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THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1936

Stand By The Governor.

Facing this week what may prove the most trying and vexatious of the special legislative sessions, Governor Chandler may look back upon a record that has probably never been equalled in this State. This remarkable young Governor has met what has often proved a Waterloo for Kentucky chief executives—a first legislative session—and has thus far emerged in complete control and with practically every point in his original program carried out. The record is little short of amazing in a State used to seeing the legislative plans of its Governors smashed by recalcitrant legislators and both Governor Chandler and members of the General Assembly merit the admiration of Kentuckians.

Such a record would seem to portend easy success for the Governor's plans in the present session, though we would not minimize the hazards sure to come in any tax-levying sitting. We venture to say that a popular tax, genuinely approved by all taxpayers, has never been levied in the history of civilization. All of us, unreasonably enough, resent the payment of taxes, subconsciously, even if we are not articulate in our displeasure. We want the best of schools for our children, hard surfaced modern highways for our motor cars and trucks, courts of law, police protection, jails, asylums, public health supervision—we demand these—and yet it goes against the grain when the bill for services rendered is presented. An equable tax system has harried and will continue to harry the minds of the best economists, so it is not unreasonable to expect some rough sailing in a revenue session of any General Assembly.

As this is written, The Mercury has no information as to the Governor's tax program. But whatever his revenue plans may be, one may be certain that much careful thought has gone into the making of them. They will not please every group or all classes, but no tax measure ever has, ever will.

With rare courage, Governor Chandler has repeatedly evidenced his willingness to accept the blame for any mistakes of his administration. Such spirit deserves the co-operation of all members of the Legislature and the prompt approval of the tax measures he desires.

Kentucky's Shame.

"Comparatively few people realize the appalling situation in the State hospitals for the insane" wrote Dr. F. G. Larue in a letter to The Mercury seven years ago. It is doubtful if conditions have improved in the least since that time.

"The institutions," wrote Dr. Larue, are so badly crowded that it is impossible to segregate or even classify the patients properly, and as a result of this condition they are of necessity huddled together without hope. The minimum standard floor space for each patient is 100 square feet. According to this standard, our capacity by actual measurement is 883, whereas our enrollment today is 1610.

"No one is immune. We have confined here ministers, lawyers, doctors, college graduates from Cornell, Purdue, Washington and Lee, University of Kentucky, and many other colleges. No one has assurance that he will not at some time be confined in a similar institution since we have patients from all walks of life confined in the various institutions.

"The condition of these unfortunate people in a majority of instances is not brought about by their own fault, and no greater obligation devolves upon the Commonwealth than to make proper provision for the care and treatment of these unfortunate people. With proper facilities for treatment many more would be restored to society as useful citizens than is possible under conditions which now prevail."

We read with horror of days when maniacs were shackled and scourged, when the evil spirit was lashed out of their bodies. We boast of our modernity, of our humanity. And yet we see human beings who have committed no crime, whose only offense is the tragedy of a clouded brain, condemned to incarceration in antiquated fire-traps, where they are packed like sardines in a can.

We pother about free textbooks; we pay out thousands upon thousands for roads without a murmur; we are driven to a frenzy of political action by the religious convictions of some candidate or by some irrelevant and heat-provoking question, fomented by politicians to catch votes—and we turn a deaf ear upon the tragedy of our own apathy, a condition that is the shame of Kentucky.

He who calls himself a follower of that Man of Nazareth, who was healer of the sick, restorer of the blind; who pitied the mentally ill and made well the sick mind, whose concern was not the fortunate but the unfortunate, may not, can not but join with those who would see the condition of Kentucky's unfortunate wards bettered and arouse Kentuckians from the sluggish indifference which is dangerously near to heartlessness.

If these considerations of humanity do not move you, remember that from the blight which at any time may make of a brilliant mind a hideous discord and of a useful life a pitiful tragedy, no one is immune.

Frederick A. Wallis, in his attempt to secure Federal funds for the erection of a new plant at Lexington and the betterment of conditions at other hospitals for the mentally ill in Kentucky, deserves and should have the support and co-operation of all Kentuckians, to the end that this blot upon the escutcheon of the Commonwealth may be removed.

An Ancient Sign O' Spring.

The coming of the purple martin to his last summer's nesting box is a generally accepted sign of spring in rural communities. Frequently, however, we have seen early arrivals shivering on their snowy perches for several days. Often the early comers arrive, it seems, on the coldest and most blustery days of early spring. Of a record we have kept for some years, the earliest coming noted was on the twenty-second of March and the colony was rarely complete until the latter part of April.

Elderly colored people, who by the way are fine, untrammeled observers of nature, say the martins are always to be seen in this locality by "court day in April," the third week in the month this year. These same observers say the early arrivals, never more than two or three birds, are "scouts" winging ahead of the colony that comes from the tropics by slower stages. Perhaps they are right; at least it is pleasant, if not good bird lore, to think of the dauntless spirits among these fleet pilgrims of the skies winging far ahead to reconnoiter the surroundings of last season's nesting place.

Soon the swallow laughter and the liquid flutings of the male birds will be one of the cheery sounds of the earth's awakening, a sweet music, as fresh to ears long attuned to winter silences, as the delicate fragrance of the daffodil, heralding from fields yet gray with the breath of winter the golden glory of Nature's resurrection.

Forunate indeed is he with whom the purple martin makes his summer home.

An Infolonel Shame, Suh!

"Where the corn is full of colonels,
And the colonels full of corn."

No longer—if the ruling of our "opinionated" Attorney General is sustained—will the corn be full of colonels, in Kentucky. Nor will the ancient and honorable order of colonels, admirals, bos'ns and gunners mates, not to mention an occasional private, descend upon Louisville from the four corners of the earth and indulge in the more or less pleasant pastime of getting themselves full of corn on the eve of Derby Day.

It's an infolonel shame, that's what it is! Colonel Jack Dempsey can "take it" without the flicker of an eyelash and Colonel Mae West with a shrug, but think of little Colonel Shirley Temple, deprived of her commission just as the time of the singing of birds is here, just as the returning sun enters the colonel equinox, making the colts to frolic in grassy paddocks and bringing a faint fragrance to infant mint beds along the lovely meanders of the Elkhorn. Heartless it is, infolonelly heartless, say we.

And here our Governors of a proud old Commonwealth have for many years pursued the even tenor of their ways, advertising Kentucky pleasantly and at twenty cents per commission from Dan to Beersheba, not to mention from that old other place to breakfast—for be it known that many take this h[illegible] very seriously—[illegible] a lawyer comes with his quiddities and quillets, enmeshes ancient custom in the net of legal opinion and incidentally appropriates the front page and the national spotlight, from Hollywood to Yokohama. An infolonel shame, suh!

But wait. Why may not our gallant young Governor come to the rescue and restore by executive order (ere Derby Day, your excellency) the ancient rights and privileges of all colonels, admirals, commodores, bos'ns, coxwains, privates, all and sundry, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or worse and in fee simple? In such an action one might gain etolonel fame.

We rest our case, if the court please.

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Too long, alas, I have neglected my feathered friends and have turned deaf ear to the voice that speaks through the songs of birds, through the loveliness of leaf and bud and blossom—the voice of beauty that shall never pass into nothingness. The torturing mental stress of the lean years has well nigh proved deadly to the seeing eye, the listening ear, the writing hand of me. Time was when for me the roots of the roses lived beneath their blanket of snow; time was when I might envision across the sepulchred fields the gold of forsythia, the cascading blossoms of spirea, the blush of fragrant peonies, the fragrance of honeysuckle and the roses. Is that time dead? To leave the joy in homely things, that is not good. Now a fire on the hearth, while cold winds suck at the chimneys and howl about the eaves, that is a pleasant thing; a singing teakettle, the winter sun, snow on the roof, the whistle of a red bird, the flight of a hawk, home in the evening, supper, a good book, sleep—they are pleasant things. And yet one toils and moils and worries himself sick at heart over money—that some of us, it seems, must have to enjoy these heritages of the humblest beggar, if he but has the seeing eye, the hearing ear; if he but sit quiet and let Nature have her way wih him.

Hohum. I have, I think, a need for the Spring greater than ever I had before. I have enmeshed myself too much with the grim business of making a living, have taken too much to heart the pettiness, the sordidness, oftimes the amazing treachery of the big, thinking brothers of Nature's little folk of the wild, to which latter—God save the mark!—we humans grant not the boon of souls. I must get back. All of this sunshiny Sabbath I have been puttering at this and that, when once upon a time I should have been out to mark the coming of the little feathered pilgrims of the Spring, perhaps to identify a strange migrant and so achieve a veritable bird adventure. But today all of that seems flat, stale and unprofitable. Strange. It is age perhaps, or I am growing more practical—which is to say a bellicose business man—as a palmist once told me I should become eventually. Perhaps readers of these screeds will be relieved when I shall have achieved this metamorphosis.

Tomorrow I shall see that there is water in the bird bath; tomorrow I shall have done with senseless worrying over that which I cannot help; tomorrow I shall get me back to joyance in a fire on the hearth, in the homy singing of a steaming teakettle, in the whistle of a cardinal and the merry bubbling of the winter wren, in good tobacco and a book and cosy chair; I shall begin to live a bit by the way, as my days spin faster through Life's shuttle. Ay, I shall tonight, but will I—tomorrow?

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools—

Hohum. So to sit the fire out in witless dreaming and at length late, mightily content with my bold resolve, into the calm, dark pool of sleep.

Taxing Thee And Me.

The editor of this column perpetrated a bit of doggerel a few years ago, when another Legislature was wrestling with the vexatious subject of taxation. It will apply to conditions which confront the present swarming at Frankfort just as well:

All taxation is vexation—
If it hits me, it's bad—
Let them tax thee,
But me—Oh, gee
Taxation drives me mad.

YOUR GOVERNMENT
— by
DR. JOHN W. MANNING
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KENTUCKY CONSTITUTIONS

Kentucky was admitted as a state into the Union in 1792. In her 143 years of existence, she has lived under four different constitutions, namely 1792, 1799, 1850, and 1891.

The Constitution of 1792 was a brief and simple document, consisting of approximately fourteen printed pages. The system of government provided in that constitution was simple, t fnot meager. It set up a legislative body consisting of two houses, but provided that only members of the lower house were to be elected by popular vote, while the members of the upper house were to be selected by a college of electors. The executive and judicial branches depended wholly upon the legislature. In a very real sense of the word, the first government of Kentucky may be called a parliamentary system. The Governor was named by electors selected for that purpose by the people. The judges, according to this constitution, were appointed by the Governor with the advice and consent of the Senate, and the court system as a whole was set up by statutory law rather than by constitutional provisions. The government provided by the Constitution of 1792 shows a striking likeness to that system set up in the first constitution of Virginia, which was drafted by Thomas Jefferson. Certainly the charge cannot be made that the Kentucky Constitution of 1792 imposed a burden upon the voters, since the voters were called upon to elect but one state officer—a member of the lower house. This fact constitutes the very essence of Jeffersonian democracy, in spite of the interpretation Kentuckians of today are likely to place upon this too little known political doctrine. Jeffersonian democracy did not intend that the voters must elect all state and local officers from coroner up to Governor.

The Constitution of 1799 was similar to that of 1792 except for the fact that members of the Senate, and the Governor, were chosen by popular vote in addition to the members of the lower house. This second constitution provided for the office of lieutenant governor. It did not, however, provide for the popular election of any officers except those who could be classified as executive or policy-determining.

The Constitution of 1850 shows evidence of the fact that Kentuckians, between 1799 and 1850, yielded to the pressure of that theory known as Jacksonian democracy. This constitution provided for the popular election of governor, lieutenant governor, treasurer and registrar of the land office, attorney general, four judges of the court of appeals, a clerk of the court of appeals, a superintendent of public instruction, one hundred representatives, thirty-eight senators, as well as a considerable group of county officials. While the Constitution of 1792 may have been extreme in one direction, that of 1850 was even more extreme in the opposite direction. It was definitely founded upon the unsound theory that all public officers, regardless of the type of work they were called upon to perform, should be elected by the people. Instead of being democratic, this principle the country over has proved to be a corruption of democracy.

The Constitution of 1891, under which Kentucky government is now operating, followed very closely the principles of the Constitution of 1850. All the officers elected according to the Constitution of 1850, with the exception of registrar of the land office, were made elective by the Constitution of 1891, with the addition of a commissioner of agriculture, labor and statistics, a secretary of state, and three railroad commissioners. It is simply a repetition of the principles of Jacksonian democracy incorporated in the Constitution of 1850. If there is any change in the expression of this doctrine in the Constitution of 1891, it is actually to strengthen it. The present constitution of Kentucky is by far the longest and most detailed of all four constitutions. While a constitution is supposed to be a framework, or a skeleton setting forth the structure, powers and limitations of government in general terms, leaving the details to legislative action, the Constitution of 1891 undertakes to become a cure-all for all state constitutional and statutory difficulties. Suffice it to say, the present constitution contains many things which in any proper classification would be called statutory rather than constitutional.

The present constitution is most difficult to amend. Kentucky has changed since 1891, but its organic law remains practically the same. Progress has been made economically and socially, but the State is still imprisoned in the constitutional strait-jacket of 1891. Relatively little progress can be made in matters of government so long as the present constitution remains in force.

50 Years Ago

Thursday, April 4, 1916

M. E. Harney opens grocery in East End.

Died—Mrs. Caroline Kennedy, 78, at her home in Carlisle on April 1.

Howard Wills signs contract to pitch for Lexington base ball team this season.

Ed Bradley, negro, awaiting trial on a charge of robbery, escapes from local jail.

C. C. Cole sells lots on Elm street to James P. Tune and Mrs. Amanda Campbell and they will build residences this spring.

Upon recommendation of Fire Chief E. J. Beers, the following firemen were appointed by the council: C. J. Frey, John Lawrence, James Paris, John Archdeacon, George Bratton and H. R. Ewing.

Group of women appears before city council to protest insanitary condition of town and ordinance passed prohibiting hogs being allowed in city limits and prohibiting washing of automobiles on streets.

Religious census taken in Carlisle Sunday shows church membership as follows: Christian, 622; Methodist, 483; Presbyterian, 167; Baptist, 142; Catholic, 94; Jewish, 7; Episcopal, 5; Christian Scientist, 1.

20 YEARS AGO

Thursday, April 8, 1886

Married—Miss Jimmaline Mitchell and Mr. James Farran, both of the county.

Grand jury, as usual, condemns the county jail and calls it a disgrace to the county.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Victor Martin, at their home in Carlisle on the 6th, a daughter.

Twenty indictments returned by grand jury, nine of which were for selling liquor illegally.

Only one saloon now operating in Carlisle and that will be closed when the license expires July 1.

Ohio river at flood stage past week, with several streets in Maysville, Cincinnati, Augusta and other towns flooded.

P. T. Throop moves to H. M. Taylor's residence on West Front street and Lucien Mann will move to town and occupy the building vacated by Mr. Throop.

Mercury says the public school buildings in Nicholaas county are a disgrace. There are not more than five decent buildings in the county, the article says.

"The crowd of small and half grown boys that congregate around the postoffice every night and keep up a racket is getting to be somewhat of a nuisance."

CLIPPED FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

NATURE MAKES WAR

(Ashland Independent)

The world was talking of war and man's capacity to destroy mankind. Then, over a large part of America, Nature struck swiftly, savagely, and man realized his own feebleness.

A vein of tragic irony runs, now and then, through Nature's moods. Nature's first gift to man is Nature's readiest weapon when she chooses to strike at him. Water, the first necessity of human life, moves in swift, implacable treachery to take human life away. And, when the waters go, they leave invisible foes of life to take toll in pestilence.

No one yet can tell what America's casualty list will be in Nature's latest war on man. Much of the country has suffered. All of the country must be mobilized for the task of saving those still in peril, ministering to the stricken, feeding the hungry, housing the homeless. Every human life in the wide zones swept by flood, famine and pestilence should become the immediate concern of every human being elsewhere in our land.

THE LOCUSTS ARE COMING!

(Lexington Herald)

Prof. W. E. Price, entomologist at the State College of Agriculture, predicts that Kentucky will be visited by millions of 17-year locusts this spring, so it will be well to keep handy the winter ear-muffs until the visitation is over.

According to the entomologist's diary, Brood No. 22 of "Public Enemy No. 1" will arrive on schedule the last week in May, and for nearly a month the automobile horn blowers will have a rival for incessancy that will be hard to equal.

The 17-year locusts visited the Blue Grass in 1885, in 1902, and again in 1919—therefore it's safe to forecast that they will be here this year. And that they really come, organized and equipped for a noisome and annoying visit, may be gathered from the professor's statement that "millions upon millions" of them literally fill the trees, making a combined noise like a squadron of army planes and laying eggs for another crop of millions upon millions 17 years hence.

Pests, insect and human, are always with us, in greater or lesser degree. Therefore it's not likely that Central Kentucky will grow unusually perturbed over the 17-year locusts—especially in view of the fact that there's nothing much we can do about them. Any pest that's considerate enough to confine its visits to once in seventeen years, and always arrives and departs on schedule, deserves a few left-handed compliments after all.

"BABY FARMS"

(Cincinnati Enquirer)

"Ten Acres Enough" is the title of a book in which the author attempts to demonstrate that a family of five can live comfortably on a tract of ground that small.

In the more distant Cincinnati suburbs there are many such little farms. The real estate agents call them "baby farms." Ten acres devoted mostly to what in New England is designated as "garden sass" will not only keep a family of five in food, but will provide a considerable surplus for sale. Of course, to accomplish this, intensive cultivation is necessary and every inch of ground must be planted. There is a record of such a baby farm in the western part of the country where one-quarter of an acre in strawberries yielded a gross return of $275. This was unusual but it shows what can be done.

The American tradition is to farm on a large scale. The typical farmer wishes a well-balanced farm of more than a hundred acres. He desires pastures, meadows, plowed land, orchard and wood lot, and he rather scoffs at the care and minute attention to details which are necessary to produce results on a baby farm. Indeed, in many a farm where the fields of corn and wheat are meticulously cultivated, the garden is so neglected as to be almost a weed patch. Often the farmer thinks that quite beneath his notice. Yet were he to pay the same attention to the garden, to a bit of a vineyard, and to patches set in various berries, as he does to the broad acres in corn, he might find to his profit that an acre so planted would produce in money as much as he can get from 10 acres in grain.

No real farmer would think 10 acres enough. But he might turn to his Bible and read that the day of small things is not to be despised. Naturally, 10 acres is not enough for a Kentucky stock farm, and for an Ohio farmer who raises corn for hogs, 10 acres would not go far. Yet to the man who is willing to work, and who knows how to get the most from a baby farm, it can be a young giant.

NEARER APPROACH TO SPRING

(John Burroughs, in "Winter Sunshine.")

The first day of spring and the first spring day! I felt the change the moment I put my head out of doors in the morning. A fitful, gusty south wind was blowing, though the sky was clear. But the sunlight was not the same. There was an interfusion of a new element. Not ten days since there had been a day just as bright,—even brighter and warmer,—a clear, crystalline day of February, with nothing vernal in it; but this day was opaline; there was a film, a sentiment in it, a nearer approach to life. Then there was that fresh, indescribable odor, a breath from the Gulf, or from Florida and the Carolinas.

Then in the afternoon there was the smell of smoke,—the first spring fires in the open air. The Virginia farmer is raking together the rubbish in his garden, or in the field he is preparing for the plough, and burning it up. In imagination I am there to help him. I see the children playing about, delighted with the sport and the resumption of work; the smoke goes up through the shining haze, the farmhouse door stands open, and lets in the afternoon sun; the cow lows for her calf, or hides it in the woods; and in the morning, the geese, sporting in the spring sun, answer the call of the wild flock steering northward above them.

As I stroll through the market I see the signs here. That old colored woman has brought spring in her basket in those green flakes of moss, with arbutus showing the pink, and her old man is just in good time with his fruit-trees and gooseberry-bushes. Various bulbs and roots are also being brought out and offered, and the onions are sprouting on the stands. I see bunches of robins and cedar-birds also—so much melody and beauty cut off from the supply going north. The fish market is beginning to be bright with perch and bass, and with shad from the southern rivers and wild ducks are taking the place of prairie-hens and quails.

In the Carolinas, no doubt, the fruit-trees are in bloom, and the rice-land is being prepared for the seed. In the mountains of Virginia and Ohio they are making maple-sugar; in Kentucky and Tennessee they are sowing oats; in Illinois they are, perchance, husking the corn which has remained on the stalk in the field all winter. Wild geese and ducks are streaming across the sky from the lower Mississippi toward the Great Lakes, pausing a while on the prairies, or alighting in the great cornfields, making the air resound with the noise of their wings upon the stalks and dry shucks as they resume their journey.

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NEWS OF KENTUCKY

Dr. J. C. Austin has resigned as vice president of Georgetown College.

Work will be started this week on reconstructing and widening Main street in Paris.

Verney Sanders, 67, widely known turf writer, died at a hospital in Louisville Sunday.

The State Highway Commission has authorized continuation of emergency road crews until April 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Davis Watkins, of Ravenna, celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary Sunday.

34,947 veterans in Kentucky have made application for payment of their adjusted service certificates.

Chicken thieves stole more than 100 fowls at six different farms in Montgomery county during the past week.

W. O. Snyder last week resigned as chief engineer of the State Highway Department to take another position.

Mrs. Jane Lloyd Vincent was appointed sheriff of Muhlenburg county to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband.

Ray Shepherd, 6 years old, fell into the North Fork of the Kentucky river near Hazard Sunday afternoon and was drowned.

Lindsay Stinnett, 92, who for 25 years had lived the life of a hermit near Boone's Ferry in Madison county, died last week.

Ermine Russell Herald, 45, fell 100 feet to his death when a scaffold rope broke while he was repairing a smokestack at Ashland.

Mrs. Sam K. Proctor, of Millersburg, died at the Massie hospital in Paris from injuries received in a fall at her home several weeks ago.

Willis Jones, 21, was shot and probably fatally wounded by his fatred-in-law, Jerry Renfrow, 42, at Renfrow's home in Harlan Sunday.

Chief of Police J. H. Edwards, of Augusta, and Deputy Marshal Eugene Sayers were held under $5,000 bond each in connection with the death of Walter Sellers, who was shot and killed at Augusta when he resisted arrest.

Mrs. John P. Sutherland was seriously burned at her home in Lexington Monday when a gas stove on which she was cooking exploded.

Will Johnson, 50, farmer, was killed and a boy was injured when the steam boiler of a grist mill at Emanuel, Knox county, exploded.

Will Mitchell, 45, Holiness preacher, was fatally wounded by Darrell Killen in the Broughton section of Lincoln county Saturday.

Thomas Stanley, 89, died at Williamstown from injuries sustained when the automobile in which he was riding was struck by another car.

John Williamson, Lexington taxicab driver, was held up and robbed of his cab and $2.50 in cash by a lone negro bandit last Wednesday night.

The Bath county board of education has passed an order requiring all school teachers to undergo a physical examination before being appointed.

High N. Helm, Jr., 27, who resigned as city clerk at Henderson several months ago, was indicted Friday on seven charges of embezzlement, totaling $5,147.

A new water works system at Salyersville saved the entire town from destruction Thursday. An entire business block was destroyed with damage of $35,000.

In circuit court at Louisa, W. E. Williams was sentenced to life imprisonment for shooting to death his wife because she testified against him on a peace warrant.

J. Howard Fitch, 69, division freight agent of the L. & N. at Lexington for 22 years and employe of the railroad for almost half a century, died at Lexington Thursday.

Earn Alexander, Jailer of Lewis county, was arrested on a warrant issued by the County Attorney, charging him with allowing filth to accumulate on the court house premises.

E. A. Osborne, city marshal of Midway, was held up and robbed of two pistols by one of four bandits last Wednesday night when they were surprised in the act of looting a Kroger store at Midway. The bandits escaped.

A 12-year-old daughter of Boss Stegall, lost several fingers Friday afternoon when a dynamite cap which she had found on a road being constructed near Olive Hill exploded.

Mason county is the first county in the state to retire its bonded indebtedness since the beginning of the bond voting period, according to County Judge A. Gordon Sulser.

James Star, 67, charged with stabbing to death his son-in-law, Sherman Foster, last October, was sentenced to two years imprisonment by a jury in circuit court at Louisa Thursday.

Health authorities last week placed a strict quarantine against public gatherings in Covington following the discovery of three cases of spinal meningitis. All schools were closed.

50,000 gallons of water was drained from the reservoir of the Lebanon water works Sunday to recover the body of Arthur Williams, 19, who fell into the reservoir and was drowned.

Charles Ray, 40, and Lee Belcher, 40, shot and probably fatally wounded each other in Breathitt county Sunday after Ray had stabbed his wife, a niece of Belcher, in the back with a knife.

Miss Ruby Vernon, 15, was acquitted in the Leslie circuit court on a charge of shooting to death Charley France at her home near Hyden last November. She claimed the shooting was accidental.

As a precaution against spinal meningitis, health officers closed the schools at Hazard Monday and ordered a ban on all public gatherings. There have been nine cases of meningitis in the county.

Everett Meade, 28, who stabbed to death Mrs. Rebecca York Gibson, 26, in the presence of her six small children at her home in Lawrence county last October 31, was sentenced to life imprisonment in circuit court at Louisa.

Theodore Stone, 27, and Arthur Plank, 19, were arrested and lodged in jail at Morehead Saturday, charged with the fatal shooting of John Springer, 19, a neighbor, in what officers said was the renewal of an old Rowan county fued.

Miss Nancy Pearson Carter, 20, of Louisville, daughter of Brig. Gen. Ellerbe W. Carter, head of the state police, was seriously injured Friday when the automobile she was driving plunged 100 feet down an embankment into a stone quarry.

Ted Ketron, 36, was killed and his wife was injured when they were struck by the discharge of a shotgun fired through the window of their home at Carbon Glow, Letcher county, Sunday. Mose Lockhart, 42, is in jail charged with the shooting.

WHAT, NO MORE COLONELS?

(Asheville, (N. C.) Citizen-Times)

To say that the news from Frankfort that all Kentucky colonels have been demoted, abolished and wiped out of existence is devastating is a palpable understatement.

Who, we would like to know, is this Attorney General B. M. Vincent who assumes authority to say that "no person has a right now to be designated as a Kentucky colonel, either in Kentucky or elsewhere?" Who clothed him with authority to make such an interpretation of the law of the Blue Grass Sate?

The attorney general may be a stripling or he may be a graybeard; but we would remind him that, regardless of his age, there were Kentucky colonels long before ever he arrived upon the scene; and we are confident that there will be Kentucky colonels long after he has been gathered to his fathers.

Furthermore, no stranded and unnatural twisting of the statutes, if such there be, can do away with the ancient and higher rule, the tradition that eclipses statutes: Once a Kentucky colonel, always a Kentucky colonel.

There are, it is stated, something like seventeen thousand persons, men and women, now holding commissions as Kentucky colonels. A formidable army, if you please. But there is no need for them to march on Frankfort in force. The thing to do, it seems to us, is to sick Mae West—Colonel Mae West, remember—on this boy Vincent. The idea of his trying to strip Mae of her title with all the honors, privileges, responsibilities, hereditaments and what have you that go with it.

HELPFUL HINTS

Be sure that every bottle in your medicine cabinet or chest is clearly labeled.

Before washing washable neckties baste the linings in place so they will not curl up and become lumpy. Then remove the basting before ironing.

Iron rust may be removed from white goods with sour milk.

Leather can be made waterproof by saturating it with castor oil.

Soap and water in ordinary laundering will remove ink stains from washable fabrics.

17-Year Locusts Are Expected Last Of May

The regular visit of the 17-year locusts, according to recorded history, is due in Kentucky this year. Brood No. 22, as the entomologists record this particular race of locust, is scheduled to arrive about the last week in May to leave by June 20. States that may expect its visit include Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, West Virginia, Virginia, Michigan, North Carolina, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia.

There will be no uncertainty about their arrival, once they are here, according to Dr. W. A. Price, state entomologist at the Agricultural Experiment Station at Lexington.

"They make a lot of noise with their wings," he said, "a humming, droning about which there can be no mistake."

"They will literally fill the trees," he said, "millions upon millions of them, in every tree, but particularly shade trees. In addition to making a great noise, they will mate, lay eggs in the trees, and then die. In a few weeks the eggs will hatch, the young ones crawl into the ground, feed on the roots of trees, and emerge again in 17 years.

"In addition to annyong nervous persons, the locusts may injure trees. They puncture small limbs to make places in which to lay eggs. On young trees this damage may be enough to cause many limbs to break. On mature trees, however, the damage usually results in little more than a pruning.

"The locust visits are so regular that entomologists know when and where they will appear, just as astronomers know when eclipses and other heavenly phenomena are to occur. The 17-year locust came in 1885, again in 1902 and then in 1919. So they are due again this year.

"There are 27 distinct broods of locust. Seventeen of these appear at 17-year intervals and 10 of them at 13-year periods. One or more appears in every state east of the Rocky mountains except Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Every year there is a brood emerging in some part of the country."

"The life cycle of the pest has been carefully charted," Prof. Price added. "The adult appears in swarms in late May and early June. The males begin to sing about four or five days after this first appearance and fill the air with their shrill calls, which are produced by vibrating a pair of parchment-like membranes located beneath the base of the rear wing. The noise produced by a swarm is sufficiently loud and continuous to attract immediate attention.

"About two weeks after emerging from the ground the females begin depositing eggs. Each female deposits 300 to 500 eggs in numerous ragged punctures made by her powerful ovipositor in the twigs and limbs of trees. The twigs wither, giving the tree the appearance of having been struck by blight. The punctures are so deep that the twigs die and sooner or later fall to the ground."

When Cooking Eggs Heat Them Gently

Low heat is the rule in cooking eggs because eggs are a protein food. High temperatures harden most proteins. Moderate heat keeps them tender. This fundamental principle of cookery, say specialists of the Bureau of Home Economics, applies to eggs, meats, cheese, and fish. They say never actually boil an egg, but "soft-cook" or "hard-cook" it, with water at the simmering point. Scramble eggs in a double boiler, instead of directly over a flame.

Poached or "dropped" eggs are slipped into lightly salted boiling water which cools a little as each egg goes in, and is kept just under the boiling point until hey are "set" sufficiently to lift out. Fried eggs never will be leathery or have hard edges if cooled in a covered pan with a small amount of moderately hot fat. The cover helps the enclosed steam to coat the yolk delicately with the white. Omelets, whether flat or fluffy, require slow cooking at low heat, with enough fat to keep them from sticking to the pan.

In custards, eggs thicken the sweetened milk when the mixture is carefully cooked. Soft custard is stirred in a double boiler with the water just below boiling. It must be removed from the heat as soon as it begins to thicken or it will curdle. A baked custard is not stirred, but is set in a pan of water in the oven and cooked at low heat. A souffle also needs a very moderate oven, and will not fall if slowly baked in this way. Sponge cakes and angel food, because they contain so many eggs, require a moderate or low oven.

February Traffic Deaths Show Biggest Reduction

The biggest reduction in traffic accident deaths in five years was reported for February by the National Safety Council.

Thirteen per cent fewer lives were lost on the nation's highways during the month than in February, 1935, but the toll remained high—1,950.

The sharp February drop, greatest for any month since 1931, showed the new year's first results of the Safety Council's campaign to cut motoring deaths 35 per cent in five years.

Counteracting January's increase, the figure for last month brought the year 3 per cent under the corresponding total for 1935. The comparison:

	1936	1935
January	2,630	2,470
February	1,950	2,240
Total	4,580	4,710

Dr. Francis Carter Wood, an authority on cancer, believes causes of the growth are fewer than have been supposed.

A delicate camera with microscope attached has been perfected which will detect hardening of the arteries in its early stages.

A new railroad rail well suited for the new high train speeds has been developed in a commercial laboratory.

Why Gulf is the Gas for April

"APRIL SHOWERS bring May flowers." And warmer weather, too. That means a brand-new gasoline is shipped to Gulf stations—*a gas especially made for April driving.* For unless gasoline is changed to meet Spring's higher temperatures it can't give the highest mileage. Get That Good Gulf—it's "Kept in Step with the Calendar" so that *all of it goes to work, none of it goes to waste.*

"Kept in Step with the Calendar"
THAT GOOD GULF GASOLINE
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Easter and Spring
Economy Festival
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Brings You New Things
At Money-Saving Prices

DRESSES, COATS and Suits
$2.98 to $4.95
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Complete Range of Sizes and Styles for Juniors, Misses and Women!

New Spring colors....Models....Patterns....and Fabrics. Buy your spring outfit now....while the prices are lowered and selections most complete.

Dresses show the new Paris modes in flower colors with smart touches in contrast. Jackets, Boleros, Full Shoulders, Wasp Waists and Frills! Coats and suits of fleecy checks, plaids and monotones in Jigger lengths, Longs, Jackets and Swaggers. Many man-tailored models.

SPECIAL—BOY'S AND GIRL'S
SPRING OXFORDS
Tan and brorwn combinations, plain browns, black patents and gunmetals.
79 cents

GROWING GIRLS & WOMEN'S
SPRING OXFORDS
Smart, good-looking oxfords for large girl and women; sizes 3 to 8. Blacks, tans and browns. Have military or low heels
98 cents

Spring Shoes
New Patents Ruffles
Kid Skins Bucks
Gabardines
for every occasion in black, blue, brown & combinations.
All Sizes $1.98

SPECIAL—BOYS' NEW $2.00
DRESS OXFORDS
They're of excellent construction—good style and certain to give long, consistent service. Sizes 1 to 6. Square toe
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SPECIAL—MEN'S SOFT TOE $2.
WORK SHOES
Riveted blucher style uppers, leather insoles, compo soles and brass nailed. All-rubber heels. Sturdy, long-wearing shoes.
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