQUATE REFORM.

"There are more than 500 young men less than 21 years old in the Frankfort penitentiary," said Joseph E. Robinson, chairman of the State Board of Charities and Corrections. "As we consider applications for parole it is a startling fact to note on the records of inmates with what regularity there appears the notation that a term had been served while yet a youth in the Greenville Reform School."

The Elizabethtown News thinks the Mr. Robinson's statement is proof that the "punishment of youths at the Reform School is not been sufficiently severe." But it been, in the opinion of the News, many of these young men would "have been so cured of criminal instincts as not to commit th crime which landed them back i the penitentiary."

This strikes us as rather lik the scourging cat devils. Yet th News avers that it would not sup port for an instant a return to the whipping post and other barbarous punishments. Still, it is difficult to imagine punishment as administered in a school of reform, that would prove severe and "varied" and yet not cruel.

It has always seemed to us, in fact, that the function of a reform school is to reclaim errant youth seek the error in his education, or perhaps the physical cause of some of his delinquencies and to reeducate and correct, rather than to punish. We doubt if any youth was ever cured of criminal tendencies by punishment short of extinction of life. Spirits may be broken, it is true; but the person with a spirit broken by harsh punishment is in the way of becoming a really dangerous criminal.

The fact that the some, "Reform School," is in most instances a misnomer and not that the punishment is inadequate is responsible for the fact that these institutions continue to prove feeders for the penitentiaries, which also masquerade under the inapplicable name of "reformatories." It seems to this newspaper that many of us sight of the fact that it is at least the lefty hypothesis of civilization that offenders against society are entitled to present their continued preying upon society and that during such confinement it is rather more in keeping with the teachings of a Christian civilization to outlaw and reform the erring member of the herd, rather than seek his cure by punishing out the criminal instincts that ail him.

"WILLOW, TITWILLOW, TITWILLOW!"

Another loop-brained investigation begins. This time it is the local municipal primary that is being probed. The non-sense was ushered in when Judge Cantrill, who conducted the primary, decided to grill according to the tenets of the vestigation. Result of the Public Utilities and self-styled "mouthpiece of a farmer," admits contributing $125,000 to the candidacy of Col. Frank Smith, Republican nominee and chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission and $15,000 to the candidacy of George Brandon, Democrat. Farmer Insull says he would have spent his money, whether the candidate might have been, because he was very much interested in the World Court question. Henda I wun: tails you lose, in politics, for the mouse hops. They pays their money and takes a chances.

There will be reporter and reporter, sarcasm and perhaps finitely and the public will be duly entertained and again surprised of the fallibility of the vaunted prerogative of the individual ballot, through which we are supposed to rule ourselves. As usual money has talked. And there will be much talk about money and biting remarks and bitter ap-

proves of Kentuckians in shooting each other and not blue rocks. Infer and that questionable title we can well be rid of. And yet so do myself dislike being defeated in anything by Ohio. For somehow I have more than often felt toward our neighbors across the river as Judge Taruls, of Covington, was wont to say the schoolboys of that town felt toward Newport, evidencing their emotions by going down to the banks of the linking and "throwing rocks" at the village across the water. And yet "in a feeling born of old prejudices and misunderstandings, no doubt, for there be good sportsmen and fine fellows aplenty North of the Line.

And I am minded of a remark made by Will Ardery the reviewer and a shooter of no mean parts, while the guns were popping at Winchester last week, that live bird shooting is much immeasurably finer sport, which no doubt it is and I would but waste sympathy were I behind the gun, yet so squeamish at contemplating have I become, that I must needs have at least the mitigating excuse of game to kill a feathered creature.

And somehow this Republican will with me as I go home and sit for awhile in the dusk and watch my purple martins push their young from the porches of their house, twittering in their terror and flapping frantically back to the perch. And I think how out of place would be sentimentality upon the part of the spurred bird, with the long leagues of the journey to South America soon to be covered and young wings needing to be tried with a great journey to fight. And I wonder if there is a place for sentimentality, or even sentiment in this practical, workaday world, and if so whether one should show his feeling or affect a hard-boiled indifference before the rest of the herd.

And suddenly there comes to mind a poem, written by the late Stanley Kelly. Perhaps I can find it and read it there in the twilight, while the mockingbird will their pipes to flight. And whether or not its philosophy be true, I know not. Here it is:

"ONLY HIS FATHER"

Because I am his father, they
Expect me to send him away.
Because I am a man and rough,
And sometimes short of speech and gruff,
The women folk at home believe
My silence doesn't make my grieve.
But how I felt they little know,
The day I sniffed and blew my nose
Long cherished for my sturdy lad.
They little guessed the wrench it meant,
That day when off to war he went.
They little knew the tears I checked,
While standing smiling and erect,
Their boys were gone and gave a sigh,
When it was time to say good-bye.
'What does his father think and say?'
The neighbors ask from day to day.
'Oh, he's a man!' they answer then,
'Has buried his to the ride of all the earth.
Men don't show feathered sorrow
Paint Desert knows,
And Fate can't blight the pallid plain,
Because it lies in place and place.
Let not your real grief be shown;
Keep all your heaviness unknown.
To you the women look much more
For comfort when their sorrows sore.
You must not at this time reveal
The pain and anguish that you feel.
Oh, tongue, be silent though the
Speak you not
And eye keep always back the tears,
And let them never see or know
Mr. hidden sorrow and grief at wos.
Through every golden dream I had
Was cherished in my dear young lad.
Gone my success I must bear—
They must not know how much I care!
Though women folk may talk and weep,
A man unseen his grief must keep.
And hide behind his smile and pride
The lonesome that dwells inside.
And so from day to day I go
Playing the part of man, silent though
Beneath the rough outside and gruff.
I think and pray to God for him

ROMANCE

I will make your branches and tops for your delight,
Of bird-song at morning and starshine at night,
I will make a place fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue seas yonder
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash, your linen and keep your kitchen clean,
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night
And this shall be for music when no one else is near
The fine music that makes the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Wednesday, July 28, 1926

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, July 30, 1896

Kentucky Brigade Band of Carlisle engaged to play for the Paris Fair.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Philip Conner, near town, on the 23rd, a boy.

Wm. C. Wood, of Mississippi, arrives in Carlisle for business and pleasure trip.

Five candidates announce for the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Ninth district.

Mrs. Pickett Scott, of Carlisle, awarded $200 prize for writing best concluding chapter of serial story appearing in Cincinnati Enquirer.

R. Huber, baker for Grueter Bros. for the past several months, leaves for his home in Switzerland, where he has a wife and children.

Died—Mrs. James Clark, at her home near Myers on the 28th—Mrs. Nancy McCabe, 72, at her home in Stoney Valley on the 24th—Richard H. Tuns, 20, at his parent's home on the 24th—Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Brown, at their home near Kelly—Twin babies of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith, at their home near Headquarters on July 18 and 24th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, July 30 1884

Firm of Peale & Chappell dissolved by mutual consent.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hollar, of Bald Hill on the 25th, a boy.

City Marshal Summons to be chief of police at the Camp Ground in Millersburg.

R. H. Robinson, Nicholas County School Commissioner, announces teachers' institute to be held at court house in Carlisle August 26-29.

James George finishes hurling kiln of 300,004 bricks and work will be started on burned district at once.

Miss Anna Robinson suffers painful injuries when she fell and slipped off Grueter Bros. Saturday night.

J. C. Taylor, postmaster at Cincinnati, resigns commission to represent Nicholas county at the Industrial Exposition at Louisville.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE.

THE WANDERLUST

(Robert W. Service)

The Wanderlust has lured me to the seven lonely seas.
Has dumped me on the rolling-pins of death;
The Wanderlust has hiked me from the morris chairs of ease,
Has hurled me to the ends of all the earth.
How lustily I've cursed it, oh, the Painted Desert knows,
And Fate can't blight the pallid plain,
Because it lies in place and place.
Let not your real grief be shown;
Keep all your heaviness unknown.
To you the women folk may look
For comfort when their sorrows sore.
You must not at this time reveal
The pain and anguish that you feel.
Oh, tongue, be silent though the
Speak you not
And eye keep always back the tears,
And let them never see or know
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And you shall wash, your linen and keep your kitchen clean,
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night
And this shall be for music when no one else is near
The fine music that makes the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Haunting, taunting, that is the spell of it;
Making, beating, that is the hell of it;
But I'll shoulder my pack in the morning, hops,
With a pipe of tobacco and jaunt;
For it's so long to all
When you answer the call
Of the Wander-lust.
The Wanderlust has lured me ...
in a rugged blanket cuddled,
I've watched the gulf of Heaven foam with stars;
I've walked with eyes wide open to the wonder of the world,
I've seen God's flood of glory burst in flame.
I've seen the gold unfolding in the coffins of the sky.
Till I fancied me a blushed priest;
But I'm freedom's happy bondslave, and I will be till I die
And I've got to thank the Wanderlust for that.
Wild heart, child heart, all of the world your home.
Good, good, and hurt, what can you do but roam?
Oh, I'll start it once more in the morning, hops,
With a pipe of tea and a crust;
For you cannot deny
When you hark to the cry
Of the Wander-lust.
The Wanderlust will claim me at the finish for its own.
I'll turn my back on men and forsake the ...
Beyond the Arctic outposts I will wander and wander
Some Never-ever Land will be my goal.
Thank God, there's none will miss me, for I've lived
Till I'm ready for the dirt-nap and flight;
And in my mornings I'll take my call;
For the Wanderlust has ruled me, And the Wanderlust has rebuked me
And I'm ready for the dirt-nap and flight
Some Never-ever Land will be my goal.
Let's leave no tears behind us, but show the
Fair Land of Long Ago, and the Wanderlust
Till I've gone to the end of