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Less Medicine And More Taking

Some years ago, following the report of a "layless" period among the bees at an agricultural college, a pert paragrapher suggested that the matter be brought to the attention of the State's legislature, then about to convene.

Food for thought in that jest. Our universal panacea for ills of all kinds seems to be to legislate about them—and then promptly forget about the matter. When the Union is outraged, he "writes the Times;" when the Kentuckian, or any of his brother Americans would correct existing conditions, they make laws, usually hastily and voluminously, and regard the vexatious problem as settled.

We run posthaste to those time-honored, though more than often unskilled physicians of the public weal, Doctors Congress and Legislature, and beseech them to prescribe a potion for what ails us. "Our 'medicine' being duly prescribed, we place it upon the shelf alongside the dusty ones of previously ordered legislative physic and go blithely on our way, cured by suggestion. We want our medicine, though we rarely take it; and Doctors Congress and Legislature are usually obliging dispensers of "prescriptions" for all the ills and fancied ailments that afflict the body politic, so long as the per diem is forthcoming. Which is natural, if unfortunate.

What we need is less legislative medicine and more swallowing of that already prescribed. The Mercury believes that our State Legislature might spend its next session more profitably in repealing some of the useless and asinine laws already on the statue books and in putting teeth into the good laws it has left after the weeding out process, than in cluttering up our statutory medicine chest with a "whole passel" of hurriedly concocted and frequently quack nostrums.

A Legislature might win for itself national fame by refusing to prescribe further, until we "take" the pills and potions already in our legislative medicine chest.

It is too much to hope for, no doubt, but don't wake us up; let us dream on. Newspaper political dreaming is quite the fashion of late, anyhow.

The Old Open Fireplace

We remember having read once upon a time—it must have been about that season when the first frost had touched the pumpkin and fires were beginning to snap and crackle on country hearths—a bit of newspaper verse entitled, "As We Sit 'Round the Hole in the Floor."

It must have been written by some lonely city flat dweller, whose memory dirted back wistfully—as the family gathered around a furnace register—to inhaled its spuds of devitalized air—to little blue flames that licked and curled about fragrant logs in some old open fireplace of his boyhood. We love to imagine that the fireplace was in Kentucky, and like the one we remember best, in the family room. And there were no radiators and a turkey wing on the hearth and the faint aroma of old hams, lingering ghosts of bygone chicken and boiled greens of Southern culinary art, mingled with puffs of wood smoke to bring a delightful anticipatory thrill to the region in which the family doctor said our stomachs were to be found. And—but someone is always painting such glowing pictures of the winter evenings of the past at this time of the year, to which there is no returning.

Still most of us who live in country towns can hearse back the cheery hearthstone for our children even if we boast the modern pests of furnace or steam heat. We can leave one grate open. The cost of it would, perchance, pay its rent. For some writer has said, and truly, that the fireside is the heart of the home.

The Facts Belie The Pessimists

"There are various manifestations," says the Louisville Times," of people stepping out in Christmas expenditures, which must be annoying to the American Liberty League, the United States Chamber of Commerce and other politically active organizations to whom the New Deal is anathema.

Now that the campaign is on in earnest, the resources of special privilege speed up a nation-wide propaganda which would convince us that we are headed for destruction, that business is a sinkhole, that the "good old days" ended with Herbert Hoover. One may not discount the tremendous power of a publicity campaign, backed by unlimited wealth, the purpose of which is to smear the New Deal. But no propaganda of pessimism may stand against a business improvement that is actual, that everyone sees for himself. Yes, it will be a merrier Christmas than any we have enjoyed since 1929, both for seller and buyer—merrier, that is, for everyone except those calamity hollers of the Liberty League and kindred spirits, who fight for a return to that normalcy, which began with Harding and ended with Hoover in the debacle of 1929.

Still Unhealthy For The Greenhorn

Those who should know, like Marriner S. Eccles, governor of the board of directors of the Federal Reserve system, give the rising stock market of recent months a clean bill of health. It is not, it seems, a speculators' market. Stocks are advancing because of a return of confidence. Mr. Eccles' opinion is based on the fact that corporations are borrowing money to gamble in stocks, stock prices having advanced 20 per cent since March 1, while bank and insurance loans have declined by approximately that percentage. Investors, apparently, are putting their surplus funds into investments, not simply into shares for a rise.

Granting the healthiness of the stock market advance, however, as yet remains decidedly unhealthy for the greenhorn who would make himself some easy money in an investors' game. It is difficult, even for the specialist to "buy for a turn" intelligently. It is always a gamble for the outsider, a gamble in which he is in the situation of a tyro burning his fist poker. He may win amazingly for a time, but the veteran players get his chips in the end.

A Fine Thing

The local post of the American Legion is to see that Christmas has a meaning for many children in this county for whom this season of happiness would otherwise bring only the most poignant disappointment.

The Mercury is glad that the custom of having a community Christmas tree in Carlisle has not been permitted to die during the depression years. It is a fine thing to do and we are sure that the Legion in welcoming the assistance and contributions of all who would see that Christmas and Santa Claus has a meaning for every child in Nicholas county.

"A Medical Columbus"

The distinguished Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Foundation and winner of the Nobel Prize in 1912 declares it will be possible to extend the duration of life for a century or two by postponing death.

It is difficult to scoff at a man like Dr. Carrel, who has been aptly termed "a medical Columbus," and the science of medicine has not advanced so rapidly as to preclude the imminence of an amazing forward step. We would be the last to deny that Dr. Carrel may know whereof he speaks, or that it is quite possible our grandchildren may be hale and hearty Methuselahs at a couple of centuries.

But we should feel much surer about it if some distinguished medico would discover an unfailing preventive or furnish us a specific cure for the common cold. Perhaps Dr. Carrel has that in mind as a factor in his longevity program. A famous member of his profession has already announced his discovery that "a man is not so old as the years that have passed over his head, but as the colds that have passed through it."

At least it is certain that with colds no longer a factor in the race we should all of us look forward to a couple of centuries of winters with a great deal more eagerness.

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Up betimes for me, and for a Sunday morning, and find the day as drab and gray as only December can bring. Overhead the sky, a misty pall, gives no hint of a sun our faith must know still shines. Even the leaves of the honey-suckle and privet hedges, evergreen though they be, winter, are withering and drooping from early frigid blasts of this twelfth month. Nature rests in naked agony, uncomforted by the white, warm blanket of the snow.

And tis less than a fortnight till Christmas—Christmas which will bring to the children of the land all that is mas with its riot of man-made color and its promise of warmth, a semblance of life to a dying year —Christmas which will bring to spirits that plod down the long leagues of life's weary way a joyful piercing glimpse, if they be fortunate, of memories warm and rejuvenating. And if these be doubly fortunate, tiny fingers and golden heads and little flying feet will lead them back over the rocky slope and into the golden, sunlit years of Yesterday; the hushed, blissful anticipations and gay delights of Christmas that were.

Neither there is much to do, ere the sombre grayness of this cheerless Sabbath is transformed into the gaudy reds and greens of a Christmas in full flower; much to be done in attuning hearts, as well as much to be hoped for from the weather and the purse. In fact, the latter regard I find myself, as always, lacking in "sot" or cash, as the case may be, and seeking to find a spot of color, as I take my morning coffee, yet cannot. Even the red topknot of the downy woodpecker is absent from the suet lump on my cherry tree and his smug-shaved sidekick, poor wretch, snatches her beak-fast in the sparrow. I must devise some way to remedy the blow and refurbish it against the coming of another April. This morning it perches atop the garden hoe in his gray garden with all the pathetic desolation of a "house with nobody in it." And it is painful great! Outside all is gray, sombre, cheerless, and there are Christmases yet her rest today is that of a shivering wretchedly clad pauper on his pallet of the Tags. Tomorrow, yet her rest today is that of a shivering wretchedly clad pauper on his pallet of the workhouse floor. Tomorrow, yet her rest today is that of a hard work.

The Times congratulates the retiring Governor upon the spirit, and the letter, of his address.

The man from Madisonville, whose back now is turned upon the Executive Mansion and the Governor's office, was, during his incumbency, a hurler of malediction. But in his personal contacts he was always amiable.

Was a good deal of his forensic fury Pickwickian?

Was he always at heart the kindly gentleman of the retirement address? And if not did not that utterance reveal him as an artist?

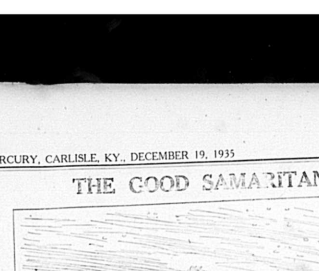
Seventy-one per cent of a selected group of the largest general automotive newspaper advertisers will increase advertising appropriations in 1936 over 1935.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE

GOSSIP

Is it written of a woman
in the long ago,
that she "loved much"
and that Christ forgave
her sins, and let her go alone
to read her blessings
He lost sown.

Is there among us now
that kindly touch
of understanding gentleness,
or are we prone
to stress
the worst and cast a s...
—Grace Meredith in Ti... Ladies Home Journal
January 1935 issue.



Every Letter "Christmas Sealed"

CLIPPED FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

PROSPERITY BY G. O. P.

(Cincinnati Post.)

Chairman Fletcher of the Republican National Committee has appointed 10 big industrialists and corporation lawyers to raise a G. O. P. war chest for the 1936 campaign.

"Most of them," Mr. Fletcher said, "have never before participated actively in politics."

That may be true, but we seem to remember having seen some of them in the front ranks on the front pages before. There is, for instance the war chest chairman, Mr. William H. Bell, of New York, whose American Cyanamid Co. tried to crash control of Muscle Shoals for the Hoover administration but was frustrated by Senator Norris. And there are Charles Francis Adams of Boston, and Silas H. Strawn of Chicago, the former a cabinet member and the latter an adviser of the Hoover administration, both of whose names appeared on the famous house of Morgan preferred lists.

And there is Ernest T. Weir, last heard of in the Weirton Steel collective bargaining case.

There are others less well remembered, but all are well known in circles of finance and industry whose interests the Roosevelt administration has not hushanded as tenderly as did other administrations in the days of yore.

"They are outstanding men of affairs," said Mr. Fletcher, "interested over the welfare of the country," said Mr. Fletcher.

"They believe in a government of laws, not of men," said Mr. Fletcher. He didn't say what they thought of the use of tear gas and bayonets to disperse the peaceable assemblage of the bonus army, nor of Mr. Hoover's declaring a war debt moratorium first and getting the consent of Congress later.

"They believe in preserving for the younger and future generations the same opportunities for advancement which they themselves enjoyed" said Mr. Fletcher. He didn't bother to recall the "opportunities" that knocked at the doors of the high school and college graduating classes of 1930, '31 and '32.

"They believe there must be both a recovery of basic industry and revival of agriculture, and an increase on the basis of plenty for one and for all," said Mr. Fletcher. He didn't remind us that "relief" with the aid of agriculture and industry under Republican rule.

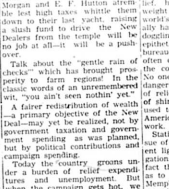
But let nothing we have said about these gentlemen, their lack of understanding or their ability to be interpreted as meaning that we dissent from their ability or their patriotism. On the contrary, we believe that Mr. Fletcher has done a superb job of finding men who know where and how to get the sinews of political warfare.

Some commentators, we notice, seem to feel they will do the job as it was done in the days of Mark Hanna. We think that is a bewildering forecast. Mark Hanna, in his palmiest days, never had a Republican setup as ideal as the present one. With hatred of the Roosevelt administration as the keynote in Wall Street, with the "nonpartisan" and well-heeled American Liberty League flinking and flank attack, with men like J. P. Morgan and E. T. Weir, Jr., and the like lest high taxes whittle them down to their last yacht, raising a slush fund to drive the New Dealers from the temple will be no job at all—it will be a push over.

Talk about the "gentle rain of checks" which has brought prosperity to farm regions! In the classic words of an unremembered wit, "you ain't seen nothin' yet."

A fairer redistribution of wealth —a primary objective of the New Deal—may yet be realized, not by government taxation and government spending as was planned, but by political contributions and campaign spending.

"Today the 'country' groans under a burden of relief—expenditures and unemployment. But when the campaign gets hot, we should get a breathing spell from this depression. Just wait until those with grudges against Roosevelt start shelling out.



CHRISTMAS NEXT WEEK

50 Years Ago

Thursday, December 21, 1885

John R Conley begins construction of residence in Jonesville.

Matt Archdeacon finishes his new home, which has only matched roof in Carlisle.

Rev. J. W. Carlisle, new pastor of the Methodist church in Carlisle.

Married—Miss Mary P. Hukle and Mr. Edward G. Sparks, both of Carlisle, on the 23rd.

Herman T. Conway, of Carlisle, returned to Lexington, where he was made station agent.

Ed Hamm takes position in drug store of Kennedy & Dills in Sardis. Ed H. C. Reed, who will move to his farm in Bourbon county.

G. R. Keller leaves for Frankfort to attend to his duties as deputy for chief clerk of the House of Representatives.

William J. Kennedy, of this county, and Rev. E. Millers, of Lexington, have formed a partnership for the purchase and shipping of tobacco.

Chappelle's City Store advertises dress-making at 50 cents for each item; 20 yards calico 11 yards; 20 yards bleached cotton 11 yards; table linen 2 yards red linen 1 yard; Kentucky jeans

Died—Mrs. William Parish, 75, at her home in the county on the 18th. Uncle Jack Parish, 80, at his home near Blue Licks on the 20th. Benjamin Chinkenbeard, on Sardis, on the 19th. Isaac B. Wilson, on the 20th, at his home in the county on the 22nd.

THEY PREFER JOBS

(Christian Science Monitor.)

When Harry L. Hopkins decided to resign his post as WPA administrator, referring to the recipients of relief, his assertion lines more weight because, in the role of the world's largest spender, he has not hesitated to handle his job. "Boondoggling" has been a handy expression sometimes justified by bureaucratic absurdities, but more often carelessly thrown about by the comfortable and complacent. No one wants to minimize the danger of abuses in the handling of relief. But isolated instances of shirking have been too much used to imply that millions of Americans would rather beg than work.

Statistics in the November issue of The Survey throw a different light on the picture. Investigations disclose the heartening fact that the shirkers are so few as to be almost negligible. In Memphis, Tenn., of 11,000 workers on relief, there were just thirty-nine instances of alleged job refusal. Indeed down, all but two of the thirty-nine gave reasonable explanations. In Washington, D. C., over a nine months' period, 239 alleged cases of refusal were investigated. Result, only four were unwilling to work. Of 17,000 cases on relief in Denver, sixty-six instances of alleged work refusal were reported. But after on examination filtered down to four.

Eliminating. Yes. But, after all, only something thoughtful becomes blame. Few there are who do not number in their own acquaintance men and women of sympathy combating recourse to relief as lost as there is any kind of work to do.

It is an ill wind which blows marriage right out of a prospective bride-groom's hands. A $10 bill was whisked from the hand of Max Staffin of New York and was snatched from the ground by a bystander. While he was chasing the miscreant through the Bronx streets the license bureau closed for the day.

KENTUCKY'S BEST-SELLERS

(Louisville Times.)

A list of the best-selling novels in the United States since 1900, presented by Frederick Lewis Allen in an essay in the current Saturday Review of Literature, reveals something about Louisville and Kentucky that may not have occurred to you.

Alice Hegan Rice's Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch was the leader in 1902 and again in 1903, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, by John Fox, Jr., held the position in 1904. The Lady of the Decoration, by Winston Churchill, was the best-seller of 1907 and also of 1908. Mrs. Maxwanley's book, like that of her namesake, Mrs. Rice, enjoying first place for two years. Mr. Fox's The Trail of the Lonesome Pine was on top in 1909.

In other words, it is possible to say that during the first third of the century Louisville and Kentucky have been responsible for the Nation's best-sellers almost a fifth of the time, and, even if the whole century should elapse without anyone from Kentucky ringing the bell again, our virtual monopoly of the first decade would still put us well up front among cities and States, probably, for the hundred years.

THRILLING AS A ROMANCE

(Woodford Sun.)

The heroes of that great romance, Alexander Dumas, never performed impossible feats with great frequency, but for sheer thrills as very much ahead of the man who on Tuesday was inaugurated Governor of Kentucky.

It seems but every brief time now for Governor Chandler to go into Judge Field McLeod's law office and to be officially sworn in as Governor. High school isn't the only business came his way. Anyone of them perhaps would be enough today he would be Governor of Kentucky would have been entirely satisfied (?) Indeed anyone who less than one short year ago unmistakably said that the convention had been "fixed"; had predicted that Governor Chandler would be governor today would have been considered a lunatic.

But the straddling opposition was which was overcome by Governor Chandler's opposition which under his powerful blows finally melted like snow in the sun—he is now the governor elect of Kentucky. All that he has gotten he has gotten for with every ounce of him. He has been of that number of brave men who have fought the either for with every ounce of him. He has been of that number of brave men who have fought the either for with every ounce of him. He has been of that number of brave men who have fought the either