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THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1939

On To Victory.

The Democratic campaign for state offices which ended Saturday was one of the most intensely fought struggles for state offices in many years, and in some respects more interest was taken than in the Senatorial primary last summer between Senator Barkley and Governor Chandler.

The issues between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Brown, the leading candidates for the nomination for Governor, were clearly drawn and every voter in the state should have been thoroughly familiar with their policies. Every vote should have been cast with a full realization of what the candidate of their choice stood for. Therefore, The Mercury believes all good Democrats should submit to the will of the majority of their party and get behind our nominees to assure victory in November.

Because of the fact that the editor left Sunday for two weeks stay at Fort Knox, this is written before the vote is cast. If the contest is close, several days may be required to determine all of the nominees.

The Mercury favored the nomination of Mr. Johnson for Governor. If the majority of Democrats of the state did not see as we did, we shall lend all our influence to the support of Mr. Brown, just as this paper has always supported the Democratic nominees for almost three-fourths of a century. Although, naturally, we had our choice for the minor offices, no editorial mention of any was made during the campaign, and from the large field of capable men and women who ran for the offices we know that the party selected a strong ticket.

During the closing weeks the Republican campaign was almost as intense as the Democratic battle, and probably will leave as many scars as left in the major party.

Regardless of whom the Democrats nominated or whom the Republicans chose, The Mercury believes the Democratic party will roll up an overwhelming majority in November. Kentucky Democrats like their primaries "hot" and in spite of bitterness and strife during the summer, they have learned to emulate their Republican brethren and put up a solid front in November.

So, on to victory November 7.

Lightning.

This is the season for lightning, and there seems to be more lightning this season than for years, judging by the casualty reports in the newspapers. Or if there isn't more lightning, at least its aim seems to be more deadly.

Time was, especially in the East, when every farm house and barn was equipped with lightning rods. Today these are almost a novelty. The lightning rod business was given a bad name by racketeers—or slickers, as they were then called—who extorted large sums from the agrarians for inferior jobs. These installations would have saved many lives and much property damage this summer, however.

There are few if any reports of automobiles being struck by lightning. It is claimed that in an automobile is one of the safest places to be during an electrical storm. The rubber tires are held to be insulation against damage from a bolt. Trees, however, should be shunned when lightning is cracking to the right and left. Trees in the great open spaces are struck more often than any other object.

Honors In The Home.

Housewives need no longer lament that there is no disposition to honor them for the work they do at home—that trained nurses and skilled secretaries and adept saleswomen get the bulk of the glory and most of the more tangible recompense that comes with services well rendered.

More and more are national institutions and agencies recognizing the value of purely domestic activities and more and more is there general indication of increasing appreciation of what the housewives are accomplishing. Substantial rewards are being offered and won in the realms of culinary accomplishments and household planning and decorations.

It is no light task for a woman to plan—and perhaps prepare—more than a thousand meals a year, not to mention the numerous other duties that good housekeeping implies. Modern women deserve all the recompense that comes their way for what they are doing for the betterment of the race. Their rewards well include the knowledge that there is truth as well as sentiment in the old saying, "Man is what some woman makes of him." This includes, of course, not only the good results that follow housekeeping well done but also, unfortunately, the evils that ensue when carelessness, or worse, mark the accomplishments of the domestic establishment.

Housewives occupy a responsible position as well as an honorable one in modern living. Only good can come from proper recognition and appreciation of their place in life.

Cross At Crossings!

How to reduce the mounting toll of automobile accidents and fatalities is further considered in a review of the National Council pertinently captioned: "What's New in Traffic Safety?" Gathering many statistics the conclusion reached is:

"The crying need of adults is to learn how to cross streets."

There were 30,000 auto traffic fatalities last year, of whom 11,000 were pedestrians.

It cannot be too strongly impressed on every one, children as well as adults, that greater care should be used in crossing streets. It has been emphasized many times it is in the interests of life to "cross crossings carefully." But in too many cases the pedestrian doesn't use the crossings at designated places where there are traffic lights affording a measure of safety.

The walker may save some effort by crossing a street on the diagonal. But by reason of such action he is not able fully to see, with one eye or the other depending on direction. Part of the approaching traffic is almost directly behind the diagonal street crosser. He is inviting death or injury.

Better vision is insured walkers and auto drivers can more easily estimate their car performance when a pedestrian crosses at right angles.

Crossing straight a street 30 feet wide and walking 40 feet in either direction is a total of 70 feet. Crossing on the diagonal to save time and effort will make the distance traveled 50 feet.

The walker may save 20 feet, but often at the risk of life or permanent injury.

The Never Ending War.

We may manage to keep out of the next great war between nations, if and when it comes off, but the United States is already engaged in an unending war which has cost us in money and perhaps in human lives as much as the last World War cost us. That is the war between Man and the Insect World.

Consider. We thought we had the yellow fever-carrying mosquito licked, but lately airplanes from South America have brought more of his tribe to the United States. The malaria mosquito still takes thousands of human lives every year and incapacitates tens of thousands more.

We've pretty well learned how to keep the common housefly from carrying typhoid germs to our dinner tables, but it's a continuous battle.

Consider what it costs the fruit growers of California and elsewhere to fight the San Jose scale, the cotton planters of the South to keep the boll weevil within bounds, the corn growers of the Middle West to battle with the cornborers and chinch bugs. Grasshoppers and army worms are a constant menace to the wheat farmer.

The Colorado beetle or potato bug threatens the livelihood of potato growers from Maine to Utah. The cattle tick infects livestock throughout the South and Southwest with Texas fever. Cutworms are at unceasing war against the tobacco growers.

Scientists have been ingenious in finding other insects to help battle the destructive ones. The pretty little beetles we call ladybirds are bred in the West to kill other insects which injure fruit. Lately wasps brought from Japan, whose chief natural food is the young of the Japanese beetle are starting their own war in the East.

The war against insects puts humans on their mettle, which is perhaps a compensation. There is no progress without conflict. And, as Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" said, "a reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog; they keep him from broodin' over bein' a dog."

What the country needs is a widespread belief among public servants that it is glamorous to be thrifty.

Dispelling The Fog

By Charles Michelson Director of Publicity, Democratic National Committee

It is, of course, part of the Republican creed that the sole purpose of the New Deal measures is to squander the relief funds, and the objective is merely to insure Democratic majorities on election day.

This view is likewise indicated by the attitude of those anti-administration reactionaries who retain their Democratic label—and talk and vote with the minority party. It is a not unfamiliar type. During one period of our political development we had a numerous group who drank Wet and voted Dry. That species characterizing the days of the Noble Experiment, as President Hoover phrased it, when it was fashionable politically to dodge, if possible, antagonizing either Wets or Drys, is always with us. We had them in the Jackson days; they were frequent during the long slavery period, and I suppose they will manifest themselves on the Day of Judgment.

The present theme song of the G. O. P. is that if they shuld be returned to power, every WPA worker would be a perfect dynamo of energy, every farm would be productive, every project would be done with higher wages, more material and less expense—if any. Nobody in this hypothetical period will think of politics or pelf and hard-headed busness-men will substitute practical projects instead of such star-gazing ideas as reclaiming the Dust Bowl, by means of wind-breaks composed of trees—where it is known that trees will not grow.

The New Deal Department of Agriculture has been so ignorant, however, that it has gone right ahead with its tree planting on the prairies, with the result that in three or four years it has turned some of the so-called drought section into a national bread-basket. Eleven thousand miles of tree strips, which means 127 million trees, now protect a multitude of farms from soil and crop destroying dust storms. The trees also act as snow holders. The scientists figure that every such snow retainer is equivalent to from five to ten inches of rain fall.

These dreaming theorists put in eighteen-inch seedlings, which are now elms and cottonwoods, etc., thirty to thirty-five feet tall, in the soil where trees would not grow, according to the declarations of those whose creed is that the President is always wrong.

The farmers estimate a tree strip as worth $1,000 to a twenty-acre farm. Ah, but the cost? Well, the cost to the Government amounts to about four cens per tree. Every big dust storm they have had in that part of the country caused damage more than the whole cost of the linear forests.

Isn't that a terrible boondoggling?

It is so appalling that the farmers all along the line, who were originally taught that trees could not thrive there, are now clamoring for more and more trees. Presently the term Dust Bowl will be as archaic as "The Great American Desert" of the ancient maps of the United States.

Another myth of the objectors to the New Deal way of handling things concerns the indolence of the WPA worker. Here is an excerpt from an article in the North American Review, by Donald Bachart, a writer who by stress of circumstances became a shoveler on one WPA project. He writes:

"And oh, yes, about our leaning on picks and shovels. . . . Our pick-digging requires an excavation exactly nine inches deep. The preliminary digging is done after the manner of constructing a small trench, and the final excavations must be graded evenly by the men with the shovels. Now when your pick wielder is tearing his laborious way through layers of mixed sod, gravel, slag, paving brick, packed clays and the like, there is nothing more readily available for his partner, the shovel expert, than to stand by and lean on his shovel, which is simpler than balancing the shovel on his stadium or his nose after the manner of a vaudeville juggler.

". . . And if you hadn't whizzed past that same trench at such a dizzy rate of motoring speed, you might have witnessed the unholy spectacle of the pick wielder whom you saw at work pause after his pick had torn into the earth for the twenty-seventh time, and lean indolently on his pick while the shovelman went to work."

Of course, the road-building could be accomplished more quickly and cheaply by the use of steam shovels, etc., but, if you add to the cost of that sort of construction, the cost of supporting the pick and shovel men on the dole, you will find that the discrepancy in what the Government has to expend, and what private industry would do it for, is in favor of Uncle Sam.

Paragraphs.

Another way to overcome insomnia is to eat a heavy lunch and have the boss leave for the afternoon.

It seems that races living on fish and the organs of land animals have the best teeth, but what good are they?

Nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self, for what we wish we readily believe; but such expectations are often inconsistent with the reality of things.—Demosthenes.

But It's True——————!

The Monte Carlo management has found that it is profitable in the long run to keep on using the tables. The gamblers invariably turn to the other ones, the ones which show a great profit for the house.

The Pennsylvania law goes back to 1816, when a general epidemic was ascribed to the eating of strawberries.

50 Years Ago

50 YEARS AGO

Thursday, August 15, 1889

Died—Mrs. James Mann, wife of Rev. James Mann, at her home in the county.—Mr. E. W. Potts, at his home in the county.

—o—

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Donnell, of the county, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gillispie, of the county, a daughter.—To Mr. and Mrs. Burton Hornback, of the county, a daughter.—To Mr. and Mrs. John Blount, of the county, a son.

Arlington Hotel at Blue Licks burned to the ground on Monday night, August 12. More than 200 guests in the hotel escaped in their night clothing. The fire originated in the kitchen. The loss was estimated at $30,000 and Captain Dan Turney, owner, said he carried insurance of $15,000.

20 YEARS AGO

Thursday, August 14, 1919

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rose, of the county, a son.

—o—

H. N. Rankin buys 46 mule colts here Monday at an average of $44 per head.

—o—

R. Dean Squires, former superintendent of the Carlisle city school, elected superintendent of city school at Waynetown, Ind.

—o—

Camp Knox Construction Company awarded contract for construction of road from Saltwell to Harrison county line.

—o—

E. O. Dorsey, of Carlisle, elected president of the Fred G. Jones door and sash factory in Louisville and leaves for that place to take charge of the business.

—o—

Died—Thomas Hargis Dallas, Jr., 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Dallas, at their home in Carlisle on the 10th.—Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Pryor, 73, at her home in the county on the 8th.

—o—

Married—Miss Nannie Sims, of Carlisle, and Mr. E. L. Brame, of Paris, on the 9th.—Miss Retta H. Minton and Mr. Herman L. Shannon, both of the county, on the 12th.

—o—

Local post of the American Legion organized here with the following charter members: Nathan Young, Hiram Effron, Julius Effron, J. M. Pitman, J. R. Barnett, Grimes Caywood, Leslie Barlow, Victor Carter, John A. Westfall, Elva Kendall, Fisher Henry, Baker Smith, Howard Colliver, James Patton, Pearl Gill, Basil Crouch, Estill Soper, Martin McCann, William Anderson, Orville Hill, Ernest Booth, Joe Harrison, H. T. Barbee and Omar Berry.

FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

(Murray Ledger & Times)

Gems of thought are worthy of repeating, worthy of exemplifying, worthy of acquaintanceship because they are the condensed best of all that is noble in life.

So are qualities which are descriptive of the noblest men. A study of social philosophy perhaps would teach the view that one man in a thousand is independent, one man in ten thousand may be considered unusual, one man in a million great; and that the geniuses of the world, the crown of humanity, come once in many hundred millions.

Just how would you measure a man? Just who composed the following simple treatise on the qualities of manhood does not matter even if it were known, but into the quiet truth of its statements lies a world of wisdom. These are the units to measure the worth of a man, regardless of his birth:

Not—"How did he die?" But "How did he live?"

Not—"What did he gain?" But —"What did he give?"

Not—"What was his station?" But "Had he a heart, and how did he play his God-given part?"

Was he ever ready with a word of good cheer, to bring back a smile, to banish a tear?"

Not—"What was his church?" nor "What was his creed?" But —"Had he befriended those really in need?"

Not—"What did the sketch in the newspaper say?" But—"How many were sorry when he passed away?"

PRAISE FOR THE WOMEN

(Cincinnati Enquirer)

In our sesquicentennial celebrations we have showered praise upon the pioneers. It is to be noted, however, that most of the credit was given to men. Women did not come in even for the reflected glory of those times which tried men's souls. The women, of course, did not swing axes, nor cut down trees in the forests to make fields where corn and wheat could grow. Nor did they fight Indians, or build log houses. Those spectacular parts were played by the men. Yet the women in reality took no subordinate role.

The burden of housekeeping in Cincinnati, for the first 50 years of its existence, fell heavily upon the women of the family. Wood was the fuel and open fireplaces were the rule. If the men were away during the day, the women had to carry the wood to keep the home fires going. Housekeeping was attended by an amount of manual work which would make a woman of the present day throw up her hands and quit. Illumination was supplied by whale oil lamps or tallow candles. In the summer it was impossible to keep fresh food overnight.

Our pioneer women are entitled to a world of praise. As Dr. Holmes said, if it hadn't been for them we would not be here. But quite apart from the mere job of rearing a family of children, their duties were so multitudinous and so unceasing, we wonder how they ever managed. Even then when the men got together at public dinners, they had the toast, "The ladies, God bless them." Really as we think about it, "God rest them," is the way it should have been, for we make out they had no time for rest whatever.

ANTIDOTE TO FRUSTRATION

(Lancaster Central Record)

Dr. Harold W. Dodds, president of Princeton University, in delivering the baccalaureate sermon to the 1939 graduating class, cautions the graduates not to give up to the sense of frustration which is likely to be engendered by the difficulty in finding gainful employment and the feeling of not being wanted in the business world. "The fear of personal inadequacy in a seemingly hostile world was no creation of the depression," Dr. Dodds said. "Man in all progressive societies has had to face it and rise above it. And in this process he has found his soul." Dr. Dodds does not accept the reasoning of those who attribute this universal sense of human frustration to economic injustice and the prevailing social order. He does say that this generation will have to meet and solve the problem of whether our new world of technology, with its large scale units of government, industry and life, offers for the great mass of people as adequate opportunities for individual development and for participation in productive work as the simpler economy which preceded it. "It will require all the common sense and all the social science we can muster to bring harmony to modern life at the economic level, but we shall be led into a trap if we forget that there are deeper elements to human frustration than material success or failure." The way to avoid the blight of frustration, Dr. Dodds believes, is to find tasks in life more important than one's self, ends which express moral aims higher than one's personal comfort or individual welfare. He concludes:

"While not accountable for our surroundings or the inheritance we bring with us, we cannot escape the fact that we are answerable for what we make of ourselves and that others hold us answerable also. Here lurks a paradox saturated with frustration. Contact with the Divine personality, which has set a moral order for the world, . . . can alone resolve this otherwise inexplicable contradiction and preserve the race from inevitable frustration at the hands of what at the human level must always remain a baffling mystery."

CENTURY OF RUBBER

(San Francisco Chronicle)

One hundred years ago, Charles Goodyear, in the kitchen of his home in Woburn, Mass., dropped on the hot stove a piece of rubber with which he was experimenting. The result was what he had been looking for through years of poverty stricken experimentation. He had discovered the vulcanizing of rubber. That discovery made all the difference between sticky, unmanageable gum and useful rubber.

Looking back on the 100 years the marvel is how the world ever got along without rubber. We could not possibly do it now. Think of the innumerable uses for which rubber is indispensible. For some of these none so good. For others there are no substitutes.

Without rubber the course of our industrial development would have been different. Where, for example, would be our auto-motive development without this essential tire material Rubber made the pneumatic tire possible and that made the automobile possible. This is the most striking example, but there are many others.

It all goes back to Charles Goodyear, his persistent efforts to make something useful of the Brazilian gum, and his hot stove.

Mistaking nitrate of soda for salt has been the cause of some heavy losses among livestock. It is well to keep nitrate of soda carefully labelled, and even locked up, rather than to risk its being given to stock.

TRUTH about ADVERTISING

By CHARLES B. ROTH

TRADE MARKS AND DOLLAR MARKS

WITHOUT giving the matter much thought you might define a trade mark on a package or an advertisement as a mark of identification which protects the interest of the seller against imitators; a selfish symbol, you know, which exists to help some one man or firm to get rich.

Actually a trade mark is as much to your interest as it is to the man's who owns it and has it registered in his name.

Charles Roth

For it is a buying guide for you which you can absolutely trust. You can buy anything under a trade mark and know that the quality, the quantity and the price will be right You do not even have to examine the package before you buy. If the trade mark is there, so also will the quality be there.

The merchant knows that. He prefers to sell trade-marked, that is, advertised, goods, because they have the confidence of the public and can be sold easily, quickly and in quantity.

Back of the trade mark is advertising. It stands for the trade mark, for the trade mark itself is merely a design etched on paper, until advertising gives it life in the minds of consumers like yourself.

The trade mark which saves you money and time need not be a formal design of a national manufacturer or advertiser. It may be merely the familiar name of your grocer or haberdasher ... at the foot of his advertisement in the newspaper.

Wherever you see ... familiar words or names ... know that you are in the presence of a man who is doing his level best to be worthy of your trade and who wants to keep you coming back.

He is advertising for that purpose, notifying you that he is in business to stay and that you can buy from him and he will stand back of his goods. For you the trade mark, like the dollar mark which we all respect, stands for full value wherever it happens to be found.

But unidentified goods are as uncertain as counterfeit money, and the wise man or woman avoids both.

And how close these trade marks are to our lives and how comforting they are to us when we buy! You go into a store. On the shelves are familiar marks you have seen all your life.

You recognize them as you do familiar faces in a strange crowd—and they give you the same comforting feeling of familiarity and respect.

Trade marks exist to help you buy more serenely and profitably.

© Charles B. Roth

Tidbits of Kentucky Folklore

BY Gordon Wilson Ph.D.
WESTERN KENTUCKY TEACHERS COLLEGE
BOWLING GREEN, KY.

SHIVEREES AND SERENADES

Charivari is the way to spell it, but we did not call it that. This strange French word of uncertain origin was known as a shiveree, a function that was a legitimate and expected part of every wedding of any pretension. Just how or when it was started I have not been able to learn; even the Romans had just such a capering as a procession to escort home the newly-wedded pair.

In these more decorous days there may be some of you who do not know the rules of governing such a merry-making; allow me again, in the capacity of old-timer, to instruct you. If the man who has just married is a hale-fellow-well-met, by all means he should be given this rowdy serenade. Get all the boys and men of the community together with guns, tin pans, hand-bells, and anything else that will make a noise like a visit by friends and goblins. Creep stealthily to the house where the newlyweds are staying and begin your noise by firing off all the artillery you have, crashing pans and ringing bells as an after-effort. Repeat until you are tired or until your ammunition is exhausted. By all means invite the bridegroom out; if he fails to come, go in after him. A sharp-edged rail is the official instrument of torture. Place him on this and jog him up and down until you feel that he has been properly inducted into the dignified group of married and respectable citizens. If the people at the house are not too terrified at the noise, you might expect a handout in the shape of some cake and pickle or other delicacy. If all of you escape unhurt, laugh at your tricks until the next time; if you get shot, try to think that you were wounded in service to society.

The serenade was and is a more genteel thing, though it has been known to get rowdy. Musicians, armed this time with fiddles, banjos, guitars, French harps, et cetera, steal upon the home which they delight to honor. They sing and play all sorts of airs, ranging from the tearful ballad to the church hymns. It is a hard-hearted family that does not feel the compliment of such attention and reward the musicians with food and drink. Some neighborhoods have kept up this old form of music until our own times, going from house to house at Christmas or other times, bringing good cheer. Even as late as fifteen years ago the serenade broke out again in my own town, groups of colored boys making a large circuit of the town in an evening, sure of a warm welcome wherever they went.

Like so many folk things, this custom, whether calm or rowdy, dates back into the misty past. Christmas waits in the old countries still perform as a regular part of the holiday season. Some of the groups even give brief plays as a part of their journeys of good cheer. In just such celebrations as these we find ourselves next-door neighbors to remote ancestors, who carried on a tradition that had come to them out of a still more distant past.

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Smith's Service Station

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

Former Governor J. C. W. Beckham was 70 years old Saturday.

Dr. William O. Bailey, 76, Louisville physician for 43 years, died at a Louisville hospital Friday.

In the Pendleton county court Arnold Brown, 20, was fined $100 and costs for striking his father.

At Harrodsburg Creed Rose, 57, a victim of an automobile accident was buried Sunday.

Jim Read, Barren county, had an alfalfa yield double that expected and no place to store the extra hay.

Henry Mattingly, of Lexington, stepped on an open knife Sunday and was taken to the St. Joseph's hospital.

Because of overcrowded conditions in the city jail, Mayor Will C. Simpson, of Ashland, pardoned 14 prisoners.

Perry county deputies were kept busy over the week end answering calls to settle disturbances throughout the county.

Charles P. Cook Saturday rounded out forty years of continuous operations of a grocery in Paris.

The Gentry McCauley Seed Company of Versailles was robbed of $150, which was taken from their safe early Sunday morning.

Carlton Grabeel, 9, was shot fatally Thursday when a .22 calibre rifle which he and a companion were handling discharged accidentally in Pulaski county.

Ermine Turner, 41, Ballard county farmer, fatally stabbed himself in the neck with a knife while being assisted into an automobile to be taken to a hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Christine Fiorella, 66, was killed Friday when she was struck by an automobile driven by Austin May, 19, as she crossed a street in Owensboro.

Emily Thomas Natter, negro, who was credited with being 107 years old and the oldest resident of Bourbon county, died Friday. She was born at Brentsville, Bourbon county, May 17, 1832.

Carlos Burchett, 60, Lawrence county farmer, suffered two broken ribs and other injuries when he was attacked and beaten by a chicken thief discovered in his barn.

The C. & O. Railroad has requested permission to abandon its two and three-quarter mile tracks from its main line near Richardson to Peach Orchard in Anderson county.

Ed Wiseman, Lexington detective sergeant, pleaded guilty to a charge of drinking intoxicating liquor while on duty and was given 30 days suspension without pay.

An ordinance prohibiting dancing in places where whisky and beer is sold unless a special permit is granted was adopted by the Lexington city commissioners.

Harry G. Klosterman, acting postmaster at Covington, former Kenton county sheriff and widely known Democratic leader, died at his home in Covington after a long illness.

Green Lanham, 57, a huckster, was held to the grand jury at his examining trial in Lexington on a charge of detaining an eight-year-old girl from 5 p. m. until midnight, when she was found in an automobile with Lanham.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Combs were fatally wounded in a burst of gunfire as they sat on the porch of their home in the Grapevine section of Perry county. Officers are searching for two men in connection with the double slaying.

Oliver Gilbert, 35, sought in Greenup county since October, 1933, for the slaying of Ben Potter, 28, at a pie social in Greenup county, was drowned at Santa Monica, California, last Thursday.

Charles Paynter, superintendent of Bracken county schools, and Chirley Galbraith, former teacher, engaged in a fight in the Bracken county court house at Brooksville.

Samuel J. Shackelford, 78, who as Clerk of the Court of Appeals administered the Governor's oath to J. C. W. Beckham after Gov. William Goebel was assassinated in 1900, died at his home in Louisville Friday.

Answering a call for help from a neighbor, Cecil Hill, 47, Madison county farmer, dropped dead of a heart attack. Hill was running to the assistance of James Perkins, 23, who was also suffering from a heart attack in the yard of his home.

A duplex residence, housing the officers quarters of Dr. Walter D. Lee and Dr. J. F. Casey, staff physicians at the United States Veterans' Hospital on the Leestown pike near Lexington, was gutted by fire Sunday, which is thought to have started by defective wiring.

Contracts for six road improvement jobs, totaling $155,187.86 were awarded by the State Highway Department Monday.

It was announced Monday that the sixty-fourth annual exhibition of the Lawrenceburg fair would last four days and nights.

A brick fell thirty-two feet from a well of the Student Life Building on Eastern State Teachers College campus Monday, striking Hershell Fenney, 49, and resulted in a bad fracture.

"Union Label Week," starting on Labor Day, September 4, was indorsed by Gov. A. B. Chandler Monday on request of the American and Kentucky Federation of Labor.

Vincent Zuver, 23, of Hiram, Ohio, died at Mt. Sterling Monday from burns he received when a gas tank line of a road oiler broke and ignited, spraying him with flames.

Carmon D. Bixler of Versailles, was injured Saturday night when a hundred pound sack of sugar which he was lifting from a shelf struck him on the shoulder.

In Pulaski county a group of farmers have made plans for setting up a lime grinding plant under the supervision of Austin Brinegar, of the Farm Security Administration.

A fifteen year old boy stole ride on motorcycle belonging to Herman Hensley, Lexington motorcycle patrolman, then crashed into a parked car when he was unable to control the machine.

William Christian, 15, of Ashland, was killed instantly Friday when a rifle with which he was hunting crows discharged accidentally as he was crossing a fence near Noblesville, Ind., where he was visiting relatives.

A Louisville negro woman stabbed another man about 10 a. m. Sunday morning when she came to aid her husband who was in a brawl. James Sanders, the husband, was charged with accessory to murder.

Luke Slusher, Menifee county chairman for John Y. Brown, Democratic candidate for governor was taken to the Mary Chiles hospital at Mt. Sterling, Sunday and treated for wounds he received in an election argument.

Cost Of Administering Unemployment Law Low

Cost of administering Kentucky's Unemployment Compensation Law is lower than that of all but a few of similar state agencies throughout the nation and compares favorably with that of any other state, V. E. Barnes, Executive Director of the Commission, declared today.

"For the first six months of the year 1937, the administrative cost as compared to total collections amounted to only .9 per cent," Barnes said. "For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1938, the administrative cost was only 2.5 per cent, and despite the fact that the Commission began on January 1, the payment of benefits to unemployed workers which necessitated doubling the size of its personnel, the administrative cost for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1939 was only 4.8 per cent."

"Not only do these figures include the cost for personal service, but also the cost of supplies, communication service, travel expense, printing and binding, equipment and miscellaneous items are included," Barnes added.

"It should also be borne in mind that it was necessary for the Commission to completely outfit not only its central office but its several local offices throughout the state."

Barnes explained that the Kentucky Commission had consistently underspent its budget and had returned to the Social Security Board several thousands of dollars which had been alloted to it but which the Commission, through economy, had saved.

During the six month period ended June 30, 1937, the Commission collected $4,653,137.26 at a cost of $46,449.80. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1938 it collected a total of $8,628,862.74 at a cost of $248,508.47, and for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1939 it collected a total of $11,010,178.56 at a cost of $535,974.98, Barnes explained.

"Not only did the Commission, during the fiscal year just ended collect contributions totaling more than $11,000,000 but it also issued from February 1 to June 30, over $3,000,000 in benefit checks, and though the payment of benefits is in no way reflected in the collection of contributions, this work still adds to the Commission's administrative cost."

"Do's" And "Don'ts" For Fishermen Listed

Major James Brown, Director of the Division of Game and Fish, passes on some "Do's and Don'ts" for fishermen:

1. Do wet your hands carefully before handling undersized fish that are to be returned to the water. A dry hand will remove a protective covering of lubricant, making the fish susceptible to attacks of bacteria.

2. Do handle undersized fish gently and return them to the water carefully, so they will survive uninjured and provide better sport and more food for some other angler—even if it isn't you.

3. Do use barbless hooks whenever you can. Such hooks provide better sport and make it possible to return undersized fish to the water with their mouths uninjured.

4. Do observe creel and size limits.

5. Do watch your footing while wading. Even the best of swimmers are sometimes at a loss when hampered by heavy boots and clothing in swift streams.

6. Do study fishing streams and urge improvements.

7. Do take a militant part in the fight against pollution.

8. Do cooperate with your local game and fish club in every way possible.

9. Don't venture into the woods without a first aid kit and a knowledge of first aid in the outdoors.

10. Don't be careless with fires or cigarettes. More than 90 per cent of all forest fires in the United States are man-caused and, therefore, preventable.

Plans Being Made For Paris Sesqui-Centennial

Many families in Bourbon and descendents of pioneer ancestors in other counties once a part of Bourbon are now digging into their all but forgotten treasures of the Revolutionary period to exhibit them at the Sesqui-Centennial. Perhaps the greatest exhibit of Kentuckian and Revolutionary relics in all our history will be on display at Paris September 3, 4, 5 and 6. An article of surpassing interest that will be shown to the public for the first time is a magnificent solid silver medallion presented by King George III to an Indian Chief to induce him to join Captain Bird and his forces in his invasion of Kentucky to destroy the pioneer forts. This medal of large proportion was dug from the earth on the line of march of Bird's forces between Ruddle's Station and Martin's Station, when both stations fell before his brass cannon, the first artillery ever used in the western territory. This valuable decoration bears a replica of the bust of King George III with "George III Dei Gratia" and on the reverse, the British Lion being nipped in the flank by a wolf representing the Colonies, and in the background the Church of England.

One of the most interesting and historically valuable of all the displays will be old family Bibles, many of them containing family records, never before available except to the owners of the Bibles. This display will be seen at the Paris Christian church and will be in charge of Rev. Rhodes Thompson, Chairman for Old Family Bibles.

The sites where the chief buildings of Paris stood a hundred and fifty years ago will have again before their doors the signs and emblems of the activities in which they once engaged. This work is in charge of Mrs. William Blanton, wife of Judge William Blanton. Mr. J. T. Knox, a young man of unquestioned talent, will paint the signs. Those few who have had an opportunity to preview the beginning of this work believe it will be perfect in conception and design.

The location of the buildings will be determined with absolute accuracy. The original map of Lawrence Protzman, which secured for him the charter from the Virginia General Assembly, will be consulted and the locations determined directly from the map. The pond will be marked, the pond that once occupied the middle of Main street.

The music program, under the direction of Mrs. Edna Dryden is now taking shape under her guiding hand. Mrs. Dryden's first activity has been to enroll the finest vocal talent in the thirty-three counties. Her efforts have been meeting with such success that the music furnished by the sons and daughters of old Bourbon, greater Bourbon, will be one of the outstanding features of the celebration. Among the choirs that will join in the sacred concert and in the Old Cane Ridge Meeting celebration are the Central Christian Church Choir of Lexington and a choir from Montgomery county.

Edwin G. Bedford, of New Mexico, oil operator and banker, will return to his old home for the celebration. He is the only son of the late Edwin G. Bedford, one of the most noted breeders of shorthorn cattle in the world during the middle period of the last century. The former home of Mr. Bedford is now the beautiful abode of Senator James H. Thompson. Ed Bedford was one of the stars of the famous Old Centre football teams in the Nineties. He led the flying-wedge.

Tandy Ellis and Mrs. Ellis will come. Perhaps of all living Kentuckians, with the exception of one or two, Tandy Ellis is the most widely known. Story teller of renown, columnist and musician, he has entertained and brought smiles to men and women throughout the country during the last two decades. Bourbon claims him. His father was born in Bourbon, and just as important, he is the son of Bourbon on his wife's side.

Colonel Frank Kenney will also be here. Born near Bourbon county in the vicinity of Shanty Springs and near Monterey, many will remember, him. He is now one of the foremost authorities on trotting horses in America and is the secretary of the trotting horse breeders association. Not one of the least of his distinctions is that he is the brother of Dr. William Kenney of Paris, widely known physician.

Store Emloyes Help To Harvest Hidden Tax Crop

Nicholas county has an estimated 196 "unofficial tax collectors" who indirectly are helping local, state and national governments harvest their annual revenues, the National Consumers Tax Commission declared today.

The unofficial, and generally unwilling, "tax collectors," according to the NCTC are the proprietors and employes in the 81 local retail stores.

"There are 898 official tax levying and spending governmental agencies in Kentucky," said Mrs. Melville Mucklestone, president of the nation-wide womn's organization. "But every clerk behind a store counter is actually a tax collector, too.

"In every sale, these clerks collect fractions of hidden taxes that have increased the cost of production and distribution of the article purchased. These taxes, of necessity, must be passed on to the consumer as a part of the price. A major share of all local, state and national taxes now are hidden to the consumers who pay them this way.

"However, retail merchants should not be blamed. No businers could possibly survive today if it attempted to absorb the multitude of taxes to which it is subject. In consequence, every ring of the cash register represents not only a sale but a tax payment."

The NCTC now has study groups in approximately 5,000 communities in 45 states in its educational campaign to expose "unnecessary consumer-penalizing taxes," Mrs. Mucklestone said. The crusade in this state is led by Mrs. J. E. Warren, of Mayfield, state director.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

(Louisville Times)

Out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom, often. Hilda Scott, a sixteen-year-old Missouri high school pupil, who won the $1,000 prize in the American Youth Forum of the American Magazine, says:

"The wherewithal is ours; we use it. That there are maladjustments in our use means only one thing: the pitiful failure of our fathers and grandfathers to utilize humanely or wisely the very wealth they created and discovred.

"Their failure is a stinging challenge to us, their children, and one that we cannot be shortsighted enough to ignore.

"In an era of infectious political tension and tyranny, we cannot afford to let fields lie idle while thousands upon thousands of school children and an equal number of adults suffer from malnutrition.

"We cannot afford to build more mansions until we've razed the slums. We cannot afford to give any part of our population the excuse to say, 'Liberty be damned! We want bread!'"

A singularly clear statement of a national situation and a national responsibility.

People of differing views as to what procedure should be can agree that the youngster who won the prize has uncommon capacity.

Jelly-Glazed Lamb Called Attractive

Jelly-glazed roast lamb is an attractive, unusual way to cook the meat. Rub a leg of lamb (boned and rolled) with a bunch of finely chopped mint, and sprinkle on salt and pepper. Roast in the usual way until done, basting meat often the last hour of roasting with half a cup of grape jelly dissolved in a half cup hot water. Serve on hot platter with a gravy, made by thickening liquor in pan with 2 tablespoons of flour and 1-4 cup of water mixed to smooth paste.

Many people like frenched lamb chops. To prepare, use rib chops. Scrape meat and fat down from end of the rib, wrap the flank end around meat and fasten with toothpicks. It may be either

Blackbird, Crow Closely Related

The blackbird and the crow are closely related. Both walk, instead of hopping as most other birds do. The blackbird, also, is a marauder; about the only good it does is to feed on such insect pests as cutworms and other soft-bodied creatures, particularly during the breeding season. This bird also frequents fields of corn, causing much damage to the young ears.

Claude A. Swanson, 77, Secretary of the Navy and native of Virginia, died in Washington Saturday.

Old Methods of Glass-Making

An ancient glass works which the famous diarist, Samuel Pepys, visited and described in 1669 turns out its products in a London suburb, according to an authority. Processes which were used 3,000 and 4,000 years before Christ are employed in it, and the clay still is trodden by barefooted workmen, since no better process of preparing it mechanically has been found. The sand used in hand-blown glass is brought from the forest of Fontainebleau, as it has been or scores of years, and a museum of rare pieces made in the works is maintained in a special room.

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