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THE SCENT OF THE ROSES

(Thomas Moore)

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

MORE DICTATORSHIP

Following the refusal of Superintendent of Public Instruction W. C. Bell to sign, at the dictation of Kentucky's gubernatorial Mussolini, textbook contracts that he had not read, nor been given an opportunity to study, "Il Duce" Sampson has appointed an "acting secretary," who signed as directed.

The Governor's frantic haste and high-handed procedure in the matter of these contracts arouses the suspicion that the contracts are such that they will not bear a reasonable consideration of their provisions. Contracts binding the taxpayers of Kentucky should not be of the sort that will not stand consideration and thorough publicity. It is the people's money that is being pledged, not Governor Sampson's. Mr. Bell realizes this; Mr. Sampson knows it, of course, but chooses to ignore it.

"The public generally," says the Lexington Herald, "lacks information concerning the contracts that have been made, but the full facts should be brought to light." Yes, and quickly. This concerns not only the taxpayers of Kentucky, but the children of Kentucky, future citizens of the Commonwealth, whose welfare, it would seem, is being made a veritable football of politics.

If the duly elected head of the schools of the State may be ignored and contracts entered into without his approval or signature, Kentucky tastes the arrogance of a dictatorship.

At least the people have left them a resort to the courts for determination of the whole sorry mess.

One wonders if the rank and file of farmers are clamoring as loudly for relief and bounties and protective schedules as their vociferously vocal representatives would have us believe. It is our impression that the farmers who will get the most relief out of it all are too busy to know what it is all about—or care.

MORGAN'S MEN

Mere stripplings, most of them, athrill to the glamorous call of a cause destined to be lost, but not dishonored in the losing. Astride their favorite saddle horses in the gathering twilight, too wise to say farewell to parents who would have damped their youthful ardor, or forbade their departure; from comfortable Blue Grass farms where the vista of avenue ended in the dignity of Grecian pillars; from humbler homes in the hills and river bottoms; from the arts and the professions, hearing the call of Romance, asurge with the hot blood of youth, these lads galloped away to ride with the peerless Morgan.

Raiders! The term is inept. Invaders perhaps, foragers when necessity pinched. Laughing lads a-saddle they rode as Youth incarnate, gentlemen withal. Gay they were but valiant, riding hell-for-leather where their leader led; too young to know when they were whipped, fighting on, snatching naps in the saddle, bearing wounds and hunger and fatigue with the stoic resolution of youth—rollicking, debonair, fierce and unconquered—so "Morgan's Men."

Last week they met at Lexington to talk over the gay and the bitter, all of which, in the kindly, mellowing process of the years, has become the sweet memory of a youth that is fled. Death has thinned the ranks of that dauntless band; age has dimmed the eye, palsied the hand, yet memory is left to the valiant few of the long days when they swayed in saddle, wild for sleep—softened recollections of "boots and saddles" in the gray of a summer dawn, the rhythm of galloping feet, the thrill of the charge—poignant memories of a lad that was, of a boy who rode with Morgan.

A health to them! May the Time which has touched with rosy finger the past and made it golden bespeak of that Time which is inexorable a withholding of his hand from the thinning ranks of this valiant band.

A REAL ISSUE

How very much better it would be to make the cause of Kentucky's mentally and physically sick the paramount political issue instead of "tearing our hair" over some of the "issues" that have been exploited in political campaigns in this State. "These poor sufferers will never be helped, unless that help is made the paramount political issue," says the Woodford Sun, and doubtless that is true.

Yet public interest may make an issue of the shameful condition of Kentucky's asylums and jails, if it can be enlisted. The Mercury joins the Sun in its appeal to "newspapers, to the ministers who preach the gospel of the compassionate Jesus, to the women of our State to force this issue to the front."

Editor Bomar's stirring appeal, "Man's Inhumanity To Man" is published elsewhere on this page.

"I REMEMBER WHEN—"

Thirty-five years ago last Monday morning, snow weighted the branches of trees in full leaf; wrecked corn knee-high in the furrows; lay like powder on the satin cheeks of roses; spread its white counterpane over beds of plump, red strawberries.

Foolish perhaps, unfashionable surely in these piping times of agelessness, to admit memory of the great snow of the night of May 19th, 1894. Ho hum! The temptation to reminisce grows stronger with the inexorable march of the years. Only Saturday, when a gallant little son of Man O' War streaked through the slop of Churchill Downs to eternal glory, why was it the name, "Ben Brush" came to mind and the nose and nose thoroughbred heads that used to adorn the Courier-Journal at Derby time, when that metropolitan sheet, not so metropolitan, was "Marse Henry's paper," and ranked with the family Bible in Democratic homes?

No impression, psychologists tell us, is ever lost by the human brain. Plastic surely is the mind of youth. Thirty-five years ago last Monday there were strawberries and ice cream for dessert at our house. Much talked about that day the anomaly of snow outside and strawberries within, for no hot-house fruit graced Central Kentucky tables in winter thirty-five years ago. The guests who came to that Sunday dinner drove a mettlesome little mare, nervous, excited as a child at the white puff-balls that sifted down from weighted branches. She had whirled a new Columbus buggy over eleven miles of macadam in sixty minutes. "A fast age" the oldsters said. Now our "flaming youth" will do the same distance in fifteen, with one arm on the steering wheel and the other full of girl.

Over the pipes that followed that Sunday dinner, and perhaps a "Sweet Caporal," if one of those "young dudes" with hair parted in the middle, joined the after-dinner devotions of the men, the mention of a "horseless carriage" would have provoked a skeptical smile; of a flying machine, humorous quips anent the Darius Green, who "soared on eagle wings and lit on Daddy's woodpile." Telephones were rare; villages, however, usually boasted one. The radio was undreamed by the wildest dreamer. Existence was unhurried, slow, sweet, at least in retrospect.

But were these of "the good old days?" Folk died of appendicitis and called it something else; children sickened of bad tonsils and were said to be "going into consumption;" typhoid took its tragic toll; diphtheria snuffed out little lives; flies, combatted with sticky paper and a fly-bush, brought tiny headstones in the cemeteries. Heigho! The good old days!

And yet, they seem good in retrospect, those days of the May when the big snow came to Central Kentucky, stripped the leaves from corn knee-high in the furrows; cooled the crimson blush of the peony with its icy touch. We remember there were strawberries and ice cream for dinner —oh, that's the answer—Youth!

AIDING THE MAIL ORDER HOUSE

That local merchants in some towns are the cause of the community being flooded with mail order catalogues seems a foolish statement to make. Yet it is a fact, according to the advertising manager of one of the country's largest mail order houses, who is quoted by John H. Casey of the University of Oklahoma School of Journalism as follows:

"We have a bureau whose duty it is to read every week the local papers from over the land. This bureau looks over these newspapers and when we find a town where the merchants are not advertising in the local papers we immediately flood that territory with our literature. It always brings results far in excess of the same effort put forth in territory where the local merchants use their local papers."

Thus is the non-advertising local merchant a stimulator of mail-order house business. As a rule he will be found to be the loudest in his claims that the mail-order house is killing his business. Ask him to advertise and he will tell you that he can't see that advertising does him and good. Multiply him by ten or twelve other non-believers in the efficacy of advertising in his county paper and the way is paved for a truck-load of mail order catalogues.

The mail-order house may be slowly killing the small-town merchant, but if he is of the kind that doesn't believe in advertising, he is an accessory, before the act, to his own business demise.

AN ADMIRABLE CANDIDATE

When a man like Will Ardery, of Bourbon county, is willing to endure the slings and arrows of the biennial swarming of the Legislature at Frankfort, citizens of that county should be thankful and "call it a day," so far as that race is concerned. Mr. Ardery, we hope, will have no opposition. He should have none. Men of his type and with the admirable record he has made too seldom consent to endure the thankless role of State Representative, unless it be as a stepping stone to some higher political preferment. With Mr. Ardery it suffices to represent ably, honestly and intelligently one of the finest counties in Kentucky. He has no ambitions, save to advance the welfare of his State and party and his record in preceding terms is unexcelled.

It is a pleasure to agree with the Shelby News, which says of him:

. . . a clear thinker, a clean, upright citizen, desiring only to serve his people and his State—and a true-blue Democrat, aligned with no faction within the party. We doubt if there is another legislator in the entire State, length of service considered, who has voted more consistently for the best interest of Kentucky than has Will Ardery during the time he has been a member of the Lower House at Frankfort.

The day is fast approaching when the big truck driver will take pleasure in giving half of the road, but it does seem slow in arriving.—Maysville Independent.

What makes you think it's approaching, brother? Perhaps you have something up your sleeve, or better, in your holster.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

(A. A. Bomar, in Woodford Sun)

Few things have ever been the source of more pride and satisfaction to me than the fact that I am a Kentuckian, and I think most Kentuckians feel that way. I have always been proud of the history, the character and the personality of the people of my State. My admiration extends to those of the present day as well as to those of the past.

But just now I am almost at the point of wondering whether we have any hearts!

We have thousands of sick people, many of them physically as well as mentally ill, locked behind barred windows, many of them crowded like sardines in a box, in out-of-date buildings. The asylum at Lexington was erected 103 years ago. Any day or night they may be caught like rats in a trap and burned to daeth. Many of them are jammed so close that any pretense of real curative treatment is supremely ridiculous.

The untiring labors of humane superintendents and their helpers can only mitigate, not relieve these conditions. These places are a hell on earth to people with enough mind left to understand the situation. Yet if there is any class of ill people who truly deserve the tenderest care and the deepest pity, it is the insane.

After reading the recent excellent article of the Lexington Leader on the subject, and reading the very fine recent articles in the Lexington Herald, my brother Dan reached into his file and handed me a stirring editorial from the Lexington Herald of April 26, 1925, which tells in earnest words the distressing story.

It was an old story then. Two legislatures have met and adjourned since, with no effort to change these conditions. In fact, there has been very little legislative discussion of the matter. The members have usually been too busy "playing politics" to care for the appeal of suffering humanity.

We are spending upwards of $15,000,000 a year on road building. We are about to spend $750,000 a year on free school books, but we have NO money to relieve sick people who are almost as badly off as captives in medieval dungeons. The prisoners in those damp mossy cells were not in constant danger of being burned alive, and even when chained to the walls they were not jammed together as close as some of the patients in our hospitals for the insane.

These poor sufferers cannot get the public ear. They will never be helped unless that help is made the paramount political issue. I appeal to the newspapers, to the ministers who preach the gospel of the compassionate Jesus, to the women of our State, who are always first to be touched by and to relieve every form of human misery, to force this issue to the front in this legislative campaign. For unless a goodly majority of those who are elected to both houses are pledged before they are elected, those humane legislators who wish to relieve this situation will be quite sure to find their efforts unavailing.

A FISCAL COURT INDICTED

(Cynthiana Democrat)

The Fiscal Court of Bath county has been indicted by the grandjury for misfeasance in office, says a news dispatch, and the county has been in an uproar for some time over the poor condition of the roads. "Uproar" probably is too strong a term, but doubtless there has been much dissatisfaction, as is, as a matter of fact, shown more or less in every county where people are impatient at delay.

One "misfeance" mentiond is "failure to keep a correct set of books showing receipts and expenditures." Certainly there is no excuse for that sort of failure. Having no correct books, we take it Bath citizens have not had a published statement from the county treasurer, if it has a county treasurer. The law explicitely directs that all persons receiving and disbursing a county's, or municipality's or district's money shall publish a full complete statement, sworn to, at the end of each fiscal year. If Bath county had not disregarded this law there would have been a complete and accurate set of books, perhaps better roads and government generally, and the people would have known exactly where the county stood financially, what its money was spent for and who got it, instead of being compelled now to adopt the rough and expensive methods of indicting and arresting a set of public officers.

And yet, in almost every county there are those who oppose publishing financial statements on account of the "expense." No county is able to save so much money and obtain so economical and satisfactory government in any other way.

30 Years Ago

Thursday, May 25, 1899

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Talbert, of Moorefield, on the 18th, a son.

Boone Ingels leaves for Cincinnati to purchase new automatic engine for electric light plant.

Miss Ida Hamm leaves for Madisonville to attend state convention of Christian Endeavor as delegate from Christian church.

Foster V. Cox, who has been studying law in the office of Norvell & Robinson, passes examination and is admitted to bar by Judge Kimbrough Saturday.

Miss Gertrude Long, of the Morning Glory section, suffers broken arm and other injuries when horse she was driving runs away, throwing her out of buggy.

Al Mattox, native of this county, suffers injuries which necessitated amputation of his leg when firebox of engine in C. & O. yards at Maysville strikes him.

G. R. Keller returns from three weeks trip through First, Second and Third Congressional districts, where he had been in the interest of his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Secretary of State.

Following Nicholas county boys who were members of the Third Kentucky Infantry in Spanish-American War arrive home last week: George Blake, Thomas Blake, Dan Kennedy, Oda Morgan, E. W. Morgan, Robert Megowan, Evans Kenton, John McKay and Jack Campbell.

Died—Mr. Elijah D. Foster, 73, native of Nicholas county, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hattie Washburne, in Cincinnati on the 22nd.—Three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wilson at their home in the county on the 24th.—Mrs. Angelina Hamm, at her home on Sugar Creek on the 19th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, May 26, 1887

Died—Mr. Henley Roberts, at his home in the county on the 24th.

Spring chickens offered on local market at from $2.25 to $3 per dozen.

Elbridge Ratliff, of Carlisle, leaves for Birmingham, Ala., where he will start a dairy.

Foster Berry, little son of Jesse Berry, suffers painful injuries when he falls from horse.

Postoffice moved to new room in Peale building where it was burned out on the 11th of January, 1887.

John M. Campbell receives appointment as postmaster at Carlisle to succeed W. H. Fritts, Republican.

Prof. John I. Fisher, of Carlisle, offered position as cashier of North Middletown Deposit Bank to succeed W. W. Hedges, who resigned.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Feeback, of Headquarters, on the 19th, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Thomas, of near Carlisle, on the 19th, a son.

James Dinsmore, employe of Shackelford & Company, accidentally splits knee cap with hatchet and almost bleeds to death before medical assistance was given.

SANCTUARY IN THE WOOD.

Deep and dewy was the roadside spinney's carpet of lush green and very welcome after the heat of the hard sun-baked road. Among cool shadows great golden-headed dandelions grew, and glossy petaled buttercups, too, were there in plenty. Gayly winged butterflies flitted among gossamer-topped meadow grasses, and a fresh clover-scented breeze wafted from an adjacent hay-field set the purple trumpets of the foxgloves a-jingle, and made the dainty cups of the harebells quiver. On a topmost bough, among sunlit leaves, a thrush trilled his song.

How delightful it is to accept the hospitality of a roadside wood, when rain sweeps across hillside and plain, and sturdy tree branches are tossed by the wind that roars down the valleys from the hills. Rain may pour and wind may rush across the tree tops, but once under the wood's kindly shelter, only stray spatters penetrate and the wind seems but a murmur. And when spinning along hot dusty roads, brief glimpses into wayside woods, where shafts of sunlight pierce the gloom, or "checquerred shade and sunshine" adorn their smoke-brown carpets, always impart a sense of refreshment and rest.

Throughout the ages the fine arts have tried to express the wood's indescribable beauty and calm. With brush dipped into quiet colors, the artist has tried to convey its peace on canvas. The poet has told us of its deep hush, in words of gold, and its murmurous song has been captured by the musician in sweet limpid notes, but to see and feel the wood's own peace and calm, one should rest within its portals at early evening, when mellow sunlight filters through the tree boles, and the trees sing their paeans of praise.

—Christian Science Monitor

NEIGHBORS

(Elsie A. Koefoed)

My neighbor says she likes to see
Broad lawn and flowers and a fir tree,
When she looks from her window near.
She tells me that it could appear
As if the lawn were at her door,
Without a fence or screen before!

So, when I plant and sow each yar,
I place the brightest blossoms here.
The daffodil and poppy red,
And larkspur in my corner bed,
That in the robe the garden wears,
My friendly neighbor also shares.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE

DEWS

We come and go, as the breezes blow,
But whence or where
Hath ne'er been told in the legends old
By the dreaming seer.
The welcome rain to the parching plain
And the languid leaves,
The rattling hail on the burnished mail
Of the serried sheaves,
The silent snow on the wintry brow
Of the aged year,
Wends each his way in the track of day
From a clouded sphere:
But still as the fog in the dismal bog
Where the shifting sheen
Of the spectral lamp lights the marshes damp,
With a flash unseen
We drip through the night from the starlids bright,
On the sleeping flowers,
And deep in their breast is our perfumed rest
Through the darkened hours:
But again with the day we are up and away
With our stolen dyes,
To paint all the shrouds of the drifting clouds
In the eastern skies.

—John B. Tabb, in "Lyrics."

TO LABOR

Shall you complain who feed the world?
Who clothe the world,
Who house the world?
Shall you complain, who are the world,
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour
You use your power,
The world must follow you! . . .

Then rise, as you never rose before,
Nor hoped before,
Nor dared before,
And show, as you never showed before,
The power that lies in you.
Stand all as one!
See justice done!
Believe, and dare, and do!

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Poems.

PETER PAN IS ANSWERED

(Violet Alleyn Storey)

Oh, I believe in fairies,
Yes, Peter Pan, I—
For I have a garden
Where humming birds fly.

And bees go abumbling,
And dragonflies spin,
And butterflies hover,
And, ah, stuffs so thin.

So thin and so sheery,
And cobwebby fair,
And velvety winsome
As those that they wear.

Could only be woven
By fairies, I know,
And only winged fairies
Could wear them quite so!

Oh, I believe in fairies,
Yes, Peter Pan, I—
For I have a garden
Where humming birds fly!

LEVITY IN JOURNALISM

At certain seasons when few outstanding incidents or events are calling to editorial writers for comment or criticism even serious journals sometimes enliven their columns with humor, tempering thereby their accustomed gravity. Perhaps such seasons became known as "silly seasons" because of this temporary lapse from seriousness. In any case such a leading journal as the Times of London, England, sometimes called "The Thunderer," indulges occasionally in a reproduction of schoolboy "howlers" for the delectation of its readers. For the benefit of our readers we may point out that according to the dictionary the meaning of "howlers" is a "glaring blunder." Well, here are a few recent howlers, gleaned from the Times and other sources:

Sir Walter Scott, once called the Wizard of the North, is thus described: Sir W. Scott was called the Blizzard of the North. He tried to reach the North Pole but died in the attempt.

Another boy was asked to paraphrase Keat's line, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." He wrote, it is nice to hear music but it is still nicer not to.

Double dealing is defined by a lad as "When you buy something wholesale to sell retail."

A focus is defined as a thing that looks like a mushroom, but if you eat it it feels different to a mushroom.

What should the Lady of Shalott have done instead of lying down in the boat and wasting her life because Sir Lancelot took no notice of her? She should have looked out for another.

Correct the sentence: "It was me that has broken the window." "It wasn't he that has broken the window."

Then here is how a boy translated—Notre voisin est mort d'une congestion pulmonaire. "Our neighbor died of a crush in a pullman car."

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

What do you understand by the Theory of Exchange? The Theory of Exchange, as I understand it, is not very well understood.

Julius Caesar was renowned for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine.

The lifeboat is wonderful constructed so that it can carry more than it can hold.

A litre is a nest of young puppies.—The North Countryman, Rouses Point, N. Y.

A QUICK CONQUEST

(Boston Transcript)

When the young woman who had entered college to get a degree announced her engagement to her professor in the middle of her second year, her friend said:—

"But, Edith, I thought you came here to gt your Ph. D.?"

"So I did," returned Edith; "but I had no idea I'd get him so soon."

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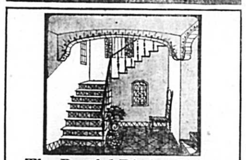

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OVER 100 YEARS OF DOING GOOD

KENTUCKY

The new Porter Memorial Baptist Church at Lexington, erected at a cost of $100,000, was dedicated Sunday.

The Mason fiscal court, at a meeting last week, ordered estimates made on extensive repairs to the court house.

Seventy-six airplanes landed at Bowman Field in Louisville Saturday, all carrying passengers to the Derby.

The Shelby county grand jury last week returned indictments against 57 persons for failure to license their dogs.

Dan Pope, negro residing near Danville, claims to be the oldest man in Kentucky, declaring he was born April 25, 1823.

Judge Parsons, of Greenup county, 81 years old, has purchased an automobile to use in his campaign for reelection.

Dr. J. H. Harman, 52, physician at Crab Orchard, died at his home last week following three weeks illness with sleeping sickness.

Henry Bradley, 63, merchant at Midland, Bath county, was found dead in bed at his home last week, death being due to a heart attack.

Kentucky is losing an average of 78 doctors a year Dr. A. T. McCormick, president of the state board of health, said in an address last week.

Darting in front of a truck at Irvine, Elizabeth Underwood, 7 years old, was struck and killed. The truck was driven by Charles Munsey, 14 years old.

At a meeting of sheep raisers of Mason county at Maysville Saturday, steps were taken to help enforce the dog law requiring dogs to be licensed.

The Democratic county committee of Madison county, at a meeting held at the court house in Richmond Saturday, nominated a full ticket for county offices.

Leslie R. Gregory, assistant superintendent of the Louisville public schools, was elected superintendent of the schools to succeed Byron W. Hartley, resigned.

The nucleus of a wool pool for Central Kentucky was formed by the Farmers Union at Lexington Saturday. It is hoped to pledge 100,000 pounds to the pool.

E. A. Brashford, of Mt. Sterling, was seriously injured last Thursday morning when his automobile crashed into a stone bridge between Winchester and Mt. Sterling.

The Accrediting Committee of the State College Association announced last week that 569 public high schools and private secondary schools have been accredited.

Mrs. Ella Gregory, who has been matron of the Millersburg Military Institute for the past three years, has resigned, effective at the close of the present school year.

Travis Stull, 65, ended his life by shooting himself through the head at his home near Preston, Bath county, Sunday. Ill health was thought to have been the cause.

Miss Garr Butler, Paris, was chosen the most beautiful girl in Central Kentucky and awarded the title "Miss Blue Grass," in a beauty pageant at Lexington last Friday.

The University of Kentucky concert band under the direction of Elmer G. Sulzer has been engaged to play for the Kentucky State Fair during the week of September 9-14.

Raymond Sizemore, 20, was found guilty in circuit court at Whitesburg last week of slaying his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sara Blair, 60, and sentenced to 21 years in the penitentiary.

Frank V. Nunnelley, County Judge of Scott county, and Mrs. Worth Raisor, of Georgetown arrested recently on statutory charges, were fined $50 and costs at Georgetown last week.

Mrs. Rebecca Ewing Watterson, 86, widow of Henry Watterson, founder of the Courier-Journal, died at the apartment of her daughter, Mrs. Bainbridge Richardson, in Louisville Sunday.

Matt Jones, Salt Lick, who broke jail at Owingsville about a year ago while awaiting trial on a liquor charge, was arrested last week in Chicago and will be returned to Owingsville for trial.

Non-fraternity students at the University of Kentucky made higher grades than members of Greek letter fraternities during the present term, according to announcement last week.

Leo Mattingly, 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Mattingly, of Marion county, was burned to death when fire destroyed the barn in which he was sleeping on his father's farm Thursday night.

The Boyd county grand jury last week returned an indictment against D. T. Clark, Chief of Police of Ashland, charging him with accepting money in return for protection of bootleggers.

Rev. W. D. Young, 63 years old, for thirty years a merchant and Methodist minister in Anderson county, died at his home Sunday following a long illness. He is survived by his wife and ten children.

A few seconds after he had warned Cecil Van Hoose, 7, that he was going to shoot him, Carl Mahan, 6, leveled his father's shotgun at the boy and killed him instantly at Paintsville Saturday. The boys had been playing and had a fight. Carl went to his home and returned with his father's shotgun.

Dr. Donald Edwards, 40, native of Berea and son of Prof. T. A. Edwards, principal of the Bera high school, lost his life last Thursday night when fire destroyed his home in Bloomington, N. Y.

The J. M. Perkins Construction Company, Frankfort, was awarded the contract to build the new fish hatchery near Williamsburg at a cost of $24,236 by the Kentucky Fish and Game Commission last week.

While operating a sausage grinder at the meat packing plant of Munns Brothers, near Lexington Monday, William Travis, 16, got his arm caught in the grinder, necessitating amputation at the shoulder.

The twenty-seventh annual reunion of the survivors of the command of General John Hunt Morgan in the Confederate Army in the Civil War, was held at the Lafayette hotel in Lexington last Thursday.

The grand jury at Ashland last week returned indictments against Alex Walker and Walter Wigginton on charges of bombing the home of W. H. Flannery, Police Judge of Catlettsburg, on August 17, 1825.

Thieves entered a barn on the farm of Frederick A. Wallis on the Austerlitz pike in Bourbon county last Thursday night and stole wool valued at $500, Harry Richart, manager of the farm, reported to authorities.

Two large mail pouches were stolen from a truck at the Southern depot in Lexington early last Thursday morning. Postoffice inspectors expressed the opinion that the thieves secured only about $100 worth of valuables.

Helen Floyd, 16, and Raymond Dobkins, 14, both of Pulaski county, traveling in a box car to visit relatives in Ohio, were taken into custody in the Southern Railroad yards at Ludlow Sunday and held for their parents.

G. M. (Daddy) Moore, superintendent of the Baptist Orphans' Home, Glendale, Ky., died at the Baptist hospital, Louisville, at 7:30 o'clock Thursday morning after an illness of three weeks. He was 67 years of age.

Constitutionality of the cooperative marketing act was again upheld by the Kentucky court of appeals last week in the case of Charles D. McPall, of Woodford county, against the Burley Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association.

Six men, two of them sons of Sheriff A. S. Ledford, of Laurel county, are in jail at London in connection with the killing of John Hansel, of Harlan county, who was slain in a hotel room at London in an argument over a card game.

Henry Lee Prichard, a student at the Eastern State Teachers College at Morehead, has been awarded a prize of $500 for an essay on chemistry in a contest for students of teachers' colleges and normal schools of the United States.

Two unmasked white men, one armed with a revolver, held up the manager of a Kroger store at 112 North Hanover avenue Saturday night and escaped in an automobile after taking approximately $100 from the cash register.

Thomas Abraham, well known merchant of Mt. Olivet, formerly of Carlisle, left last Friday for New York, from where he will sail for Armenia to spend several months with his aged parents and other relatives whom he has not seen in many months.

Patrolman Lon Robinson was killed, his alleged assailant, Bruce Little, of Floyd county, was probably fatally wounded and United States Commissioner Sidney Trivett was wounded in the leg in a gun battle following a whisky raid in a suburb of Pikeville last Thursday.

The eightieth annual commencement of the Kentucky Female Orphan School at Midway will take place on Wednesday morning, May 29, at ten o'clock. There will be forty-two graduates. The address to the graduating class will be delivered by Frederick A. Wallis, of Paris, Ky.

County Attorney D. M. Bingham, who has waged war on the Bell County patrolmen in his race for county judge and declared if elected he would discharge the present officers and not appoint anyone to succeed them, was struck on the head Monday by County Patrolman Tom Broughton.

Members of the State Textbook Commission, who were appointed by Governor Fields and then removed by Governor Sampson, who selected his own commission, Monday filed a brief with the Clerk of the Court of Appeals seeking to enjoin the Sampson appointees from acting as members of the commission.

Charged with having deserted his wife and six small children in Danville, Ky., to run away with an 18-year-old girl, Harry I. Clark was arrested at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by Federal officers who charged him with having violated the Mann-white slave act. He is in jail in default of $3,000 bond and will be returned to Kentucky for trial.

John Lowe, farmer residing near Mayfield, was seriously injured on his farm last week when he was attacked by an infuriated bull. Mr. Lowe had been knocked down by the bull and the animal was preparing to charge him when Lowe's dog heard his master's cries for help, attacked the bull and allowed Lowe to escape.

The full extent of the Jones law was imposed for the first time in federal court in Kentucky last Friday when Judge A. M. J. Cochran in federal court at Covington sentenced Charles Feeney to serve five years in the Atlanta penitentiary and fined him $10,000. Feeney is a well known figure in the sporting world around Cincinnati.

A SAFEGUARD AGAINST SPREAD OF LAWLESSNESS

By S. W. Straus, President American Society For Thrift

A reliable authority recently made the estimate that crime in the United States is causing a loss to individuals, firms and corporations approximating $3,000,000,000 a year. Other authorities have made estimates of similar import. One says our crime bill exceeds our educational bill. Another says it is three times our custom and internal revenue receipts and at least twelve times the yearly cost of the army and navy.

It would be serious enough if these data told the whole story of crime in the United States. But they do not. They merely tell us in figures that are beyond human comprehension what the cost amounts to financially. There is no yard-stick by which we can measure American crime from a moral standpoint. It may be stated without fear of contradiction, however, that our plethora of lawlessness, both petty and major, is devastating the moral fiber of the nation.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss causes or attempt to discuss cures, excepting to point out that there is no better antidote for the crime poison than thrift.

This is not to say that thrift and morality are synonymous. It is true, none the less, that thrift tends to moral stability. It is not possible for a person to save money, conserve halth, economize time and develop the many fine habits that are necessary to self advancement and at the same time indulge in practices of dissolution and immorality that are incipiently criminal if not actually vicious.

Whatever causes may lie at the bottom of current lawless practices, it must be borne in mind that the majority of people are upright by nature and instinct. They drift into criminal practices often without realizing the change that is taking place within them. It is a gradual disintegration. The contention of this writer is that a condition of his kind is highly improbable with any individual in whom the habit of thrift has become firmly fixed. The innoculation of thrift in such instances brings immunity from moral deterioration.

Whatever other remedies may be brought forth to cure lawlessness in America, no-one can gainsay the fact that no more practical and sensible help can be offered than the intensive development of thrift habits among the rank and file of our population.

INDISCRIMINATE KILLING OF CROWS NOT WARRANTED

What a crow eats or does not eat is the first question to be answered in any inquiry into its economic status, says the United States Department of Agriculture.

Examination by the Biological Survey of the stomachs of 2,000 crows killed in 40 States, the District of Columbia, and several Canadian Provinces, indicates that about 28 per cent of the yearly food of the adult crow is animal matter. In this are found insects, spiders, snails, the remains of reptiles, amphibians, wild birds and their eggs, poultry and their eggs, small mammals, and carrion.

More than two-thirds of the animal food, or about a fifth, of the whole died of the crow is composed of insects, including many of the most destructive farm pests. Beetles of various kinds are eaten, some beneficial, some nutral, but a major portion injurioous. The grass hopper-locust-cricket group is freely eaten.

Only about a third of 1 per cent of the animal food of adult crows and 1.5 per cent of that of nestlings is derived from wild birds and their eggs, although bird lovers complain frequently of this type of injury. Depredations on poultry are governed largely by local conditions, especially when the crow has voracious young to feed. Protective measures undertaken in May, June or July will reduce these depredations.

The favorite mammal food of crows is young rabbits, and in such control of these and other rodent pests the crow supplements the good work of hawks and owls. More than half of the 72 per cent of vegetable food of the adult crow, however, is corn. In winter, the corn eaten is mostly waste, gleaned from unharvested ears. During April or May corn is about one-third of the crow's' food. Damage to roasting ears is caused not only by what the crow eats but also by water entering the lacerated ears and causing rot or mold.

The offenses of which the crow has been accused outnumber its credits for good deeds, but this does not mean that all are equal in importance. Many of the crow's depredations may be lessened or entirely prevented by protective measures, though the good work it does in preying on insects can ill be spared. Indiscriminate killing, therefore, is not warranted, says the Biological Survey. Preventive measures will often put a stop to the nuisance, and allow the bird to continue its good work with insects. For example, coal tar or other deterrents may be used on seed grain. Grain may be scattered sparingly over parts of fields where crows have been found feeding on the sprouting crop. "Scare crows" and bodies of dead crows may be put up conspicuously.

Officials of Robertson county, meeting with the State Highway Commission last week, were told that a contract for the construction of the Blue Lick and Mt. Olivet pike would not be let for several months unless Robertson county would furnish the money for the construction of the road, and be paid back by the state later. The county will probably use bond issue funds for this purpose.

Warrants charging shooting and wounding with intent to kill were issued in the Carter county court at Olive Hill Monday against Austin Fields, brother of former Governor W. J. Fields, and H. B. Carter, chief of police of Olive Hill, who wounded each other in a pistol battle in a court room at Olive Hill two weeks ago. Both men and Ben Burton, deputy sheriff, who was also shot during the battle, are recovering.

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Just a Matter of $26,500,000

THE L. & N., in 1928, received only 80 cents and 5 mills for hauling the same quantity of freight that it received $1.00 for in 1921. This represents a reduction in the average rate per ton mile from 1.057c in 1921 to .851c in 1928, or about one-fifth of a cent. The reduction sounds insignificant in itself, but, applied to the 12,920,000,000 ton miles transported in 1928, it means that the *L. & N's shipping patrons* in 1928 saved over $26,500,000 as compared with what they would have paid at the 1921 rate per ton mile.

This vast saving, coupled with the greatly improved service, faster schedules, and prompter delivery of freight, is typical of the railroad service throughout the U. S. These items represent some of the benefits the shipping public is now enjoying at the hands of these railroads as a result of the tremendous investment of over $700,000,000 annually in the past nine years for property improvements, notwithstanding the fact that the railroads have never earned the fair return on their property which is allowed by law.

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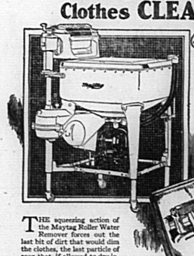

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