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THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY EDITOR

Up fairly betimes, and find a typical Kentucky morn, of the kind when the ringing call of the crow comes clearly across miles of sparkling sunshine; when the pasture are grey with frost, save for steaming puffers where fat cattle have slept. On such days the sweet fairies like a wispy arrow straight to heaven, one remembers hog-killing and the steaming lard kettles, that fried, fiery sausages and crackling bread. Such days as Kentucky have always made me think of the rural England of Pickwick and Sir Roger de Coverley, of eighteen hung with hams and pepper pods, of ruddy, apple-cheeked squires rollicking at their hunt breakfasts at 40 of which comes of reading, no doubt, if ancestral memories be discounted, for I have never been in England and doubtless never will be save through the eyes of books.

Sip to breakfast of wheat cakes and fresh eggs, golden, mealed and lightly boiled and coffee of a potency to warm the cockles of one's heart, wherewith I am cheered mightily and fall to reading the Sunday papers with an eagerness unusual for they invariably oppress me with their bigness and nonsense and Sunday morning with cup of murders and robberies. And I read of one woman who has slain her husband, a practice that we make most, of necessity, frown upon, yet I wonder a little more of it is not done. And I would be, doubtless, save that I know that woman has learned tactfulness through the centuries and prefers to use quinine and cranks and medicines and poisons to the use of the knife, which would wanton wiles" in preference to pistols, where she would bring the male to heel. Failing all of which, there remain tears, the which no male worthy of the name may well withstand.

It does seem to the casual observer that the world grow worse, what with murders and fiendish barbarity and thoughtful servanters of the press are at their wits end to account for it all. Many do blame the Eighteenth Amendment and make out a good case for their arguments, which theory is refuted with many statistics by other side. So that few knows not what to believe for this reign of lawlessness that plagues us, nor what means of correction there may be. As a consequence there is a deal of hopelessness in the outlook of many, a tendency to consign this old world to the demolition how-ever and have done with it. As witness a correspondent of The Mercury, who wrote last week:

The cold wave hit our people quite hard, but the crime wave sweeping our state and others seems to be hitting us harder. We doubt if the world in general is growing better.

Which is a sentiment I cannot accept, believing that the world does grow better, as it has grown better through countless years. Fiendish crimes and waves of lawlessness are but infinitesimal phases of growth, in my opinion, like the old "growing pains" schoolmen tell us all infected tonsils that plagued the youth of them of us who were young in the days of the puffed sleeves and the bustle. I believe that Tennyson actually had in mind into the future for no human mind could see into his Locksley Hall, and in that extraordinary poem I find a lot that may be pondered by those who doubt for while of the life that walks and creeps and crawls on the whitster sphere to adjust itself to a destiny that we enforce, a destiny undreamed of in our philosophy —

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
"And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Another way, doubtless, of saying God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world" a preordained much beset in churches, but not to scare practices, nor give little faith, else there would be no fear and much more contentment among those who signal and lo-cate a member, to the last session but failed of enactment. Efforts of Vinson have been ably supported by Representative Joyce Kilmer's "Trees."

A very expert he proved to be, thinning out the limbs close to the trunk with a saw and not chopping out the with a dull butcher, a form of butchery that prevailed in this area when and who the soul of one who loves a tree do it may be that I will get my lawn grubbed this summer, which is a townsperson of sorts to me for purposes of use.

Now, thinking of the graceful beauties of those stately beeches in Mr. Hite's deep and beautiful woods, with their columns, I am reminded of a banner for the Kentucky Press Association that was carried after the [illegible] of frosty beauties to eye and [illegible] were but whether Tad Dale's [illegible] was the one to remember the [illegible] of the [illegible] I wondered in my hin-[illegible] the memories of my [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and