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BENEDICTION

(Jean M. Snyder)

Silent, I stood in the forest—
Lured by the liquid song
Of a thrush.
Clear, it was, then fading
And softly echoed,
As he slipped into the embrace
Of the night.
So pure, so holy, was his song
That my heart was calmed
And I was filled
With serenity.

TOBACCO IS A WEED

"Tobacco sure is just a weed—
And 'twas the devil sowed the seed—
It stains your fingers, soils your clothes,
Clear, it was, then fading
And softly echoed,
As he slipped into the embrace
Of the night.
So pure, so holy, was his song
That my heart was calmed
And I was filled
With serenity.

TOBACCO IS A WEED

"Tobacco sure is just a weed—
And 'twas the devil sowed the seed—
It stains your fingers, soils your clothes,

And makes a chimney of your nose."

"It will rain," said a weather-wise friend last week, on Wednesday, June 11th. So it will have rained, if our prophet is a true prognosticator, when this is read, and everyone will be enlightened and filled with hope of diminishment and fullness. That this hope may prove a famous longing is neither here nor there. The question of the diminution of the dry weather with which we have been afflicted, with a consequent increase of crop, would prove the genuine blessing in disguise. But, Heaven knows, the farmer needs encouragement right now—and rain would give him that.

Wheat is about the only crop that can't suffering and Kentucky farmers are used to it. Kentucky biscuits, which, by the way, are achieved in all their hot and goldenbrown perfection only when baked from flour made of native wheat. But worry over his wheat doesn't nights the Kentucky farmer awake or anything. It's the pale little weeds that languish in the dusty fields over which the hot breeds and mopes—without due cause we think, as The Mercury joins the ranks of the prophets and predicts such a crop of tobacco as the State has rarely seen before.

For White Burley is a weed, dignified by cultivation, and inherits the tendency of weeds to overcome all manner of obstacles in its fight for existence. Rain at the last moment, so to speak, can make tobacco," and this prophet expects to see tobacco burning with the sticky leaves in late August and early September. Then we will all begin to indulge a more genuine worry than that which a scarcity of rain now brings. What price will tobacco bring? The law of supply and demand will answer that question. It is a law as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians. And the tobacco grower invariably shuts his eyes to its immutability, his mind with and if it hasn't already rained, it will. It always does.

WOMEN TAKE A HAND

One may grow skeptical at times of the influence for good that women exert in politics. That they are prone to vote as their husbands vote in a majority of instances is true, we think, in both rural sections and in the cities, except for those women who become interested through club activities in political questions. However, when the appeal is to the heart or conscience, even, the most skeptical must admit that the feminine vote responds and eventually gets results.

It consequently brings hope to those of us who have almost despaired of seeing any definite action taken to relieve the miserable conditions that exist in our penal and charitable institutions to learn that the women of Kentucky are determined to awake the State to the need for action in this regard. The movement, launched in Lexington, will be heartily endorsed by women in every section of the State, we are sure and eventually politicians will heed, or ignore at their peril, the demand for prison reform.

Commenting on the movement, the Lexington Herald says:

> When the women of Kentucky through organized clubs and federations and individually begin to speak politicians will begin to act. When a large group unites and lets it be known that those who had to lead in a battle for emergency which now faces the people of Kentucky those who feel that they have a future in politics will know quickly where they stand.
>
> Making insecure the future of politicians is one way to accomplish through politicians a needed reform. That the women of Kentucky, properly organized, can do this, no politician doubts. The mercy behind the organization in this cause of humanity may be perfected rapidly and that the next session of the State Legislature will see the necessary steps taken to end the barbaric treatment accorded our mentally ill and our criminal wards in Kentucky.

ONE LEFT

Editor A. A. Bowmar writes in his Woodford Sun, in commenting on time-serving senators, who, worried as to just how "dry," or how "wet" this country may be in sentiment after all, are "hedging" to hold their seats:

> We have had a lot of big men in politics in this country in our day whose motto was
>
> "Come one, come all.
> This rock shall fly
> From its firm bed
> As soon as I."
>
> But alas, they are nearly all dead! The United States is a wonderful country, full of splendid men, but the politicians average smaller that at any time since I was old enough to observe them!
>
> They do, we agree, but we remember, with admiration, that former Senator, Owsley Stanley, could qualify under the motto quoted above. In fact, he was defeated for his refusal to "hedge" on the Prohibition question. Owsley Stanley has taken a lot of lambasting in Kentucky. Eventually he is going to receive a lot of deserved admiration that his mental integrity merits.

"ALRIGHT," WHY NOT ALWRONG?

Talkies are alright on the screen, but most exasperating in the auditorium.—Exchange.

Right, but no more exasperating than that word "alright." In all the bright lexicons, from Standard to Webster, there is no such word as "alright."

Jim Allen please confirm.

BIRD LIFE'S HIGH TIDE

In June the tide of bird life reaches its crest. It is with most of our song birds the time of mating and many romances and not a few tragedies are hidden from the peering human eyes by the leafy coverts. There are marriages and giving in marriage in the bush and brakeroot and the leafy fastnesses of our shade trees. There are the rejected suitors and the heroic and deadly rivalries, and tragic deaths of nestlings by marauding cats and snakes, and, in the depths of the woodlands by owls and hawks. Life is not all song for the little feathered folk. With their human brothers they share a world of joys and sorrows, experience the "breaks of the game" more gracefully perhaps and bravely, showing a frankness of disappointment that man covers decently with the veneer we call civilization.

It will repay you to look about you this month to peer into leafy coverts, for now is the high tide of feathered life, and much is to be learned from little wild wells. "Now" writes Wilson Bentse, in his Log Of The Seasons, a delightful book, "the great struggle of the year is at hand, the supreme moment for which thousands of thrroats have been vibrating with whispered rehearsals of trills and songs, and for which the dangers that surround the seasons of bright colours and long, inconvenient plumes and extravagant tails have been patiently undergone. Now, if all goes well and his song is clear, if his coat reveals gorgeous splashes of tints and shades, fresh and shining with the glow of health, then the feathered lover may hope, within the little nest, to make may look with favor upon dance, song, or antic—and the genuine worry than that which a scarcity of rain now brings. What price will tobacco bring? The law of supply and demand will answer that question. It is a law as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians. And the tobacco grower invariably shuts his eyes to its immutability, his mind with and if it hasn't already rained, it will. It always does.

Sometimes, however, the feathered suitor does not succeed in the end, and the little brown mate. What then?

Alas, write Mr. Beebe, 'his song dies in his throat, plumes hang crestfallen, and the disconsolate creature roves crest about through tangles and brush, wandering from scene to scene, the delights of home-building and the duties of life which fate has forbidden. He is the poor bachelor bird, not by any means lose hope, for on all sides females threaten his happy road—racoons, snakes, jays, hawks, owls and hawks. Hundreds of birds must pay for their victory with their lives, and often, for other discarded suitors are quickly summoned by the widows; and these semi-widows, no wild chargers at playing second fiddle, fill up the ranks, and work for the young birds as if they were their own offspring."

A little unlike their human brothers are these more willing mates in the plan of Nature, and who shall say not more admirable in their acquiescence than he, who of all children of the Universal Mother, asserts in himself alone a soul?

But one wonders why the rejected suitor does not avail himself of the traditional consolation of disappointed lovers and seek out another "little brown mate," whose ideals of masculine beauty were not so exacting. But Mr. Beebe, great naturalist that he is, has not solved the mystery. Nor have we.

There is an unsolved mystery about the tragedies and comedies that go on every spring. Usually every female bird has several suitors, of which one is accepted. When the death of the husband occurs within a generally able at once, somewhere, somehow, to find another to take her place. Why these unmated males and females remain single until they are needed is something that has never been explained."

Facts of Nature, we should say, serving a Plan, blindly obedient to that design of which Tennyson wrote: "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the minds of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Perhaps there is another and more definite and simple explanation. You, yourself, may discover the secret. A pair of eyes and the will to see is all that is needed, for all about us, in tree and shrub and hedgerow and wayside bluegrass that shelters many cleverly woven nests, is much to see and ponder this month of the high-tide of bird life.

A RAINLESS SEASON

(Courier-Journal)

Drought conditions, which made spring a backward season in Kentucky, are continuing to the middle of summer. The home-grown strawberry crop was a failure, both in quality and quantity. It is doubtful whether high prices compensated the growers for the shortage in the crop. Now continued dry weather threatens the blackberries, both wild and cultivated. Two or three tiny seeds to a blossom have formed, where with normal weather there would have been a full-sized berry. Cherries coming in to the market are understood because of lack of moisture.

Losses in small fruits are great, but not as serious as in the financially more important crops. All along the Ohio River the land is drained dry, and tobacco make a pitiable showing. Much corn has not germinated in the dry earth, and even in this late date much tobacco has not been planted because of lack of favorable planting conditions. Most early and a cloudy sky are necessary to insure tobacco plants living when set out. Like the Ohio River uplands, the Green River section also is reported suffering. Conditions are slightly better in the Bluegrass and in Southern Kentucky.

Of the grain crops, wheat seems to be doing best. There are many fine fields, full-headed and already beginning to turn yellow. The crop should be good. Wheat is one grain which can stand drought, thanks to the work of the agronomists who brought from Russia the kind of seed which produced crop after crop even in the hard-baked plains of the Ukraine. Pasture and the grass and hay timothy.

In this situation, the news from Nevada that rains inexplicably have fallen in Death Valley for days on end, causing it to become carpeted with wild flowers for the first time in human history, is astonishing. If the present drought persists, Kentucky would have more than Death Valley

A DANGEROUS TALISH

(Louisville Times)

President Herbert Hoover, who is expected to sign the latest example of the evolution of protectionism, served notice upon the Senate conferees on the tariff bill that unless the London Naval Conference Treaty shall have been acted upon when the present session of Congress adjourns he will call an extra session. At his press conference breakfast he is said to have declared himself unrelenting.

The President advocates the Kellog Peace Pact, and naval armament reduction. It is believed widely that he would advocate the League of Nations if the Republican Party had not made opposition to it a part of its fundamental policy.

The tariff bill is chauvinistic. In the opinion of many foreign observers of international trade, and diplomacy, there is more danger of war in unbridled protectionism than there is in large navies, less promise of world peace parts than in lowered tariff barriers.

Viscount Bryce said, in a book published during the World War, that the policy of free trade has been the greatest single factor in Britain's long and consistent progress. It was not only on economic grounds, he said, because it is necessary to promote international peace. Richard Cobden, the free trade leader, was a member of Parliament of that policy, saw in free trade the best means to unite the nations together, and thus to make war impossible.

It Michigan could not sell automobiles in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio for forty per cent duty at the Ohio, it would not sell them for a cent less to northern customers without meeting an import duty of forty per cent. The war between States north of the Ohio and States south of it.

Nothing more surely than the sort of tariff bill which the President has unexpressible enmity passions. A peace pact is the pledge to apply to international affairs The Golden Rule. A grasping tariff bill expresses the principle of The Golden Rule.

SENATOR BARKLEY AN OUTSTANDING FIGURE

(Elizabethtown News)

Senator A. W. Barkley of Kentucky has been a subject of much discussion and crazy stories like the one repeated in the tariff bill. He has repeatedly demonstrated that he knows against the high protest of protection, and the interests of the whole people. The other day he took the Senate by storm by exposing a point of evidence against the flexible tariff provision, claiming that the Democrats in the matter of the House and Senate had put in this provision mainly to see it had not been adopted by the House or the Senate. By the combination of both Republican leaders and Democratic leaders, Vice President Curtis sustained Senator Barkley's point of order, and the bill had to be changed to conform to the House and Senate action. Senator Barkley when challenged for his point of order declared that he did not raise the point for a political advantage but in order that the tariff measure should conform to the rules of the Senate and no new matter injected into it which neither the House nor the Senate had considered. He declared that he preferred putting the power of changing the tariff schedules in the hands of the President who was responsible to the people than in the hands of a commission which was not responsible to the people. Senator Barkley rose above partisanship in his point of order and gave new evidence both of his ability and sincerity in the point of order which he made and which was sustained by the Vice President.

Kentucky is fortunate to have a man in the Senate of the recognized ability and character of Allen W. Barkley.

WANTON CRUELTY

(Glasgow Times)

Saw big pickup truck Sunday dashing through town loaded with sheep hogs that were packed tightly as a gnat and her sweetheart in loving embrace. The sheep occupied the upper deck, and the hogs the lower. The hogs were bounced up and about off from air by the sides and end of the truck, thus giving the sheep a view of agony illy were undergoing. However, there was nothing to keep one from hearing their panicky cries. The sheep, although partially exposed, were given even tighter, and their pitiful bleating was heard for blocks. If a human being is cruel enough to pack live animals in a truck for long miles and miles to market on a hot day, then he ought to be tough enough to stand enough to stand a good stiff fine and a jail sentence if he persists in practicing such wanton cruelty. And the illustration cited, is common occurrence on the streets of Glasgow daily.

STRING OF OFFICIALS

(Maysville Independent)

Suppose, as in certain countries, all public servants in the United States were required to wear uniforms so that people would instantly wake up to the fact that this is the most official string country on the globe. There is a duplication of effort and waste in the manner of any economist should be take time from his more important effort, a list of which would make a string of officials that would exceed the officials were required to don uniforms showing the degree of authority, why we would be surprised how many of these were in our own community living off the taxes that the community pays.

It is necessary to have officials, there is no complaint about that, but there are burdens the public at with them as is now being done in all parts of the United States.

THE POOR FISH!

(Editor A. A. Bowmar in the Woodford Sun)

Certain "dry" speakers have been rushing forward to "hedge," as the slang phrase has it, on their utterances. We have just as much respect for a conscientious "dry" as for a conscientious dry, but in running toward the other side of the boat in a panic, the country may not be as dry as they supposed. Such statements may make a ridiculous exhibition of themselves, one to sudden anybody, or the country at large, or them. The poor fish!

We have had a lot of big men in politics in this country in my day! Alas, they are nearly all dead!

Their motto was "Come one, come all.
This rock shall fly
From its firm bed
As soon as I."

But alas, they are nearly all dead! The United States is a wonderful country, full of splendid men, but the politicians average smaller that at any time since I was old enough to observe them!

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, June 14, 1900

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mann to give opening hop at Pavilion hotel at Blue Springs on June 15th.

Allie Secrest returns from Montgomery county, where he sold- 127 tobacco sprayers in eight days.

Married—Miss Maude M. Thomas, of near Moorefield, and Mr. Henry Campbell, of Scott county, on the 15th.

Annual meeting of Oil Settlers Association to be held Saturday. Dr. H. M. Scudder and Rev. F. M. Tinder to make addresses.

Judge Ed C. O'Rear, of Mt. Sterling, nominated by Republican for Judge of Court of Appeals from this district at convention at Louisa Tuesday.

J. D. Noel leaves for his home at Jellico after attending and shipping 1,200 hogsheads of tobacco for the Continental Tobacco Co. during the winter and spring.

At a meeting of the Democratic county committee Saturday a primary election was ordered for July 21 to select a successor to Magistrate in this district to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of C. O. Rogers.

County Sunday School convention held at Blue Lick Saturday with large crowds present. Following officers were elected: Jno. W. Berry, president; I. B. Ross, secretary and treasurer, and the following vice presidents: H. M. Taylor, George L. Carter, J. W. Wilson, T. Barlow, C. W. Durham and John Blake.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, June 14, 1888

Annual meeting of old settlers of Nicholas county to be held at court house on July 4th.

Capt. Dan Turner and family move from Paris to Blue Licks and open Pavilion hotel for the season.

Three children of Riley Happy near Myers painfully injured when porch on which they were playing collapsed.

Wallace Campbell sustains broken leg by falling from horse which he was riding in front of Mrs. Bowles'.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Harrison McCormick of Carlisle, on the 12th, a daughter; and to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farrow, of Cassidy Creek, a daughter.

An entertainment given by pupils of Miss Mollie McIntyre's school for the benefit of the following little ladies for scholarship: Logan Glenn, Bessie Boyd and Ida Hamm.

Died—Miss Kate Thompson, 22, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thompson, in the county, on the 9th.—Miss Della Cottingham, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Cottingham, in the county, on the 1st.

Oscar M. Lewis Post, G. A. R., established here Monday with following officers: James A. Fisher, commander; Allen Campbell, senior vice commander; Andrew Blower, junior vice commander; George W. Mcdonald, officer of the day; Henry Wagner, officer of the guard; Chas. Cirsty, adjutant; Thomas George, surgeon; Jacob Hall, officer of the guard; M. S. Cady, chaplain; John W. Blanton, quartermaster sergeant; Jas. Hutchison, sentinel guard; J. W. Clark, outside guard.

GOD'S EYES

(Dixie Wilson)

The eyes of God are the eyes of a child
They look on the world and they see
Only the good that is undefiled
And beautiful as it can be.