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THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1927

Wise men say that there are three sorts of persons who are wholly deprived of judgment,—they who are ambitious of preferments in the courts of princes; they who make use of poison to show their skill in curing it; and they who intrust women with their secrets.—Pilpay.

KENTUCKIANS LIKE 'EM HOT.

As this newspaper recently observed, we shall not need the diversion of a "mad-dog scare" this summer, for ere the scum grows thick on ponds and the streams dry up in the meadows, the chatter of politicians will have become as the "crackling of thorns under a pot," and there will be excitement aplenty and to spare. For sign: and not lacking that those who want the offices and the emoluments thereof are aware that your Kentuckian likes his politics as well as his biscuits hot. And hot 'twill be, the bubbling cauldron of politics, ere the katydid fiddles under an August moon. For the faggots are being piled.

Once upon a time it was the juice of the corn that fired the faggots under the pot. The law of Mr. Volstead has removed that highly inflammable heating agent, in a manner of speaking—or some say—and few States are vouchsafed a major moral issue wherewith the politicians may reason their political bungos. But not so Kentucky. The part-mutuel is with us still. Yet a little while, no doubt, and this form of amusement for the man who chooses to waste his substance in an attempt to get something for nothing will take its place with the dods and the ichthyosaurus, and will lay its bones alongside the carcass of the John Barleycorn that was potent without potash. And the nitwit who thinks he can "beat 'em" will be himself to the handbook maker who knows he can't—and your politician will be acquainted for the nonce.

Not that there are no issues. The Lord knows that we lack not for issues in Kentucky, but they are not beat producers; they do not work the "great common people" into a frenzy for or forninst; they are not such sure-fire vote-getters. Who has seen the question of public education, of modern prisons, of the more humane care of our mental unfortunates call forth bitter diatribes from press and pulpit and bring old friends to resort to fisticuffs for or against the cause of some candidate who wants the office and the pay that goes with it? You haven't, will venture to say. A cause must have the old, red beating agents of personal hi-ty and its curtailment or divergence as to the harmlessness or wickedness of an amusement to bring the voter to the wheel's stage where he is sure to vote "and bets someone with him."

This newspaper was once taken to task by a highly esteemed contemporary for expressing, in reference for the murmur of a mountain stream, the odor if baron frying over a wood fire, the whistle of a red bird from the pines and the calm, quiet immunity of star-strewn heavens to the mouthings of politicians. The criticism was deserved. One should take an interest in politics; should cling to the old ideals of service to State and Nation; should believe that statesmanship did not go out of fashion with the hoop skirt, though one wouldn't get very far with such old fashioned ideals these days. We used to believe in fairies, even political fairies, but it is tiresome to keep believing on the illusion. Also, for the freshwater Cato, with hand in bosom, a la Daniel Webster, or with upraised finger after the best manner of Dr. Mcjon. They too have been laid along with the gods and the dinosaur. It never stood to have the practical politician, of slush fonds and "in the green houses in K street," good business men, hardboiled, suave and excellent public agents of the Republican interest. They have to be.

For there are many like us—more's the pity! who are more interested in the enthralling task of making a living, of getting a new car or a new house or another farm or even in thrilling to the wafted carol of the meadow lark and the fragrance that spills from the golden cup of a daffodil, than in politics and politicians. It takes a deal of steaming to bring us to the boiling point, at which stage we "pour" more easily—to the polling places.

So the throws will crackle under the pot and the cauldron will bubble with its charge and counter-charge.

. . double, double toil and trouble, Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Schools, roads, prisons, asylums and even taxes, perhaps, will be forgotten in the seething. We will be told of improving the breed of race horses, a sorry argument, we think, which will be easily answered. We will be told of abolishing gambling and saving racing, wagerless, an argument, in our opinion, equally as poor, for as' long as horses are raced and the telegraph brings the results of races, there will be money wagered. The betting will be done, as most of it is done now, in all probability, through the hand books. The antis have a trump card in their "State a partner in gambling" argument. It will be hard to answer, but the pros are sagacious and the answer may be forthcoming.

In any event 'twill be a merry scrap. It will not be settled, the antis tell us, until the pari-mutuel is abolished. It might be settled by the forthcoming elections and again it mightn't. The element of chance will add interest, of course, to the races of the various candidates People are that way about chance. Some, of them will go so far as to bet on the chances of the candidates who are pledged to abolish betting. Funny thing, politics, but here in Kentucky the game is becoming as standardized and ennui-provoking as a procession of flivvers or the arrest of a bootlegger or short skirts.

Yes, it promises to be a warm summer, politically speaking. Old log Tray and Shep and Ring can come to town and punt a bit in perfect safety. The boys on the roaring stump will furnish the excitement.

FISHIN' WORMS

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.—Izaak Walton.

We had just copied that gem from the pen of dear, gentle old Izaak Walton, to go at the top of the first column on this page, and with its reading had come a picture of rippling water, a bobbing cork, the sweet smell of earth after a spring rain and the plaintive, rising, falling carol of the meadow lark, Fishin' worms . . . a snake doctor on your line . . . barn swallows dipping . . . youth, summer, peace. Ah, what's the use; never get to go!

And then we span the Cynthiana Democrat in field old Bill Arderson written a tribute to the fishin' worm and asks us don't we never felt the urge to busily that "sendy" this radiant creeper, all pink with the glowing parts of a baby's head into our homes, our lives and our hearts, when the sweet awakening stirs the noble bosom of mother earth?" Attaboy! (Read Bill's eulogy in another column.)

Who? Us? Why we began considering fishin' worms away back when, when we thought Bourbon county was the nite of the Garden of Eden and the Middletown neighborhood the asparagus bed of the garden. We've dug 'em and canned 'em and canned 'em in perfect safety until ten into a state of innocuous desuetude by way of anesthesia. We never canned cans of cars. The pesky perch and creek suckers took the little rascals away from us too fast. Then we didn't want to get attached to a fishin' worm. It seemed unfair, rude, not to say heartless to impale an acquaintance on a barbed hook and offer him a horse-of-another-color-a-red-bellied sunperch.

They say even a worm will turn. We never had one to turn on us but we did pour oil of anois on some one day, to charm the fiery brute with an odor that is said to be like all perfumes of Araby to the dead and they turned white and perished of pernicious anaemia.

We can't stand worms for years. Elmer will be busy lobstering on the Maine coast before we get back to worms. Also, for the freshwater Cato, with hand in bosom, a la Daniel Webster, or with upraised finger after the best manner of Dr. Mcjon. They too have been laid along with the gods and the dinosaur. I never stood to have the practical politician, of slush funds and "in the green houses in K street," good business men, hardboiled, suave and excellent public agents of the Republican interest. They have to be.

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AN ALIBI FOR THE OLDSTERS

An Old Fashioned spelling bee is planned by the Parent-teacher Association of Carlisle, to be held next Thursday. It should be an entertaining program. The famisle "blue backed" speller is to be used. Many who defied the one-room school of yesterday as more effective than the better equipped schools of today say "they don't spell now like we could then." It would be interesting for the parents to form a line and spell against the pupils.—Lexington Herald.

Now, now! Interesting, yes, but unwise, Tom, mighty unwise for the parents and for parental dignity in everything.

You see these youngsters spell every day and have the words sort of fresh in their minds. Of course all of us know that "spelling was different" in the days when it took longer to spell. "Incomprehensibility" that it does for a flivver to run a mile, but we are out of practice.

This alibi for the oldsters, in case some old fird is foolish enough to spell against our flaming youth, is one we, when the McGuffeyites and Blue Backers say, "they don't spell now like we could then," not like we can now.

Yes, yes, of course. Harrumph!

THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED"

"Surely Warren Fisher knows that while there is a good deal of fiction connected with it that there is also much truth in the saying, dog days are more a time when streams are low than a time when dogs are mad.—Lexington Herald.

Quite so, neighbor. We lost our belief in "dog days," as pertaining to dogs, when we read the letter "The Ball" was a popular song-hit.

But you have to watch men during the sultry days, when the heat waves shimmer and the creeks run dry and reduce to a mere white on the iron-weed leaves. Men are the creatures that get rabid in dog days and though it has never been vouchsafed the writer to witness that perfection of human beating a dog, we've seen men snap at each other.

As the removal of human heads for analysis is not considered good form, we can't prove the "proneness to rabies" in their case. However, there is poetic proof of our theory, and we can't resist giving it. "Story on the Death of a Mad Dog."

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

LO, THE POOR LUMBRICUS!

(Will Ardery, Cynthiana Democrat)

Oh, Warren, Warren! One can not hope to approach, even approximately, the great concept of beauty—natural beauty—if that means nature's beauty. Your love for brightly-plumaged, high-flying, sky-kissing but non-scratching birds with well-rounded parts of a baby's head to cherish your friendship. But have you ever considered the gorgeous fishingworm in the springtime of the year—the urge to beauty that sends this radiant creature a-garden-creeper—and then the soft and glowing tints of a baby's heel into lines, our homes and our hearts, when the sweet awakening stirs the noble bosom of mother earth?

Don't you ever listen to the song he sings and thrill to the sheer happiness shining thru his soul as he rises from sodden earth and basks in the warming rays of liquid gold? Don't you not take the nightcrawler and his kin when he completes with ecstasy the fat of golden fleece in fashion that will wiggle joyously on the point of a hook, hooking the fish in his head and his tail to this fish and that?

If you have never known the companionship and friendship of a blue-blooded fishingworm, why, fellow, you have overlooked one of the greatest assets in life. He is not the lowly thing our British cousin call an angleworm, Lubricus herculeus, creature both herculeanly phrodite and copulous, undergoing the transformation from worm to worm. I am talking about is a male, after your own heart. He is game—a bit hard-boiled and hard-working, sometimes gay besides. Why, when I had that Elmer was not colored woman as she dragged her scared ex-husband into the county room, "dis ne 'count man ain' paid one cent oh alimony fo' nigh ents'ehen months."

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired the judge. "Have you been out of work?"

"Yassuh," was the reply, "Ah ain' been able to fin' mah dice."

IN PLAIN ENGLISH

The girl had evaded his persistent proposals of marriage with soft words intended to allay the hurt of her definite and inevitable refusal. Exasperated, he turned upon her.

"In plain English, will you marry me, or no?"

"Hell, no!" she replied.

OLD FAVORITES

POPPING CORN

One autumn night, when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen-fire,
A-popping corn in the ashes;
And his sister, a curly-headed child of three,
Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

The blast went howling round the house,
As if to get in it was trying;
It rattled the latch of the outer door;
Then it seemed a baby crying;
Now and then a drop down the chimney came
And sputtered and hissed in the bright-red flame.

Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying;
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying;
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

Part of the kernels hopped out one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother;
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

All at once the boy sat still as a mouse
And into the fire kept gazing;
He quite forgot he was popping corn,
For he looked where the wood was blazing;
He looked and he fancied that he could see
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

Still fancy he kept the boy at these,
And pussy back her head reclined,
Till his sister cried out, "Why, George,
Only see how the corn is smoking!"
And sure enough, when the boy looked back,
The corn in the ashes was burnt to black.

"Never mind!" said he, "we shall have enough.
And now let us sit back and eat it;
I'll carry the stool, and you the corn—
It is good—nobody can beat it."
She took up the corn in her pinafore;
And they ate it all and wanted no more.

—Anonymous

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

(Thomas Hood)

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember,
Were once I used to swing,
And felt the air that rushed at fresh
As swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is to heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

SLACK SEASON

"Say, Jedge, Yo Honah," answered a very large and indignant colored woman as she dragged her scared ex-husband into the county room; "dis ne 'count man ain' paid one cent oh alimony fo' nigh entsehen months."

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired the judge. "Have you been out of work?"

"Yassuh," was the reply, "Ah ain' been able to fin' mah dice."

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"In plain English, will you marry me, or no?"

"Hell, no!" she replied.

30 Years Ago

Thursday, March 25, 1897

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hopper, of Headquarters, a daughter.

Rev. Walter S. Smith, of Indiana, to preach at the Christian church each night this week.

Married—Miss Bella Griffin and Mr. James L. Feeback, both of the county, on the 21st.

Court of appeals renders decision in bank tax case which will mean added revenue of $3,000 per year in Carlisle.

C. W. Wood trades house and lot in Duresyville to Calvert & Young for farm of 123 acres, paying a difference of $3,000.

H. C. Metcalfe returns from business trip to Harriman, Tenn., and will move to that place to reside as soon as he can dispose of his stock of goods.

Alonzo Walling and Scott Jackson hanged in the jail yard at Newport Saturday morning for the murder of Pearl Bryan. Both proclaimed their innocence.

Hon. James E. Clark, of Rowan county, native of Nicholas, announces as candidate for the Republican nomination for circuit judge in his district.

Died—Mrs. Martha Blair, 78, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James T. Clay, on the 24th. Mrs. B. H. McCord, 40, at her home near Pleasant Valley on the 22nd.

Erroneous report received here of the death of Col. Jesse Pavlton, of New Jersey. Colonel Peyton, a native of Nicholas county, was the publisher of the Philadelphia Ledger and position and the Chicago World's Fair.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, March 26, 1885

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Clay, of Carlisle, on the 22nd, a daughter.

Judge I. F. Mann announces as candidate for re-election as Representative from Nicholas and Robertson counties.

Married—Miss Sallie Hamilton and Mr. Henry Roberts, both of this county, on the 24th, at the home of John B. Blake today.

Mrs. W. A. Cunningham, of Paris, is Carlisle yesterday in the interest of the lecture to be given at Paris by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Unknown disease and cold weather said to be responsible for deaths of large number of lambs in country, more than half of the lambs born this spring having died.

Dr. T. C. Washburne, of this county, who recently graduated from School of Homeopathy at Cincinnati, leaves for Winchester where he will open office.

Judge Anderson, of Flemingsburg, Judge Wall, Judge Phister, Thomas Phister, A. M. J. Cochran, Harry Wadsworth and Lee Robertson, of Maysville, attending circuit court here this week.

Died—Miss Priscilla Dampier, at her home at Kiddville on the 20th.—Mrs. Sarah Dinsmore, at her home in Carlisle on the 20th.—Mrs. A. O. Peyton, at her home near East Union on the 24th.

SHOULD BE SHOT

(Harrodsburg Herald)

One tree butcher a day should be shot to relieve the county of a public nuisance. At least that is about the rate it seems in the spring of each year necessary to save our trees. Any little fellow with a hatchet and a little saw and a little length of rope is privileged to go out and style himself a tree pruner. Without regard to a knowledge of the nature of different trees and methods of pruning each, if it really is a tree that may be pruned, he goes out to butcher the trees. To him all trees need the same kind of trimming. To prune so that the tree will heal over and seal up the wound never occurs to him. He usually leaves a nice long stub to start a rot back to the body of the tree. This makes the early decay of that tree. Another butcher in the line you do not like to see people. The State Forestry Department should have rules and regulations for those men and personally examine them to see if they have intelligence enough to do the work right according to rules.

Recently an otter made its way into a house in the Orkney Islands. Within living memory this is the first time one has entered a house on a life or legal reserve plan.

According to the petition the defendants entered into a conspiracy to abandon the original plan and to appropriate all the assets to private owners and benefit by the conversion into a stock company.

THE ORIGINAL GOAT

"Who was the unluckiest man in the world?"

"Adam, because he couldn't flirt with Eve and say, 'Haven't I met you before some place?'"

Wednesday
Thursday
only

A&P
QUAKER HIGH GRADE

Maxwell House
Coffee

1b. 42c.

The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

Special Notice

The Russell Stores Company have decided to discontinue business in Carlisle, Ky.

We offer Stock, Fixtures and Lease to any individual buyer, who may be interested. Excellent opportunity for some one who wishes to start in business

If we do not succeed in selling this business as a whole, we will hold a Public sale starting April 9th lasting ten days

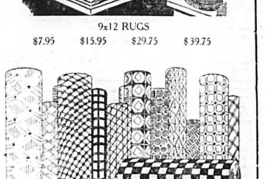
Russell Stores Co.

Floor Coverings

Just a few of examples of the many splendid values you'll find at this store in Rugs, Carpets, Linoleums

9x12 RUGS

$7.95 $15.95 $29.75 $39.75



34 1-2c. per yard 44 1-2c. per yard

The City Store

STATE NEWS BRIEFS

John W. Booker has been re-elected superintendent of the Cynthiana public schools.

Dick Wieskers, 10, was instantly killed at a coal mine in Estill county when he fell from a mine car.

At a special election last week Henderson county voted a million dollar road bond issue by a majority of 315.

The 50 cent excise tax collected on each pint of whisky sold in Kentucky netted the state $11,428 during January.

Two road overseers in Barren county were fined last week on charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

William P Averitt, 68, one of the best known insurance men in Lexington, died of apoplexy at his home last Thursday.

Mrs. H. K. Bourne, of New Castle was elected president, of the Democratic woman's club of Kentucky formed at Louisville last week.

Grief over the long illness and death of her husband the day before is said to have caused the death of Mrs. Henry Bott, 23, at her home in Louisville.

Clarence Perkins, 32 years old, Carroll county farmer, was killed instantly Saturday when he was struck by lightning while standing under a tree.

Forrest Sanders, 15, of Owensboro, is near death as the result of an explosion of gunpowder, which he placed in his pocket which contained powder.

While clearing timber from a tract in Estill county, Robert Stewart was seriously injured when he was accidentally struck on the leg with an ax by his brother.

Twenty-five special deputy sheriffs and eight deputy constables were removed from office by a resolution adopted by Judge Chester D. Adams Saturday.

The contract for a new home for the Boyle Bank and Trust Company at Danville, to cost $85,000, was awarded Saturday. The building will be completed by November 1.

Damage estimated at $300,000 was caused by a fire which partially destroyed the plant of the Acme Mills, at Hopkinsville, one of the largest flouring mills in the south.

Robert H. Lucas, Collector of Internal Revenue, last week announced a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor in the third aspirant for this nomination.

Alex Burke, of Flatwoods, Pike county, was grounds for death under the wheels of a C. & O. freight train in Pike county Saturday. He had evidently gone to sleep on the tracks.

Miss Ruth Bland, 18 years old, and Miss Jennie Mattingly, 23, were seriously burned when a gasoline clothes washer in a dry cleaning establishment at Lebanon exploded.

At Pikeville last week, Willie Ratliff, charged with a statutory offense against Golda Hartley, 14, was given an indeterminate sentence to twelve years and six months imprisonment.

Hayes McPherson, saw mill worker, was killed while at work near Scranton, Menifee county, when a board flew from the machine, striking him in the head and crushing his skull.

Richard K. McClure, for the past fifty years an elder in the Presbyterian church at Frankfort, was presented with a silver loving cup the gift of the congregation, Sunday morning.

Charles Easterling, 21 years old, was drowned in a lake at Jenkins, Letcher county, when a boat in which he and a companion were rowing capsized. The other young man swam to safety.

Roy Hammond, 16 years old, was arrested and lodged in jail at Winchester Saturday on a charge of stealing a horse in Perry county. The boy admitted the theft and said he sold the animal for $40.

Leonard Partin, Bell county school teacher, was stabbed and probably fatally injured last Saturday afternoon by William Maiden. Partin is alleged to have been teasing Maiden's younger brother.

Five sheep were killed outright, eight more were injured so badly that they will die and the remainder of the flock of twenty-five were crippled when dogs raided the sheep on the farm of C. M. Devine in Mercer county last Friday night.

The five cent gasoline tax netted Kentucky $273,114 in January.

In the Johnson circuit court at Paintsville Saturday, Cicelia Pack was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment on a charge of slaying his mother-in-law, Mrs. Harry Caudle, at her home last December.

Gilbert Shirley, 12 years old, died at a hospital in Harlan Saturday from injuries suffered several days before when he was struck by a taxicab driven by Elijah Green, who is charged with manslaughter.

Harry Dungee, 18 years old, was shot and killed in Harlan county last week and three young companions are in jail charged with the murder. An argument is said to have arisen over a shooting match.

John L. Eisenbeck, collector for a furniture house in Lexington, was held under $5,000 bond by County Judge Chester D. Adams at Lexington last week on a charge of killing James Wilson, negro, at the latter's home.

William Green, 66 years old, Anderson county farmer, was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Anderson circuit court last week on a charge of slaying Stanley Slatton, 36, a neighbor at the latter's home on October 7, 1926.

In Pulaski circuit court last week Mrs. Charles Wright was awarded $12,000 damages against Ike Gaffey for the murder of her husband at Barnside last summer. Gaffey is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary on the charge.

Governor Fields Wednesday granted pardons to Ben Boyd, 16, and Frank Boyles, who were convicted at the November, 1926, term of the Breathitt circuit court on a chicken stealing charge and given one year in the penitentiary.

William A. White and Asa Tampton, formerly president and general manager, respectively of the Continental Rock Asphalt Company at Big Cliffy, Grayson county, were fined $3,000 each by Federal Judge Dawson on charges of using the mails to defraud.

Lexington has again become the largest horse leaf tobacco market in the world, according to figures compiled by the total sold for the season up until the end of last week at 72,632,225 pounds, two million pounds more than the market at Wilson, N. C., the next largest.

Married—Miss Ethel Hamilton and Mr. Ollie Puckett, both of Nicholas county, at the home of the bride's parents near Carlisle, on the 19th, by Rev. Ben Feeback.—Miss Ollie Mae Hamilton and Mr. Ben Feeback, both of Nicholas county, at the home of the bride's parents near Carlisle, on the 19th, by Rev. Ben Feeback.

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Ben Feeback, James Feeback, Hargis Wagoner and Roy Carpenter, all of Harrison county, pleaded guilty to stealing turkeys from the James Shropshire farm near Leesburg last December and were sentenced to one year each in the penitentiary in the Harrison circuit court last week.

W. H. Parks, former director in the Bank of Hartford, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary by a jury in the Ohio county circuit court last week in connection with the failure of the bank. Parks was the third officer of the institution to be given a prison sentence in connection with the affair.

Hamilton Rogers, 23 years old, was killed in an automobile accident while on his way home early Sunday morning from a "farewell party" at a Louisville hotel. He had been promotion manager of the Herald-Post. Rogers was killed when an automobile in which he was riding was driven by Michael Fanning struck an obstruction.

After golf players had protested to city officials that he was annoying them by firing a pistol promiscously on the links, James Padgett, 40, was shot and instantly killed on the course of the Burnside Country Club in Pulaski county Sunday afternoon by Valley E. Hardwick, town marshal of Burnside, who attempted to arrest him.

Ed Pearce, editor of the Cuwlerville Courier, a weekly newspaper at Pineville recently, was indicted by the Bell county grand jury on a charge of publishing criminal libel against the management of the Pineville Sun. In the February 25 issue of the paper Pearce charged that Herndon Evans, editor of the Sun, had induced employes of the Courier to quit and to damage machinery of that publication before leaving.

FAVORS DEATH PENALTY

Kentucky's bob-haired commissioner of pardons, Miss Cora Moorehead, believes in capital punishment.

"If life-term prisoners were compelled to serve their terms, we would not have so many executions," she says. "But until this is true I am in favor of the extreme penalty."

After handling thousands of clemency applications her observation is that in sections where swift and severe punishment is administered, crime waves are virtually unknown. Miss Morehead likes the English system of dealing with criminals.

ADVISES KEEPING CHILDREN HEALTHY

Measles Is Serious Disease, Noted Health Authority Says In Warning To Parents

"Just kid's disease, get 'em and get 'em over early?"

In spite of the fact that measles is condemned by medical evidences as a disease that may have permanent damaging effects many persons still maintain this indifferent attitude.

Dr. Richard Beard, an eminent medical authority, states that the death rate from measles, in children who have passed the third year, is about one-half of one per cent. At any rate, he declares, measles is a serious disease and in infancy it is a dangerous disease.

The high death rate quoted does not mean, however, that measles in itself often kills. Dr. Beard specifies that the danger lies principally in the impairment of the membranes of air passages which invites the entry of pneumonia germs. Pneumonia, always a destructive disease, is practically fatal in early life. Another dangerous complication which frequently results from measles is inflammation of the middle ear.

Dr. Beard cites also the danger of tuberculous infection. Tardy convalescence, especially after measles, is also occurred, increases the danger of tuberculosis, which often takes in infancy the very fatal form of tuberculous meningitis," Dr. Beard states.

Two striking instances of what measles can do are cited in the actual stories told by a public health nurse. An eight-year old boy who was slow in school was advised to see an oculist because of an imperfection in his right eye. "Squint-eyed," the children called him. "Were you born this way?" asked the doctor. "No," replied the child, "it came when I had measles."

A sixteen-year-old girl suffered intensely because of the ugliness of her teeth and finally consulted a dentist. Two of the front teeth on the upper jaw and four of the lowers were normal teeth, while the rest were the little peg-shaped affairs of her baby-hood. She had during her first teeth, while the X-ray picture of her jaws showed that the usual second set was entirely missing.

"You must have been very, very sick sometime between your fourth and sixth birthdays," said the dentist to the girl.

"She was," the mother answered, "she had measles at five and almost died."

"It is not necessary for everyone to have measles," says Dr. Beard, "and that despite the fact that it is an extremely contagious disease. The infant, in particular should be most carefully protected from exposure to it. The period of contagion unfortunately begins early, and before the eruption is well Developed Children who begin to sneeze and cough and be more reddened and sensitive eyes should be isolated at once and kept isolated. They should be put to bed promptly and receive very early medical attention. Safety lies in the avoidance of pneumonia.

"While the young child is very susceptible to measles, the danger is most prevalent between the ages of six and nine, because it is during this school life that the greatest exposure to. infection occurs. After exposure it takes from twelve to fourteen days to develop the disease." Dr. Beard has this to say of preventive measures. Parents, teachers and school nurses must be sufficiently interested to note the earliest and even the danger of measles. Children, and especially very young children, must be protected from the disease. Anyone who permits the exposure of a child to measles may be a death to another. For. Close supervision by school authorities, prompt exclusion of the sneezing, coughing, nose-running, red-eyed child from school; early reference of every suspicious case to the physician, may save unnecessary suffering, shorten illness, avert fatal results and curtail an epidemic. There is no such thing as safety in measles itself. There is no such thing as 'just a few measles.'"

CONGRESSMAN UPSHAW

"Georgia Cyclone" To Address Mass Meeting Here March 30

Hon. W. A. Upshaw, the "Georgia Cyclone," will address a county wide mass meeting at the Christian church, Carlisle, Kentucky evening, March 30, commencing at seven o'clock. Mr. Upshaw is known throughout the United States, as a man of unusual eloquence. He takes a firm stand for all measures for the betterment of humanity. He receives an enthusiastic welcome wherever he goes. This should be a great event for the county and it is predicted a capacity crowd will attend. Admission will be free.

KENTUCKY APPLE CROP THREATENED BY MOTH

Codling moth has become a serious menace to apple growing in Kentucky, and special measures will be needed for its control this year, according to a statement issued by the Agricultural Experiment Station at Lexington.

Some of the oldest and heaviest producing orchards in the state sustained a loss of 70 to 90 percent of their crop last year, even after attempts had been made to control the pest.

Examinations show that many of these worms have lived through the winter, according to the statement, and apple growers may expect a heavy infestation and probably severe damage during the coming summer.

Profs. A. J. Olney and W. W. Magill, horticultural specialists, are urging growers to do everything possible to destroy the worms that have come through the winter. Destruction of these worms will tend to prevent the second brood, which is much damage to apples late in the season.

While sprays are used beginning at blossoming time, special sanitary measures are recommended at this time. They include the scraping of loose bark from the tree trunks, and the destruction of these scrapings, since worms may be hiding in them.

All apples crates should also at this time be inspected and cleaned thoroughly, as an packing house and apple storehouses. Crates may be dipped in scalding water. All rubbish should be destroyed.

Further information on the control of codling moth will be sent to growers from time to time during the season. Growers may secure detailed information from county agents or by writing directly to the horticultural department of the Experiment Station.

RECEIVER SOUGHT

Policy Holders Charge Fraud Against Life Insurance Officers

A suit was filed in federal court at Lexington last week against the Jewell Rice, representing Max D. Flightmaster and Jennie Holmes of the Kentucky Central Life and Accident Insurance Company and its officers, asking that a receiver be appointed for the company.

The plaintiffs claim in their petition that the corporation was originally organized in August 14, 1062, as a cooperative or assessment company, but that on March 12, 1927, through fraudulent representations to the secretary of state, the articles of incorporation were destroyed and the company was made a corporation transporting business

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