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He Didn't Tell Tim.

Occasionally a rare and subtle story-writing flair for the mixed characterizes of the human race where the element of humorous or concerned creeps into print and because of the humour, always bears repeating.

J. P. McEvoy, the ace New York writer, who spent a year in Hollywood getting to the bottom of the fuht to bring out real story and eliminate the balloonsing in the movies, tells this story of the inherited sense of ethics to which movie men say their closest rivals subscribe.

One producer, when asked by the writer what was the movies sense of ethics in business, replied with the following anecdote:

A merchant waited on a cash customer and sold him sufficient merchandise to amount to two dollars. Unthinkingly, the customer picked up his purchases and threw down on the counter a five-dollar bill, leaving without taking his change.

The proprietor mused and mused over this incident.

The most question was, he thought, should he tell his partner of the five-dollar bill or not.

Wages Of Sin.

Like a bombshell last week, Federal investigators brought to light the serpentine machinations of "Dr. Donald Custer" head of the highly respectable McKesson-Robbins drug firm, by which he has worthy had criminally converted the firm's accounts in some 50 departments to fit his own means, allegedly.

The government men found Custer had placed upon the firm books approximately $1,000,000 in assets which never existed.

They found also he had been involved in large shipments to belligerent countries, or that he was controlling shipping opportunities of arms and munitions to countries engaged in war.

They found Custer's real name was Phillip Musica and that as the son of an Italian immigrant, back in 1913, he had been convicted in a fraudulent deal whereby he sold human hair for wigs.

They found Musica had three botchings—and the astounding part of it is that each of the brothers was working for the same firm, and that no three had taken as many names and concealed their former identities.

But they had really found nothing at all until the morning they went to arrest Mr. Custer-Musica. At his home they found he had the last word and cheated justice by putting a pistol ball through his head.

Custer-Musica took in millions, lived royally, had plenty to spend, enjoyed his life apparently and commanded the respect of the business world. His tragic end is a denouement fitting the circumstances.

Pardon us a moment while we reflect on Biblical teachings. Here we find the exact reason for the saying "the wages of sin is death."

No one knows now if Custer-Musica really enjoyed his life as much as the apparent evidences of his affluence seem to indicate.

The fact he knew he was doing wrong, the natural apprehension he must have felt for fear his machinations would be uncovered none days—they were—the certainty that he just would rise to confront him and his necessity of being extremely cautious in concealing his identity all must have told heavily on him. It must have led his life could not have been as satisfactory as his position would seem to indicate.

There is no need for a postscript now. Mr. Musica has gone to the place where retribution will overtake him. Let his example be a lesson to others who believe the arm of the law is short and that the best way to enjoy life is to veil your days with deceit.

The Lord Loves A Loser.

The world loves a winner and the winner always has been in the limelight and reflected glory of the hero or heroes, but has a good time for the persons or teams who must lose to make the victories historical. It is about the loser that the spotlight of interest and object of its fickle adoration.

For a variety of reasons, the Carlisle high school Musketeer's basketball team this year must be classed—as far as the current season has gone anyway—in the latter category. It's not the fault of the coach, nor can the gymnasium floor be blamed nor the lighting system.

It's just the breaks of the sport, and should be accepted at face value.

Considerable criticism has gone the rounds recently about the football boys not showing up in fine fettle and they had luck during the season, and that is no secret.

The point is that anyone can love a winner, but it takes a good green heart to be courageous enough to support a loser. Certainly there have been a terrific lot of support for the Musketeers this year.

It is well to remember that if circumstances prevent our having a championship team or football team every single year, we still ought to help considerably in giving our unlimited moral support to the representatives who play so hard for us.

They lose—win, lose or draw.

Active and loyal support on the part of fans here will show other boys that even if we lose games, we back our boys. The youngsters comprising the team both ways give their best and it doesn't help their feelings at all to be run down and criticized when they have done all they can do on their side.

Calendar History

December 25, 1778—Washington crossed the Delaware. Christmas.

December 26, 1926—Commander Byrd announces his expedition to flew over the ice barrier of the Antarctic.

December 27, 1776—Congress at Washington almost obsolete dictatorial powers.

December 28, 1846—Iowa admitted to Union. President Woodrow Wilson born at Staunton, Va.

December 29, 1805—President Andrew Johnson born at Raleigh, N. C. Texas admitted to the Union in 1845.

December 30, 1853—Gadsden purchase, Arizona and New Mexico, from sovereignty of Mexico.

December 31, 1852—First through railroad train from New York to Chicago.

Costly Christmases.

The Courier-Journal carries on its front page in last Thursday's issue a story of a young woman who, in the spirit of Christmas dressed in a Santa Claus costume and made the rounds of confectionery counters for undisclosed purchases—but with near-fatal results.

Smoking a cigarette in a moment's respite, the young woman unexpectedly dropped a spark on her flannel-and-cotton costume. You know the rest. It was only a few seconds until she was a human torch.

She ran from the cloak-room in which her clothes caught fire, flaming like Salem. When customers reached her, they did not not have to remove her clothes—it already had been burned from her young body.

As a result, she lies in the Louisville city hospital and her chances are of such a nature that attending physicians despair of saving her life.

We can throw advice at you readers by the reams, warning of certain actions similar to this young girl's which may have fatal results, until the senses are dulled by so much repetitive.

But this year it is to be hoped that at Christmas there were no cases of persons being burned through their own heedlessness.

When the flesh has been seared and the skin hangs in strips from the limbs—as a result of a conflagration, it is a poor time for regrets or resolutions for the future.

If you still have your Christmas tree up, it is advisable to be sure the lighting fixtures do not have any loose connections or short circuits that presumably would roused the tree to catch fire.

Also, the use of lighted candles for decorations is absolutely unsafe and should they would have a pretty New Year's night on your festival and better forget all about them.

It's a good idea to place your tree in a position where if it does catch fire, there would be nothing for the blaze would finally get to on contact. An open ball, or a cleared space in the room is safe.

As to the costume part, if you desire to dress in a flimsy set of garments for the New Year's Eve party, you'd be just as well off to just let the box of candies and the cigarettes at home during the festivities. It is absolutely amazing just how quickly one's apparel can become a pyre—your formal pyre perhaps—when a match is touched to them.

We don't like to dwell too long on the gruesome—but we can vouch for it that death by burning through your own careless-ness is the most heart-breaking way for your loved ones that you can exit this mortal coil.

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SOME FOLK TABOOS

(Bourbon News)

It is a superstition to us who can look back a few decades to find that many things that are now discussed frankly were formerly taboo. I cannot believe that we are any more prudish today, fundamentally, than we were in the days when our immediate ancestors were they living, would be painfully shocked at our every day language.

Male animals just were not mentioned if possible, though female ones were called by their proper names as often as one liked. One could feed the old sow and her pigs but not a boar, at least not by that name. He could be called a male hog without offending any one. Similarly, the dear old cow was almost a member of the family but the bull was unmentionable except under some softened name male cow, believe, male, or even, in extreme Kentucky, mayfield. I suppose a sort of anagram of female. All sorts of devices were used to avoid use of the names of other male animals, so many that a good-sized dictionary of modest literature could be compiled.

Religious words with a kick, except at church, were equally ruled out of ordinary conversation, and the softened words had emanated from the nursery but clung to the language of grown ups. God was the Good man, the devil was Mr. Satan, pious people spoke of Old Master when referring to divinity and Cleveland payer by an American observer, bair out the assertion. The tiger was in the habit of raiding small villages, killing and carrying off women and children. Curiously, Lewis caked his hair with dirt, planted seed, raised roses within four months by forcing. He still has three of the roses pressed in a book.

But It's True

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FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

FEAR MAKES THEM MUTE

(Owensboro Messenger)

Two firsthand accounts of the Jewish persecutions in Germany, one by a refugee editor arrived in New York and another recently in Cleveland paper by an American observer, bair out the assertion that the masses of German people are out of sympathy with the brutalities of which Governor Chandler complained in his Armistice Day address.

Leo Kernd, former editor of the anti-Nazi Neuetzie Presse in Vienna, who fled to this country when he was freed from execution in a concentration camp by the German army, tells how outbreaks against the Jews were organized by the Nazi leaders and how the populace looked on in horror at what they saw being done.

Many Germans formerly anti-Semitic now sympathize with the Jews.

To express that sympathy, however, by so much as a word or gesture is to invite almost certain reprisal by Nazi officialdom with the refined tortures of the concentration camp as punishment.

THE HEARS SANTA CALLING

(Owensboro Messenger)

In an unobserved watcher of a little girl saw a drama unfolding. She was a child of about 5 years of age, by far a hot topped her tousled head of golden curls.

Her little hands vainly tried to reach a close to hide the torn dress underneath. Her shoes and stockings were worn through, patched in places and also new heaps of Christmas candy in the store. Occasionally her little hands would stray toward the candy, but were quickly withdrawn. And then a shy glance about to ascertain if anyone had seen her.

Apparently she had been seen for such little girls and little boys are the very keen observers of such things. They are denied much pleasure and enjoyment because they are poor. They are denied many things that other children have because they are poor. They know through observation that they are poor. They know through observation that they are poor. They know through observation that