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Conscientious Consideration Merited.

Again let it be said that there is no such thing as a popular tax, no conceivable form of taxation that will please all of the people. So it is but natural that some revenue-raising measures suggested by the Governor are beginning to meet with more or less sturdy opposition.

Without entering into a discussion of the merits of some of the proposed tax measures that are meeting with considerable opposition from the groups affected, we approve a suggestion made by the Richmond Register, which says:

"Some of those bills will impose taxes on things some of our readers think should not be taxed. But it is suggested that they be taken into consideration the fact that all tax for state purposes has been taken off real estate and the sales tax repealed. Out of the state government has been cut to the lowest possible figure. Now it is impective that money be raised to finance needs of the state.

"Purpose of the governor is to levy taxes on those best able to pay and those necessities which fall upon those of meager income. If that necessitates taxes on some commodity in which we have an especial interest, give thought to the fact that a definite sum of money must be raised to meet the essential needs of the state government. The tax plan when finally worked out will impose the minimum burden upon the citizenship as a whole. Such is the purpose of the governor and his most competent advisers on tax measures."

Governor Chandler was elected by an overwhelming majority. The people of Kentucky clearly indicated their confidence in his ability to govern the Commonwealth for four years. He, gallantly, has indicated his willingness to stand or fall on his record. Such a mandate calls for, such resolution, merits a conscientious, non-partisan, non-factional consideration of legislation requested by the Governor.

Nature Retaliates With Floods.

"Floods in the East, dust in the West—and America is warned once again that their continuance of a continent has loosed the elements of destruction," so says H. H. Bennett, chief of the soil conservation service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Too long, thinks Mr. Bennett, have we ignored nature, fought against her instead of her effect—with levees, reservoirs and revetments—instead of at the point of cause. Futilely we have fought dust storms after the havoc has begun.

"It is the old, old story of the utter folly of tampering with the balance maintained by nature. Floods and dust storms are man-made and are the direct result of misuse of the land of stripped forests in the river watersheds and of greedily overworked and eroded fields.

"When white men took this country over," says Mr. Bennett, "the entire East and most of the West was carpeted with vegetation—the trees and undergrowth of the forest and the grasses of the plains. Rivers ran clear most of the year. Which they spread infrequently from their courses, it was slowly and with no great violence. It rained as much and the wind blew as hard then as now. But nature's protections then were undisturbed—the soil was anchored against the wind, the streams were protected by grassed and forest-covered slopes from which the rains ran off slowly or sank into absorptive soil.

"The conquest of America has been largely a conquest of nature. Civilization has stripped the forest cover from the hills and turned under the grass sod of the plains. Corn and cotton and potatoes and wheat have replaced the sod-binding forest litter and the matted grasses that held the soil in place. Today rainfall runs in torrents, unimpeded from a million naked slopes; the wind sweeps great blankets of soil from lands which have been stripped of natural cover.

"Pour water on a cellar door. It dashes off immediately. Spread a rug or mat on the same in closed surface and most of the water is held back and absorbed. Some of it may run off, but it runs in a trickle, not in a flood. Apply the similes to millions of acres of sloping land, bared of its rug of vegetation and shorn of its absorptive mat of topsoil. Multiply the run-off from the roller door into billions of gallons of water rushing across denuded hillsides into streams that have limitations upon their capacity for carrying water. The cause of floods is clear."

Dykes, revetments, restraining reservoirs are all very well, but the restoration of the rug on any watershed "cellar doors," by the grassing of bare fields and, the restoration of forests, will provide a flood prevention at the point of cause.

The undertaking is colossal, but a start has been made, consideration of work having been given by the Federal Government for the last two years in 141 small watersheds in forty-one States. Farmers are cooperating, taking steps, washed fields out of then-filled crops and converting them into grass, meadow or young forest land. They are restoring the absorptive rugs and mats of vegetation destroyed by careless and greedy waste of our original fields and forests. Until full restoration is made, until the balance of ravished nature is restored, we shall have floods, dust storms and destructive winds, despite our levees and dams and storage basins.

Don't Miss This Opportunity.

The Mercury believes that farmers owning washed and gullied fields are missing an unusual opportunity when they fail to avail themselves of the services of the local soil conservation unit.

It may be that in some cases a small farmer cannot afford to take the necessary acreage out of production for the requisite number of years to meet Government requirements and restore his soil to complete productiveness. In most cases, however, we imagine he only thinks he cannot afford to do so, would gain tremendously in the end by agreeing to a soil conservation program.

Destructive floods in the last few weeks have given nation-wide advertising to the value of soil conservation, the reclamation of eroded fields and stripped timber lands. Eventually farmers everywhere will look upon this work with favor, will wonder why they neglected this "stitch in time" for so many years.

Certainly this opportunity for Federal aid in soil conservation from the CCC unit now located at Carlisle should not be missed by farmers of Nicholas and adjoining counties.

The Ohio Point Of View.

Jimmy Norris, of the Ashland Independent, refuses to get excited over the abysmal ignorance of a contributor to the columns of the Cincinnati TimesStar, as says he "spent three weeks coaxing the old hack over the God-forsaken highways of Kentucky," and who could see nothing good in the old Commonwealth save the view of that territory wrested from the Indians by pioneer Kentuckians, which is to be observed from the south bank of the Ohio river.

"Adding insult to injury," says the Independent, he sums it all up by writing:

I would suggest that if you want to see women worn out before their time, tobacco-chewing children, snuff dipping old females in the place of the family flivver, dirt, mud, blank expressions on faces, roads that would be a disgrace to either Ethiopia or other semi-civilized places, by all means go to Kentucky." Just believe in Kentucky did this fellow no, anyway.

We think it possible that we saw this Marco Polo. At least his "old hack" bore an Ohio license, he was headed for Georgetown, he said, and the Dixie highway and he stopped us by waving a piece of rubber tubing and the requested gas-tank sucking privileges. "An old hack" a few miles further on its way to that erstwhile bugbille of hate on the mud flats, dubbed by pioneer Kentuckianville, the town opposite the mouth of the Licking." Yes, judged by his powers of observation and his gift of expression, it must have been he.

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Lay late, and hazily there comes into my fitful dreaming the roll of a drum, brisk and martial, and suddenly I awake to find the sunlight streaming in and know that my drummer is not warlike, but lovelorn, though his uniform be as gay and bright as any drummer-lad who ever rapped a call to battle. For my drummer is a fat yellow-hammer upon whom Spring has wrought and these many days, beginning with the dawn, he has sent his tattatattat rolling from his gutter-drum on my roof, listening patiently between rolls for feminine approval of his musical prowess. Of late the rolls the pauses grow longer and perhaps wistful and I fear his love-mood does ick him. Yet may he be of good cheer, for Spring comes not by the calendar this year, it seems, and the sex is coy, and perchance, what with snows in early April and winter fires still crackling on the hearth. One day soon we shall have warm weather and then shall hear the familiar "whicker, whicker, whicker, whicker." like the swishing of a willow wand and I shall have ceased his drumming to listen to the call and scrape and posture for his lady. A sorrowful heart is Spring and right readily do her child-ren of the wild heed the call that knock-a-rapping is vain at the soul-portals of her human children, horred by conventions, by inhibitions of man and the artificial restraints that are necessary to the peace of the human herd. It might not be otherwise, yet do we miss something. I am that way, comes to our cousins of the wild in the calm acceptance of the "still voice" that speaks and has spoken through the ages.

There is something inevitable about the way my purple martins set about the business of their home-making. Cuddling on the eastern porches of their box this wintry spring morning, they seem sad and despairing. Yet they do not despair. A hint of warming sunlight sets them a-twitter, winging joyfully in great, sweeping curves, popping in and out of their little rooms, alive to the business at hand. They are the great urge drives them; not the future calls; ever the little martins to be fledged this summer, when the corn blades are green and the bollyhocks stand like gay, old-fashioned ladies along the garden paths. Do these purple swallows, tottering on weak legs about their tiny porches, envision the summer, the gaping mouths to be fed, the future calls; ever the little martins to be fledged this summer, when the corn blades are green and the bollyhocks stand like gay, old-fashioned ladies along the garden paths. Do these purple swallows, tottering on weak legs about their tiny porches, envision the summer, the gaping mouths to be fed, the journey of the colony—all to be in the brief space of a summer? I think not, and yet who knows? But I do know that so it will be this summer and the next and the next through countless years. Mating. Nesting. hatching—driven by something too strong for choice, that something to which man has stretched imploring hands into the mystery of which he delves with his finger, catching here a gleam, there the blankness of despair, but ever searching, ever carrying on—driven, driven by the deathless urge coming down through limitless millions of years.

Poems That Appeal To Us.

SPRING JOURNEY

The wind was humming blithely through the trees, the moon was low, the stars were at their best, the shifting light of dawn crept growing ease, came swiftly from the East to take the West;

There was that stillness which precedes the sun, the pause when heart that is so calm and free, it made us think how beauty was begun,

we went as wide-awake as we could be, and heard a mocking-bird sing from the grass;

The road was bright with flowers reaching out into the growing beauty of the day, and with the early morning spread about, stirred deep with beauty we moved on our way.

—Grace Meredith, in Sunset Magazine

50 Years Ago

Thursday, April 15, 1886

Lucien Mann and family move into their residence in Carlisle.

Katie Putnam, famous actress, to be at opera house next week.

James B. Campbell, well known artist, leaves for Florida to make his home.

Kentucky University Glee Club to give concert at court house Friday night.

Charles Hukill sells interest in meat and vegetable business to partner, George Ishmael.

Ten bridges within four miles of Carlisle washed away as result of swollen streams from heavy rains.

Representative L. F. Mann obtains pension for Uncle Rocky Fork and Pleasant Springs pike. Charter call for $1,250 per mile.

Col. John F. Morgan, of Carlisle, expected to be appointed private secretary to Governor Thomas West, of Utah, an old friend.

20 YEARS AGO

Thursday, April 13, 1916

James Norton, I. F. Hicks & Hubert Sterling motored to Cincinnati Glove. F. E. Darnell and Everett Jones spent Sunday visiting friends in Cincinnati Tuesday.

LIFES PERPLEXITIES

(A. A. Bowmar in the West Ford Sun.)

Many days on this earth may be said to consist of a series of problems, some of them very difficult. They are met in the morning, dealed with each other, and arise out of the problems of our own acts more frequently than we are willing to acknowledge to ourselves. We say, "Why should I have been afflicted with this, which causes me to suffer, or myself are back of the trouble.

But whatever the cause, if we can preserve a certain amount of cheerfulness in meeting our problems—if we can sit down to them as we would to a game of chess—how much better we get the right answer. When we even approximate this attitude, and work the puzzle out, we have a fine feeling of mental exhilaration, a sense of being equal to life.

The tender one's half and run around in circles when our problems seem unsolvable is nuts to the child, who, more very intelligent people spend considerable time in just that manner.

There are some situations. Even the fiercest problem or trude will not work, where the only thing one can do is to try. Keep your seat, Miss Lizzy Jane and hang on to the sleigh.

But under all circumstances, waiting for the right time is patience, "keep your shirt on" is grand advice. They work out themselves in time, generally in these days. I would love to know how such useful states of mind and body is wasted in excitement when we try to force things, as either can be helped—or can't be helped.

A THOUGHT FOR EASTER

From the beginning of time, Spring as the resurrection of the earth from death of Winter. Long ago joyfully in great, sweeping curves, every religious cult celebrated in one way or another the resurrection season of growth and sunshine. Even its premise of life beyond the grave. If the dead trees and grasses could so demonstrate immortality, why should man alone die to rise no more?

In a few days the whole Christian world will join in testifying, on Easter Sunday, to its faith that death is not the end, that life goes on forever, in new and unknown but more glorious forms, that we earthbound plodders can not begin to imagine than can the maple tree or the wisteria, shedding its scarlet robe of Autumn under the killing breath of Winter's frosts, imagine the story of the Springtime garments of green which it will wear in its new life.

The belief that this is true, that there is a life beyond death, a life of release from toil and sorrow for such as truly believe and strive to live up to their belief has been the most powerful force in the history of our modern civilization. In this faith men have founded a common tie of mutual service, for the common good. All of the concepts of duty, honor, self-sacrifice and loyalty upon which great nations have been founded derived from the faith which is the very root and heart of Christianity.

Let no one say that the faith of our fathers is outmoded, that it no longer has its old power to inspire our lives. We are living in troublous times, and those of little faith are crying aloud that the old truths have failed, the old beliefs are dead. But even as they scoff, Spring brings her perennial symbols of the eternal life. And this coming Easter Sunday millions upon millions of believers will meet to testify anew to the truth that their faith is a living faith, that it still rules the hearts of men—Selected.

THE GOVERNOR'S REVENUE METHODS

(Lexington Herald)

Prompt passage by the Kentucky house of representatives of the first of Governor Chandler's revenue bills—a measure levying the taxes on whiskey, beer and wine—marked the beginning of the unique methods by which the resourceful young governor is carrying out his program.

Soon after the important revenue session of the legislature convened last Monday, it had before it a liquor tax measure that had only had been prepared for passage and approved by he reorganization commission, but had been agreed to by those on whom the proposed taxes would fall most heavily—the majority of the distillers operating in the state