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I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me—Isaac Newton.

"DOWN THE RINGING GROOVES OF CHANGE."

". . . Forward, forward let us range, Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

Prof. Walker to give entertainment with his Magnavox—a device for the projection of pictures on a screen and a concert with Edison's phonograph at Mozart Hall tonight—Free. The Mercury's "30 Years Ago" column.

Doubtless many who will read these lines today toiled up the stairway of Mozart Hall to see the Professor's "magic lantern" show and to be more or less thrilled by the tinpanny squawkings of the old wax-cylinder phonograph, the "talking-machine" of the late nineties. One may easily imagine the conversations of the departing audience:

"Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I reckon. Too squeaky though. Never be anything but a kind of toy I guess. Sounded like a saw kittin' a nail."

"But seeing that train moving along so life-like was wonderful."

"Yeah. Hard way of makin' a livin,' though, draggin' that old gas bag affair around. Never amount to much, I reckon, this movin' picture invention. Dangerous too, if that old gas bag caught fire."

Today the phonograph, brought to such perfection that one may not tell whether it is the voice of the prima donna one hears, as she stands beside the mahogany cabinet, or that voice reproduced on the disk, is fighting to hold its own against an invention which transmits the human voice thousands of miles without wires. Tonight and every night millions will say millions to see finished actors enact dramas on the moving picture screen. Tremendous industries, Now of the age dawns in our Mozart Hall had the vision to foresee the perfection of the phonograph, the triumph of the "magic lantern." Few anywhere had.

One wonders if most of us are not like that audience in our shortcomings of the town, the general, the universal. We rarely enough foresee that which is to be. At least it is not the Mozart Hall Doctrine.

Moving pictures that stress railroad terrors that show the fate of the broadcaster hurled end to end by scores of miles away, disaster entombed in the power hidden in the atom—have all these devised by dreamers who toiled toward a vision realized.

Yesterday men talked to each other across the Atlantic. Today the picture of the listener-in is commonplace. Tomorrow the radio-vision will be perfected to appear in household pictures. And so on day most of us, content to live with other worlds. Not until we are plunged into the war-world will some of us realize that the world is one.

That's what the Mozart Hall lecturer said at nearly every stop as would any modern lecturer that Mozart Hall had entertained in recent years. And you, reminded of the years we had you "a-sittin' in low chairs" and by your own juvenile and awkward play in La Palma in the days of Mexico City. In fact they will have had a lesson present and future for you.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Claiming the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" was one of the favorite indoor sports in the days of album and antimacassars, bustles and bureaudes. Some modest violet of a poet was always being dragged in to the spotlight as the perpetrator of this somewhat saccharine and tearful lay. As a general rule he or she did not trouble to enter denial and there were some who boldly and without urging pled guilty.

This old favorite, which is reprinted in another column, bobs up again in a current number of the Pathfinder, with the relation of a most interesting bit of tradition. By way of introduction, in which authorship is credited to a member of the fallen sisterhood. Though it is generally conceded that "Beautiful Snow" was written by James W. Watson, we prefer to accept the tradition. If the lines speak the hopeless heartbreak which is the portion of those whose lots are cast with the oldest profession, one may forgive much of its sentimentality and sadness that must have been dolorous enough, even in those barbarous days when little ladies sat primly on horsehair sofas and cried decorously over the novels of Bertha M. Clay.

CIMEX LECTULARIS.

To many Cimex Lectularis have caused a damage suit to be filed in Harrison county. (See news column.) Now the cimex lectularis is that voracious, perserving and pernicious little insect that has no wings at all, but "gets there just the same."

Evidently his bugship got there with a vengeance in the case of Harney vs. Clough, for rent, and though eight bugs in all Harney fer shattered nerves and loss of sleep testified to the alleged nocturnal depredations of Cimex Lectularis old his family. In fact said Clough that the said marauders were "so numerous and vigorous in their carnatical and blood-sucking ramages upon the body of the defendant and his family, they the family were driven from their dwelling for sleep." Result: shattered nerves, impaired health "everything, for which defendant prays," and so forth.

Now that's what we call a real cimex! Had we but had such a bug a real old female, like Harrison county products, a veritable race of Cro-Magnon—cimex—found cimex out! A bounty should be paid for the heads of these mattress-backs, for they may attack quiet rest, or wander over into our county after rabbits.

Could it be, we wonder, a Cimex Lectularis Harrisonensis that earned off Jim Allen's "umbrella with the crown of gold," left standing in a Cynthiana bank during the spring of 1925?

"PROPUTTY, PROPUTTY, PROPUTTY."

"Here's thou fear my 'erse's legs, as they canters away?

Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em say."

Our interference in Nicaragua is a sordid and brutal invasion," says Senator Borah.

Factional fights in Nicaragua, where American lives and property exist, counters Secretary Kellogg, must be stopped as the best way of protecting those interests."

Where do American lives exist," mind you, not where American lives are threatened. Lives that are lives at all exist, it seems to us. A fine point, as criticism, but it strikes this newspaper that "property" and "lives" were the dominants in the mind of the honorable Secretary, that property formed the web.

Our meddling in the affairs of a South American neighbor, our protection of "property" and "lives" and investments in a country where civil war is the leading outdoor sport is, then, the result of a blind, unreasoning fear of the Administration, because dollars and not lives are at stake. The dollar is the truth, and, indeed, the only Doctrine.

FEEDING FEATHERED FRIENDS

The Lexington Leader calls the attention of its readers to the fact that the birds in winter is a most charitable conversation measure. Especially is this true in the case of the English sparrow. Scarcely a day passes but that the Leader receives letters from readers asking what to feed the birds. Unfortunately the sparrow is the only bird that remains in the city in winter in any numbers, and feeds are fast disappearing from the fields and woods. The Leader would have us believe that if the birds are not fed they will move into the city in search of food. Nothing could be further from the truth. The sparrow is a bird of the fields and woods, and will not come to the city unless driven there by hunger. Many readers write that Mother Hubbard's cupboard is bare, and they have not the means to buy food for the birds. Others write that they have not the time to prepare food for the birds. Others write that they have not the time to prepare food for the birds. Others write that they have not the time to prepare