

Editorial Comment.

Mr. Johnson declines to turn the Japs loose.

Ollie James raised cane in his sugar speech.

C. W. Howes, mayor of Paintsville, died last Saturday.

The State encampment will be held this year at Middlesboro.

By waiting a day or two, the second aviator who flew to Cuba went in a Parla car.

Urey Woodson and Judge Hager, Owensboro steamed contemporaries, are still being held apart.

Ballard Thurston, a Louisville man was elected President of the Sons of the American Revolution at Chicago.

Representative A. O. Stanley Monday opened his campaign for Senator in a speech at Glasgow, speaking to a very large crowd.

The Governor of Colorado has vetted a state income tax law modeled after the National law, upon the ground that one income tax is enough.

Penny postage for first class mail matter, effective July 1, 1914, is provided in a bill introduced in the House today by Representative Arthur B. Rouse, of Kentucky.

Dr. Cook has asked the government to investigate his and Peary's claims to the discovery of the North Pole. Most people believe one got about as close to it as the other.

Ollie James has already shown the country what his friends already knew—that he is the biggest man in the United States Senate. He will be the next Vice President, watch prediction.

Miss Viola Lewis, a Kentucky nurse who married a "boy bandit" in Chicago to reform him Feb. 25, has given it up as a bad job. The boy is back in jail for stealing and Viola has come back to Kentucky.

Emma Goldman, the anarchist agitator, who was tarred and feathered and run out of San Diego two years ago, returned Tuesday and was taken from the incoming train and locked up, not being permitted to lecture.

Nothing further will likely be accomplished next year toward an organized union of all branches of Presbyterianism, following the action of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly at Atlanta in voting to consider for the present no union except with United Presbyterian church.

Declarations that she is in "strained" circumstances, "because she gets only \$2,000 a month allowance," is contained in a petition filed in probate court, Washington, by Mrs. Rose Keeling Hutchins, widow of Stilson Hutchins. She demands one third of the income from the personal estate of her husband.

Outrages in Caldwell.

Princeton, Ky., May 19.—Nineteen plant beds were destroyed in the Farmersville section, seven miles north of Princeton, Friday night. The report of the general destruction of plant beds in the Bucksport section, eight miles east of Princeton, Thursday night has also reached Princeton. These depredations have created much excitement and anxiety, which, added to the great destruction of plant beds in the southern section of Caldwell county the last few weeks, eliminates the prospects of anything like a third of an average crop of tobacco this year. Various modes of plant bed destruction have been resorted to since the depredations were begun. At first the beds were sown in red top grass seed, then beds were sated and now they are being scraped.

Mr. J. W. DeBow and family of Nortonville are in the city this week visiting relatives.

MAY FESTIVAL BIG SUCCESS

Large Crowd Gathered On School Grounds and All Were Delighted.

FIRST OF ITS KIND HELD.

The Nine Teachers Had Their Grades Most Thoroughly Drilled.

The May Festival given by the Virginia Public School was the event of the year. So thoroughly had the nine teachers of the school drilled their pupils that the entire program, lasting an hour and a half, was carried off without a hitch.

The crowd began to gather at 3 o'clock and when the children began to march out of the building to the yard between 700 and 800 people had assembled. This was the first entertainment of the kind ever given by the schools since their establishment nearly 32 years ago. The people expected much but were hardly prepared for the treat that was in store for them, for a brighter lot of children have never assembled to entertain than those who took part in the exercises.

The nine teachers in the Virginia School are: Misses Lottie McDaniel, Elen Young, Ruth Haydon, Jean McKee, Ellen Davison, Elizabeth Knight, Mary Garnett, Mary Walker and Mrs. Mary Starling. These teachers drilled their own pupils for the different parts. For about three weeks they had regular rehearsals, which, entailed a great deal of additional work upon the pupils, who took up the work with a vim, which was very encouraging to the teachers from the start. Whilst all the participants are deserving of the highest praise, we cannot say enough for the patient faithful teachers for the work they did and which was so amply rewarded by the manner in which the school children acquitted themselves in every part assigned them.

Preceding the appearance of the Queen of the Festival was a long line of children representing German lads and lassies, Indians, Robin Hood and his band, Highlanders, Norwegian maids and lads, etc., etc. The Queen of the Festival was Miss Mary Neville Hancock, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hancock. She was unanimously selected by the school as their Queen and it was a most excellent selection. Tall and slender, graceful in movement, with bright, black eyes, carrying herself like a true queen as she came on the ground and ascended the throne to review her subjects she was indeed an ideal Queen of May.

Queen Mary not only carried out her part in the festivities most admirably, but she showed exquisite taste in the selection of her maids. Seated about her majesty's throne were the bright and lovely little misses in waiting. The eight little misses composing the Queen's court were: Misses Thenia Wight, Dorothy Eckels, Evelyn Holloway, Margaret Rives, Carolyn Radford, Cornelia Weeks, Anna Green and Sara Cook.

There was much difference of opinion as to which of the ten principal numbers on the program was best, some favoring the sword drill, the ten little Indians, the Finnish reel, the German folk dance. Others claim that the May pole dance was the prettiest feature, or the Highland schottische, the Norwegian mountain march and the German clap dance ranked first. The parade of National Dances, was undoubtedly a fine piece of work, while the choruses, were rendered most excellently by the children, showing that vocalism is not being neglected in the school but that the children are being taught to use to the best their

MIDDLESBORO WINS.

Gets Relief From Railroad Rates.

A dispatch from Middlesboro, under date of May 17, says: "The Middlesboro Board of Trade will likely go into extra session tonight to celebrate over its freight rate victory for Middlesboro. The business industry of Middlesboro was almost paralyzed on the account of the exorbitant freight charges in and out of Middlesboro. This has been looked upon for a good many years as a stumbling block for Middlesboro industries and manufacturers heretofore who would have located here and did not on account of the freight rates. Two years ago the Middlesboro Board of Trade began this fight with only the aid of a few of the most prominent shippers and they have fought it out to a successful conclusion, which will mean much for the business industries of Middlesboro."

vocal powers, some of whom were heard carrying the airs as distinctly as the high tones of the cornet are heard above the other instruments of a band.

All praise to the teachers and pupils who contributed to the entertainment that was so richly enjoyed by the hundreds who were present. May this not be the last, but the beginning of May festivities by the city schools.

Miss Starling's Siam Letter

Nan, N. Siam, Jan. 10.—Have been over at Palmers this week, and Mr. McClusky and I have been working day and night on our pictures. We have some very pretty ones which I will send you as soon as we get them all printed. If I don't send them all at once, I am apt to forget which ones I have sent and which I haven't.

Last week I didn't have time to get off that letter, describing the festivities in honor of the king's birthday, so I will tell you something of it now:

The first day sports were held in the afternoon in what will some day be the city park, but which is now only a vacant strip of land in the center of the city. A booth had been erected with chairs for the aristocracy. In the absence of the Commissioner's wife, I was third lady in rank. Maa Chau Pa (Mother Princess Fish, as it is translated) coming first, Mrs. Palmer next (because she had a husband!) and I third. There were sports of different kinds, and refreshments were served very much as we would have. The next morning we went to the government building, which was beautifully decorated, and took part in the "waving of candles." There were three long rooms full of people. The first one we entered was for the heads of the villages; the far one was for the women; and the one in middle where the princess sat. In this room was an altar decorated with flowers, elephant tusks and candles, and in the midst the picture of the king was placed. Over this was hung the nine-storied white umbrella, the sign of royalty. When we were all seated, priests came in holding their fans between them and the room where the ladies were seated so as not to pollute themselves by a glimpse of the "fair sex" (this is a polite form which they are supposed to maintain, but on the streets I notice they usually have a little boy carrying the fan for them.) A little later came the old governor, borne on a litter and preceded by his "drummer boys," dressed in red.

He is a fine-looking old man and made a fine appearance as he came into the room and bowed before the altar. (We would see a religious significance in this, but I doubt if there is in the minds of these people anything more than a deep respect. They are taught to show their respect to anyone higher than they in just this way. It grated on me to have them get down on their knees to me, at first. And yet to forbid them doing it, would be to

place them on an equality with me. And they would either be very much embarrassed, or lose their respect for me. So it seems best not to try to change such customs as this.) Then began the ceremony of the "waving of candles." Five silver fans were brought out and three candles stuck to each. These were then lighted and passed around. As each person received the fan he waved it in the air twice, then made a circle above the flames with his right hand, with a final wave towards the king's picture. This carried the smoke in the direction of the picture and was supposed to convey good wishes to the king for the coming. Whether this is just a way of saying "happy new year," or whether the ceremony is really supposed to have some virtue, I cannot say. All five of these candles were passed around these three long rooms three times, so it took us some time to get thru. I had on my cloth dress, and every time the princesses began to sling candle grease around me I nearly had a fit. I must confess my dress weighed more heavily on my mind than blessing the king.

The last afternoon we went up to the barracks, where he had more sports and some very nice refreshments. But I got one dose that made me sick for two or three days. One of the princesses, who is a particular friend of ours, was at my right and took great care to see that I was well fed. On one dish there was something that looked like a cow's cud and I fought shy of that, but the princess reached out and handed me one, telling me that it was a particular dainty of theirs. It was made of pork and onion, chopped up and sweetened and wrapped in wet tea leaves. I took a bite very gingerly, when she informed me that the way to do it was to put it all in your mouth at once. I explained that I wasn't "skilled" at eating in that way, and bit off another piece, but it began to make me sick—you know how I hate onions—so I put it all in my mouth and swallowed it as quickly as possible.

I needn't have been so polite about eating something I didn't like, for these people don't hesitate to tell you when they don't like anything. Last year Palmers had a reception and invited all the princesses. One of the old ladies is a regular Tartar and is as funny as can be. She picked up a sandwich made of potted meat, and said, "what is this evil-smelling thing?" She was informed when she turned up her nose and with a "well, I won't eat it," reached over

FIRST CENSUS

Of the Vice Conditions in New York City.

Fifteen thousand women of the underworld—a scarlet army no census has heretofore enumerated—ply their trade in one borough of Greater New York alone. This is the estimate of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, an organization of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is chairman, as made public tonight in an abstract of a forthcoming report by George J. Kneeland, a special investigator, after a painstaking inquiry into commercialized vice conditions, in Manhattan, extending over a period of nearly ten months. The report suggests no remedies, fixes no responsibility. That phase is to be dealt with later on. It purports merely to "describe accurately vice conditions in New York City with the sole purpose of bringing out the facts." The hope is expressed that subsequently a satisfactory policy to check the evil may be worked out.

Gov. Johnson Signs.

Gov. Johnson, of California, signed the Alien Land Law, which has been the subject of foreign and domestic protest, Monday, and the law becomes operative August 10. Secretary of State Bryan, late in the day, handed Ambassador Chinda of Japan the reply of the United States to the Japanese protest against the California bill. The contents are unknown.

MANY MERRY MUSICIANS

Participated in Musicales at Avalon---Was Successful In Every Respect.

WAS A BENEFIT OCCASION.

Program Interspersed With Specialties, Which Were Well Rendered.

The entertainment given at the Avalon Tuesday night for the purpose of assisting Confederate Veterans, financially unable to attend the reunion at Chattanooga, in making the trip next week, was a success, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather prevented many from attending who had planned to do so, and, after paying all expenses, a neat little sum was realized.

Those who participated with instrumental music were:

Messrs. Sam Fruit, George Anderson, S. E. Yancey, Jewell Smith, Robert McCarroll, W. F. Randle, Prof. Ward and T. E. Bartley, of this city; Dr. G. W. Lackey, of Pembroke, and Messrs. Hart Wicks, Joab Clark, Charles McGar and son, Master Clarence McGar, of Crofton. All acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner, but the solos rendered by Master Clarence McGar, aged only ten years, were especially pleasing. The little fellow is an excellent musician and deserved the applause accorded him.

The Hopkinsville male quartet, composed of Capt. E. W. Clark, Prof. L. E. Foster, Mr. Guy Barnett and Mr. Will Cate sang several songs, delighting the audience with their rendition.

Misses Mary and Ruth Haydon in vocal duets gave splendid renditions. The Misses Haydon possess beautiful voices of excellent quality.

Miss Nannie Boyd's recitation of "Old Ben Johnson's Fiddle" was rendered in a charming manner and was well received. Little Miss Jeanette Geller, in her rendition of "Old Black Joe," proved herself a violinist of no mean ability, although she has been studying music only three months.

Mr. Ira L. Smith was master of ceremonies and the excellent program elicited applause at every point and laid it on Mrs. Peoples' plate. With all that she is the brightest and most pleasant old lady among all the princesses.

The Hartzells are having quite a time about their provisions. No one told them at home that they would have to bring provisions with them and they didn't think anything about it. They went on to Frisco and the day before sailing Mrs. Peoples asked them, and found they were coming out without having ordered a thing. So she sent them to the grocery store at once. America doesn't pack for foreign trade; that is the reason we buy nearly all our provisions from England. So they had to pay extra to have their flour tinned (it wouldn't keep a year in bags) and it couldn't be shipped on the boat. And they haven't reached Bangkok yet. The last boats we were to send down have returned, but they will have to have something to eat, so they will have to order from Bangkok—pour stuff at exorbitant rates—after having paid for their American stuff. This may turn up later, but will be spoiled before they can use it all up. And if it doesn't get here before the rains it will have to wait until fall.

Mr. Palmer is still out; is expected in early next week. Schools will begin next Wednesday, so I will have my hands full.

LUCY STARLING.

From the June Magazines.

Records show that up to date two hundred and seventeen babies in the country have been christened Woodrow Wilson in honor of the new President. Every administration finds admiring fathers and mothers giving the name of a public man to their sons. Many times this is desirable and other times undesirable, for that there are Abraham Lincoln Joneses, James Garfield Browns and Ulysses Grant Smiths, is itself an indication of the date of birth. This may not be so objectionable for men, but what havoc it would cause if adopted by women, for then there would be no disguising the telltale date. The only recourse that child will have in later years is to go into court and have his name changed by process of law, for as the generation goes on, the various Woodrow Wilson Smiths and Browns will be associated with the christening of the Wilson administration, marking the return of a Democratic President to power.—"Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine for May.

The Floods and Fat Pork.

Great game, this spending of public funds in aid of navigation and political aspiration! says Walter V. Woehlke in June Technical World Magazine.

For the convenience and the comfort of a wealthy club, national funds are readily available, but for the protection of a hundred thousand flooded homes, expenditures must be stinted, culled, pared, made with averted, frowning faces.

There is always money for the "improvement" of obscure creeks and impassable, empty estuaries; there is a splendid, smoothly working system for the efficient disbursement of national funds on political shoals that lie between Congressional Districts and the public crib at Washington, but there is no system, no smooth-working, comprehensive plan to cope with the floods whose ever-rising crests annually demand a greater toll in property and lives.

Why We Like Love Stories.

The Woman's Home Companion is running a series of articles called "The World's Greatest Lovers." In the June number the subject is Romeo and Juliet. Following is an extract: "In this lies the reason for that perennial charm which the stories of great lovers have for all of us. We feel that our own ideals are bound up with them and with their behavior. Their longings come near to our own. They stand as types, through the ages of that strong love, that steadfastness of loving, which you and I would experience, we think, if we had the chance. They make us feel that we ourselves, given the opportunity, might be worthy of some such love as theirs. In other words, they hold up to us certain ideals of experience and behavior which charm and inspire us and set our own lives vibrating, turning them to a higher key."

Pleasure of Raising Whiskers.

The Cynic, writing in the June American Magazine, says: "The enthusiasm of those engaged in the cultivation of whiskers is inspiring. A man with a full beard may, in a lucid moment, shave it off. But watch him closely. Within ten days he will show signs of returning to his old life almost as certainly as a murderer will return to the scene of his crime."

How to Quiet a Ticking Watch.

In the June Woman's Home Companion appears a page called "The Exchange" which consists of practical household suggestions contributed by subscribers. Following is one of the suggestions:

"The ticking of a clock or watch in a sick-room is often most trying to a nervous person. To obviate this, turn a tumbler over a watch on a chair or table beside the bed, and the sound of the ticking can no longer be heard."