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There Speaks A Man

The decision reached by Mr. Frederick A. Wallis not to announce as a candidate for Governor will come as a bitter disappointment to hundreds of Democrats in Kentucky, who saw in his candidacy the assurance of party success in November and a resulting administration of which all Kentuckians, irrespective of party, might be proud.

However, in declining to run, Mr. Wallis takes high ground and his attitude evokes the admiration of his most devoted friends, despite a perfectly natural disappointment that he is not to become a candidate.

It is seldom, we think, that a prospective candidate for public office pays welfare above personal ambition as he has done, and though our regret is keen, this newspaper must admit that his refusal to risk embroiling his friends and his party in a controversy which might have created dangerous Democratic success in November, bulks him larger than ever in our mind as a real Democrat, a manly man and a true Kentuckian.

In his statement, declining to announce, Mr. Wallis says:

"For some time prior to 1925 it was my fixed purpose and intent to return as early as possible to my native state, and I continued to improve and extend my real estate and farming interests in Kentucky. I have been a tax-payer in this state for over 25 years. I own my real estate in Bourbon, Clark and Christian Counties.

"The date upon which I actually resumed my legal residence in Kentucky might, however, result in a controversy requiring interpretation by the courts. Many of my friends, including the best legal minds in Kentucky, insist that any possible question raised upon so narrow and flimsy a technicality would resolve itself clearly in my favor.

"In view, however, of the tremendous importance of Democratic success in the approaching election, I do not think that even a technical doubt should be ventured. Therefore, I feel it my duty to decline to acquiesce in the state-wide requests I have received to become a candidate, highly as I esteem the privilege."

There speaks a man! And The Mercury, rarely indulging itself as it has done in a pre-primary or preconvention contest within the party, is happy to have had the privilege of espousing the candidacy of such a man, such a Democrat, such a Kentuckian.

Our congratulations to Mr. Hiram Daley, veteran editor who with the issue of February 19, entered upon his fifty-third year as helmsman of the good ship, the Times-Democrat.

Local Growers Should Act

The Bracken Chronicle, in discussing the tobacco situation, says in a recent issue:

"Many of the growers are dissatisfied with centralization of the tobacco markets. The writer has heard numerous complaints from growers that after delivering their crops . . . as much as three weeks were required . . . to sell it, and others say they were able to sell it in two weeks or ten days.

"Undoubtedly it is detrimental to have one basket piled on top of the other from ten days to three weeks before it is placed on the floor. The tobacco dries out, loses its color as well as its value."

The Chronicle thinks the solution of this over-crowding of tobacco on centralized markets is a return to the conditions which prevailed in Kentucky before the formation of the Burley pool several years ago.

"If loose leaf markets were distributed over the district as they once were, it would be possible for the honest any grower to sell his crop on the day he took it to the market and this would insure him selling at a higher price."

The tobacco grower in this section would do well to think about that. Unless the unpredictable forces of nature take a hand, as happened last year, an enormous acreage will be marketed next winter and the price, in such event, will not be any too high. Being able to market a crop on the day it is delivered may mean a considerable saving next season.

Tobacco growers in this section are the folk, above all others, who should do everything in their power to secure a market in Carlisle. It is true that this town would benefit by a return of loose leaf marketing, but so would the grower of tobacco in this territory.

The Mercury wonders why no concerted effort has been made by tobacco growers, to whom this would be the most convenient marketing point, to secure a market in Carlisle, where their crops might be unloaded, sold and the stock moved in the same day.

A well organized campaign on the part of tobacco growers in this territory—and it is a large one—to persuade the large buyers of whole barley to purchase their product on a market locally located in Carlisle and conveniently accessible to them, might result in more success than has attended previous efforts to re-establish local sales.

Many points will be seeking markets for next year. Tennessee—rapidly becoming a dangerous rival of Kentucky in the production of burley tobacco—is seeking four new markets. The Mercury is informed. Our growers would do well to organize and act quickly.

Commiserations Or Congratulations

One wonders if congratulations, or expressions of sympathy are in order in the case of James C. Stone, elevated to the chairmanship of the Federal Farm Board.

No more hopeless task, it seems to us, is imaginable than that undertaken by this Board in attempting to fix prices and hold them at an artificial level.

If the outrageous fortune that has beset the Farm Board has the same effect on our Mr. Stone it did on the lately Mr. Legge, we'll say it's sympathy our Jim needs.

The Sort Of Dreamer We Like

Dynamite tripod drills, rock quarries, coal mines, the frozen ropes on a square rigger beating along through the iceberg country and the whaling grounds, these are the places where mind develops. We have known a few sentimental or soft, chiders chuds don't make a fellow sentimental or soft, but a 6-year-old kiddie begging from house to house for life doesn't sound good to us.—Robert J. Breckinridge, in the Lexington Herald.

That is what we call a living sentence, as picturesque a bit of descriptive writing as we have seen in a newspaper column in years and equally as severe an indictment of a civilization that permits such things as the mendicancy of a 6-year-old child.

The mother of that child was in jail, his father in the penitentiary and this 6-year-old baby was killed by an automobile, as he trudged from house to house seeking food. There's something wrong with a system which takes both parents, even though they may have deserved punishment, and turns a 6-year-old child into a trudging beggar—something should be done about it.

We are glad Bob Breckinridge wrote that sentence. Too frequently those of us who deplore thoughtless cruelty to offenders against the law, in the penitentiary and this 6-year-old baby was killed by an cruelty to offenders against the law, in the penitentiary and this 6-year-old baby was killed by an automobile, as he trudged from house to house seeking food. There's something wrong with a system which takes both parents, even though they may have deserved punishment, and turns a 6-year-old child into a trudging beggar—something should be done about it.

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