THE CARLISLE MERCURY
Established 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

In Memory of
WARREN H. FISHER
Editor 1913-1937

Frank Borries, News Editor

Member National Editorial Association

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year (in advance) $2.00
Six Months (in advance) ... $1.00

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1938

The Best Man.

Tuesday, November 8, is Kentucky's day to demonstrate its right to repose in writing their choice for senator from Kentucky.

On this election does not depend entirely the election of a senator who will support the interests here Deal in its entirety and insure a better living for the country, but whether or not this program will be continued until definite results can be seen and appreciated as they should be.

Senator Alben W. Barkley, who also his nomination over Governor A. B. Chandler after a hard fight in August, is asking the Kentucky electorate to send him back again and permit him to follow out his course of action already set, to and financially speaking.

Fully intent on preventing his election is Republican candidate Judge John Haswell of Louisville, who is fully convinced that the New Deal is at error in trying to save humanity.

Kentucky voters may vote again for the man and not the program, as is so often done in elections over the nation. And if the Democrats do not follow their party convictions and cast a ballot for the man who has and will endeavor to aid Kentucky constantly, we are in danger of having a one state sorely crippled in achieving the humanistic millenium.

Do not underestimate the power of the Republicans. In the flush of victory for the past few years, we Democrats are apt to forget that a party fights best when it is the underdog. If we all sit back and fail to vote for Mr. Barkley as we should, the results could be disastrous.

Go to the polls Tuesday, voters and go in force. In the words of Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, "get that fastest with the mostest men."

Git fair fastest with the most, est votes and Barkley is in. President Roosevelt's right hand man will be there to forward the New Deal program, another strong link in the chain to raise the standard of living will have been forged and the Democratic party will have backed its candidate to a finish.

Spit, Spat, Sput!

Although we must, in due respect, limit it to Uncle "Tweedpat". Whose fine practicity in an exhibition we lately with a question that Uncle "Tweedpat" and all the members of his "chawing" society should take to heart. Their habit somewhere in the wide open spaces where a man has the room to loathe.

Now, we know that tobacco tastes is an unsanitary and unhealthful habit—to which we are completely addicted. So it could be said we are a crusader crusading under the armor or righteousness and trying to reform every tobacco user. The good Lord knows why we put tobacco on the earth and we are not one to dispute his word—particularly when we get so much pleasure from his bounty as we do the "weed."

But, friends, if you should walk down Main street in Carlisle when the boys are in town in a good chance you can't make part with out having the underpinning splashed by a bouncing spit, lightly flecked over with a cracker box shop shot, even be delegated about the ankles with a foreign fluid.

Now, as we said, we are mighty patient. But so many persons have dodged the wrong way to a recently and then come to us to complain about their tough luck. And incidentally to show to us the advisability of their position. And that we thing it's about time we become up in print and ask the boys to be a little more careful.

For the most part can't fuss do when he starts up the street and an old timer, cuts loose with a short charge of "Mail Pouch" now. If he dodges back, he's afraid he'll back into what nonchalantly else is cuffin' boots with and if he dodges sideways, he may run right into a couple of double barreled old timers whose aim may be "spot on" but who let the shot disturb not unto the way it should go.

If you jump too far, you go off the curb and land hard on the pavement over that high curbing.

And as for about all a fellow can do is wear a raincoat—or stay at home. And it's awful hot weather for a raincoat and a man's not to be caught from home occasionally.

What did you say? Walk on the other side of the street? Humph, of those folks over there aren't a bit less addicted to the habit than you are.

Nubs We've Drawn Back.

Monday night was Hallowe'en and despite the mud back we had in front of us. It was more than we could do to keep from watching our furniture from an upstairs window the antics of the town's youngsters out for a night of fun.

As we watched them stealthily sift from a neighbor's front porch and disappear into the darkness, we vowed not so many years ago our forces at that hour of night.

It would be hard to forget the time, for instance, when we kids "snuck" up on Simmons' place—he was a crank, anyway, and closed up out of the vacant lot a door down because we bothered him playing ball—and pulled his front door shut, then rang his bell long and vigorously and scooted him nearly but his head off on the nearly immovable object when he planned full tilt through the doorway after us.

Then, too, we recall vividly how that same night we created the scare with another old crank of ours—motherhood whose chief propensity was swearing at little girls who passed his house. The old gentleman was much surprised the next morning when he found that his front door knob had been stuffed full of tiny bits of paper. He knew immediately who had done it and why, but he spent all day picking them up and straightening them, he displayed a marked tendency to mind his own business.

The fleeter boys got theirs one night too, and it seemed there more than anything else that the weather boys of the neighborhood had managed to get together and for their holiness and hilarious those bright lights found all the lanthine they had laboriously carried to a standstill and placed on the school's flue pole—and the some out 40 feet from the bottom of the pole.

The funniest thing to our gang was the time old Mr. Cathy—he lived four blocks over, but who was his grandchild's pet—had a small tin that limit, funnel for 12 minutes trying to find why his doorbell rang and he thought he had While we laughed, he gowed and gawed at the bell until he was utterly jerked loose the pin that was holding it. He threatened for short-lived, however, as the pin was replaced immediately as soon as he went in and he left it there to jerk the wires out to stop its incessant haunting.

Near tragedy stalked the antics of our little gang when one of us turted a certain soberness of behavior to us, in that we learned never to distrust anyone about a matter what their offenses. One night hid in an upstairs bedroom one Hallowe'en and waited our visit. When we started into his yard, he cut loose with a shotgun and the bad light was all that saved two of us. As it was, one of culprits received a dose of rock salt where it could stop the music link in the chain to raise the standard of living will have been forged and the Democratic party will have backed its candidate to a finish.

Indian Summer Myth.

Now that variations are ever and sudden autumn looms, many are trying to explain away the approach of winter as a cracker crusading under the armor or righteousness and trying to reform every tobacco user. The good Lord knows why we put tobacco on the earth and we are not one to dispute his word—particularly when we get so much pleasure from his bounty as we do the "weed."

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One Strike, And Out—

A handful of orchids to our Kentucky employes of the Postal Telegraph Company and a fistful of pounds to try to the Chicago delegation of the same firm are our sentiments.

We censure the Illinois group because they went out on strike on their employers and called for the rest of the nation's Postal workers to follow suit. We applaud the Kentucky group because they declined to strike on a field look from the town or city in evidence of an impending wage cut.

Labor is a fine thing—we couldn't get along without it—but the thing has gone too far when it now is not fighting for the right of self expression and the right to work under agreed—conditions, but rather for the satisfaction it gives them to tie up a plant where they believe they have been grossly mistreated.

If they were willing to arbitrate a little and to get around the round table and discuss their points in a friendly way instead of jumping down their throats at threat at the first crack, they will get a lot further and in the long run accomplish more than the temporary gains they get at first will show.

Also, some day employers will be smart and do as a Norwood, Ohio, firm did once.

When the labor contingent made a demand for increased wages terms and concessions, and refused to act human when the employer attempted to bargain sanely, the firm finally taught the whole bunch a lesson they'll be forget.

The company merely went into its own strike-breaking plant, removed all the machinery to a near city, transferred its office accounts and sales force and sold their building in Norwood.

The net result was more than a thousand workers were out of a job—permanently, mind you—because they assumed dictatorial powers. There is a limit to how far to which employers will go in the compromise on concessions after the firm moved its business to another city.

Points And Picas.

A well-known Republican, defeated overly hemingly recently in an important political race, shouts The New Deal is a failure. He forgets of course that he himself failed in his one big move in his race.

Now if they could off the deficit as fast as they piled it up, wouldn't it be rosy for the money-changers?

Contemporary says that free speech is all right but that there is not worth charging for anyway.

Strange how unconvincing is the speech of a politician trying to sell native land from a foreign country.

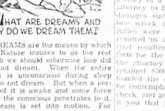
If all the men in the world were Hitler were back to back it would be a fine thing to wake them up in line with a Nicholas county hickory club.

We know now—sad, sad, experience—that foxhounds on a fox hunt are supposed to do everything but catch a fox.

Contemporary also says that Chairman John D. M. Hamilton says the federal farm program is a success in Kentucky. Mr. Hamilton is an authority on collapse, particularly his own.

What's the Answer?

By EDWARD FINCH



WHAT ARE DREAMS AND WHY DO WE DREAM THEM?

DREAMS are the means by which Nature trouses to us the rest which we should have otherwise lost did we not dream. When the entire brain is unconscious during sleep we do not dream. But when a portion of it is awake and receives stimuli from the conscious penetrates to it, a dream is set into motion. For instance, we are asleep in a house—such as a log day. The sun creeps on us and the heat of it causes that portion of our brain which is not entirely asleep to start dreaming that we are on a hot dry desert. The glare of the sun becomes the bright blinding glare of the desert. Were the dream not set into motion, the sun would awaken us.

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But It's True

A diamond may be destroyed by heat. Heated to a high temperature, it may burn with an easily lit a piece of coal when dipped in a tank of oxygen. The gas arising from this combustion is carbon dioxide, similar to the gas which bubbles in soda water at any ice cream dispensary.

50 Years Ago

Thursday, November 8, 1888

Judge Mann made several speeches during the campaign in the tenth district.

John Mock and son now have a fine lumber steam saw in the Bryan clock at Millersburg.

H. M. Smith loses two tobacco barns by fire.

United War Work Campaign launched in Nicholas county.

Twenty registrants ordered to report for physical exams.

Clifton Dalrell buys Mapleland farm near Paris for $65,000.

Influenza situation locally much improved.

The Carlisle precinct cast 1,007 votes at Tuesday's election.

Corn is selling at $1.50 per barrel, hay at $10 per ton.

Election returns show Cox leading in Ohio.

Austrians accept Allies terms of peace.

Teachers assured of salaries despite clamping because of fire.

Peace delegation leaves Berlin with power to act in any form.

Food Administration allows three pounds sugar per month to each person as an emergency war measure.

Fiscal court meets and borrows $2,000 for road and bridge fund.

H. M. Smith loses two tobacco barns in fire.

20 YEARS AGO

Thursday, November 7, 1918

FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

GOLD ON THE HILLS

(Salyersville Independent)

The plan in Kentucky when all that fabulous treasure of gold is stored is not exactly the big but some privileged to travel by train the hills those wintry autumn days. Gold hid in gulch and hill and buried but flaming in glorious gaudy hues every wooded slope and hilltop.

There is no doubt a vast significance to be read by the great store of actual wealth now lying within the confines of the state of Kentucky but one can only marvel at the extravagance of the average person to appreciate it.

Not so the abundant wealth of beauty and peace now spread so generously on the hills. The only key required to enter and possess it, is the susceptibility to an appreciation of nature, a love of the beautiful and a tribute to the American way of life. By simply strolling such as the Daniel Boone Trail one can feast his eyes on the glorious splendor of the Home Town restaurant,