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Those Halycon Days.

Oh would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was t'wept away in transient tears!
When every tale Hope whispered then,
My fancy deemed was *gaily* truth;
Oh, would that I could know again,
The happy visions of my youth!
—Mark Lemon

Soon now will come Spring bearing her gifts of joy! and greens, radiant in her dress of dogwood bloom and redbud blossoms—and the fish will be bitin'! And we're going out to try 'em some day right soon, the Lord willing, even if we do lose a lure in our encounter with the sheriff. We'll go fishing, but we can't go swimmin', as we did some umpty years ago. What an event that first Friday afternoon was! Saturday was, when the call came forgotten from the fields of sportsmen, both big and little. Ah! There was the odor of violets, of dogwood, and of a hundred other things of life in that generous season which ever stirs the greatness of the school room. Teachers, we trow, have since learned to understand that of boy nature these days far more than they dismissed ever reaction to that breeze, provided by a sodden and total lack of interest in education and the future of youthful broths, as "spring fever," which was but another way of dubbing us lazy dullards. Poor lads! We were beating them all of something other than education. Our dear fathers, as unmentioned by reverence of civilization as they were guiltless of shoes and stock ings and starched collars, were calling to us down the ages, singing into our hearts a paean of Spring, of life renewed after the death of Winter. And with that call came to us the knowledge that down in the creek the willows were budding. That afternoon we would sense the minnows.

To the grown-ups, who thrills to "setting his line" sensing that existence is a mistake as it was no small part of the pleasure of the day. The indolent, lazy tune of a cow moseying over and into the cranberry bluegrass, the drowsy call of the peewit with his adolescent shout of "Phoebe!" and the cawing crow, and which like good sportsmen, we love, he is, for the most part, were only a few of the "adventures" one enjoyed while "getting the hook" baited and the cork in little black rock-perch would vindicate our every effort to secure, and once a small bass nipped across, was something to cause the startled boys to lose a slip of "black-boy" mannous. And then the trip home in the twilight and the search for a quiet pool in which to hide our previous catch brought satisfying recompense in the knowledge of a secret shared.

There was not so much sleep as usual that night, but then one was repaid by a delightful, if dreamy, sense of satisfaction such as one awoke ever and anon, to listen for the sound of rain upon the eaves. For rain, too much of it, was an ogre that could spoil the most carefully planned holiday. More than often Nature bestows her favors and we aware of its seeming skies. Even then we had faith, for did not yesterday go and "fore seven, stops 'tree' 'leven?" And the wonder of it was that frequently it did stop and we had a halfday, which was better than none at all. Moreover, if four o'clock brought the promise of a day off, that's when a fellow didn't need a friend, for he was in tune with Nature.

Can you, who have rattled down to the creek in an old "jalopy," hitched your horse to the silverleaf branch of a willow and hurriedly "changed water" on your minnows, ever forget the thrill of limping up toward "your hook?" It almost gave a fellow heart failure, especially if the other boy had already got "strung" and had "gotten" after all corks were floating and every one had been unloosed but to talk, and you had waited half an hour and no start. Then rush of a hungry bass that crowned your gaudy little float, your youth, who summoned to restrain began to reassert itself and the day of days had begun.

About an hour later, you will remember, the other side of the creek began to look good. If you could only get over on that rocky bank, or down by that pile of drift, there'd be bass or "new" lights" on your string in no time. About the next minute some boy would begin rolling a weather eye at the sun and wondering if it wasn't "pretty close to dinner time." It needed little urging to "set your pole" and join the others at the spring. The food! Well, mother had "fixed" it for you and lost some millionaire, on caviar purse and milk and crackers digestion, might read discreed, well humanety refrain from pursuing that subject farth er.

"Sumpin' took all my bait, betcha he was a whopper; betcha how he pulled my pole down in the bank!" Did anyone, except a gentleman of color, fishin' for cats, ever catch anything on a hook? We never did and yet every youthful fisherman always tries it. The possibility is there and he's not taking any chances. And as back to fishing a trifle discouraged at the catch, which comprises one small "perch-light," a perch, whose curiosity got him hooked in the side and an infant "redeye."

Comes two o'clock, and a wiser lad, one who afterward became president or something, who imagines, produces a can of worms and allows he is done trying for the big ones. So is everyone. Now we are sitting in on a giant secret known. Down the creek a giant excavation was under construction by the waters from which it drew its strength, got up the fight and toppled into the unfriendly stream years ago. There we find a "natural" bath house, a shady spot, and as the sun be comes warmer and warmer in the West, a perfect day ends with full strings of the shiny and to limit little fellows.

Suppose that night! Again for the sake of those whose memories have not kept pace with their purse, we refrain. And yet we will say, that after that supper of "fried" and the fight upon terms of the "taking a bath" brought on crowds of protest and shouts of "hooking" in every boy within hearing distance, a "crick that bobbed one or twice and then the current under the mill where above that old sycamore log . . . and the next fishin' hole." Lord willing. Would that we could go a-fishin' once more.

Spring Salad.

I like the spring, the gentle spring
When noble syrup is in bloom.
We've gall, 'n buds, 'n everything
That might dispel the winter's gloom.

It is delightful, you'll allow;
Robins and peddlers are alert;
And sun shine is miles nor
And have crocustard for desert
—Exchange.

And hear the honest dogwood talk,
And see the brook its bonds unlock,
And note the maiest peach bloom
Bursting the lettuce has no room.

QUICK ANSWERED

It is tough going for the people of eleven. With slumlar and financial markets continue to believe as if they have already prepared for the wierd warnings of the American Liberty League and other such groups. Hoover's reiterated pronouncements that "prosperity is just around the corner" Indeed, they seem to have convinced that Mr. Hoover's people are accurate but misplaced and that the corner where ruin looked is the one we passed a year ago or more.

Let us look the cold figures of the financial and business columns of the newspapers first and understand that, should be interesting to the Nation on the evenings of the Jeremiahs. For example on Wednesday, February 19, the stock market showed such little consideration for the calamity howlers that the daily average of 50 stocks reached the highest point it had touched since 1931. Not content with this demonstration, the index continued to climb and celebrated the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt's third year in the White House, on to speak, with another surge upward.

What made this more significant of the disregard of the industrial and financial calamity howlers of the President's democratic was the Associated Press announcement on March 4 that:

"The subscription books were promptly closed on the Treasury's offer of a billion and a quarter of bonds and notes when the overwhelming demand became apparent. Terms of the offering had been announced yesterday morning. The public flocked to purchase more than the $500,000,000 in 12-to-15-year bonds, bearing 2½ per cent interest, and $500,000,000 in five-year 1½ per cent five-year notes."

By noon on March 4 the bonds had been more than seven times oversubscribed and the notes more than five times oversubscribed. One day's business! And what a business!

One of the largest offerings in post-war Treasury history, it has been exceeded only by the offering of $970,000,000 on December 15 last, which bore the same interest rate but matures three years earlier. The obvious conclusion is that when within less than three months the Federal Government is able to sell for that same interest rate bonds maturing three years later, then the credit of the Government has improved that much in that time. And it is equally obvious that public confidence in the Roosevelt Administration grows as observed ratio to its hamstringing and the simmering of the President's palsy selfish critics.

Are these happenings indicative of a fear of inflation, as Mr. Hoover has ponderously pontificated? Well, Roosevelt's one day following the upswings in stocks United States Government bonds in all categories have reached new highs. Treasury 4's, for instance, are now at 112.15-32, the highest point since they were issued. Those same bonds were first quoted at 94 on January 11, 1932, but there were no "Hoovers" in the famous "Mellon 3's," which sold at 82.32 on January 12, 1932, are at 103.23.32, a gain of 25 per cent in four years. To the owners of U. S. Government bonds, that is truly a tremendous increment in value. Such considerations which command public confidence there is not the remotest possibility of such fluctuation but in the transition from Mellon-Mills-Hoover to Roosevelt and the people . . . anything and everything has proved possible.

THE REORGANIZATION ACT

The reorganization bill, enacted into law by the recent extraordinary session of Congress, marks a notable advance in state craft in Kentucky. With its enactment there is no longer any excuse for the campaign pledges made by Governor Chandler. There is promised a "reorganization of the state government from top to bottom."

The new law provides for a compact, systematized, administrative mechanism, placing in the hands of the governor every possible opportunity to prudently and efficiently direct the affairs of the state and to see that policies are placed upon the governor more than ever before. For the same time he is given the authority and opportunity to meet those responsibilities.

In the words of Governor Chandler, before the state senate, the act gives him the opportunity to be a good governor. It also definitely fixes responsibility that if improved civil service laws in the future can be no doubt as to whose fault it is. Hitherto the governor has been the accountable in the eyes of the people for the pe of government enjoyed but has had little power to influence. That power is now given by his administration. Under the new act full authority is placed in the hands of the chief executive.

We fear ex . . . expressed in the legislature as the measure was being debated, that the governor would maladminister the increased authority delegated to him. Experience of the legislature has developed that very confidence in the governor's motives and ability to exercise the enlarged powers granted him and for the purpose of reorganizing better government.

Under the new law, expenditures cannot exceed the possible revenue of their offices. Should elected a governor who would abuse the powers granted by the new act, that possibility should be met and not nullified by the people through the ballot box.

The President maintains a free press and invariably holds two press conferences and invariably maintains a full house in the 24 hours. . . . the ordinary, hard-worked business man would be proud to emulate his example. The lesson is that the President is the master of his time, of a few.

A new device for eliminating man-made interference in radio reception is self-sensing static. It has been announced.

CLIPPED FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

AND NOW LET US PRAY.

(Louisville Times)

The soil conservation subsidy bill, supplanter of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, now is a law. That the Agricultural Adjustment Act had done an enormous many observers who did not like its principle, and did not believe it perfect in operation, but who realized the true gravity of the crisis it reflected: the magnitude of the problem which its promoters sought to solve.

Right land use is fundamental to any right-made plan for permanent prosperity.

A Yale professor has called timber the essential material of civilization, holding that world history proves that the strength of nations economically, therefore in arms, depends upon forests and ducts.

The present Administration understands the land use problem as no preceding Federal Administration has understood it.

The soil conservation subsidy bills object is to promote wiser use of land, and fairer distribution of real wealth: things by production of soil depletion and which urban populations live.

The Federal power to tax has not abandoned and will not abandon the principle of equality for agriculture.

Upon that principle must be based any plan of any conservation which is to escape the evils of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, few through cruel exploitation of the land and part of population.

We have had—and had enough of—industrial feudalisms in this country. We have had—a great deal of the Federal Government by industrial cliques. Through bipartisan politics its exponents have in nothing but subservice.

The present Administration, without claiming infallibility, has a promising start.

The Supreme Court destroyed . . .

Let us hope—let us trust—but let us do nothing else to be in the interest of justice and of welfare within the limits of the Federal Constitution as it now is.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

(Ashland Independent).

Feminine underwear long ago ceased to have any element of mystery for the males of America. It was some 40 years ago that a chemaise gave her audiences a thrill by raising her skirts above the way her knees while singing, "Just a little lingerie." The word was new to most of America, and, being French, slightly naughty. We always it, therefore, with speed, and as "lonjerie". It soon ceased to connote the frills of Parisian night-life.

Presently those things seen surreptitiously began to appear in the windows of stores, at first neatly folded, then, as protests wore themselves thin, on inanimate models. It was not long before the male sex passed by without a second glance. Undies were no longer a treat they were a bore.

More recently, advertisers have pictured living models wearing the latest underthings. We see Miss Budabib in her nightgown, Miss Tatatat in the corset which keeps her abdomen in control, no matter what she eats. Our grandmothers would have said they were no ladies. But it was Lillian Day who, a few years ago, gave the correct definition. "Lady, lady," wrote Miss Day, "is one who never shows her underwear unintentionally."

PRISON FOR DEBT

(Courier-Journal)

When this Nation was established imprisonment for debt was forbidden, as a result of the bitter experience in England and this is generally the case in every state of the Union. Last week, however, a bill was passed to effect in New York which would circumvent the ban on such prohibition. Where judgment has been rendered against a debtor, however, comes under the head of defrauding a judgment creditor, a husband in New York and in other states, and the court has power to go to jail for contempt rather than to pay his divorced wife money which he has been ordered to pay.

In police courts and criminal courts, municipal, State and Federal, every day men are imprisoned for being unable to pay a fine, which is a debt to the state, or a fine for certain transgressions. In fact, the whole penal system is a workhouse or jail to work out a fine or satisfaction of state debt at so much per day.

Debtors have rights, but not under this shabby court order. To compel a debtor to decline or accept employment is a fine for him . . . of a fine.

Question has arisen in recent years as to whether the states are performing the function for which they were originally intended. It has been thought that the tendency of the geographical extent of the United States that separate state governments are obsolete only to have agencies capable of dealing with local affairs. It is thought, however, doubt has been expressed in quarters as to the real value of the states. Are they natural units or artificial areas marked off by the surveyor' chain? Could natural units serve the purpose of local government better than artificial states? These questions have been brought by many suggestions for a regional grouping or reorganization of state boundary lines, and the establishment of regional governments, economically and socially. Such consolidation of adjacent states as would be practicable may become necessary in the future, but no one has seriously raise the question. "Are the states a real purpose or is there a need for a new state alignment?"

50 Years Ago

Thursday, March 25, 1886

Judge Charles Lytle moves his office to the Mann block.

Thomas Watson takes position as clerk at Lamar House.

Married—Miss Catherine Clark and Mr. Marion Stanfield, both of the county, on the 22nd.

Sam Veach, Gaither Smith and Hansen Kendrick to build houses on their lots in the West End this spring.

Frank H. Adair, of Carlisle, and Thomas McClintock, of Millersburg, to engage in furniture and undertaking business at Winchester.

Died—Mr. Thomas Stephens, 80, one of Carlisle's first residents, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John McKee, in Carlisle on the 21st.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gray, of the county, on the 16th, a daughter—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roberts, of the county, on the 21st, a son.

March term of circuit court opened Monday with Judge A. E. Cole presiding. Following were empaneled as jurors: J. H. Piper, H. M. Harris, S. T. Knox, Joseph Conway, J. B. Caudill, Matt Clay, W. K. Fuller, Samuel Booth, J. Campbell Wells, Patrick Thomas Mafferty, Joseph Knox, James A. Shipp, Jackson Roberts, William Turner and H. W. Hamm.

20 YEARS AGO

Thursday, March 23, 1916

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Skinner, of Saltwell, on the 14th, a son.

Russell Mayes and family leave for Lexington to make their home.

Main Street Garage takes the agency for Hudson and Hupmobile automobiles.

City school board reelects R. Dean Squires as superintendent for the next school year.

Rev. I. C. Hunt, of Covington to assist the pastor, Rev. T. D. Thomas, in revival at Presbyterian church.

Died—Mr. John Bishop Tarr, 81, native of Nicholas, at the home in Paris on the 19th.—Mrs. Rose Johmael, 19, wife of Lindsay Johmael, formerly of Carlisle, at her home in Lexington on the 21st.—Three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Vice at their home near Moorefield on the 19th.

Married—Miss Sue S. Ewell and Mr. Estle Hostetler, and Miss Faire Ockerman and Mr. John W. Boardman, all of the county, principals in double wedding at the Windsor hotel in Paris on March 16th.—Miss Stella Owings and Mr. Albert Bell, both of County, on the 19th.—Miss Maxine Turley, of Nicholas, and Mr. N. Hall Proctor, of Harrison, on the 22nd.

YOUR GOVERNMENT
by
DR. JOHN W. MANNING
DIRECTOR
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Legal Position Of The States

The states of the American Union have been described as the "dual" system of government. The American system provides: They are in the sense of the word creatures of the American government. Their place as parts of the Federal Constitution, and their duties are determined by the Federal Constitution, State constitutions, of course, have their own Constitution and determine their own form of government within the limits prescribed by the Federal Constitution. One of the chief tasks of the framers of the Constitution was to define those powers of government should be left for the states to exercise. Those powers which are not granted to the national government are granted or delegated to the states. The American Constitutional system is that the powers not granted to the national government are granted or delegated to the states. Powers not granted to the national government are granted or delegated to the states. Powers not granted to the national government are granted or delegated to the states.