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A Valiant Facing Of A Vexatious Question.

You may, or you may not approve of all of the tax measures passed by the recent revenue session of the General Assembly, but the fact remains that Kentucky's Governor has completed the task he set himself to do, his head his row, has balanced the budget.

Let it be said again, never has there been a more universally popular tax levied than never will no What the untaxed eye as a fair and equable revenue measure, the taxed group view as vicious and ruinous. That is human nature and in this world of constant change human nature alone remains for mankind. There has been and there will be all manner of opinion as to the wisdom of all the measures passed by the session just passed, but the fact remains that so far as human foresight may discern the budget is balanced. Which was the consummation so devoutly wished, when the session convened.

If we object in this feature or that in the Governor's tax proposal, it is but to emphasize the fact that extraordinary young chief executive has made use of no evasions in championing his revenue measures has made it known that he asks no indulgence although one of these prove political boomerangs or unpopularity wreckers; that he stands or falls upon his record.

Such a valiant facing of the most vexatious question that pertains to any administration merits the admiration of Kentuckians, irrespective of political allegiance, proves the resolute and valiant spirit of our remarkable young Governor.

Ave Etque Vale (If We Remember Our Latin.)

Graduation week! The week to summer up for one who now looks backward more than thirty years to the hectic doings of a high school graduation a train of pleasant memories. Perhaps distance lends enchantment. We seem to remember that we were more or less bored at the time, too much dressed up for comfort those June evenings, pretty thoroughly unaware that these goings on constituted somewhat of an epoch in our lives. Now the girl (women being realists always) knew that this was a big week, that sitting on a rostrum in a fluffy ball and being presented flowers and gifts and the parchment of more or less dubious value was an event, epochal, to be enjoyed and long remembered. Hohum. Time gilds, robes the mountain in an azure hue, so that now one of the boys looks back, wistfully, remembers the pleasant, forgetting the discomfort of that evening when the band played the heard beat popular song, Hiawatha, when the salutatorian saluted us in sophomoric periods and the valedictorian hunched us out of the safe harbor of high school into the sea of life.

Make the most of it, boys and girls. It is a week that will come to you but once. And the boys, at least, may have the satisfaction of knowing that their chances of success are about one hundred per cent better than they were four years ago, when this nation shuddered on the crumbling edges of a pit of economic chaos.

The Mercury's best wishes for your future happiness.

If Wrong, We Stay Wrong.

The suave radio announcers' pronunciation of Kentucky's annual racing classic was decidedly British, although one announcer we heard played no favorites, leaning into the traditional Kentucky enunciation of the word, which can mean either the race or the hat that Al Smith made famous in 1928. He "diahsted" for the most part, but now and then "derby" slipped out—which was fair to both schools in this momentuous debate on pronunciation, even if it indicated an unsettled conviction upon the part of the announcer.

Aside from our distaste for a pronunciation that is said to have had its origin in the derision of the cockney articulation of the word, we have never liked the sound of it in the mouths of Kentuckians, just as we have always abominated "dahg" and "hahg" and "cahfee," despite their correctness and the efforts of "very proper" schoolmarms.

We'll stick to "dawg" and "hawg" and "cawfee," thank you. We had an old mail teacher away back in the nineties, for whom being afraid not to do so we attempted to give to these words the vicious staccato crackle that one hears north of the Ohio river. But it wasn't natural and it didn't "take." So let it lie with "Darby."

And if by reason of our unfashionable articulation we be branded as a "fourth" boomster, y'know, we shall have lots of company. For we know that no one said "Darby," when we first began to be aware of that famous race, just after Ben Brush had piled his way to victory; one may be sure that the fashionables who acclaimed the gallant Aristides went to the "Derby," and if any philologist proves us wrong, we mean to stay wrong in that regard.

For we are at one, in this matter, with a picturesque old fellow, who lived at North Middletown in Bourbon county, many years ago. "I have sir," said he, "as much right to make a dictionary as old "Dan'l Webster!"

An Excellent Appointment.

Cecil Williams, for many years and now editor and publisher of the Somerset Journal—only Democratic newspaper in the old Eleventh District—is to have charge of the road work done by convict labor in Kentucky. His title is Commissioner of Rural Highways.

This writer has known Cecil Williams for a long time, knows that he will give a good account of himself and will prove the wisdom of Governor Chandler in appointing him to a position of such importance.

Here is a recognition of the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water"—the Democratic rural press of Kentucky—always to be found on the firing line in November, never disloyal, the enormous influence of which is vaguely realized by the city dweller, but is there just the same.

While congratulating Cecil Williams upon his good fortune, the Kentucky Press will congratulate Governor Chandler upon the sagacity of this appointment.

What Foreign Trade Means To Kentucky.

Completion of the reciprocal trade agreement with France last week, which is expected to break down much of the barrier toward greater sale of American products in her markets, appropriately comes on the eve of annual observance of Foreign Trade Week. This occasion will be celebrated from May 17 to 21 throughout the nation, in concerted effort to bring directly home to our people the important part foreign markets play in our business and economic life.

Foreign markets are essential to the well-being of a vast number of our domestic industries; and to some such markets are of vital importance. We export, on the average, more than one-third of the total production of leaf tobacco, half our cotton and our phosphate rock, and between a fifth and a half of our production of a number of metals and dried fruits. Among manufactured products, we export from a fourth to a half of our output in addition of sewing machines, printing and bookbinding machinery, office appliance, agricultural implements and machinery, and aircraft. We also find considerably one-tenth of our production of passenger automobiles, locomotives, and a number of other products. It is estimated that in 1931 we exported an amount equal to 7.5 per cent of our gross national income