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GRIMES CATYWOOD, NEWS EDITOR

MEMBER KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION
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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1934

Why?

The ripping of four Democratic counties from this Congressional District has been proposed.

The result would be to make this a "close" district and, in our opinion, it would not make the new District "safe."

The result that Democrats, now in complete control of the Legislature, might get by tampering with this district to the extent of removing four Democratic counties and adding them to the Seventh could easily be Republican representation from both districts.

That, one surmises, is not the intent of the authors of the redistricting bill.

But the possibility of turning two districts over to the opposing party, though it may not be the consummation devoutly wished by proponents of this bill, should be considered by Democrats, when the measure comes up for passage.

Why pick on us any way?

Pass The Child Labor Amendment.

The Mercury cannot agree with some estimable gentlemen and some newspapers that the ratification of the Child Labor Amendment is granting the Federal Government a dangerous power. We believe it might be exercised, as they seem to argue, with a complete lack of judgment.

For instance, we are unable to see any justification for the argument that stopping young sons of farmers may not do a lot of farm work without a Federal snooper charging down upon pater familias with a warrant. It is a rational habit to cheer at Congress time days, in fact a habit of many years among yet surely no one believes that members of the present Congress, or any future Congress, like Roosevelt, or any future President, has or will have aught in view but the correction of that hideous evil—the exploitation of such children as looks that our legislators have taken from them all the joy that is the heritage of childhood.

The Mercury is not one whit afraid of being charged with sentimentality in this matter. It is "a fearful thing to see a child who has no childish ways;" and one who has seen children who toil in factory and mine; one who has looked at their wan faces, premature by aged, cannot find it in his heart to oppose a Federal prohibition intended to grant them their heritage of youth, even though it were a possible, though impossible, hardship in some cases.

The Legislature of Kentucky should ratify the Child Labor Amendment promptly. Should it not do so, we venture the prediction that Kentuckians will be heartily ashamed eventually of the failure of their representatives to heed the plea of our President.

The "Unsafe Forties."

Some statisticians, unduly interested, perhaps, by the desire of insure industries to shake the aging wheel for younger men, quotes figures to prove that it is "unsafe" to work at any occupation that involves the least hazard when one has reached the nine old age of forty.

Humbug! Walk warier yet to come and farmers, that eat coal and stoke your furnaces when you feed em, what they are; with a touch that is touch, mind you, of rheumatism and the after effects of a bad cold and the unexemplatory reflection from one's mirror early in the morning—coupled with a promise to bill on sassy beaches and watch white sails against an azure sky—such statistics fall upon our ears with the voice of a siren. Silence us with the same to let this old Jumbo journal struggle along without us and go roiling down up Eo one (preferably Bermuda) shooting a season of "Safety First!"

But, aha! such juggling of figures is but the stuff that dreams are made of. We know positively (and undoubtably) our book knows; our eyeglass knows; our wife knows; (in opposite yet journal despite the "searching letter" knows, thus far from being "safe" for the architect of this column to answer the roll of the Red Cross and go tramping down to Tampa or wandering down to Miami to avoid doing his stint as the director of the decoration of this temple of the people, such a course would be frauntd with real hazard for him—for him and for his family, not to mention his back account of ailing or ailing-to-be insurance, the easier and the purveyors of life insurance. Stopping work by reason of having reached that period of sensitiveness known as "the forties" would be, for this writer, dangerous, perilous, hazardous and filled with risk. Still we wish we could—as one of our youngsters used to say—"for a while or two."

However, we will welcome with the avidity of one ready to be convinced, further information that may tend to show how a venerable scribe follows in his footsteps may prove to his family, et al, that it is positively unsafe for him to be actually working at such advanced age.

Mr. Marmotus Monax.

Friday is Candlemas Day, marking a sacred feast of the Catholic church. One remembers when calendars were marked, "Candlemas Day," beneath the second of February. We were young enough, we remember, to be intrigued by the name, and with energy enough left to drag forth the ponderous Webster out of curiosity. So this week we looked for the familiar words on a half dozen calendars that mark the various holidays and important days, out the feast as which the candles are blessed did not appear. Marmotus monax, alias the woodchuck, alias the ground-hog, seems to have usurped this day on the calendars. Beneath every one we found the line, "Groundhog Day."

Evidently the woodchuck, through his terror of shadows and resulting ability to bring up delightful discussions and reminiscences of weather, has seized upon the popular imagination and so reigns on Candlemas Day (is the king of conversation.

Scientists tell us that the ground hog is not the least bit interested in weather, but is roused about this time of the year by the urge that makes for the perpetuity of woodchucks and, would a-wooing go. Perhaps the shadows that send him scurrying back to his hole are made by the great horned owl or hunting hawks, the urge that makes the "wanton lagwing get himself another crest" is not easily damped by the sight of one's own shadow.

But a weather prophet, Mr. Monax, alias the marmot, alias the woodchuck, alias the ground hog will be the most of us. If the sun shines on his grizzled coat Friday, we shall have six more weeks of winter, and there are those who will prove for you his infallibility as a prophet of parts out of the richly convenient memories of the years. All hail to his hoghship!

Herald Of The Spring.

Many, many welcomes,
February fairy-maid.
Ever as of old time
Solitary flitting,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay hour,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid.

So Tennyson, and with a fancy permissable only to poets and lovers, one may conclude, who stokes furnaces as a daily greeting to "February fair-maid" and may yet shovel snow in her honor. And yet with second month there comes the first faint whisper of another spring.

Already the reddish brown coats of the maple buds show that a warm breath must have hovered her among acres gray and wind-swept fields. Or perhaps the tiny rootlets, that snug and warm below the earth have fed on the life-giving sap since the leaves withered last fall, send a message up to the bare branches that Spring, the great lover, approaches and in their nakedness they blush for joy and shame. On the tight-wrapped buds of the pussywillow a tip of silver shows, beneath the sod and leaf mould the green leaves are uncurling; the catfeddi is pushing the alley from its eyes.

Cut you a sprig from a forsythia, golden blooming shrine of the early spring days, and between before the leaves appear, and a few days indoors will see the yellow bells appear along the stem. Listen and you will hear the chickadee begin his plaint and the song sparrow from a sunny fence corner. One day soon you will hear the call of the bluebird and a lonesome robin will sing from branches yet bare. Days of snow and ice may come between, but those of Nature's children, whose ancestors have seen them, have heard across the wastes the whisper of another spring.

An Unanswered Question.

The pardoning by Governor Laffoon of "Pasky," a dog sentenced to death for sheep killing in Franklin county, recalls a conversation this writer had six years ago with a man, aged 19, who in his search for the "funny sheets" had been attracted to a headline heralding the trial of Kaiser Bill; alleged Montgomery county sheep killing police dog. The boy had recently lost a beloved fox terrier, of whose loyalty, affection and thoroughly loveable qualities he had had abundant proof. So he read of the trial of Kaiser Bill and on into a news discussion telling of the life sentence given a German boy who slew a little girl in Michigan. It was a puzzled questioner who started the following cross-examination:

"Dad! Why do they do that?"

"Do what?"

"Why do they want to kill a dog because he kills sheep?"

"Well, sheep are worth money and the farmer can take does killing his sheep."

"Yes (not at all convinced) but a dog doesn't know any better, does he? It's natural for him to want to run sheep and rabbits and cats, isn't it?"

"I reckon so" (father weak.)

"Then what do they want to kill this dog for. Dad? They didn't kill the man that murdered that little girl. A man knows that it wrong to kill people, doesn't he Dad?"

"Yes, I reckon—Oh yes indeed!"

"Well, if a dog doesn't know any better, why do they want to kill the dog and not kill the man?"

"(Parent has attack of deafness.)

"Dad?"

"Uhhuh."

"Why is it, Dad?"

"I don't know."

We leave it with you. It's a question you might ponder these winter evenings.

A Squeal From Those Who "Messed Us Up."

We spent, as a Nation, 26 billions on the World War—on destruction—in two years. No one kicked. Why wail over the expenditure of a million in three years for restoration of our country as a business enterprise?

Mr. Bernard C. Turwell says that the current criticism "not an expression of real concern on the part of industrialists, but a squeal from those who were responsible for the present mess."

Who, tracing the source of such criticisms, will fail to agree with Mr. Turwell?

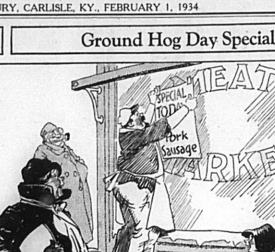
What Bird Is That?

The tiny, slate-gray and buff-breasted little fellow, who wears a black cap and black vest, is the woodchuck that patronize your bird lunch counter all winter in the Carolina, Chickadee. He pounds busily at the lamp of suet, ever watchful for the approach of his larger brothers, at whose appearance he leaves hurriedly but cheerfully with a chatered dee-dee-dee-dee! Suet notes are repeated rapidly and it is from the sound that he takes his common name of chickadee. Many of us know him as the tomtit.

The chickadee is quite an acrobat and will hang head down on a drying clothes line to get at the fat seeds, or cling in this same manner to the suet lump. He is always in such a defyer of the laws of gravity as the Bobolink, another occasional winter visitor, that walks down a tree trunk head first. He is a jaunty, courageous little fellow and the weather is never so bleak or cold as to still the merry chatter of the chickadee.

This month you will hear his plaintive attempt at song. It is a rising-falling cadence that may be expressed by a sort of whispered whistling of the words "Oh me! Oh me!" The "me" in both instances is stressed. This writer always thinks of it as his love song. Perhaps it is, for he is an early tenter and he will not be many weeks until the eggs are to be found in some hole, which one of the woodpeckers drilled last spring. The chickadee is a highly beneficial bird. Watch him go over a tree. His bright eyes never miss a nest of insect eggs hidden under the bark.

Ground Hog Day Special



From Other Editorial Pages

JOBS, AND A JOB

(Christian Science Monitor)

President Roosevelt will do well to stand firm in his position on the Civil Works Administration. This is two respects—his determination to end this form of relief by May 1, and his desire to clean up irregularities coming to light and which any others.

The CWA is an emergency activity. It was set up in November to fill the gap left by failure of the public works program to get quickly into action. There was an imperative need to supply work through the winter. Everything had to be done in the greatest haste, and Mr. Harry Hopkins, the administrator, deserves great credit for organizing the vast job-giving project on such a relatively efficient and non-political basis. Also it is of his own motion this vigorous action is being taken to follow up disclosures of misapplications of funds in Washington. He outlined the plan briefly.

The Department of Labor will take care of the politicians and contractors; but we will clean house ourselves within the organization.

Mr. Roosevelt will be well advised if he presses this clean-up and impresses on the PWA the lesson learned with CWA. Secretary Ickes, head of PWA, says that his organization has had the time to protect itself by legal advice on contracts and has saved many from some of the ills that now trouble Mr. Hopkins. The public has great confidence in both the integrity and ability of Mr. Ickes, but where billions of federal money are being laid out hungry vultures are sure to flock. Many otherwise honest citizens seem to regard the Government as fair game. If the allotment and administration of the funds for thousands of PWA projects all over the country can be maintained on an honest and efficient basis the Secretary of the Interior will have performed a truly remarkable feat. The value of such conduct of the task would be more than equal to the work itself.

On the other point—the tapering off of the civil works program—increasing pressure is likely to develop. The very fact that CWA has done a vast amount of good is incurring the disregard and the buying power of millions of men who had no work in months only increases the danger that it will be bled-and-trained indefinitely. With people in all walks of life, from morons to professors, from house builders to teachers (actually), benefiting from CWA projects and building up a public demand for their continuance the President will have need of a resolute transfer the burden to PWA and to private enterprise.

And he will need all the public support he can get. It should be given him unless the public wishes to see more deeply and permanently into a system under which the Government would be the principal employer and citizens would vote themselves jobs. Historically that trend before it becomes irresistible is a collection job worthy of attention.

MAKING HONESTY COMPULSORY

(Grant County News)

From the beginning of time, organized society has conserved itself with the effort to protect the weak against the strong. Away back in the beginning of human relations there were honest men and dishonest men and dishonest men who found ways of taking property away from the honest.

There is no means of legislating dishonesty out of a people. The deliberately dishonest will, find loopholes through which to crawl, no matter what sort of laws are passed. Also, there is no way of making honest men, by law, into crooked men.

Fortunately, most men are honest. If that were not true, there would be no such thing as credit, upon which practically all business is based. But many are honest because it is the best policy, rather than inherently honest because they abhor the idea of doing injustice to anyone even when it is to their own profit.

The main purpose of the recent laws governing the practice of brokers in the offering of securities for sale the regulation of business and politics, is to make it more profitable to be honest than dishonest. That is what appeals to everybody, whether he is a crook or an honest man.

All that law can do in this matter of honesty is to close some of the loopholes through which some of the big crooks crawled in the past. It cannot insure that a new crop of crooks will not find new methods of dishonesty.—Artesian (N. Y.) Sun.

A CONGRESS OF LAWYERS

A study of the professions of the members of the present Congress has been made by Frances M. Sladd, and is now in the Library of Congress. The gist of it follows:

	Senate	House
Business	10	87
Law	68	7
Journalism	2	3
Editing	3	4
Medicine	1	2
Teaching	2	10
Banking	2	1
Farming	4	2

In addition, there were three in the Senate and twenty-five in the House whose professions were not learned.

The explanations for the predominance of the legal profession do not need to be gone into. The young law graduate runs for something as a matter of course and since the making of laws is the principal business of a congress or a state legislature, these begins tend to become filled with lawyers.

Yet there are too many of them. There needs to be a greater leaven of laymen minds to have Congress and the legislatures a little closer to the people.—Portland Oregonian.

AND STREAMLINED WATER?

(Christian Science Monitor)

Now it is streamlined stove. Of course, first of all, women's interest in the new stove appears to be in the styles "wind blows," to be sure but that is only because the fair sex prefers its own original names for things. The streamlined effect is the same. In other words, the wind that poured through the bull-shortened tunnel and blew into its new shape the 1934 monsoon will be the same that blew into blow the streamline into spring frocks, hats, and even the brushed back coiffures of the coming season. Sportier—even facetious, it became when it gets to blowing designs into the latest fashions for women. And it is, as all the world knows, is entirely as it should be.

But if streamlined stoves, what further must one expect? Will the modern sink join the parade? And isn't the family refrigerator behind the times until it manufactures streamlined ice cubes? As for dishes, perhaps one would get out the old-fashioned gravy boat as having the most up-to-date contour. And shouldn't one take to those long sleek loaves of Vienna bread to call in style, adding, perhaps, a lengthy bologna of the approved shape? Watermelon, too, will qualify. And the truly streamlined maiden in her streamlined motorcar will doubtless wish to add to her streamlined meal a streamlined dill pickle.

TOBACCO TURMOIL

(Grant County News)

For more than 27 years, or ever since the writer has been publishing The News, there has been more or less turmoil over tobacco. In 1906 when The News was established, prices were at a very low ebb. Things got so bad in 1907 that The Farmers Society of Equity was formed. The crop was pooled and held until 1908 when growers declared a cut-out of the entire crop of burley. With the help of nature, which furnished a drought such as had not occurred for more than half a century, the cut-out was almost complete. In the fall of 1908 the pooled tobacco was sold for an average of approximately 16 cents per pound, at that time an almost unheard of price.

For several years during the World War there was such a demand for tobacco and the price was so high that there was no trouble for a few years. The prices dropped and another pool was formed. This time it was almost entirely growers thought they would get a fair price. Since then prices have gradually declined and until today they are about as low as they were in 1907. The turmoil today is almost as great as it was in 1907 when night-riders burned barns and destroyed plant beds in the early part of 1908. We are not in sympathy with some of the methods and talk now going on. What we shall do is organize lawfully and if need be, cut out another full crop.

HARD PROBLEM

(Bath County News-Outlook)

The problem of the local Relief Administration were further complicated this week by the receipt of 3-200 pounds of creamery butter to be distributed to families on the relief rolls at the rate of 4 pounds per person. While the distribution of so much butter can be accomplished without much trouble, the problem of preventing most of it from being wasted is quite another matter. If it is simply divided among them four pounds for each member of the family all at one time, few of them will be able to consume it before it spoils. One family on the relief rolls has a total of 17 members and will get 68 pounds of butter all in one lump. Many of them will receive as many as 20 or 40 pounds with no means of preserving it until it can be consumed. The butter distribution is but one instance of the enormous waste in connection with the relief program. The inconsistency of shipping more than a ton and a half of butter into a county that was already reeking with butterfat is positively ridiculous. Besides the butter there is also 6,600 pounds of flour for distribution, eight pounds per family. Under the arrangement each person on the relief roll will have eight pounds of flour to make into biscuits and four pounds of butter to eat on the biscuits. The biscuits will certainly be well buttered, even if the butter does become a shade strong before the flour gives out.

WORK FOR BEGGARS

(Lexington Herald)

There are beggars and beggars. Some are deserving of help. Others are impostors, men or women who pretend something to say they are legitimate occupation.

The authorities in most cities during the depression looked with jealousy on street begging. They have generally discouraged it because the latter as being more profitable. They were from being extremely virtuous or severe in the enforcement of laws against begging.

But the time has come for a change in this attitude. New York at least thinks so, and other cities might do well to take a similar stand. Indian trial conditions generally are improving. Work—federal relief or private—is becoming available to increasing numbers of persons. They would serve to relieve begging.

In New York the other day, 40 street beggars were arrested in an effort to learn the proportion of deserving cases among them. A City relief works jobs were offered the 40 fellows immediately and with eagerness accepted them. The others rejected the work, obviously because they preferred their begging racket the latter as being more profitable. They were from being extremely virtuous or severe in the enforcement of laws against begging.

666
Liquid, Tablets, Salve, Nose Drops
Checks Colds first day, Headaches or Neuralgia in 30 minutes.
Malaria in 3 days

Fine Laxative and Tonic
Most Speedy Remedies Known
Neuralgia in 30 minutes, Malaria in 3 days.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Thursday, January 31, 1884

Campbell and Darnall install new Moler safe in their office.

Emerald Dancing Club to give annual hop at court house February 15.

Died—Mr. Harvey, Orr, a native of this county, at his home in Missouri.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCall, of near Little Rock, on the 24th, a daughter.

Home of Pres Stone on Rogers Mill pike two miles from Carlisle destroyed by fire Saturday night.

Thomas Judy, of Carlisle, buys land owned in the county by Waller Sharp at Sharpsburg.

J. B. Sanford sells his farm of 117 acres to William Bevard at $36 per acre and will move to Texas.

Thomas Potts, local liveryman, robbed of pocketbook containing $125 while attending court at Maysville Monday.

W. T. Buckler buys farm of 57 acres on Lower Jacktown pike near Carlisle from I. M. Chinn for $3,950.

Report of State Auditor shows farm land in this county assessed at $1,522,750, an average of $16.47 per acre.

IT'S A WISE CODE

(Pathfinder)

Who ever would have thought that all industry, trade, professional service would agree that the United States would have to be given a course of "codeine" in order to carry over this period of trial and tribulation. General Johnson says that from now on the best treatment has been overdone in some cases and industries find themselves operating under eight or 10 different codes—each prescribed by a different doctor of course.

Codeine is derived from the poppy. It is an alkaloid narcotic similar to morphine but milder in its action. The chemical symbol is "C19-H21-Ch-N" in case you want to mix up a batch for your own use. All physicians have to prescribe narcotics at times, though they don't like to do it; they never do it except as a choice of evils. The danger in using them is that the dose has to be made larger and larger. There is always a big chance that the patient will become addicted to the habit. The