



OL' KAIN TUCK

Blooded Horses Are Revered in Kentucky.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

SOME 40,000 acres of land, much of it magnificent virgin forest, will be included in the Mammoth Cave National park in Kentucky. In the long struggle to establish this national park, Maurice H. Thatcher, for many years United States representative from Kentucky, was a prime mover.

Discovered in 1803, Mammoth Cave was considered the largest national cavern in America until the exploration of the Carlsbad caverns in New Mexico. The underground passages are of remarkable extent, probably undermining the entire area of the proposed park development. Almost every dweller in the neighborhood has a cave of his own, to which he seeks to attract visitors.

Underground rivers in which swim eyeless fish are a weird feature of the caves. Besides these there are vast stalactites and stalagmites, the best of which are seen in the part of the cavern reached through the New Entrance. A "frozen Niagara" of salmon-colored rock and a stalactite, which, when illuminated by an electric light placed behind it, shadows the perfectly molded form of a beautiful woman stepping down as if to bathe in the subterranean river, are unique.

There are onyx caves and crystal caves; one might profitably pass weeks going through them all. It was in one of these that Floyd Collins met his death.

Beyond Mammoth Cave to the west winds the beautiful Green river known as one of the deepest fresh water streams in the country.

In this neighborhood was shed the first Kentucky blood of the Civil war, when Granville Allen was shot. Families were torn asunder by the difference of allegiance. Few states knew the horror of Civil war as did Kentucky. To understand what war meant to the border people, one needs only to be reminded that Jefferson Davis was born near Hopkinsville, not far from Bowling Green, and that Abraham Lincoln was born near Hodgenville, a few miles to the north.

Birthplace of Lincoln

At Hodgenville, a stately memorial shelters the humble log cabin in which Lincoln was born. Simplicity marks the place as it marked the great soul it fostered. Visitors pause for a drink from the Lincoln spring.

Memories of Lincoln linger in the very air between Hodgenville and Bardstown. To Knob creek the Lincoln family moved before young Abraham was two years old, and there they lived until he was eight. His earliest recollections, he wrote, were of Knob creek, and how he was saved from drowning there by the quick aid of a chum. Not much chance of drowning in the creek now; it is little more than a rivulet.

If there is a house in the world worthy to inspire music, it is "My Old Kentucky Home," near Bardstown. While a guest in the house, then owned by his kinsfolk, the Rowan family, Stephen Collins Foster composed that deathless bal-

lad, "My Old Kentucky Home."

He wrote the music, it is said, at a desk in the wide hall, the sun streaming through the door opening toward the slave quarters. That selfsame desk still stands in its wonted place, the most precious of Kentucky's furniture relics.

Even without the Foster tradition, the home would be priceless. It makes no attempt at ostentation, but it is peopled with ghosts of the fine old South.

In Bardstown is St. Joseph's cathedral, in which are displayed several original paintings by great masters. They are believed to have been a gift to the church by Louis Philippe.

Not far from the town is Gethsemane, a retreat of Trappist monks, one of two such monasteries in the United States.

Louisville, the city of George Rogers Clark, comes next on your itinerary, northwestward over an excellent highway. It was there that the doughty soldier ended his days in bitterness over the ingratitude of the nation he had spent his all to aid.

At Louisville, too, are the home and tomb of President Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready." His daughter Knox was wooed and won by Jefferson Davis, then a young lieutenant in the general's command.

To lovers of horse racing, Louisville is a mecca when the Kentucky Derby is run at Churchill Downs.

Where Baseball Bats Are Made.

At the Louisville Slugger factory, baseball bats for many of the famous players are hand-turned by skilled workmen. The second-growth ash comes to the factory in rough billets. These billets are rounded and laid on racks to season for 17 months before they are made into bats. Because ball players are particular about the weight and balance of their bats, each step in the shaping of the sluggers requires the utmost care. Special orders are prepared by hand workers. Thousands of bats, however, are made by machinery.

From Louisville it is a pleasant trip to Frankfort, the hill-encircled capital of Kentucky. The old Statehouse, now a museum, is an architectural gem of pure Greek design. Within it is a self-supporting circular stairway, one of the few remaining. The new Statehouse is a splendid structure, with a magnificent rotunda under the vaulted dome.

It is strangely fitting that Daniel Boone is buried in the cemetery overlooking the capital of the state he helped win from the wilderness. From the path around his tomb one looks down to the broad valley of the beautiful Kentucky river.

The heart of the Blue Grass is the home of the thoroughbred. To one who has striven futilely, baffled by crab grass, to encourage a lawn, the sight of those blue-grass pastures brings mixed feelings. One does not feel outraged to see splendid horses browsing on such lawns, but one is hard put to escape taking affront at cows and sheep feeding in the velvety carpets.

Horses in the Blue Grass are monarchs of the earth. On some

of the famous farms the huge circular stables house quarter-mile exercise tracks floored with tan-bark.

The thoroughbred is nurtured more carefully than a baby-show contender. A few hours after he is born he is fitted with a halter, that he may become used to the equipment. He is permitted out of doors only when conditions are exactly right. If he scratches his silky skin, he is plastered with antiseptic and put in a hospital. He drinks only from his own special bucket and his diet would be the despair of a French chef.

The owner of one farm cut by a highway has a tunnel under the road through which his thoroughbreds may be led without danger from passing automobiles.

There is a thrill in visiting the stable that housed Man-o-War, Golden Broom, Crusader, and Mars.

Lexington Is Charming.

In itself Lexington has a wealth of charm as well as historic interest. The University of Kentucky is there, its mellow old buildings scattered over a shady campus. In the study room at the College of Engineering, heavy tables, with tops fashioned of thick sections of a venerable sycamore tree that once grew on the campus, are treasured relics covered with carved names of alumni.

Another fine educational institution in Lexington is Transylvania college, the first school for higher education west of the Alleghenies. There Jefferson Davis and Henry Clay were once students. The library of this school contains thousands of volumes so rare that scholars from all over the world come to consult them.

Ashland, restored home of Henry Clay, stands on the outskirts of the city. On the walk behind the house the magnetic orator and statesman used to pace back and forth planning his speeches.

Through the perfect green of the Blue Grass country you may drive to High Bridge, where a railroad bridge 317 feet above the water spans the Kentucky. Crossing the river on a ferry, you approach old Shakertown, once the home of a strange sect who believe in celibacy and the coming of the millennium.

Another place of interest in a swing south of Lexington is the old fort at Harrodsburg, where George Rogers Clark planned his campaigns. The fort has been restored and is open as a museum.

Old Centre college at Danville attracts you because of the heroic victories of the "Praying Colonels" football team.

At Berea college you see the remarkable results of vocational education brought to mountain whites. One cannot escape a feeling of humility at sight of the industry of these students.

Bequeathed Bridal Crown for Other Happy Events

Visitors to the Lake Vattern country in central Sweden have the opportunity of seeing a fairy tale brought to life.

In the picturesque island city of Visingsö there lived 300 years ago a lovely girl, Ebba Brahe, the daughter of a nobleman, but, not of royal blood.

She was adored for many years by King Gustavus Adolphus, relates a correspondent, and they planned to marry, but affairs of state finally drove him from her, and it was necessary for him to take a bride of royal lineage. The bereft Ebba eventually married the powerful statesman and warrior, Jakob DeLa Gardie, and when she died she bequeathed her golden bridal crown, set with strands of rock crystal, to be worn by every young maiden of Visingsö, as she walked to the altar.

Interested visitors to the little Brahe church may ask the sexton to unlock the heavy oak chest which stands in the sacristy, and view for themselves this lovely and touching relic, which has been worn proudly by generations of happy brides through three centuries.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

WIFE BEATING

SHOULD a wife beater be whipped at the whipping post?

That is the question propounded by one of our readers who sends a news item of a man in Maryland who in addition to a jail sentence for beating his wife was ordered whipped at the post. Ten lashes was his punishment.

The question reminds me of one asked not long ago: "Should a woman convicted of brutal and cold-blooded murder of her husband be electrocuted?"

In the case in question the woman had been guilty of one of the cruelest and least understandable crimes which ever came to the attention of the public. Most people felt that she merited the most severe punishment consistent with enlightened ideas of punishment. Many people thought such methods were far too lenient; but we no longer put people on the rack or cut them to pieces, no matter what their crime. And electrocution being a big question in itself, the

query, "should this woman go to the electric chair?" was not a simple one to answer.

And so we come to the whipping post, which is still a legal method of punishment in some states. In the light of methods of correction which are the result of greater thought than was formerly given to the treatment of criminals of greater knowledge of psychology and a greater feeling of responsibility and public conscience, this seems to many of us outdated.

And yet, if the punishment is to fit the crime, if punishment is something which is to "help the offender to remember not to repeat his offense," it would certainly seem logical to treat wife beating with the whipping post, to give the offender "some of his own medicine"—administered, accordingly, by one of greater physical force than himself! Verily if there is any offense which can justify such a horrible and debasing instrument as the whipping post, it is the crime of a man beating his wife.

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Bedtime Story

By Thornton W. Burgess

JERRY CAN FIND NO TRAPS

JERRY MUSKRAT was puzzled. He was very much puzzled. When he discovered that the stranger had left pieces of carrot and apple at some of Jerry's favorite eating places he had guessed at once that a trap had been set in each one of those places. So, for a whole day he had kept away from them. Then curiosity had been too much for him. He just had to go over to see if those delicious tid-bits were still there.

The first place he visited was an old log partly under water. On the



It Seemed to Jerry That He Simply Must Have Those Pieces of Carrot.

part above water were several pieces of carrot. Jerry swam along both sides of that log and made sure that there was no trap under water. Then he crawled up on the bank beside that log and looked carefully for signs of a trap. He could find none. There certainly was no trap where those pieces of carrot lay in plain sight on that log.

It seemed to Jerry that he simply must have those pieces of carrot. He tried to turn his back on them and go away, but he couldn't. He knew he was foolish, but he finally, very, very cautiously crept up on that log until he could reach out one paw and knock a piece of carrot off. Nothing happened. Jerry jumped down and ate that piece of carrot with relish. Then he climbed back and did the same thing to another piece of carrot. Finally, he had eaten the last piece of carrot and nothing had happened.

Then Jerry visited in turn the other places where the stranger had left good things to eat. At each place temptation proved too much for him, and he ventured to take those good things. He ate until his stomach was full and then he carried what was left over to his house. At none of those places could he find the least sign of a trap.

The stranger came the next day and left more good things, and that night Jerry had another feast. The following day the stranger did not come, but the day after he did. As before, he left good things to eat, and, as before, Jerry got them to the last scrap.

But all the time Jerry was puzzled. He couldn't understand why that stranger was bringing him all those good things to eat. At the same time, Jerry was growing careless. He no longer used his eyes and nose so carefully when he approached the places where those good things were left. In fact, sometimes he was in such a hurry to get them that he didn't look at all, but just scrambled up where the good things were. You see, not once had he found a single thing wrong. He was beginning to doubt that the stranger was a trapper at all. In fact, he was beginning to look on the stranger as a very good friend indeed.

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Ancient Hawaiians Had Massage Beauty System

The lost art of Hawaiian "body shaping" surpassed modern beauty treatments, Lalani Village instructors believe. Ancient Hawaiians shaped the bodies of their children by skillful massage. Even heads were shaped according to standards of anatomy, notes a Honolulu United Press correspondent.

The soft, formative body of the newborn child was constantly massaged so that head, eyes, fingers, toes and other parts of the body were beautifully formed with greatest care, one instructor said.

The head was well formed partly by having a child sleep on both sides. Eyes were beautified by massage with thumb and forefinger dipped in kukui oil. Fingers and toes were tapered by massaging.