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THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1928

SONG

(Robert Herrick)

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

THE FIRES OF SPRING

Rambling Thoughts of A Country Editor On Spring and Faith and Pools

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling.

Spring has got my downy woodpecker at last and his drumming ratatat on a resonant limb vies with the sweet note of the song sparrow and the cheery call of the robins. The fancy of this little fellow of the red dot head and black and white back has "turned to thoughts of love" with the coming of the daffodils. But his music is evidently falling on coy ears and it serves him right, for if ever I saw a truant, Downy is one. All winter he has abused his sober-ly clad mate and chased her away from the suet lump on my cherry tree. But now comes Spring and in her fires Downy has flung, not his winter garment of repentance, but his winter role of indifference to the other sex. A greater force is at work with Downy than Jo knows, or than his brethren who have been granted the boon of thought and thumbs know Pop want of a better word we call it Spring.

* * *

"Only the poets," writes one in the Christian Science Monitor, "would have made Spring what it is. The weather may help or hinder, but in order to have a thoroughly good spring one must always see that it has a large ingredient of poetry. Two or three songs of Shakespeare can offset a windy March; the first twenty lines of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' can erase the frequent disappointments of April."

So I would reprint for you a poem of the whispered approach of Spring that may set some of you singing in the rain, when April turns tearful.

"Have you seen her?" called the oak tree,
Catching at the wind's light mantle
"Do you know how she has traveled
And how soon she will be here "
"Hold me not," the wind retorted,
Shaking free his rustling costume
"From the warring, naked branches—
"Very soon she will appear."
"Hear a secret," creaked the oak tree
As he bent toward the willow
And his buds swelled with impatience.

"I have heard that she is near."
But a wisp of sedge grass, bearing,
Turned to whisper to her neighbor,
"She is well upon her journey—
This is confidential, dear."

Other wisps of sedge grass heard it,
Passed the news to ete another,
And the voices grew in number
Till, across the marshes sere
Rolled, hilarious, a billow,
Broke the river's surface, sweeping
Cakes of ice to seaward, shouting
"Go your way, for Spring is near."
Pauline Pearl Strachan.

A mighty pleasant and heartening saying to these lines, I think, the rhythm of Longfellow's Hiawatha, that childhood favorite in which also may be found the very breath of spring forests. But there is so much poetry that breathes the spring. It comes flooding into memory with the first Jonquil flaunting its fragrant chalice from a sod still grey with chill of winter—

A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

Wordsworth helps spring-making with his poetry, and Milton—

"While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Blusterous on the poets! who cling to a spring beautiful, despite the frequent disappointments of lowering clouds and snow, coming on the heels of a very gem of a day. It is at such time that the paragraphers poke fun at the Spring poet with such lines as "Spring has cub, Hurray! Kerchoo!" But, the spring poet's faith in the ideal season of his dream lives on.

* * *

"O, S." (A plague on the use of initials!) who writes so delightfully of the out-of-doors in Christian Science Monitor, suggests that the unbelievers be confounded once and for all. He writes:

"Perhaps we could confute the cynics most completely by admitting once for all that Springtime is not a season of the year but a faith, an aspiration. Anyone who is looking for the first day of spring, reaching forward toward it, counting off the weeks of winter triumphantly—such a person has the springtime already within him, and it is in vain that he seeks it outside. At the very most all that he can discover is vernal wood or field or sky is a sort of corroboration. He is surprised by the earliest flush of the arbutus only because it seems so strange that a flower should know his secret, and the first call of the bluebird from the pasture rail tells him only what he knew before."

There is a deal of truth in that, I think. The winter hunger for spring is often, like fireside-gardening, a keenly enjoyed in anticipation as in the frequently disappointing realization. And yet, spring is Spring and the darkest of us feel the urge of the awakening call coming down the latitudes of years that have written the history of all living beings. It is like an ever-recurring pageant that strengthens and bolsters somehow, with its beauty, man's hope that to him shall come an awakening after sleep.

* * *

Last Sunday I saw the robins flocking in the cemetery on the hill. It was near twilight and a new note, like that of the tree frog, gentle sleepy, was audible above the chatter of blackbirds going noisily to bed. I had never heard that note and in the dim light I thought they were strange migrants until one bird gave plaint in the robin tongue, a twilight song, sad but so of the spring that is cheery. Soon these will be busy with their mud-plastered nests and there will be fledglings soon. When Spring calls, the red-breast answers, ere my dreary woodpecker has ceased listening to the music of his drum. Much to see; much to make one think, in springtime.

* * *

Much to see, much to hear, in God's out-of-doors, even now. Such a time as goes before the leaf When all the woods stand in a mist of green
And nothing perfect.

Until the roses come and one stands "knee-deep in June." So much to see, to enjoy, to learn of the various language that Nature speaks that I grudge the time that must be spent indoors, as the symphony of Spring's orchestra rises to its fullness as the fields grow vocal with bird songs. It is a beauty the enjoyment of which leaves no cloying satiety, for it is the lovely portion of that beautiful, cruel, mysterious, unthinkable life, of which we all are a part.

I hope that when the days of chimney corner come to me, if I reach that stage of life, that I shall not lose my joy of spring, of the first crocus, the first jonquils, the first robin; of April showers with their fresh earthy smell, of the coming of the purple martins, of all the ways of birds and flowers and trees and peaceful night sounds. Ah, one must turn to the poets, the makers of Springtime in the heat and soul, for best expression! And so this flowing couplet from William Stanley Braithwaite:

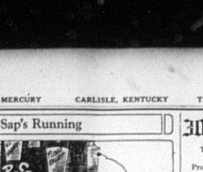
Heart free, hand free,
Blue above, brown under,
All the world to me
Is a place of wonder.
Sun shine, moon shine,
Stars, and winds a-blowing,
All into this heart of mine
Flowing, flowing, flowing!

Mind free, step free,
Days to follow after,
Joys of life sold to me
For the price of laughter.
Girl's love, man's love,
Joys of work and duty,
Just a will of God's to prove
Beauty, beauty, beauty!

* * *

P. S. Tuesday morning a purple martin came back to his little grey home of last summer atop the post in my garden. A cold, disconsolate fellow he was, as he sat out the porch facing the east and waited patiently for the warming rays that, failed to come. So now I know that to the purple martin, too, Spring is a faith and being so, will live forever.

Sap's Running



TREE BUTCHERY

In the following letter from Mr. Walter Hillenmeyer, of the Hillenmeyer nurseries of Fayette county, we quote another well-known authority on tree culture who deprecates the butchery of tree-topping. In fact, Mr. Hillenmeyer terms such reckless pruning as that which leaves the bare stumps of large limbs exposed to the weather, "vandalism."

If you value your shade trees and if you must prune, a proceeding which Mr. Hillenmeyer says should be a "gradual thinning out," don't measure the efficiency of the work by the pile of brush accumulated beneath the tree. "Tree pruning is an art" says this man, who has been trained since childhood in one of the most famous tree nurseries in the South. He should and does know.

Mr. Hillenmeyer's letter follows:

H. F. HILLENMEYER & SONS
LEXINGTON, KY.

Mr. Warren E. Fisher
Carlisle, Kentucky

Dear Warren:

Replying to yours of the nineteenth, correct tree pruning is an art and it should not be entrusted to every owner of a saw and axe but this work should be done by someone who has an idea of the growth and care of trees.

For instance, a good many trees are simply "deborned" for no apparent reason other than giving some one a job. Judicious pruning in the way of taking out crossed and dead limbs or the terminal shortening in of branches when they develop too far is commendable, but the vandalism that is sometimes practiced by the cutting away of the tops of trees should meet with resistance by those who want to see their shade trees preserved.

In pruning for wires there is no reason why Utilities Companies cannot prune openings through these large trees as is done in the East. In most cases the trees are worth more than the wires and certainly, if this practice is continued, it will not be long before all street and road shade trees will be cut away.

The trouble about the pruning proposition is that a good many of these men who call themselves pruners only charge for the amount of brush that they accumulate under the tree, whereas if they had pruned more judiciously, in most cases there would not be such a big pile of brush, but it would have taken longer to do it. When trees do need thinning out this should be done gradually, cutting the branches close to the main stem and immediately painting with a wood preservative so as not to allow the branch stub to decay. It should be cut with the idea of turning the water away from the wound instead of inviting it to settle where the branch has been taken off. The tops of trees can be reduced gradually by terminal pruning which encourages the branches lower to the base to start rather than cutting it all at one time.

Very sincerely yours,
H. F. Hillenmeyer & Sons
By Walter H. Hillenmeyer

A GRANDSON OF NICHOLAS

Some years ago, the writer sent a photograph of the late Owen Allen, the colored man who served The Mercury so faithfully for nearly forty years, to Mr. C. T. Dazey, the playwright who wrote "In Old Kentucky," and received a pleasant letter which "Bones" treasured highly. "My people" in the letter was always referred to the Dazeys, who once lived in this county near Miller's Station, and in whose family Owen's mother was a slave at the time of his birth.

So it was almost with the interest that attaches to the career of a local boy that we read in the current issue of the Saturday Evening Post the following paragraphs from Alexander Woolcott's interesting article on his experiences at a member of the staff of the Stars and Stripes, official newspaper of the A. E. F. during the World War.

"Then there were the poems, the twenty thousand poems, whether sentimental or comic, heroic or jeering, artful or illiterate—poured in from every branch and every rank as a contribution to the columns on the editorial page headed The Army's Poets. This column succeeded the one written by Captain F. P. A. during his brief stay with the staff, and was, I think, the most widely read part of the paper. Certainly it was the part of the paper most often clipped. You would come upon one of the poems pasted on the beam of some hayrack which had been a soldier's bed, or stowed away among the precious things in many a wallet taken from the dead in the field. With one exception, the best of them came in on muddy paper from the dugout of a second lieutenant of field artillery who was serving with the Twenty-sixth Division. They were signed F. M. H. D. And it was not until some years later, when Elsie Janis introduced me to a man with that same curious set of initials, that I identified him as the son of old C. T. Dazey, the playwright who wrote the melodrama called In Old Kentucky.

"One verse of Frank Dazey's poem called The Driver comes back to me now. It ran like this:

I'm a slouch and a slop and a stuffer,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse
I'll be priv until finie la guerre!
But my hosses they neigh when I'm comin',
An' the Sarge knows how hefty they drag;
An' the Cap' lent me ten francs this morning
Here's to me an' to him an' the Flag!

OLD FAVORITES

PAT AND THE PIG

We have read of a Pat so financially flat
That he had neither money nor meat,
And when hungry and thin, it was whispered by all
That he could to steal something to eat.

So he went to the sty of a widow nearby,
And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!
"Arrah, now," said he, "what a crate thot'll be,"
And the pig of the widow he stole.

In a feast he rejoiced, then he went to a priest,
For, in spite of the pork and the lard,
There was something within that was sharp as a pin,
For his conscience was pricking him hard.

And he said with a tear, "Will your reverence hear
What I have in sorrow to say?"
Then the story he told, and the tale did unfold
Of the pig he had taken away.

And the priest to him said, "Ere you go to your bed,
You must pay for the pig you have taken,
For 'tis thine, by my soul, you'll be saving your soul,
And will also be saving your bacon."

"Oh, be jabers," said Pat, "I can never do that,
Not the ghost of a penny have I.
And I'm wretched indade, if a penny it rade,
Any pace for me conscience to buy."

Then in sorrow he cried, and the priest he replied,
Only think how you'll tremble with fear
When the Judge you shall meet at the great judgment-seat,
And the widow you plundered while here.

"Will the widow be there?" questioned Pat, with a stare,
"And the pig? Be me sowl, is it, thrue?"
"They will surely be there," said the priest, "I declare,
And, O, Paddy, what then will you do?"

"Many thanks," answered Pat, "for your telling me that;
May the blessings upon you be big!
On that settlement day to the widow I'll say,
Mrs. Flanegan, here is your pig."

30 Years Ago

Thursday, March 31, 1898

Prof. J. H. Rayhill conducting class in elocution in city school.

Walter G. Cook appointed postmaster at Saltwell, which office was recently established.

Miss Jonie Cain opens millinery store in front room of residence of Mrs. Jennie Darres.

Dr. G. R. Logan buys store of C. R. Summers at Pleasant Valley and will move there to reside.

Carlisle Brigade Band reorganized and already has several engagements for the summer.

James George, Jr., buys George Ockerman property at the corner of Market and Walnut street for $1,500.

At special meeting of the city council Monday night ordinance is passed requiring all persons under 21 years old to be vaccinated against small pox.

Court of Appeals reverses Nicholas circuit court in suit of City of Carlisle against Hechinger & Company, ruling that city may charge license for selling goods.

Atris Wiggins, through attorneys Winfield Buckler and James Minogue, files suit to prevent local court from paying $38,000 for Maysville and Lexington road until proposition is submitted to voters.

Died—Mrs. Hargis Soper, 25, and baby at their home near East Union on the 25th.—Charles Barton Hakle, 40, at his home in Carlisle on the 25th.—Mrs. L. N. Roland, 61, a native of Nicholas county, at her home in Virden, Ill., on the 15th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, April 1, 1886

Died—Mrs. Nancy J. Kendall, at her home near Cassday Creek on March 22.

Dr. R. J. R. Tilton and T. P. Tureman leave for several weeks stay in Florida.

Thomas A. Davis, well known newspaper man, launches "Republican Enterprise."

Because of ill health, H. M. Harris announces that he will retire from the firm of Hay & Harris.

Transylvania Glee Club to give concert at Christian Church on April 16 under auspices of Ladies Aid Society.

Bill introduced in Kentucky Legislature which will permit two hotels at Blue Licks to sell liquor to guests.

Uncle Tommie Colliver and John Tom Parker leave for Enta Springs, Ark., to remain several months for the benefit of their health.

In the Nicholas circuit court Henry Potts, negro, sentenced to 21 years in the penitentiary for the killing of Tom Harris, negro, at Moorefield last July.

GOOD RECORDS

(Cynthiana Democrat)

Bourbon county's able Representative in the House, W. B. Arderv, gave a fine account of himself during the last session of the legislature. His position on the rules committee afforded exceptional opportunity for good work which he exercised to the fullest. Among the best things, he was largely responsible for thwarting the "rippers" " final assault on the state board of health. The Nicholas and Robertson Representative had a will of his own, too. When threatened with the wreck of legislation he was interested in if he did not join the "rippers," Mr. McRohan replied they could hold his legislation up "till hell freezes over."

POEMS THAT WE LIKE

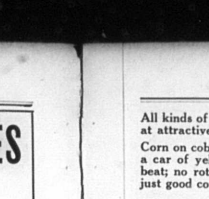
TO MEADOWS

(Robert Herrick)

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd its noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

GOODYEAR TIRES



GOODYEAR has built and sold more than 110,000,000 Tires

Millions more than any other manufacturer. They know how to build tires for long hard service and do it.

A demand to consume the number of tires they have built indicates what the public thinks of the tire.

Why shop around, or order from mail order houses when you can buy a tire of the GOODYEAR quality at these prices.

30x3½ Clincher	$4.50 to $13.50		
29x4.40 Balloon	$6.25 to $12.90		

LARGE SIZES

32x4	AWT	$14.45	Pathfinder	$11.65
33x4	"	15.20	"	12.35
33x4 1-2	"	20.40	"	16.55

BALLOON

30x5.00	"	13.60	"	.....
30x5.25	"	15.85	"	12.90
31x5.25	"	16.40	"	13.45

If your size is not listed here we have it at proportionate price. Come and see.

HARPER'S GARAGE

The New Ford Car

We are astonished at the way the orders come rolling in with no effort on our part.

But at second thought it is easily understood—A glance at the car attracts you, and then the closer you get to it you recognize its genuine merit.

The greatest trouble we have to find time to tell all of its good points, and when we are half through our time is up.

Think of such a car at the following prices delivered here:

Fordor Sedan	$663.17
Tudor Sedan	586.37
Sport Coupe	642.69
Regular Coupe	586.37
Runabout	465.49
Touring or Phaeton	475.73

These prices include bumper and extra tire, without which $30.00 less.

Let us have your order now and be in line.

Our Shop

Is ready to overhaul your old car and give you as good a job as you can get anywhere or it costs you nothing.

Now is the time to have your car put in condition for the season before the spring rush of work comes.

We can't remind you too often of the importance of using genuine Ford parts, and we have no other kind in our place.

Remember

The Ford 13 Plate Storage Battery is not excelled by any on the market, and the price only $10 exchange.

We have on hand a full line of R C A Radios.

Radio Batteries and supplies of all kinds for all makes of radios.

Harper's Garage

All kinds of Clover and Grass Seed at attractive prices.

Corn on cob or shelled. Just opened a car of yellow corn that can't be beat; no rotten or bad grains, but just good corn.

Phone No. 9

Now is the time to think about chicken feed for this year.

Purina Feeds

grow chickens fast and keep them healthy. Cheapest in the long run. Notice how fast the little chicks grow that are in Curry & Cameron's window.

MYERS, LAMBERT & WILSON

East Main St.

COLORS
radiant as the Rainbow

Spring beckons! And Buick owners will greet the season in cars which take first place in rich, alluring beauty.

Glowing colors—colors that rival the exquisite hues of the rainbow—colors as distinctive as the fleet, low lines of Buick bodies by Fisher.

Not only in beauty, but in performance, too, Buick leads the way. Its famous Valve-in-Head six-cylinder engine provides the thrilling abilities so highly desired on tempting Spring days.

Visit our showroom and see the most colorful cars Buick has ever built. Their beauty will captivate you and a demonstration will make Buick your choice.

SEDANS $1195 to $1995 COUPES $1195 to $1850
SPORT MODELS $1195 to $1525
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In it you will find the daily good news of the world from its special writers, as well as departments devoted to women and children's interests, sports, music, education, radio, etc. You will be glad to welcome into your home so fearless an exponent of clean journalism. And don't miss Home and Health, the monthly health page. Special rates to clubs.

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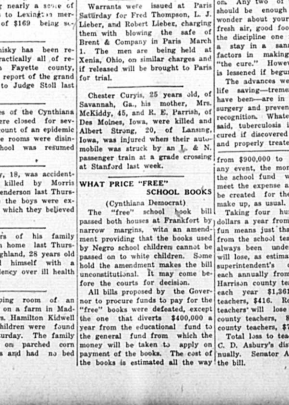

ONLY 50% of chicks fed an average ration live. When fed properly, at least 90% can be saved. Chicks need a feed to give them warmth, strength, energy and vitamins for life and growth. This is the reason 1500 hatcheries say feed Purina Chick Starterina, the buttermilk starting ration which contains Cod Liver Oil. We will be glad to tell you of a feeding plan that is as simple as A B C. You'll be chicks ahead, money ahead. Come in.

Myers, Lambert & Wilson
Carlisle, Kentucky

KENTUCKY

Harrison county will have a pure-bred sires campaign April 16 to 21.

Fire originating in a pressing shop at Tompkinsville, Monroe county, last week caused damage of $28,000.

H. V. Farris, of Boyce, former captain in the army air service, is preparing to open an aviation school at Berea.

At a special election Saturday Pikeville voted a $75,000 bond issue for the construction of a new school building.

Frank Smith, 18, shot and killed his father-in-law, Albert Caudill, at Caudill's home near Russell, Greenup county, Saturday night.

Arthur Johnson, 46, negro, struck and killed his mother-in-law, Rosie Moore, 75, with an auto the last week's home in Louisville Sunday.

500 baby chickens were burned up in a fire which destroyed a brooder at the home of Robert Matthews, at Crittenden last week.

Mrs. Henry Lewis was seriously burned at her home at Jamestown City when she poured coal oil on a burning embers under a boiler in the yard.

A wratch on the hand sustained several days before caused the death of Martin Snapp, 55, at his home in Paris last Tuesday when Snapp scratched his hand while at work in his shop and blood poisoning resulted.

Ezra Clements, 15, was accidentally shot and killed by William Scott, 19, at Covington Saturday while the youths were examining a pistol.

In the Bourbon circuit court at Paris last week John A. Howard, charged with stealing chickens, was sentenced to serve four years in the penitentiary.

The older boys conference for the Eastern District of the Kentucky Young Men's Christian Association will be held at Winchester March 30, 31 and April 1.

Two armed men with revolvers made an unsuccessful attempt to rob the safe of an express car on the Southern Railway between Lexington and Ludlow Sunday night. The men took $26 from the express messenger but were unable to open the safe.

Because of newly discovered evidence, Lewis Hill, under sentence on a charge of murdering his wife at their home in Lexington several months ago, was granted a new trial by Judge Stoll in the Fayette circuit court Saturday. His trial was set for April 9.

After having been closed to through traffic for several days because of construction work the Kentucky bridge between Cincinnati, through Georgetown, will be opened this fall, Major E. S. Helburn, member of the state Highway Commission, said Saturday.

Warrants were issued at Paris Saturday for Fred Thompson, L. J. Thompson, and Robert Lisher, charging them with blowing the safe of Brent & Company in Paris March 1. The men are being held at Xenia, Ohio, on similar charges and if released will be brought to Paris for trial.

Chester Curris, 25 years old, of Savannah, Ga., his mother, Mrs. McKiddy, 48, and R. E. Parrish, of Des Moines, Iowa, were killed and Albert Strong, 20, of Lansing, Iowa, was injured when their automobile was struck by an L. & N. passenger train at a grade crossing at Stanford last week.

WHAT PRICE "FREE" SCHOOL BOOKS

(Cynthiana Democrat)

The "free" school book bill passed both houses at Frankfort by narrow margins, with an amendment providing that the books could be bought by school children cannot be passed on to white children. Some of the amendment makes the bill unconstitutional. It may come before the courts for decision.

All bills proposed by the Governor to procure funds to pay for the "free" books were defeated, except the one that diverts $400,000 a year from the educational fund to the general fund from which the money will be taken to apply on payment of the books. The cost of the books is estimated all the way from $900,000 to $2,000,000. In any event, the money taken from the school fund will not nearly meet the expense and a deficit will be created for the taxpayers to make up, as usual.

Taking four hundred thousand from the fund each year from the educational fun means just that much taken from the school teachers, who have already been underpaid. Teachers will lose, as estimated by the state superintendent's department, $200 each annually from their salaries. Harrison county teachers will lose each year $1,261.50; Cynthiana teachers, $416. Robertson county teachers' will lose $267; Nicholas county teachers, $671.50; Bracken county teachers, $786.

Total loss to teachers in Senator C. D. Asbury's district, $8,792 annually. Senator Asbury voted for the bill.

A LITTLE TALK ON THRIFT

(By S. W. Straus, President of the American Society for Thrift.)

A common form of inefflessness consists in lack of care. The loss of property, the destruction of human life, the slowing down of personal progress traceable to trivial instances of carelessness reach a prodigious total in the course of a year.

An insurance company, making a study of accidents in homes, estimated that the total in this country during the last year was 3,000,000. Of these, 17,000 resulted in the deaths of persons. Other thousands were rendered helpless for the rest of their days. Strange as it may seem, the chief causes of deaths from accidents in the homes were poisoning by plants, insects or infections.

Of nearly $600,000,000 worth of property destroyed by fire last year more than $400,000,000 was traceable to accidents which could have been prevented with a little care.

More than 2,500,000 workers are injured in industry in this country each year. Between 200,000 and 350,000 of these are minors. Deaths and injuries due to falls run high into the thousands each year.

Such a list might be prolonged indefinitely if we were to take into consideration accidents due to automobiles, steam and electric lines. Thousands of accidents, many of them fatal, come from carelessness among hunters, campers, picknickers and persons engaged in athletic sports.

The elimination of this tremendous waste of life, limb and property must start almost entirely with the individual. The installation of safety devices and enactment of new and regulations can only partly solve the problem. Individuals must learn more and more the advantage and value of being careful in everything—of not taking chances—of keeping their wits about them at all times—of cultivating constant habits of watchfulness. To do this is a splendid example of thrift.

FACTS ABOUT TUBERCULOSIS

(Ky. Tuberculosis Association)

In the early diagnosis of tuberculosis lies the hope of taken From is a statement which cannot be made too often to Kentucky citizens Along with the organism of tuberculosis, the curing of this contagious disease will mean the lowering of Kentucky's death rate from tuberculosis.

In the majority of deaths from tuberculosis, the lives might have been saved if the disease had been discovered early enough. Recovery would have come through frequent examinations. It may be that you, the reader of this article, are one of the 270,000 persons in the U. S. suffering the disease in its active—unknown and undiagnosed—state.

The fight against tuberculosis has been waged until the people will only have periodicl physical examinations. Get acquainted with your health. Be vigilant against contagious, every single person at some time is infected with the germs. However, tuberculosis is preventable and it is curable.

The earliest symptoms of this disease are easily recognizable. Watch for these danger signals: Tiring too easily; loss of weight; indigestion; and a cough that hangs on. Any two of these symptoms should be enough to make you wonder about your health. Rest, fresh air, good food, sunshine, and the discipline one receives during a stay in a sanatorium are all instrumental in making a cure of "the cure." However, their value is lessened if begun too late.

The advances we have made in life saving—tremendous as they have been—are in the realm of research and preventiln, and early recognition. Whatever else may be said, tuberculosis is usually easily cured if discovered early enough and properly treated.

from $900,000 to $2,000,000. In any event, the money taken from the school fund will not nearly meet the expense and a deficit will be created for the taxpayers to make up, as usual.

Taking four hundred thousand from the fund each year from the educational fun means just that much taken from the school teachers, who have already been underpaid. Teachers will lose, as estimated by the state superintendent's department, $200 each annually from their salaries. Harrison county teachers will lose each year $1,261.50; Cynthiana teachers, $416. Robertson county teachers' will lose $267; Nicholas county teachers, $671.50; Bracken county teachers, $786.

Total loss to teachers in Senator C. D. Asbury's district, $8,792 annually. Senator Asbury voted for the bill.

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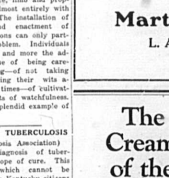

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