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About This County In The Emergency.

A statement alleged to have been made in a radio broadcast last week that this county was "one of two in this section that have not reached their quota in flood relief donations" is without an iota of truth.

When the call for funds first came, the local Red Cross responded at once, sending $100, which was this county's portion retained in the November Red Cross drive.

Following that, without any solicitation, and before the county newspaper was published on Wednesday, contributions literally poured into the offices of the Red Cross here, reaching approximately $1,000 and still coming in. The quota set by the National organization was $60.

Since the first $100 was sent to the National Red Cross, $1,000 has been sent them and the original $100 which constitutes a sinking fund has been repaid to the fund. It may be that some of the additional contributions coming will be used for flood relief in this county as we have quite a number of people living along Licking, whose homes were flooded and who lost heavily in the high water.

Earnest efforts were made to persuade homeless people of Mayseville, Augusta to come here, where all provisions had been made for their care. An offer to Lawrenceburg was the reply to "stand by."

In the rush and excitement of the trying days of the crisis we have been experiencing, The Mercury realizes that it is easily possible for uncontrolled rumors to start, be given credence and reported, with no intent to do harm.

But this newspaper does wish the rest of the State and the world to know that Carlisle and Nicholas county people rallied quickly and generously to the call of Kentuckians in distress; that we stood ready and still stand ready to be of any service our facilities permit.

A Justified Belief.

The Mercury has never been a believer in the statement, too frequently made by those whom time has passed by in its inexorable march, that the "world grows worse," and "this generation is going to the dogs." As we see it, progress, advancement is the law of God; we go forward always, never backward. Long periods, to us, that may show no development in the human race, do come, but many of our apparent slips are but "growing pains." The world goes forward, civilization improves in the final summing up.

Experience and the relation of acts of courage, unselfishness, valiant work for long and sleepless hours by men and women engaged in the work of rescuing human lives strengthens a belief in this writer that the sense of civilization is thicker than he had supposed, makes one know that a kind heart beats in the average breast, no matter how much his kindness may be belied about by restraint, an assumed shell of indifference. As the flood waters recede, tales of bravery, of unselfish work come to light that will equal any deeds of valor performed in battle, will show even greater courage, because it was without the excitement of drum or bugle, or the incentive of an aroused blood heat that drives men to battle.

It is a pretty proof old human race after all, with bad blood that is impoverished yet—but showing in emergencies the strength, courage, unselfishness, willingness to sacrifice for the general welfare that has brought home, address long, long trails through the earth's dim years, and will carry it further.

The Governor Makes A Fine Appointment.

[illegible]

"It's Good To Be Dry."

[illegible]

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Up to find the sun shining again after many days of misty skies. And in the breath of the morning I find a hint of spring, a delicate and faint aroma of plowed fields moistened by April rains. It is but a hint, but a teasing, momentary whiff to the nostrils, yet the song sparrows has felt it and a mocking bird that has fed now and then at my bird lunch counter these days of snow and ice is so thrilled by that breath of promise that he sings in matchless mimicry his song of spring. From among bare branches of a maple this grey-clad songster pours into his repertoire all of the joy of May-time. He has heard a call, I think, whispering in the south wind—a call that tosses human ears, bringing a large longing to be, for something forgotten and of faculties lost in the long upward climb of millions of years.

I find a fellow feeling for the writer in the Christian Science Monitor, who has sensed the "whiff of Spring," when the earth is yet cold in the grip of Winter. He is moved to write as delightfully as the mocking bird sings.

Perhaps, some January day, you will venture forth, armed to meet the sharp, thin, vital air, alert to take the crisp, whipping wind, with its pointed crystal touch, and most, instead of lethargic, so soft, so languid, so weighted with the moist, sweet scent of patches of [illegible] ground, that you will know at once what is in the air.

That is the whiff of spring, the scent which you will never forget once you have inhaled it and enter it has associated itself with the feel of the first promise of spring. There is nothing like it, it is so primitive, so fundamental, so unhampered that it appeals to the elemental in each creature who finds himself akin. It takes us back to those first love of the earth, to the joy of the feel of the earth, to the pleasure of the presence of the earth, to the satisfaction of the fruit of the earth. It is free and it makes him free who breathes it; it is independent of extremes, and, for the moment, so is he who takes it in. It is one with the rhythms of the earth, that is why the little creatures can read its meaning, and that is why everyone who loves what the little creatures love, can read it with open heart and listening ear.

It rushes upon you so suddenly, so softfootedly, that after it is gone you will fall to wondering if it was there at all, or if you only fancied it. Each year it comes a new way. Each time it is as if it had never come before, and were a bit shy about coming. It is the first living, breathing messenger from the long blue distance, and for that it is precious. After that, blizzards may blow, winds may rage, snow may pile knee-high, but you will know, and I will know and every little rabbit will know, that spring has whispered and that soon there will be more messengers, more signs, but none more sweet than this first venturesome messenger, in the heart of winter.

More messengers there will be right soon and more signs of Spring and right glad I shall be for the coming of another Maytime. In truth, I am one of the old accepted signs, red breast out-puffed and feathers ruffled into a very ball, where he sits di-consolate in a weeping willow.

Why do these lonely fellows stay to face the winter blast, when the flock leaves for sunnier climes at the first chill breath of Autumn? One bird lover tells the story very prettily I think:

One day in the autumn, invisible messengers will be telling him it was time to go. He felt their admonition in his bones, and wherever flies were robins they lifted their wings to fly away as if at the same moment they felt blood what was in the wind. Perhaps, too, he felt it as if the voice of God were speaking to them in the wind, sending them south.

Then, one by one, robins start their all-night flight. They get sick or lose their way, and then all but gone they bump into a tall, wind that had blowed up from the south and blows the leaves from the trees. The wind comes to him, blows his feathers over him.

The wind tells him the message, the message of the birds' desire for the sweetness of the sun, the abundance in the wind that is native of it, and the wind, wise, younger brother, tells him to be patient, tells him to be patient, tells things to him that he knows, tells him to be patient. "The time is to be now, and the time is to be gone, and the time is to be patient."

Who should I be now? Who should I be now? Who should I be now? Robin, robin, feel your feet. Robin, robin, feel your feet. Robin, robin, feel your feet.