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THE WISEST MAN.

The wisest man could ask no more of Fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true.
Safe from the Magic honored by the Few;
To stand an equal to the rest or Death or Love;
But inwardly to secret to be great.—Lowell

TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1937

Service To Kentucky And To Humanity.

In discussing Kentucky's Greatest Problem," the overcrowding of our charitable and penal institutions, our hospitals for the insane and ill, we wrote on the issue of The Mercury for December 5, 1935:

But what will be done; granting the correct decision of the administration of which we differ, to—to be of real service to the commonwealth? It is a difficult problem, from a political angle, it is a dangerous problem, from a political angle, in that it involves the expenditure of large sums of money. It will call for supreme courage upon the part of any Governor and Legislature and a keen understanding of the intolerable conditions that exist in our prisons and eleemosynary institutions. Perhaps a start will be made, at least. The administration that begins those needed reforms may meet with unpopularity in some quarters, for will power to be positive in its course in the best interests of the good will, to sincerity of purpose to be of real service to humanity.

A ring more than eighteen months since that was written and a modern prison building is being completed on a large prison farm in Oldham county. The antiquated bastions at Frankfort is abandoned. And now the shores of Herrington Lake has been purchased for the erection of a modern hospital for the mentally ill. Truly that is an amazing record and the fact that the Governor's program was sustained by the Good, in the matter of the abandonment of the Frankfort penitentiary, does not detract from the accomplishment.

That Governor Chandler sees beyond the erection of walls for confinement of the wayward, hospitalization of the mentally ill is gratifying to those of us who have urged that prisons should be, as far as possible, be reformatories and hospitals, for the insane not merely places of incarceration, where unfortunate mortals are locked up and forgotten, but hospitals in the true sense of the word, where cases may be studied and intelligently treated in society as useful members in exceptional cases.

"We must look," says the Governor, "beyond comfortable buildings for the insane. We must provide every possible facility for the cure of all this is the work of specialists." This work will be done by the State Board of Charities, which has said to be the "best in the world." When this report is written shall have expended two million dollars on the new institutions and can start to work on the Lafferty correction," Governor Chandler stated, when he met "the need for a modern, well equipped and incoming prisons and be classified and those who can be cured can be put under the right treatment at once." And continuing, he wrote this welcome assurance:

Within twelve months that part of the program will be complete—a maximum security prison at Eddyville where confirmed criminals will be kept, the prison in Oldham county and the hospital for the insane. Before a year has past, the state will be well launched into the construction of a diagnostic and receiving unit that will have direct its system for production, prison industrial training for lawbreakers and a modern treatment for the mentally ill. Some institution will be under way for the problem presented at the Reform School and the Industrial School for Girls.

"The Chandler administration is accomplishing a reform for which history has waited long, as to form that, in our opinion, will make his administration a memorable one, even if no other important accomplishments are forgotten.

Why Let It Die?

Now that the Democratic primary has been safely over, the question arises as to what is to become of the Democratic party in Kentucky. Is it to be left to die? Is it to be revived? Is it to live?

As for ourself, we have always been a Democrat, and we have always been a Democrat because we believed that the principles of the Democratic party were the principles that would best serve the country and the people. We have always been a Democrat because we believed that the principles of the Democratic party were the principles that would best serve the country and the people. We have always been a Democrat because we believed that the principles of the Democratic party were the principles that would best serve the country and the people.

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A Vote For Meredith Means—

(The Maysville Independent)

Given the unqualified endorsement of Governor Chandler and the state administration in Attorney General Hubert Meredith, of Owensville, who is opposing the honorable nomination and election to which he was rewarded several months ago, by the overwhelming majority of the Democratic voters of Kentucky, who have long since learned that Hubert Meredith is a man of honor and integrity, and that he is a man of honor and integrity, and that he is a man of honor and integrity, and that he is a man of honor and integrity.

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Born in the days of goods almanac and anticipations and wagon, outlook, figures in plain cases when potters were cast and dark, and frosty (which I would have you know is not so much), years ago after all the season of the favorite indoor sports, vying with Jackstraws and Old Maid, was the solace experienced in pictures of the Grand Canyon and the Crucifixion and of John L. Sullivan—the father of your paternal ancestor happened to be a bit devilish, or spiritously inclined.

We remember looking through one of those models into the heart of a lustrous blossom with embellished pictures of the Manger and the Wise Men, the latter by a somewhat grimace about them, the imagination (no of course) catching a whiff of heavy perfume from the waxen depths of the magnificent blossom. Once eyes became crossed or got out of focus sometime after looking through one of those hooded things. But it was a wonder, fascinated, of a rapidly moving age for which Nancy Hanks set a dizzy example and there were to be many more inventions who continued to talk about "horseless carriages," despite guffaws from sensible people. At least it served, did this thingumajig—"stereoscope," that's the word—when Mary's beau grew a bit too playful or began to slip boldly betrayed along the horseshoe sofa. "Oh, have you seen the latest stereoscopic views?" was a provocative scope, Mr. Tweedledee!" If he hadn't and showed no interest, her continued to ride—rolling down the fourth not, being at that time of an age to hide beneath the sofa, rather than a permit it to be discovered. One imagines that Nelson took her course although "necking" was unknown the matter, of course, when Mary "pouted" and was not daunted or discouraged any sum of incredulity by slapping this hooded thing over his eyes and saying "Look at Niagara Falls in Winter, Niagara Falls in Summer, or gaze on the majestic cataract of Lodore Blooming Cocoa. Do, ask mom—she might—to know.

Strange that the memory lingers. Of all these wondrous "views," only that of the night-blooming Cereus stands out as it did when a child—the magic focus by clothing the picture on their tonsils—the surprised confidence of the Torch Thistle, this cactus, should be the one to stand out in memory above all the flowers and scenes of natural beauty which brought exclamations of polite wonderment from the ladies—Niagara sofas and antimacassars and wicker flowers under glass cases in the parlor—but the Cereus, cool and smoky, should have the power to wave the wand of necromancy over almost forgotten years. Whether explains it in a line "Beauty seen is never lost" we a greater part, who he said:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases it will never
Pass into nothingness.

* * *

Last week I republished a eulogistic essay that I wrote some years ago on the delights of blackberry cobbler. This week comes a gift of delicious fruit, wherewith to paint the lily of table comfortable confection, from Mr and Mrs. Charles Wagoner of the county. For which my grateful thanks. I wonder if along about Thanksgiving I might not be able to turn out a pungent sour turkey, and along about Christmas another one pointing the delectable, fruit from the Wagoner homestead county old hawk with the same pleasing result?

* * *

The other day I browsed through the files of The Mercury and read again some of the editorials of the late, lamented Republican party campaign. I had a lot of fun in that campaign and tasted the joys of a political campaign to the full. I was the campaigner for our chosen candidates. But, kind reader, I never was guilty of writing the kind of unscrupulous, try, writing lackeyey editorials in a campaign that I have turned over and read them after those years have passed.

Those who grow excitedly vocal over their favorite candidates, or the ideals they stand for and allow their vociferations core not back to plague them. For there would be much wailing and gnashing from the roaring stump, did all of the sizzling words read upon the assembly of the friendly, rousing election torrent come floating back to plague the speaker after ninety days.

But when one writes his rave and it gets onto the printed page, I advise him not to look back into the files of the papers, where he may be startled after reading some of his eulogistic political screeds, written during the heat of a campaign for any history of the past, feels that it might have been well had he followed the old adage, "Silence is golden." Because to unfortunates who have the urge to dabble with the blue-black fluid which is supposed to make mistakes forever indelible, Ned Hobbs, State.

The Chandler administration is accomplishing a reform for which history has waited long, as to form that, in our opinion, will make his administration a memorable one, even if no other important accomplishments are forgotten.

But It's True

Because she has gained 130 pounds since 1899, Miss Winston reports that she probably couldn't duplicate the feat today. She was women's bicycle champion of Cornwall at every distance from 100 yards to one mile for seven years. She retired in 1902.

50 Years Ago

30 YEARS AGO

Editor's Note: The issue of July 1907 is missing from the files of The Publication of "50 Years Ago" will be resumed next week.

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, July 26, 1907

A. B. Tilden is appointed postmaster at Carlisle for four years.

J. H. Martin and D. D. Roberts open meat market in the Mack Street Garage building.

James Delaney and Miss Mary Peoples are married at the Mack Street Garage by Rev. Hall.

W. J. Boen and Miss Nell Hall elope and are married at Cynthiana. Rev. Nicholas officiates.

Married—Miss Ada Woodall and Mr. James W. Wamsley both of the county, on July 24, 1907, by Rev. H. Hollar and Mr. Clarence Hollar, both of the county.

Born—To Mr and Mrs. Walter Bowles, a son, on July 24, 1907. To Mr. and Mrs. William Rogers, a daughter, on July 24, 1907. To Mr. and Mrs. Mike Berry, of this county, a son, on July 24, 1907.

Superintendent Sessions is appointed census supervisor to appoint enumerators for the Fifth Kentucky District, which includes Bourbon, Scott, Harrison, Nicholas, Robertson, Fleming, Mason, Lewis, Greenup, Carter, Boyd, Lawrence, Elliott, Morgan, Rowan, Bath, Montgomery, Menifee, Powell and Estill.

H. Lyon Myers.

FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

AN INN AT BLUEFLICKS?

(Lancaster Times)

In a letter published in The Times, George L. Willis of The Bluefly Inn Company complains that there is no inn at Blueflicks Battlefield State Park.

Should there be an inn there?

To warrant an inn in a State Park, there must be probability of patronage of sojourners.

Turkey Run State Park, as a basis for reservation in which Mr. Willis refers, invites hotel guests to a wilderness of primeval forests, to fertile paths, to trails, its opportunities for the visitor to spend a week-end a week, a month or a season, with no more than sufficient attractions to warrant an inn in a State park.

Kentucky's acceptance of Blueflicks battlefield as a State park offered areas and calling all of them Blue Licks Park, the Courier and Examiner says, surrendered whatever appeal which it might have had to be self-supporting.

It has also created problems. Bluefly Inn among them, which ought to exist, as such but which would be better classified if they were called State monuments, and which, once might be causes of heavy loss.

NEW ELECTRIC DEVICE FOR FARMS

(Kansas City Star)

Persons driving in the country must have noticed prospective farmers' homes with many barns and farmhouses. These are the homes where the harnessing the wind to the service of the farmer.

Comparatively few farms are served with electricity. Though that do not have electric socket. Farmer use modern electric socket. Radio sets. The battery set is in service for pockets of keeping the battery charged.

A few years ago farm help became expensive and by hooking up a motor to a windmill in an electric power station battery. This method did not turn for enough to be practical. But with the development of the alternator and the rural electrification program, which is now in full swing, it is possible to connect the generator and the windmill and get enough current to operate a radio. A radio has been created for the farm. Its power comes from the wind. The device is a small generator driven by the propeller of the windmill. Radio listeners are not only becoming more numerous but they are using larger receivers. Many have added a phonograph to their radio. Such devices require current to operate them. Some have added a refrigerator which consumes electricity for a few lights. Hence the demand for more powerful batteries and larger generators and lighting the whole house.

VACATION STAY-AT-HOMES

(Winchester Sun)

There are millions of folks who never get away from home on a vacation or tourist trips. Can they make the summer season pleasant and beneficial?

While the tourists are exulting, anticipating the gas and getting the high spots of travel, they are not always very happy. Some of them are forever complaining. The last word on hotel accommodations, the best eats, the route to the best way back and the worst roads they have traveled.

Other people never seem to be satisfied unless they are on the move. They must be happier than those who stay in the way a dog is happier than a cat.

The other half stays in the home town and enjoys the comforts of home. They may be happier than those who travel, but they don't get as much help in the way a dog is happier than a cat.

The other half stays in the home town and enjoys the comforts of home. They may be happier than those who travel, but they don't get as much help in the way a dog is happier than a cat.

Many people are so busy at home that they never get around to seeing the beauties of Kentucky as they are so busy at home that they never get around to seeing the beauties of Kentucky as they are so busy at home that they never get around to seeing the beauties of Kentucky as they