

Crittenden Record-Press

No. 12

Marion, Crittenden County Kentucky, Thursday Morning, Oct. 4 1917

Vol. XXXX

THE REAL WILD WEST

Three Score Champion Cowboys
And Cowgirls From The Far
Western Plains.

One of the genuine novelties offered by the Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus this season is its genuine and historically correct Wild west and Chayenne Frontier Exhibition, participated in by sixty cowboys and cowgirls from the Far West. When the parents of the present generation were boys and girls there lived on the Western plains a great body of hardy heroes who acted as guardians over herds of cattle that roamed over the trackless plains. The cowboys are fast disappearing before the wake of the settling and cultivation of the Western plains.

When the Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus exhibits in Princeton on Saturday Oct. 13th., a real Wild West Show will be staged among the numbers. Assembled for this exhibition are the champion ropers, broncho busters, cowboys and cowgirls from Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Texas, Oklahoma and the far Western Canada. They represent the experts among the different lines exploited by the cowboy in his work and past time. The "pony Express," illustrating how the U. S. mail was delivered in the West before the advent of the railroad, will be one of the interesting exhibitions. In this the rider dismounts from his horse while the animal is running at full speed, runs and mounts a fresher horse. The animal is trained to dash away at full speed without any delay to the rider and the mail. Trick riding follows, introducing Chester Byers, acknowledged by all Western frontier exhibitions to be the greatest cowboy of this generation. Mr. Byers holds medals from the Pendleton (Ore.) Round Up, the Cheyenne (Wyo.) Frontier Exhibition, the Calgary (Alberta) Wild West Exhibition and the Walla Walla (Wash.) Plainsmen's Exhibition. At every performance Mr. Byers rides a silver mounted and diamond studded \$10,000 saddle, a prize won last year at the Pendleton Round-Up. While fresh bucking horses are continually used in the Wild West exhibitions, yet all owners of bad and outlaw horses are invited to bring them to town circus day that they be ridden by the Hagenbeck-Wallace champion cowboys and cowgirls. The wilder the horses are, the better they are liked by the Wild West performers.

The Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace Show travel this season aboard three special trains, the longest ever used to transport a circus organization. There are in the neighborhood of 1,000 people traveling about with the show, in addition to 108 advance men. Six hundred draft horses, 125 head of fleet footed ring stock, 400 trained wild animals and three herds of elephants are a part of the great organization. Twenty-two tents, which cover fourteen acres of ground, are used to house the show in the daytime.

The doors of the Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace zoological paradise are opened daily at 1 and 7 p. m. An operatic concert by Prof. Fred Jewell's band of 45 soloists lasts thirty minutes and precedes the

performances, which begins at 2 and 8 p. m. A three mile long gala, golden street parade will be seen at 10 a. m. on the day of the exhibition.

The War Committee Of Crittenden County.

C. C. Camden and Wilson P. Watkins of the State Young Men's Christian Association of Kentucky were here this week and named the Crittenden County War Council Committee of the Y. M. C. A. which is composed of the following named citizens: Thos. H. Cochran, chairman, Mesdames W. B. Yandell and W. J. Deboe, Miss Nell Walker, Dr. R. L. Moore, Walter McConnell, Mayor J. Frank Dodge, Marshall Jenkins, F. G. Cox, W. D. Cannon and Chastain W. Haynes.

Loses Several Of His Fingers.

Ray Walker, 8 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walker had the misfortune to lose several joints of the fingers on one of his hands Monday by the explosion of a dynamite cap with which he was playing and which it is not known whether or how he obtained it. He is getting along alright and if no complication arises will recover.

DEATHS

Darius B. Carnahan an old and respected citizen of Blackford died Thursday Sept. 27th., of a complication of diseases with which he had suffered for several years. His remains were laid to rest at the Blackford Cemetery after the funeral was preached at the Baptist Church of which he had been a member for fifty years. Revs. Vaughn and Sisk officiating. His wife who was Miss Alice Wallace survives him also 8 children. The sons are Jno. A., Geo. W., Will C., and Sam L., all well known citizens.

The daughters are Annie Belle wife of Will Deboe, Kate wife of Henry McConnell, Bertha wife of Dexter Crumpton, Gertrude wife of Jas. Bruner, three brothers all of whom live in the west survive also, J. M. of Kansas, Montie of Canada, and Frances of California, and two 1-2 brothers George of Shawnee town and Ben of Mo., one sister Mrs. Annie Carico, three 1-2 sisters Maggie Sipes of Oklahoma, Lucy Eddings of Clay, and Julia Bean of DeKoven.

Mr. Carnahan was born April 19th., 1845, near Madisonville and has lived in Hopkins and Webster Counties all his life.

Captain Newcom.

Frank Newcom was named as leader of the squad of 51 soldiers who left Wednesday for Camp Zachary Taylor. Their names appeared in last week's issue. The only exceptions being the colored soldiers who are not yet designated as to time of departure.

Ezra Hard, a Marion boy, enlisted with the Electrical Corps of the U. S. army Monday at Paducah and has gone to Camp Zachary Taylor.

Ira C. Sutherland has been sinking for several days and has had several severe hemorrhages.

Frank Taylor, and wife and little son of Frank Park, of Salem were guests of relatives here Tuesday.

AMENDMENT IS INDORSED

Frankfort State Journal Prints Strong Editorial Favoring Adoption Of Constitutional Amendment And Pointing Out Its Advantages

The strong resolutions adopted by the Frankfort Chamber of Commerce favoring the Constitutional Amendment relating to the purchase of telephone lines are meeting with favor throughout the state. Among other papers which have endorsed this action editorially is the Frankfort State Journal, which recently published the following editorial:

"Amend The Constitution
The action of the Chamber of Commerce, in pledging its efforts to the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment relating to the purchase of telephone lines, and in calling upon other commercial bodies to support it, is both wise and timely.

"Two telephone lines in the same community, each contending for subscribers, is a nuisance—an expensive nuisance—to the public, and has been too long tolerated. When the busy merchant, farmer or professional man takes up his telephone, he wants to talk and talk quickly; and to be told that the party sought has 'the other line' naturally stirs his resentment. Two exchanges in the same town mean that the business and professional man must maintain both, and this he should not be required to do.

"Telephone service should be universal among telephone users; every telephone user should be able to reach every other telephone user, over his own phone.

The present Constitution of Kentucky was written when the telephone business was in its early infancy, and in it was written that one telephone company could not acquire by lease or purchase, the lines of a competing company, with the result that in every municipality where there have existed two telephone systems, howsoever much a Chamber of Commerce or a City Council wished to have only one, they could get rid of neither without wrecking one. Both lines were doomed to continuous existence, in spite of the fact that generally neither was prosperous, or giving to the public satisfactory service.

State authorities and local councils have complete power of regulation of telephone companies.

"The General Assembly adopted the pending amendment to the Constitution, permitting one telephone company to purchase the lines of another, provided the City Council and the State authorities should approve the purchase; without that approval no purchase can be made. This amendment was passed by the House of Representatives without a dissenting vote, and by the Senate with only one negative vote. Such a vote is an indication of the widespread interest in the amendment and the demand for the relief it will bring. The public interest is fully protected.

"We cannot too highly commend the Chamber of Commerce in its efforts to secure the adoption of this amendment by the voters. The State Journal is for the amendment, and will add its efforts to those of the Chamber of Commerce to bring about the adoption.

Methodist Conference.

The Conference of the M. E. Church, South, which met at Hopkinsville last week named the following ministers for this session: Rev. H. R. Short, Marion; E. F. Goodson, Presiding Elder; V. L. Stone, Carversville; V. P. Henry, Clay; J. H. Mitchell, Hampton; R. T. McConnell, Hanson; J. R. Renfro, Marion circuit; C. R. Crow, Slaughter; J. F. Baker, Sturgis; F. W. Deaton, Tola.

Tola Branch Of Red Cross.

A branch of the Red Cross society will be organized at Tola, Ky., Friday evening Oct. 5th., at 7 o'clock at the Methodist Church.

Dr. T. A. Frazer, Misses Fannie Bule and Leaffa Wilborn will attend also the Male Quartette composed of T. R. and C. W. Yates, L. E. and Nell Guess. Everybody invited and expected.

T. J. Yandell is attending the Bankers' convention at Louisville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Orme attended McElroy-Dean wedding at Crider Tuesday afternoon.

H. F. Hammark has had his horse treated to a coat of canary with white trimmings, and it looks quite refreshed.

MARRIAGES

A double wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Onie Duncan near Boz school house on Wednesday evening at 2 o'clock, when Mr. Hartland Greenlee and Miss Nettie Duncan and Bedford Blaker and Miss Maymie Duncan were united in marriage. Rev. Ben Martin officiating. We wish them a long prosperous and happy journey through life and at death a home in Heaven.

Miss Helen Sayre will be married to Mr. Will Simpson of Gainesville, Texas, on Oct. 24th., at the home of her parents in Ardmore, Oklahoma.

The Sayre family lived here several years, and Miss Helen is pleasantly remembered as an exceedingly bright and hard-working girl, of fascinating manner. She was an expert swimmer and enjoyed horse back riding, and other athletic sports as a child. Her education was completed in New York and Washington since which time she has travelled extensively. Her many friends and admirers here hope for her, much joy in her wedded life.

The marriage of Miss Annie Louise Dean and Mr. Lee Dennis McElroy, of Crider, was beautifully solemnized by the Rev. Price of Fredonia, at Hazeldean the lovely home of the bride's parents on Oct. 2nd., at 3 p. m.

The house was artistically decorated in ferns, autumn flowers and chrysanthemums, the color scheme being yellow and green.

Preceding the ceremony Miss Melville Akin of Princeton sang a beautiful solo and Mr. Adamson rendered a violin solo.

At the sound of the wedding march which was played by Miss Nell Guess of Crider, Miss Virginia Blue and Miss Linda Jenkins of Marion the bridesmaids who were dressed in white with gold maline hats and sashes with a bouquet of chrysanthemums tied with gold tulle led the procession to the altar and unwound white ribbon which formed the aisle for the bride to enter.

The groom and best man, Mr. Gage Adamson were met by master Emory Dobbins, of Indianapolis, who carried the ring on a silver tray, then followed the bride with her father, who gave her away.

The brides dress was of chiffon taffeta and georgette crepe entraine with chantilly lace. Her veil was articially held in place by orange blossoms.

Immediately following the wedding a reception was given by Mrs. Dean mother of the bride to the bridal party and the close friends and relatives who were present at the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. McElroy left for Chicago and other points on a bridal trip.

Guests were present from Princeton, Fredonia, Marion and many other localities, probably one hundred persons attending the ceremony. The bride was the recipient of many substantial useful and beautiful gifts.

Come And Prove Ownership.

Found, a pair of gold plated frame spectacles on the street. Owner can have property by paying for this advertisement.

THE CALF CLUB.

Marion, Ky., Oct. 3, 1917.
Crittenden County Calf Club,
Dear Members,

I want you to send me a sample of your Heifer's milk taken in the following way. After milking, pour the milk backward and forward by using two buckets so as to thoroughly mix it, then take a small bottle thoroughly cleaned and put in three tablespoonfuls as soon as mixed. Do this morning and evening and put sample in the same bottle. This will give a true sample of your cow's milk. Send the sample to me at once with your name and the number of your heifer, if you remember it, pasted on the bottle. Mail to me or leave at Haynes & Taylor's. Must have each cow's milk tested and have it here on Oct. 8, the day of the sale.

The show will begin Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Each member is requested to bring one pound print of butter and one gallon of milk from his cow. We have \$15.00 worth of prizes in milk and butter, each divided up into 5 prizes. Then the milk and butter after being judged will be used in Dairy lunch, the proceeds of which will go to the Red Cross. In this way each club member will be doing his bit to help the wounded and sick at the battle front.

Brush your heifer twice a day this week and put on her best clothes. Polish her horns by scraping with a piece of glass and then rubbing with a woolen cloth moistened with oil. Be on hand with your heifer early Monday morning with a halter and rope on your heifer so that you can tie her to the Court House fence. Over \$200.00 in cash prizes are offered by the Commercial Club of Marion, for the best Heifer for dairy purposes, best heifer calf, best pound of butter, best gallon of milk, best kept record.

Yours very truly,
J. Robert Bird,
County Agent.

SEVEN SPRINGS

Misses Iva and Ina Campbell were in Salem Thursday.

Dr. Matlock, of Salem, was called to this section Friday to see Miss Julia Patton, who is quite ill with malarial fever and indigestion.

Mrs. Fannie Travis, of Emmaus, spent Saturday and Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Pollie Patton at this place.

M. L. Patton is just recovering from a very severe attack of acute indigestion.

Tobacco most all in the house in this vicinity.

Floyd Simpkins and family, Phil Travis, Bob Stubblefield, wife and daughter, Miss Daisy, and Mrs. May Perkins, of Frances, visited Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Patton last week.

Edgar McKinney and family, of Lyon county, were guests of William Henry Campbell Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Kinsolving, of Emmaus, is here this week attending the bedside of her sister, Miss Julia Patton, who is very ill.

John Patton and wife, B. A. Patton and children, of Mexico, were guests of relatives here Sunday.

Andrew Holoman and family, of Truman, Ark., are now at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Holoman, and will probably remain there the coming winter.

Tom Brown, one of our good citizens of Seven Springs, has purchased the Sanders farm and will move soon near Gum Spring. We regret to give Mr. and Mrs. Brown up, but we wish them success in their location.

Levi Cook is gradually absorbing all the available property around town. His latest acquisition is the laundry lot on south Main street, old mill site, which he purchased from Cochran & Co.

VOTE FOR ROAD TAX

Out Lines The Plan For Assessment Levy Without Bond.

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 3.—State Road Commissioner Rodman Wiley, in a statement issued to day discusses at length the procedure for levy of road tax with out bond issues or other obligations of indebtedness. He says:

In many counties the people are willing to vote a good roads tax, but they do not want to create a bonded debt or any debt and to permit the people in any county to vote a road tax with out debt or bonds there was passed at the special session of 1917 an act that allows any county to vote an annual tax in any sum not exceeding 20 cents on the one hundred dollars to be used in building new roads and repairing old ones. Already several counties have voted this tax and will collect it this year.

The tax can be voted at either a special election or the regular November election. Counties that want this tax can vote it by a majority vote at the next November election and have the benefit of it on the roads next year, as the Fiscal Court can borrow next spring 80 per cent of the amount the tax will raise and begin work on the roads early in the year, paying the borrowed money out of the tax collected in that year when collected, and under this act no debt can be created in any year that can not be paid out of the tax collected in that year. The books must be balanced at the end of each year and there is no debt to be carried over. The money raised by this tax need not be used on inter-county-seat roads or State roads. It can be put on any road or bridge that the Fiscal Court wants to build or repair.

The tax voted may be 5, 10, 15 or 20 cents on the one hundred dollars and it may be voted for one year or any number of years not exceeding ten. All counties that want good roads without bonds or debt and that cannot raise enough money under the present 50 cents tax to keep the roads in repair should vote this tax. Get a copy of this new law from your county clerk or write to me and I will send you a copy. Vote the 20 cents tax at the November election and begin your road work next spring.

GLADSTONE

Rosie Brantley has purchased a new Ford car.

Lawrence Scott is very ill. We think he is bordering on typhoid fever. Miss Dean Scott has become a student of the Marion high school.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Scott and son returned to their home in Linton, Ind., after spending a few days here with his parents.

Ewell McKinney, Sr., and Ewell McKinney, Jr., are on the sick list at present.

Ralph Phillips attended meeting at Cave Spring Saturday night, and on his way home he lost his cap. If any one finds it, please return it to him.

D. Crowell and family attended meeting at Cave Springs Sunday.

Clyde McCormick, of Morganfield, is the guest of Charles McCormick.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. H. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c.

It Helps!

There can be no doubt as to the merit of Cardui, the woman's tonic, in the treatment of many troubles peculiar to women. The thousands of women who have been helped by Cardui in the past 40 years is conclusive proof that it is a good medicine for women who suffer. It should help you, too.

Take CARDUI

The Women's Tonic

Mrs. N. E. Varner, of Hason, Tenn., writes: "I was passing through the ... My back and sides were lame, and my suffering indescribable. I can't tell just how and where I hurt, about all over, I think. I began Cardui, and my pains grew less and less, until I was cured. I am remarkably strong for a woman 64 years of age. I do all my housework." Try Cardui, today. E-76

FORDS TERRY hitswi

Miss Glenna Rankin, a beautiful and attractive young lady of this vicinity, is attending the present term of the Marion high school. Miss Glenna has a number of friends who hope she will be successful in her educational efforts.

Misses Carrie, Euna and Mary Almsworth, three prominent young ladies of this neighborhood, are now visiting relatives in Missouri. During their absence their father is engaged in the occupation of keeping "bachelor's hall."

The corn of this neighborhood is looking wonderful at the present time and the only fault which can be found is the comparative lack of maturity, which is noticeable among the crops of the present year.

An impossible thing—for any teacher to keep perfect order at Hebron school. Notwithstanding their noisiness and rowdiness, however, the pupils of the Hebron district are such bright, intelligent and good-hearted children that no teacher can keep from liking them, no matter what kind of an instructor he may be.

Rev. Willis Brown has just finished a series of protracted meetings which were held in a brush arbor near the Dunn Springs cemetery. Rev. Brown is a member of the Gospel Trumpet organization of Anderson, Ind., and he can certainly expound the principles of his doctrine in a most interesting manner. The sermons which he preached have created a favorable impression among the people of this community.

ANY CHEST COLD MAY BRING Bronchitis or Tonsillitis

The irritating, tickling cough affects the lung tissue and wears down nature's power to resist disease germs.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

suppresses the cold, allays the inflammation, steadily removes the irritation and rebuilds the resistive power to prevent lung trouble.

SCOTT'S has done more for bronchial troubles than any other one medicine. It contains no alcohol.

Scott & Borne, Bloomfield, N. J. 16-18

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our only son Everett M. Rogers, who departed this life September 25, 1916, one year dear boy, oh can it be twelve weary months we've mourned for thee, and yet it seems so fresh, the pain, we feel it o'er and o'er again.

You are gone, but not forgotten, Never shall your memory fade, Sweetest thought shall ever linger, Around the grave where you are laid.

His Mother and Stepfather, MAUD and COURTNEY HARRIS.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

L. F. WATERS


Veterinarian

Office at Sisco's Livery Stable Phone 289

Prepare now and immunize your herd against black-leg and hemorrhagic septicemia in Cattle; White Scours in calves; Navel ill in colts; Cholera in hogs; Also see me about White diarrhea in young chicks; Bowel ailments and blackhead in turkeys

How to Know, Prevent and Cure Quickly

Dr. Gilchrist



Instruments for examining conditions inside as well as outside of the eye. Glasses scientifically fitted. Prices reasonable. Office: Paris Bldg. Marion, Ky. Below Farmers Bank.

SALEM pqt

Mrs. Lucile Taylor of Chicago, and Mrs. Marguerite Gregory of Oklahoma, are with their mother, Mrs. Isaac Linley, who is in bad health here.

Miss Willie Wolford visited her uncle, Dr. LaRue and family of New Burnside, Ill., last week.

Miss Bettie George and sister, of Princeton, visited their brother, Tom George, here last week.

Henry Moore visited his wife in the Pope Sanitarium, Louisville, last week and took in part of the state fair.

Mrs. Effie Stevens, in company with Charles LaRue and wife, attended the state fair.

C. R. Babb was a victim of an accident at the W. H. LaRue mines last week. Two ribs were broken, besides other painful bruises. He is able to be out again.

Miss Marjorie Pierce is in Bowling Green taking a business university course.

Mesdames Alma Matlock and Viola Gray visited in Hopkinsville last week, guests of Dr. F. G. LaRue and mother.

Mrs. J. O. Gray visited James Fleming and family of Birdsville last week.


Mrs. Jane Tyner of Pinkneyville, visited friends and attended church services here Sunday.

Mrs. Clara Brown is nursing Mrs. Margerite Coram, an aged lady, of near Berry Ferry.

Miss Nora Butler visited Ed Butler near Cedar Grove last week, and attended the revival there.

Several mining capitalists of Wheeling, W. Va., were here last week, looking after mineral interests.

ATKINS WONDER



THE great wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from this and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 228 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv.

EDANWOOD DIIIIBH

Mr. Dempsey Kent of Dexter, Mo., is visiting friends and relatives here. He has sold his farm and if he can buy one to suit him he will return to Kentucky.

Mrs. Lizzie E. Travis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Cullen of Repton.

Mr. Henry Butler and family spent the week end with relatives at Farmersville.

Mr. W. D. Drennen gave a picnic for his Sunday School class of boys and their friends. It was held at Chimney Rock and all who were there reported a good time.

Misses Reva Dean, Carrie Morse and Mr. Ormond Hurst attended the play at Marion Wednesday night.

Mr. Lee Morse left last week for Camp Taylor at Louisville.

Misses Wilma Walker and Velma Dean went to Marion last Wednesday.

Mr. Herman Travis and family were visitors at Mr. T. L. Walker's Saturday night.

Mrs. Velma Hardwick was the guest of Mr. E. L. Horning Sunday.

Mr. B. F. Drennen and family spent Saturday night with relatives in Marion.

Mr. T. L. Walker and Milton Walker have sold their farm at this place. The former has bought a farm at Farmersville and the latter has gone into training at Camp Taylor.

Mr. Jack Lamb and family and Mrs. Olivia Walker and little daughter Christobel, went to Marion Monday.

Mr. Herman Travis made a business trip to Marion Monday.

BELLMONT

Autumn is approaching. Everybody busy filling fruit and potato bins and making molasses, preparing for the pinching days that are near.

Finnie Boyd and wife of Shady Grove, John McConnell and wife and Mrs. Ed Deboe took a trip to Eddyville Sunday to view the penitentiary.

The Sunday School Convention will be held at Piney Fork the fifth Sunday, Sept. 30, and the school fair Oct. 6 as was reported.

Ed Thurman will move to the Lige Corley place below Marion, which he purchased lately so we understand, and Lee Driver will move where he is.

Math Ethridge and wife spent Sunday the guests of Charlie Harris and family, whose little child is quite sick.

Gillie Tomasson and family of Marion, spent Sunday the guests of Vernan Crayne and family.

John McConnell is building a big silo on the McConnell farm.

Mrs. Stella Brown is quite sick with hemorrhage. She is at her father's, V. C. Crayne's.

Franklin Sherrills and family of Farmville, visited at Ed Deboe's Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Maud Gues visited at Vernan Crayne's Sunday.

James Winkington attended church at Marion Sunday.

Willie Hubbard of Liberty, visited his aunt, Mrs. C. L. Boucher, the week end.

Joe Ethridge attended church at Pleasant Hill Sunday.

Delmar Hunt says he used to like all kinds of birds, but he thinks now a "Crayne" beats them all.

Ben Crider and wife have moved to Providence to reside for the present.

The Andrews Bros. are filling their big silos this week.

Mrs. J. W. Wigginton has been on the sick list.

C. S. NUNN

Attorney at Law

MARION, KENTUCKY

Post Office Building.

Soldiers Must Have Clothing.

Warning issued Recruits of New Army to take sufficient under-clothing Along.

The government has been unable to secure enough clothing for the thousands of new soldiers who have gone to the Training camps. For this reason the following letter has been sent to the exemption boards:

Headquarters 325 Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, Sept. 9th, 1917.

In view of the present condition of the Quartermaster's department all drafted men are urged to bring a sufficient supply of clean underwear, socks and clothing to insure their comfort and cleanliness for a period of two or three weeks. At that time it is expected that the Quartermaster will be able to furnish the men with their allotment of clothing.

Men are specially urged to wear stout high shoes. Toilet articles, soap and towels, razors, dental supplies, etc., will add greatly to the comfort of the men.

C. M. EWING, Capt. Inf., O. R. C. 325 M. G. Bu, Assistant Mustering Officer.

Camp "Zachary Taylor."

The Louisville Courier-Journal registers a strong protest against the calling of the military camp at that city camp "Taylor." It is camp "Zachary Taylor" and should be so called. It is named for the soldier patriot and president, whose body lies near the cant nment.


The courier-Journal winds up its protest as follows:

"If any soldier calls it less, bring him to court-martial; if any civilian, send him to a Camp of Detention; if any newspaper reporter, shoot him on the spot!"

Receivership is Asked For Ross-Vaughn Co.

Owensboro, Ky., Sept. 29.—J. M. Vaughn filed a petition to the Daviess county circuit court yesterday asking for the appointment of a receiver for the Ross-Vaughn Tobacco Company, of Owensboro, and the granting of an order restraining John Ross, president of the company, from disposing of \$35,000 worth of stock owned by Vaughn and held as collateral by Ross on the loan. Mr. Vaughn resigned this week as vice president and general

Catarrhal Cough



Mr. W. S. Brown, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 52, Rogersville, Tennessee, writes:

"I feel it my duty to recommend Peruna to all sufferers of catarrh of the lungs. In the year 1909, I took a severe case of the catarrh. I then took a bad cough. I had taken all kinds of cough remedies but got no relief. I then decided to try Peruna. I used five bottles. After taking five bottles my cough stopped and my weight was 115 and now I weigh 145. Any one suffering with catarrh in any form I will advise them to take Peruna."

Any one suffering with Catarrh in Any form I will Advise them To Take Peruna

Those who object to liquid medicine can procure Peruna Tablets.

last Sunday with his sister, Mrs. J. W. McDonald, who has been very ill, but is improving now.

Mr. Nimmo, our Watkins man, passed through this part one day last week.

Mrs. Lala Crider visited Mrs. Tommie Walker Friday.

Misses Tylenne McDonald, Esther and Frances Travis visited Mrs. S. B. McNeely Saturday night.

Miss Susie Guess visited her grandfather near Shady Grove Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Willie Pickens visited Miss Mary Deboe of Fredonia last week.

Miss Lura McConnell and Mrs. Mabel Robinson of near Blackborn, spent the day Friday with their Aunt Dean and Caroline Brantley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cruce of Crayne, visited J. W. McDonald and family Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Eunice Moseley, the trained nurse who has been with Mrs. J. W. McDonald for two weeks past, has returned to her home in Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Travis and son Paul, and little daughter, Mary Edna, visited Mrs. Mary Travis Saturday night.

Mr. Billie Lowry and Miss Eulah Gass attended church at Crooked Creek Sunday.

The singing at Geo. M. Travis' Friday night was well attended and enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Annie Hunt and Mrs. Lizzie Lamb visited Mrs. Maude McDonald Monday.

Mr. Collie Hunt was one of the boys that left Wednesday to answer the call for the front.

100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is HALL'S CATARRH CURE. The disease, which attacks the mucous surfaces of the system, therefore, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FOOD PIRATES STARTS RUMOR

Government Has Never Contemplated Commandeering Foods.

Washington, Oct. 2.—The untraceable rumor that the Government intends to take canned and dried foods from homes persists and has spread to such an extent that the Department of Agriculture to-day placed an explicit and official denial in the hands of every county agent and representative with instructions to give it widest publicity.

The Government never has contemplated commandeering foods from the homes in any sense, and the persistency of the rumor leads officials to believe its basis probably may be found in propaganda to hinder food conservation and thereby continue high prices.

This official announcements was made to-day.

The Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture both state emphatically that the Government never had contemplated commandeering home stocks of any kind, but rather is doing everything possible to encourage home conservation of surplus fruits and vegetables so that householders may have abundant supplies for their own consumption.

When you feel discouraged, nervous, tired, worried or despondent, it is a sure sign you need MOTT'S NERVE PILLS. They renew the normal vigor and make life worth living. Be sure and ask for Mott's Nerve Pills. Price \$1.00 by druggists. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio.

October Bargain Club.

An opportunity is presented our readers this month to secure The Evansville Courier daily for one year and The Crittenden Record Press weekly one year at the bargain rate of \$4.50. The regular price for both papers is \$6.00.

It is expected that hundreds of people will take advantage of this chance to get their favorite city daily and home weekly at a moderate price. If your subscription does not expire until later, your time will be extended one year. This low rate is made however only in the month of October.

What is LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA

A Digestive Liquid Laxative, Cathartic and Liver Tonic. Contains Cascara Bark, Blue Flag Root, Rhubarb Root, Black Root, May Apple Root, Senna Leaves and Pepsin. Combines strength with palatable aromatic taste. Does not gripe. 50c

manager of the Ross-Vaughn company, due, as he expressed it, to "internal dissension." The company is capitalized at \$90,000. Mr. Ross owns \$55,000 worth of stock and Mr. Vaughn \$35,000 worth.

Mr. Vaughn alleges that the company could declare a fifty per cent dividend, but has refused to do so and consequently he has been unable to meet the interest on the loan made to him by Ross.

Mr. Vaughn formerly resided in Louisville and has been a prominent buyer here for many years. Mr. Ross came here from Liverpool, England, where he has large interests.

WOULD PERMIT PHONE MERGER BY AMENDMENT

FRANKFORT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE GOES ON RECORD FOR ONE SYSTEM PLAN

RESOLUTIONS ARE ADOPTED

Submission Passed By General Assembly With Only One Dissenting Vote—History Of Competition

The Frankfort Chamber of Commerce by the action of its Board of Directors is on record in favor of and has pledged its efforts to the adoption of a constitutional amendment at the November election permitting telephone companies operating in this state to purchase competing lines.

The action of the Chamber of Commerce board, taken with a view of effecting economy by eliminating unnecessary phones, was given expression in the following resolution:

"Whereas, the General Assembly at its 1916 session adopted a Constitutional Amendment to be submitted to the voters of the state for ratification at the November, 1917, election, under the terms of which, with the approval of the state authorities and the City Council of the city in which the telephone companies are located, one telephone company may purchase the lines of another, be it

"Resolved, That the Frankfort Chamber of Commerce endorse the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment and urge the voters of Franklin county and the State-at-large to vote for the amendment at the ensuing November election, and be it further

"Resolved, That the President of the Chamber of Commerce be authorized to appoint a committee to aid in whatever manner it can in bringing the Constitutional Amendment to the attention of the voters and other commercial bodies."

History Of Amendment.

The Constitutional amendment passed by the 1916 General Assembly, authorizing the purchase of the telephone lines, passed the Senate with only one dissenting vote and encountered no opposition whatever in the House. The representatives of both parties recognized that only by means of this amendment to the Constitution could the state be saved the annoyance and expense of two telephone systems in the same community.

Some of the larger cities, particularly Cincinnati, New York and Washington, early recognized that two telephone systems were an unnecessary burden on the community and never granted to more than one company a franchise for a telephone system, with the result that every telephone user in each of these cities is in direct communication with every other subscriber.

Burden In Kentucky.

In Kentucky, in the early stages of the development of the telephone business, numerous small companies were organized. They did not connect, different kinds of equipment were used and the standard of maintenance was not universal, which retarded the advancement of telephone development in keeping with other states more progressive. Nearly every community in Kentucky has, at some time in its history, experienced a telephone war that engendered hard feelings, as each side had its partisans, and the public has been deprived of the convenience and economy that one telephone system affords.

The public interest is thoroughly protected under the proposed Constitutional amendment, as no purchase can be made without the consent of the City Council. The passage of the bill, providing for the Constitutional Amendment and the practically unanimous vote it received in the General Assembly is evidence that it was passed in response to a wide-spread and popular demand for relief from present telephone conditions.

WOULD PERMIT PHONE MERGER BY AMENDMENT

Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 60c

THE COURIER'S OCTOBER BARGAIN.

While the subscription price of the Evansville Courier has been made \$5.00 a year for the daily and \$7.50 per year for the daily and Sunday by mail, The Courier announces that its October bargain rate will be \$4.00 for the daily and \$6.00 for the daily and Sunday.

The Courier is the favorite daily newspaper for thousands of people in this section, and no doubt they will be quick to take advantage of the opportunity to subscribe at the October bargain rates. The Courier is one of the most original and interesting newspapers to be found anywhere and brings the news of the war, the world and the markets to our people first.

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CRITTENDEN RECORD-PRESS

Marion, Ky., Oct. 4 1917.

S. M. IENKINS,
Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter February 9th 1878 at the postoffice at Marion, Kentucky, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1877.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$1.50 per year cash in advance.

Advertising Rates.

50c per inch S. C. Foreign Advertising
25c per inch S. C. Home Advertising
Repeated ads one-half rate.
Metal bases for Plates and Electro
Locals or Readers
5c per line in this size type.
10c per line in this size type
15c. a line this size type.
Obituaries 5c per line
Cards of Thanks 5c per line
Resolutions of respect 5c a line
Cash
With
Copy

The crowded condition of Marion's busy streets is demonstrated most plainly at the little narrow bridge crossing the drain at the inter-section of the spar mill road with south Main street near the site of the old mill. The great increase in traffic on our streets, in automobiles, trucks and wagons hauling minerals to the railroad and coal from the various yards here, to the mines, is especially noticeable, and much of it centers in the vicinity of this little bridge. It occurs to us that the street commissioners could find no better place to try out concrete construction than at this place where the street should be filled some and the wooden bridge changed to concrete and made strong and wide, the full width of the street, probably. The people who ride or drive out that way here of late have noted the congestion often at this point.

ROAD NOTICE

Application For New Road.

To whom it may concern. Take notice that I will on the 8th day of October, 1917, that being regular County Court day, for Crittenden county, file my petition asking said Court to grant an order to open a public road. The road to commence at Julius McKinney's, connecting the Salem and Dycusburg road with the Marion and Dycusburg road, and ending at Burnett Ashbridge's, a distance of one mile.

Given under my hand, this September 17th, 1917.
9173t SANFORD KRONE.

DYCUSBURG

Mrs. J. C. Bennett, who has been quite ill for several days, is convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Ramage were in Eddyville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Knight, of Mulligan, who have been the guests of Mrs. Douglas Ramage for several days returned home Thursday.

Clarence Ball, of Providence, was the guest of his mother, Mrs. W. J. Wells, last week.

Mrs. Herman Martin was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Will Eaton, of Seven Springs, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom McKinney, Jr., of Seven Springs, were guests of Mrs. J. C. Bennett Saturday.

Roy Gregory spent Sunday in Livingston county the guest of his sister, Mrs. Shelly Decker.

Mr. Jackson, of Birmingham, Ky., has accepted the position as engineer on the Str., Dispatch.

When in town call at the "Ferguson butcher shop" for your fresh meats.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Yandell and Miss Margaret Moore, of Marion, were the guests of Mrs. J. B. Wadlington recently.

Miss Minnie Cassidy, of Eddyville, is visiting her sisters, Mesdames J. M. Graves and C. T. Glenn.

Misses Edmonia Bennett, Mary Finley and Ola Charles spent Sunday in the country the guests Mrs. Edgie Gregory.

Mrs. J. R. Wells, of Smithland, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Wadlington, last week.

Misses Katherine Gray and Inez Vosier, of Kuttawa, were guests of Mrs. Virginia Vosier the week-end.

Mrs. Hodge Brown is in Smithland the guest of her grand daughter, Mrs. J. R. Wells.

Eugene Decker, of Hamletsburg,

FINE JERSEY COW SALE!

ON MAIN STREET, MARION, KY.

Monday, Oct. 8th, 1917

AT 1 P. M.

The Crittenden County Calf Club Boys will offer at Public Auction 47 head of pure bred Jersey heifers, including their heifer calves. All but three have calved since April.

These heifers were selected by competent men for the two Banks of Marion to be used in this Calf Club. All over the purchase price to go to the boy.

They were selected from 500 head of cattle in Shelby, Spencer, Oldham and Jefferson counties. This is a chance to get what you want for family or dairy purposes. They will show for themselves on the day of sale.

They will be shown in the morning, at which time over \$200.00 in cash prizes will be given, and sold in the afternoon--Oct. 8th., at 1 p. m.

CRITTENDEN COUNTY COMMERCIAL CLUB.

Ill., was here several days last week the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Griffin moved to Paducah last week to make their future home.

COFFEE SALE.

Come in before the advance and look at my display of coffee good coffee at 15 cents a pound or 7 lbs. for \$1.00, better grade, 18 cents, peaberry 19 cents. Better grades if you want them. Chandler & Chandler.

BLACKFORD

This is the month of October and the time of the year when we may anticipate frost.

Since our last items from this place our town has been called to mourn the loss by death of another citizen, Darious B. Carnahan, who passed away Thursday, Sept. 27th. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Everett Sisk at the Baptist church, of which he was a member, on Friday, Sept. 28th, at 1 o'clock p. m. His remains were interred in the family lot in Blackford cemetery.

David B. Kevill, of Sikeston, Mo., and his sister, Mrs. Rosa Crider, of Shreveport, La., were here on the 20th, ultimo, being en route from Providence, where they had been visiting relatives and friends. While here your "scribe" had the pleasure of conversing with them.

The protracted meeting at the Presbyterian church which was conducted by Rev. Carl Boucher, of Piney Fork, closed last Sunday night.

W. L. Staton, a former Blackfordite now of Central City, was here last week visiting his daughter, Mrs. L. L. Anderson.

Our townsman, James A. Oakley, attended the Methodist District Conference at Hopkinsville last week.

The order of general business among the people of this section is attending protracted meetings, cutting and hewing tobacco, boiling sorghum juice and swapping horses.

This celebrated "hamlet" has recently been visited by seven fruit tree agents, two dry goods peddlers, one dentist, 14 drug drummers, and thirteen umbrella menders. Who can beat that?

Mrs. Fina Greer, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rudell Crowell, at Rosiclare, Ill., has returned home.

Among the boys from this section who have recently enlisted in the present war, and are now at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., are Lynna Suggs Crowell and Robert Henry White.

"Kentucky boys are plucky They will surely fight. But those are very unlucky Who can not read or write."

—Observer.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to our friends and neighbors, who were so kind to us during the sickness and death of our beloved husband, brother and son, Ed Perkins.

May God's richest blessings rest upon each and every one.

Wife, mother and sister.

SWEET CLOVER SEED.

Large white variety, 121 cents per pound. H. N. Lamb, 1042mp Tribune, Ky.

Mrs. Carl Reaser, of Clay, Ky., is Freed.

Heavy fines were given two women of Clay, Ky. Mrs. May Freer and Mrs. Pood Freer, by Acting Police Judge Ireland yesterday morning when evidence was introduced to show they were guilty of shoplifting. The women were each fined \$50.00. Mrs. Carl Reaser, who was with them, received her discharge.

The women were accused of stealing from a 5 and 10 cent store and from the Evansville Trunk store. They paid their fines. All three are prominently known at Clay.—Evansville Courier.

Card of Thanks.

To every relative, friend and neighbor, who in any way showed kindness and sympathy to us,

Notice To Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of C. E. Humphrey, Decd., will present same to me at my office properly proven as required by law, on or before the 15th., day of October 1917, or same will be barred.

D. A. Lowry, Commissioner, Crittenden Circuit Court.

CHAPTER IX. The Fate of a Spy.

WE reached Elverdighie as quickly as we could and got out without a scratch, which is more important than anything else. We went back along the road until we came to the turning which leads to the village of Boesinghe. This village is on the bank of the canal, but it is a mighty unhealthy place to visit, as it is in full view of part of the German lines. Our plan was to go as close to the village as we dared and then leave the car and try to get through on foot. It was almost as dangerous as it would be to go through Ypres, but we figured that here we would at least have a fighting chance.

We left the car under some trees about half a mile from the village and set out on foot. We hadn't been going ten minutes when a sentry stopped us again and informed us that the road was closed and we would have to go back. The officer explained things to him and told him that it was absolutely imperative that we get through and that this was the only way it could be done. The sentry said that he was very sorry, but he had strict orders from the assistant provost marshal and he dared not let us pass. There was nothing left for us to do but to turn back.

We went straight to headquarters, and the officer explained that it was impossible for us to get through. He ordered me to report to him the next morning and we would try again. The next day they were bombarding just as heavily, and the city was still burning, so all I had to do was to stand by and hold myself in readiness all day long.

We saw a very exciting incident that day. There was a big ammunition column near our headquarters, and it was waiting there, all ready loaded until sent for. It had been there several weeks then, and the claps who belonged to it were having the softest time they ever had in their lives.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I was standing on a corner near this column when I saw one of the police go up and speak to a chap who was walking around it with a notebook in his hand. They talked for a few moments, and then a policeman snatched down to where I was standing and came up and spoke to me.

"Go down to the guard room," he said, "and have the corporal call in two men and bring them up here as quick as God will let him. That fellow there by the column is getting all kinds of information and putting it in his book. Now, hurry, but take your time until you get out of sight of this place. I'll look after him until the guard comes."

I was naturally all excited, but I did as he said, and it wasn't many minutes before we were on our way back at the double. Our man was still there, but the minute he saw us he got started. Our policeman pulled his revolver and fired after him. He didn't stop for a second, but he pulled a couple of guns himself and every few seconds would send a shot back at us as he ran.

Fellows were joining in the chase all the time, and it was getting interesting. The end came very suddenly when two of our chaps with rifles appeared in the road ahead of the fugitive and ordered him to halt. He fired on them for an answer, so they raised their rifles and brought him down.

Examination showed that he was a German. He had on German service dress under the British uniform he was wearing. The little book our policeman referred to certainly was a gold mine of information. He had the name, location and strength of every unit in our vicinity and also the location of a good many of our batteries. He was a brave fellow, all right, and he played the game clear to the end.

The next day I reported myself as usual for the trip to Potize, and we decided to make the try again. Even as we got near Ypres the fire seemed to slacken, and we rushed straight through without mishap.

If Ypres had been in bad condition before this I don't know how it would be described now! In the center of the town there was scarcely a building left standing. All the towers but one had been knocked off the famous Cloth hall, and the whole place had been gutted by fire. The cathedral was all down except half of the tower, and the inside of that was still burning.

The streets were littered with bodies of every description, and broken wagons, ambulances, water carts, etc., lay everywhere. The roads were almost obliterated, and we were riding over broken bricks and mortar. The shells were still coming over, but they were no worse than what we had run through before, so we did not mind them very much. We found the road the other side of Ypres about as usual, so we got up to Potize without any more excitement.

Potize is a very tiny place which has seen some hard fighting from time to time. There was really very little left of the place itself, but our trenches ran just outside the village, and we had dugouts all around there. On our arrival my officer told me to turn the car around and then to get into one of the dugouts and wait for him. I did as he told me, and for some reason or other I left the engine running. I shut the throttle clear down, so she was just barely ticking over.

I looked around and found a dugout not twenty yards away and went in.

Two officers were there at the time, but they told me to sit down, and they went on with their work.

I found some paper and a pencil and started to write a letter. After a few minutes one of these officers got up and went out. I don't think it was more than ten minutes later that I heard a lot of running around and shouting over our heads, and I wondered what it could be.

Then I noticed that my throat and nose seemed to be burning, and my eyes commenced to water. I couldn't draw a breath without sharp pain piercing my throat and lungs. It struck



But All the Time I Had Mine I Never Saw Another Sign of Gas.

me suddenly that it was the gas. The officer who had left a few minutes before poked him head down and shouted, "Run like hell! It's the gas!"

By this time I could hardly see and I was doing some tall old scrambling to get out of that place. I would hold my breath as long as I could, and then I'd take another breath through my khaki handkerchief. When I got outside I found that everything was covered with a greenish yellow haze, and I couldn't see three feet in front of me.

I ran in the direction of the place I had left my car, and I struck it the first shot. Perhaps I wasn't thankful I had left the engine running! I jumped in and started down that road for all I was worth, and before I had gone 100 yards I was off the road and stuck in a plowed field. I was clear of the gas, though, and that was all I cared about.

I waited there for two hours before any one appeared, and when a fatigue party finally came along the road I had them help me get the car out. They got eight horses, and we hitched them on to the back. I raced my machine, and the horses pulled, and after half an hour's work the car was back on the road again.

No sooner had they gone than my officer showed up safe and sound and we started back for camp.

It was a terrible experience, and we were absolutely helpless, as we had not been furnished with the respirators and gas helmets at that time. We secured these things soon after, but all the time I had mine I never saw another sign of gas.

I found out afterward that those two officers who had been in the dugout were both killed by the gas.

The officer who was with me at the time of the gas attack was one of the most remarkable men I ever met. For several years before the war he had been in the British secret service in Germany, so he spoke German almost as well as he did English.

One day we stopped at a hospital in Ballied, and one of the orderlies told us that there were some German wounded there. The officer asked me if I would like to go in and see them. I said I would like it very much, so we went in. There was one poor devil left by himself among some English patients. The officer went over and sat on the edge of his bed and began to talk to him.

If you could have seen that poor fellow's face when he heard himself addressed in his own language! His whole countenance lighted up, and he began to talk. Pretty soon the tears began to run down his cheeks, and I felt awfully sorry for the poor chap, who was away from all his own people, severely wounded.

He said that he had just been married before the beginning of the war, and he and his wife had saved all they could, and two days before he was called up they had bought a cow. He was as worried as he could be for fear something had happened to the cow.

The bombardment of Ypres began the night of the 4th day we experienced the gas, and with the bombardment began the infantry attack. I was up at a little place called Rihoultghiest, and I could hear the rifles and machine guns at it for all they were worth. I was thinking my lucky stars that I was on my car instead of a motorcycle machine gun, when an orderly rode up and told me that I was to report at headquarters at once.

All the way back to camp I had this feeling that something was going to happen, and when I arrived there I was told to report myself to the signal company for duty with my motorcycle. Then I knew that I was to carry dispatches through the enemy's lines.

I wish to make particular note of the fact that at the beginning of this battle, which lasted three weeks, we had patch riders numbered thirty-one in all for our corps. Half an hour later we were fully equipped and on our way to the advanced report center, which would be the scene of our activities until the fight was over.

We were about 800 yards to the rear of the first line of trenches and were

PERSONALS

E. L. Harpending, Notary Public
Dr. H. B. Wolfe, of Salem passed through the city en route to Louisville last week.

For the best coal in town, see Maurie Nunn, the coal man.
S. T. Dupuy has purchased the Farmers' Union tobacco factory.

Joe M. Dean and aunt, Miss Nannie Dean, attended the McElroy-Dean wedding at Charline Tuesday afternoon.

FOR SALE:—A one-horse buggy, in good repair.
R. W. Barnes.

Edward E. Weldon, of Tolu, has accepted a position with Morris & Son, and will clerk for them this winter.

FOR SALE:—A four room house on North Walker street.
Nelle Walker.

Mrs. W. W. Sloan, of Leitchfield, Ky., was the guest last week of her father, Dr. George W. Stone, at his suburban home south of the city.

Coatsuits and Cloaks, Bargains at Lottie Tinsley Terry's.

Mrs. Daisy Railey came over from Harrisburg to assist her parents in packing up to move which was a good turn in time of need.

Mrs. Anna V. McFee and Ed McFee attended the McElroy-Dean wedding at Crider, Ky., Tuesday.

For the newest things in millinery see Moore and Pickens.

Mrs. J. M. Calvin, of Hickman, and her little son arrived Sunday afternoon to be with her brother, Ira Sutherland, in his last hours.

Lots of good room. Have five different places to load from. You want have to wait, if you come to see Maurie Nunn, the coal man.

Sam D. Asher and wife, John Harnes and Rodney Taley, composed a Shady Grove party here Tuesday on business and to do some shopping.

If you have pictures you want enlarged see or write U. G. Hughes.

Mrs. S. M. Jenkins and son, Sidney Marshall, Jr., attended the marriage of Miss Annie Dean to Lee McElroy near Crider Tuesday afternoon.

Aunt to help you load at Maurie Nunn's coal yard.

Mrs. Henrietta Donakey was called here last week from her home at Kuttawa on account of the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Nannie Cox.

Hats, new and nifty at sale price at Lottie Tinsley Terry's.

W. D. Cannan left Tuesday for Evansville accompanying C. D. Haynes to the hospital by request of the sick man.

Mrs. Felix G. Cox, who was threatened with typhoid fever, is recuperating rapidly and her friends hope she will soon be up and about.

See U. G. Hughes for picture enlarging.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sayre will learn with interest that he has joined the Engineering Corps of the U. S. army, and his wife the Red Cross society and both will go soon to France with the U. S. army.

A beautiful marble monument has been erected at the grave of Mrs. Al Orr, in the Crowell cemetery. This work has a fine carving representing the setting sun and is a very attractive memorial. Henry & Henry made this monument.

T. Henry Chandler and his two handsome sons were in the city Tuesday, to consult his physician. Mr. Chandler is suffering with pleurisy and is a very sick man.

Come and look at the line of Shirtwaists, Silk Skirts, Silk Dresses, Serge Dresses and all kinds of Gingham dresses at Lottie Tinsley Terry's.

Mrs. Sarah Adamson, of Crider, and daughter, Mrs. Charles Ratcliff, Jr., of Princeton, attended the V n Pelt-Clement wedding.

Messrs. Neal Stivers and Wallace Humphrey and sisters, of Madisonville, motored over and spent Sunday in the city the guests of Miss Gladys Baker.

Zeke Hughes was in the city Tuesday. He says there are two things never heard now-a-days, one is the "truth," and the other is "bacon frying."

Buy your coal from Maurie Nunn, the coal man.

Mrs. J. Luke Hayden passed through the city yesterday en route to Indianapolis to visit her husband who is the Medical Reserve Corps, of the U. S. army at Fort Benjamin Harrison.

Letters received from Misses Myrtle Glass and Mildred Summerville, by friends in the city, state that they are delighted with their surroundings and are making "Crittenden county grades."

Misses Cora Melton and Mary Lou Wiborn attended the McElroy-Dean wedding Tuesday at the Dean home near Charline.

Charles D. Haynes left Tuesday for Evansville to enter a sanitarium to have his tonsils taken out.

A large monument made of the Gray Vermont granite, was erected at the grave of Willard King, last week, in the Repton cemetery. A photograph made on a plate of china was set in this memorial. The monument was furnished by the firm of Henry & Henry.

For coal that is free from slack, see Maurie Nunn, the coal man.

Mrs. W. I. Cruce of Ardmore, Oklahoma left Wednesday for Crider to visit relatives after a visit of ten days with her brother J. I. Clement and family on South Main street. She will go from there to Elizabethtown to visit her sister Mrs. L. O. Spencer before going home.

Mrs. M. M. Wilson and son, John W. Wilson, motored over to Charline Tuesday afternoon to attend the McElroy-Dean wedding.

A full report of the Patriotic meetings, held at Caldwell Springs, Tuesday, Sept. 25th; Deer Creek, Wednesday, Sept. 26th; Deanwood, Thursday, Sept. 27th, and Bell's Mines, Friday, Sept. 28th, constituting the four biggest days of the kind the county had ever known, will appear next week it being impossible to get it in this issue.

Mr. Paul Cox of Fredonia was in the city Monday.

Little Miss Virginia Carnahan is rapidly recovering from an attack of malarial fever.

Thos. Tyner and family have moved to Mrs. Stephenson's property on the old Salem road.

Robt. Sayre a former Marion boy whose parents now reside in Ardmore, Oklahoma, is now somewhere in the U. S. Navy.

Miss Nell Dulin of Madisonville who was the guest of Mrs. George Orme left Sunday afternoon for her home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Yates of Lebanon spent the week end with Mrs. Nora Yates and Miss Katherine Yates.

J. B. Hubbard the general traveling agent for the "Western Recorder" was here a few days this week.

Col. D. C. Roberts has a patent pending before the Navy Consulting Board of the Navy Department at Washington, D. C., which is said to possess great merit and may make him a millionaire.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilson, masters Reg and Jack motored to Carrsville Sunday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Al Witherspoon at the Carrsville Hotel.

Mrs. E. M. Frisbie is having her handsome home on Bellville street treated to a new coat of paint which adds much to that prominent corner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Nunn, Misses Catharine Dixon of Henderson and Virginia Blue spent Thursday in Tolu, guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dowell and family.

Misses Virginia Blue and Linda Jenkins left Monday afternoon for Charline to attend the Dean-McElroy wedding which took place Tuesday afternoon.

The first and only improvement Prof. E. C. Boyd requested when he moved into the G. M. Crider, property was electric lights, which the new owner had installed without a word.

Rbt. S. Elkins the general transfer, freight and coal man has had his home on East Depot street lighted by electricity.

A. J. Bakers handsome home on depot street is being treated to a new coat of paint which brightens it up considerably.

D. A. Lowery the clever Circuit Court Clerk has moved to the Fols property which he purchased from Albert Travis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Orme and Misses Katherine Yandell and Frances Blue motored to Uniontown Monday and spent the day.

Mrs. Harriet Peyton, who will be better known by some people as Miss Harriet Love, before marriage, is visiting her many friends and relatives in this county. At present she is visiting her sister Mrs. Maggie Love and her nephew, A. P. Love in their home near Sheridan.

City Tax Notice.

City Taxes are now due. The penalty will come on in a few days. So come and settle.
G. E. BOSTON.
Oct. 1st, 1917.

Mrs. P. D. Maxwell of Oklahoma is recovering from a nasal operation which was serious and alarmed her husband and family considerably.

W. H. Copher and wife left Thursday for Harrisburg, Ill., to reside, having disposed of their home and all other property here. Their friends regret their departure but wish for them success and long life in their new home. Both of their daughters, Mesdames Railey and Ferrel, live at Harrisburg hence it is but natural that the parents should follow.

If your team is afraid of the trains, go to Maurie Nunn's coal yards for its away from the trains.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Dixon are in New York where they took their little son for treatment by a specialist.

The ladies are requested to register at the Moore & Pickens Millinery store for sewing or knitting for the Red Cross society.

LOST—A ladies dark blue short coat some where on the streets or near town. Reward if returned to the Press office.

WANTED---A WIFE

As True As The Gospel.

Wanted, by men in every state, county, city and village in America, a wife.

Wanted, by millions of bachelors in the United States, a wife who can live on her husband's income and not complain; who can save a penny and not be ashamed.

Wanted, a wife whose aim in life is not dress, motor cars, card parties, dinners, society; who will not neglect her husband; who loves a home.

Wanted, a wife who knows how to cook, to sew, to direct a household; who can make a home.

Wanted, a wife who knows a base ball score and a batting average; who is not bored when her husband talks business; who will not laugh at a husband's ambitions.

Wanted, a wife who will not be a dressed up doll or a household drudge; who will not limit her life to the four walls of the house; who knows the need of self-improvement, self-enlargement; who can continue to grow; who loves progress, refinement, culture.

Wanted, a wife whose time in life is a victory; who will not lose ambition with one defeat; who cannot be fatigued by climbing; who is willing to pay the price of success.

Wanted, a wife who can share adversity and not lose her love, who can share prosperity and not be jealous.

Wanted, a wife who does not nag, who can be a companion, an inspiration; whose love can lighten the shadows of failure; who can keep her faith even though all men fall to doubting. Wanted, a wife who can love love on through the years—in prosperity, in hardships, in adversity, in sorrow.

A woman who can meet these wants will find millions of men in America ready to go down on their knees and pray God for the privilege of giving her a home and making her happy.—Milwaukee Journal.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness or ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, JR.

One way to find something to worry about is to look for it.

Some of the so-called idle rumors are serving very evil purposes.

If it can be arranged, a little economy in advice will be a fine change.

A conscientious objector has small respect for the conscience of the nation.

One thing that most of us might economize on with good effect is conversation.

To divert attention from last year's straw hat, wear a pair of spotless white shoes.

Autocracy's citadel has long gloried war and now seems likely to be glutted with it.

A food speculator seems to be a person of universal exorcism whom nobody ever saw.

Although there are now a good many former monarchs, there is still room for several more.

American battleships are reported in the war zone. Possibly going to cork up the North sea.

Those registration cards are very handy pocket pieces, as many of our young men are learning.

The man who has studied physics can't explain one thing: Why does cold cash burn some pockets?

Six-inch guns on the submarines indicate that fishing for the U-boats is no game for a children's party.

Some of those who get into the public eye aggravate said public eye like a cinder in the individual optic.

And then it would be so nice to have wooden shoes for the dear little children to romp up and downstairs in!

This country may waste 25 per cent of its straw, as claimed, but even this fact is unlikely to popularize the plug hat.

London has long welcomed American tourists, but none with such enthusiasm as the vanguard of our armies.

It is claimed that no pawnshop will advance any money on a slide trombone. Another notch in the high cost of living.

Having looked over the latest styles in Hohenzollern rulers, Poland has made up her mind she'd as soon be a republic.

It appears that the Kaiser is so anxious to have peace that to obtain it he will give away anything that does not belong to him.

In Paris the demand for American flags has exhausted the supply. The European rush for the "Star-Spangled Banner" is on.

It's a poor sort of a citizen who wants the other fellow's boys to do the fighting and the other fellow's money to pay all the bills.

Millions of Japanese have taken to wearing Occidental trousers, although Japan has a widespread reputation for its artistic sensibilities.

Speaking of news diseases, there is said to be an unusual variety of colds that causes young men to age several years over night.

The movement for civilians in England to wear kilts may be an economic measure, but it will also add vastly to the gaiety of nations.

With the Lewis gun, the submarine and the airplane this country has already contributed a good deal to the war in one way or another.

Some of those European personages who think they cannot get along without a crown may soon be content to wear last season's straw hat.

The Oregon legislature has passed a law prohibiting the use of snuff. As we recall it our great-grandfather gave up that habit voluntarily.

Most of us will be willing to forgive any ordinary shortcomings in the war department if it succeeds in making 2,000,000 loafers go to work.

Through the day the feeling wears off, but what man lives who in the early morning regarded his alarm clock with other than a resentful eye?

Some men call themselves "conscientious objectors" and so hope to escape conscription. The country calls them a shorter and uglier word.

Thackeray calls the onion "the rose of vegetables," so that it should be perfectly all right for the practical young man of today to send his girl a bouquet of onions.

"War is a great stimulus to the imagination," says a leading psychologist. That's true; it keeps the imagination busy trying to keep pace with the real horrors of it.

American aviators have the best chance to strike telling blows in the cause of liberty this coming summer on European battle fronts. It is gratifying to know that they are to be there in thousands.

Speaking Acquaintance. Little Ernest—I know that lady over there, mamma. She often speaks to me.

Mother—Yes, darling, and what does she say to you?

Little Ernest—She—she says, "Don't you dare to throw stones at my dog again, you little wretch!"

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

CAT, DOG, AND HEN.

"A cat, a dog and a hen," said Daddy, "were sitting on the piazza of a large house."

"Along came another cat. 'Meow-meow,' she said. 'Would you like to have me call on you? Is that dog polite?'" she added in a whisper to the cat on the doorsteps.

"Very polite," said the cat. And the dog wagged his tail, which meant, "Thank you."

"Then I think I'll stay a while," said the cat. "I would like a sun bath, for it's pretty chilly in the cold wind. Why are you all sitting outside instead of staying in the house? Of course I suppose Mrs. Hen doesn't belong in this house. She has a house of her own, with the other hens and chickens."

"Yes, she has her own house," said the cat at the doorsteps, "but she is here to help guard."

"Why do you guard the door?" asked the visitor cat.

"Because the family was away on a visit. They will be gone all day, and we are guarding the house. The family are so nice and kind to us that we wanted to see that no unwelcome callers got in. When they get home they will reward us by good suppers. And around at the back of the house we have hidden some food in case we get hungry during the day. You see the dog brought a bone here to play with."

"Well," said the visiting cat, "who are you trying to keep away?"

"I am going to keep away all mice," said the cat.

"Are they apt to call?" asked the visitor cat. "I might like to help you keep some of them away myself."

"The dog laughed and the hen cackled at this, but the visitor cat went on talking. 'Tell me some more,' she said."

"The dog will keep away tramps, and the hen will eat up all worms."

"But do mice and worms call on the family?" asked the visitor cat.

"I have never known them to, the cat on the doorsteps answered, 'but then we can never be sure when they might begin. It's best to be sure that they don't get in.'"

"I see," said the visitor cat. "So you're having a good time while looking after the house."

"Oh yes," said the cat on the doorsteps. "We are having a very good time. Why should we be unhappy and miserable?"

"There is no reason at all why you should be," said the visitor cat. "And even the sun is obliging."

"Yes, the sun is most kind. He couldn't bear to see us here in the cold without his strong rays to keep us warm."

"So the visitor cat sat down too, and chatted with the cat, the dog and the hen."

"I would like to know," said the dog, "why your eyes are so different at different times?"

"Whatever do you mean?" asked the visitor cat.

"Sometimes I've seen them look big and sometimes rather small."

"Ah, now I understand," said the visitor cat. "When we are in a dark closet looking for mice our eyes become larger. It's partly the effect that the darkness has on our eyes and partly because we're looking forward to finding mice. Of course Growups think it's simply because of the dark closet—but it's partly because of the secret I've told you."

"Just then a shrill whistle was heard through the stillness. And then came a cloud of smoke from the train. The animals didn't know that it meant that their family, who had been away at a neighboring place for the day, were on their way home."

"But before long they saw them walking along the road toward the house."

"I must be going," said the visitor cat. "They might shoo me away."

"Oh no," said the cat on the doorsteps. "Do stay for supper. We have an especially good one when the family have been away. They're afraid we have been lonely."

"Sure enough the visitor cat stayed to supper, and they certainly all had a feast."

Speaking Acquaintance. Little Ernest—I know that lady over there, mamma. She often speaks to me.

Mother—Yes, darling, and what does she say to you?

Little Ernest—She—she says, "Don't you dare to throw stones at my dog again, you little wretch!"

Seen the Courier, Mary?



Well, I should say! It's the first thing I see in the morning

Isn't it So?
A husband usually hangs around the house too much or not enough to satisfy his wife.

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE

Many a Mother in War is Will Appreciate the Following

Many a strong man and many a healthy woman has much for which to thank a mother. The care taken during their childhood brought them past the danger point and made them healthy men and women. Thousands of children are bothered with incontinence of urine, and inability to retain it is oftentimes called a habit. It is not always the children's fault—in many cases the difficulty lies with the kidneys, and can be readily righted. A Marion mother tells how she went about it.

Mrs. G. W. Patterson, Elm & Gum streets, Marion, says: "A member of my family was troubled with a weak condition of the kidneys. This caused considerable distress when suffering with colds, as the kidney secretions come too frequent in passage at these times. I had often heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box at Haynes & Taylor's Drug Store. One box cured the complaint in short order. I can certainly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to any mother who has children suffering from weak kidneys." Price 60 cents at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Patterson recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER V. The "Mad Major."

THE nurses in the hospitals are worshipped and adored by the soldiers, and surely this is as it should be, for they are suffering almost as much as the men, and yet they keep cheerful and supply the tender womanly sympathy which means so much when in physical anguish. They are a wonderful body of women, and their work is appreciated. Some of



When a Man Has Been Killed His Letters Are Marked "Killed."

them are close enough to the front to be under fire, and they are as brave as the men when it comes to facing danger.

During an aeroplane raid last fall I had a chance to watch some of the nurses. We had about thirty German aeroplanes over our encampment dropping bombs. As they went back to their own lines they flew over a hospital located in an open field. There were huge red crosses painted on the top of every tent, so it would seem that any mistake as to the nature of the camp would be impossible. Nevertheless as the taubes passed over they dropped several bombs in the hospital and killed quite a number of the poor chaps who were already wounded. The nurses worked as hard as they could trying to quiet the rest of the men, and it is no easy task, for while a soldier may face almost anything when he is well, it is a very different matter when he is lying helpless, wounded and in pain, on a stretcher.

I was very much interested to learn how a man's mail was taken care of when anything had happened to him. It seemed to me that the chance of his letters being returned before his people could be notified was very great. On asking about this I found that when a man has been killed his letters are returned directly to his people they are sent from there, after the casualty has been made known, to his relatives. In this way many people are saved a great deal of premature worry and uneasiness.

I shall never forget the time I saw the Royal Horse artillery go into action, for a more thrilling sight would be hard to imagine. I was out alone in the car, and I had been doing patrol duty. I went rather close to our firing line than I intended to, but decided to push on until I struck the "route nationale," so I would have a good road all the rest of the way back to camp.

I had to go through the village of Diekebusch, and as I came to the crossroads just outside the village a sentry stopped me and said I could not go on. It seems that some Germans had got a machine gun in the steeple of the church and were cleaning up everything that tried to pass. The horse

artillery had been sent for, and I learned that they were on their way even then.

I decided to wait around and see what happened, so I pulled in to the side of the road. I had hardly stopped when I heard a rush and rattle that sounded like an old diver in the distance. Around the curve dashed eight horses on the dead gallop, pulling an eighteen pounder behind them. They dashed by, but about fifty yards ahead of me they swung around and trained that gun on the church.

There was a moment's pause, and then she spoke, and away went steeple, Germans, machine gun and all. The first shot had been a direct hit, and the steeple had been better off if they had tried a thousand times.

It was the very next day after this event that I got into as tight a fix as I ever care to find myself. I was ordered to take three officers to a place called Kemmel. I had been there before, and from what I had seen then I wasn't eager about making the trip again.

We started off about 1 o'clock and expected to be back by 5. I noticed as I came to the Kemmel road that there were two sentries on duty there, but as they only saluted the officers and didn't say anything I thought no more about it. Now, Kemmel lies at the foot of a hill and is tucked in between Mount Noir and Mount Kemmel. It would be a cozy little place in peace time, but it is an awful trap to get caught in when there is a war on.

I sent the car up the hill as fast she could go, and it was a long climb. As we went over the brow and started on the down grade we ran right under the nose of the German artillery observers. This road was officially closed, and those sentries should have stopped us. Well, it scared me so that I went down that hill so fast those officers must have thought they were in a parachute. As we entered the village the shells commenced to drop in on us, and we ran for the nearest shelter, which happened to be a brewery.

There wasn't much left of the place anyway, as it had been in German hands, and we had shelled them out of it, and when we had taken it they had shelled us out of it. Anyway, we left the car and crawled into the cellar. It was wet and filthy, but it looked just like heaven to me that day.

We lay there in all this filth hour after hour, while the shells literally poured in all around us. They certainly wasted a lot of good ammunition trying to get us, but the best of it was that they didn't succeed. One of the officers remarked during a moment's silence that the crown prince of Germany must have made his headquarters in the place when it was in German hands. Another officer replied that he wished the crown prince was there now.

We lay there till the fire let up, which it did about 5 o'clock. I was worrying about getting back, and I was also wondering what had become of the car. If it was gone we might just as well kiss ourselves goodbye, for our chances of getting out on foot would be slim.

When the fire had abated we came out and looked around. The enemy certainly had made a mess of the place, for even the top story of the brewery had been shot away from over our heads. I went to look the car over, and you can just believe I was relieved to find that, aside from having a few holes through the body, it was all right.

The officers decided to wait until it was dark before chancing to run back. I didn't know what was going to happen to us. I wasn't very familiar with the road, and I was afraid they would have some kind of barricade on us or have a few machine guns trained on us or something equally unpleasant.

I certainly was dreading that ride back, but there was no other way out, and we were between the devil and the deep sea. It was at a time like that that I wished that I had never seen the British army. I turned the car around, and as soon as it was dark we got in and started. I opened her up



The British Tommy Will Gamble With, On or For Anything.

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I didn't know what was waiting for us at the top of the hill, but I did know that if there was anything there we were going right through it, even if we didn't go any farther. The ridiculous part of it was that we went right through and never saw a thing. Absolutely nothing happened, but I don't ever want to feel again the way I felt going up that hill.

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The Tommies are strong for carrying pets with them too. They keep canaries, rats, mice, dogs, cats, guinea pigs, and even pigs, and they will go hungry themselves rather than see the object of their affections want for anything. On the march if they got tired they may throw their equipment away, but I never heard of one yet who would give up his mascot.

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Soon after this we were on the move, and as it happened, we went from bad to worse. The first day we entered a little place that was unoccupied by troops, and we decided to spend the night there. The Germans must have heard of our arrival promptly, for before we had been there an hour shells began to drop in on us.

The officer I was driving with was me at the time the first one burst. It landed in the back yard of the house we were in, and the force of the explosion sent us all in a heap on the floor. The officer decided that we would get out of the place and find some nice, quiet spot to spend the night. We left at once and went about five miles down the road until we came to a field ambulance. We found that they had some spare stretchers, so we decided to stay there. The officer's servant carried stretchers in for all of us, and after having something to eat we went right to sleep, as we were tired out.

I don't believe we had been asleep more than an hour when a shell landed in that field ambulance. It tore through the roof and burst in the room next to us, killing and wounding eighteen men who had already been wounded once. I got up in a hurry, but found that the officer was before me, and when I reached the car he was making himself comfortable in the tonneau. I took my waterproof sheet and blankets and made myself a bed on the cobblestones under the car. I slept like a log until it began to rain, and then I got up in disgust and sat up the rest of the night in the driving seat.

The next day we stopped in a little village called Pradelles, the place where the Germans had stood a priest up against the wall of his own church and shot him because he wouldn't give them the information they wanted.

Across from this church was a little "estaminet," where I went to buy a bottle of wine to have with my dinner. You can imagine my surprise when the Frenchwoman in charge called me an "English pig" and said that she would sell nothing to the English. I told her what I thought of her, and she told me what she thought of me.

She said the English were thieves, murderers and other nice things and informed me also that the only true gentleman in the world was the Prussians. After that I had a good reason for not going back there.

I was very much interested to learn how a man's mail was taken care of when anything had happened to him. It seemed to me that the chance of his letters being returned before his people could be notified was very great. On asking about this I found that when a man has been killed his letters are returned directly to his people they are sent from there, after the casualty has been made known, to his relatives. In this way many people are saved a great deal of premature worry and uneasiness.

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The next day we stopped in a little village called Pradelles, the place where the Germans had stood a priest up against the wall of his own church and shot him because he wouldn't give them the information they wanted.

Across from this church was a little "estaminet," where I went to buy a bottle of wine to have with my dinner. You can imagine my surprise when the Frenchwoman in charge called me an "English pig" and said that she would sell nothing to the English. I told her what I thought of her, and she told me what she thought of me.

She said the English were thieves, murderers and other nice things and informed me also that the only true gentleman in the world was the Prussians. After that I had a good reason for not going back there.

I was very much interested to learn how a man's mail was taken care of when anything had happened to him. It seemed to me that the chance of his letters being returned before his people could be notified was very great. On asking about this I found that when a man has been killed his letters are returned directly to his people they are sent from there, after the casualty has been made known, to his relatives. In this way many people are saved a great deal of premature worry and uneasiness.

I shall never forget the time I saw the Royal Horse artillery go into action, for a more thrilling sight would be hard to imagine. I was out alone in the car, and I had been doing patrol duty. I went rather close to our firing line than I intended to, but decided to push on until I struck the "route nationale," so I would have a good road all the rest of the way back to camp.

I had to go through the village of Diekebusch, and as I came to the crossroads just outside the village a sentry stopped me and said I could not go on. It seems that some Germans had got a machine gun in the steeple of the church and were cleaning up everything that tried to pass. The horse

artillery had been sent for, and I learned that they were on their way even then.

I decided to wait around and see what happened, so I pulled in to the side of the road. I had hardly stopped when I heard a rush and rattle that sounded like an old diver in the distance. Around the curve dashed eight horses on the dead gallop, pulling an eighteen pounder behind them. They dashed by, but about fifty yards ahead of me they swung around and trained that gun on the church.

There was a moment's pause, and then she spoke, and away went steeple, Germans, machine gun and all. The first shot had been a direct hit, and the steeple had been better off if they had tried a thousand times.

It was the very next day after this event that I got into as tight a fix as I ever care to find myself. I was ordered to take three officers to a place called Kemmel. I had been there before, and from what I had seen then I wasn't eager about making the trip again.

We started off about 1 o'clock and expected to be back by 5. I noticed as I came to the Kemmel road that there were two sentries on duty there, but as they only saluted the officers and didn't say anything I thought no more about it. Now, Kemmel lies at the foot of a hill and is tucked in between Mount Noir and Mount Kemmel. It would be a cozy little place in peace time, but it is an awful trap to get caught in when there is a war on.

I sent the car up the hill as fast she could go, and it was a long climb. As we went over the brow and started on the down grade we ran right under the nose of the German artillery observers. This road was officially closed, and those sentries should have stopped us. Well, it scared me so that I went down that hill so fast those officers must have thought they were in a parachute. As we entered the village the shells commenced to drop in on us, and we ran for the nearest shelter, which happened to be a brewery.

There wasn't much left of the place anyway, as it had been in German hands, and we had shelled them out of it, and when we had taken it they had shelled us out of it. Anyway, we left the car and crawled into the cellar. It was wet and filthy, but it looked just like heaven to me that day.

We lay there in all this filth hour after hour, while the shells literally poured in all around us. They certainly wasted a lot of good ammunition trying to get us, but the best of it was that they didn't succeed. One of the officers remarked during a moment's silence that the crown prince of Germany must have made his headquarters in the place when it was in German hands. Another officer replied that he wished the crown prince was there now.

We lay there till the fire let up, which it did about 5 o'clock. I was worrying about getting back, and I was also wondering what had become of the car. If it was gone we might just as well kiss ourselves goodbye, for our chances of getting out on foot would be slim.

When the fire had abated we came out and looked around. The enemy certainly had made a mess of the place, for even the top story of the brewery had been shot away from over our heads. I went to look the car over, and you can just believe I was relieved to find that, aside from having a few holes through the body, it was all right.

The officers decided to wait until it was dark before chancing to run back. I didn't know what was going to happen to us. I wasn't very familiar with the road, and I was afraid they would have some kind of barricade on us or have a few machine guns trained on us or something equally unpleasant.

I certainly was dreading that ride back, but there was no other way out, and we were between the devil and the deep sea. It was at a time like that that I wished that I had never seen the British army. I turned the car around, and as soon as it was dark we got in and started. I opened her up

wide, and by the time we got to the bottom of the hill we were doing about fifty miles an hour, and I couldn't see very much, either, for of course I did not use any lights.

I didn't know what was waiting for us at the top of the hill, but I did know that if there was anything there we were going right through it, even if we didn't go any farther. The ridiculous part of it was that we went right through and never saw a thing. Absolutely nothing happened, but I don't ever want to feel again the way I felt going up that hill.

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British Tommy is a good gambler and will gamble with, on or for anything. French pools used to be very popular. About ten fellows got together, and each put 10 francs in a pool just before they went into action. They left this money with some one behind the lines, for they would be in action anywhere from six days to three weeks.

The idea of the pool was this: Those who lived to get back would take the money and split it evenly among themselves. If only one lived he would have the whole lot. Sometimes the pools would be fairly big and sometimes the reverse, but whatever they had went by.

It was the only gamble I ever saw where you couldn't lose. If you came out safely you were bound to get your own money back at least.

The Tommies are strong for carrying pets with them too. They keep canaries, rats, mice, dogs, cats, guinea pigs, and even pigs, and they will go hungry themselves rather than see the object of their affections want for anything. On the march if they got tired they may throw their equipment away, but I never heard of one yet who would give up his mascot.

During the winter there was a lot of talk about the "mad major." He was an artillery officer who was just about the biggest daredevil I ever heard of. He kept an aeroplane himself, and he wanted to correct a range he would go and drop smoke bombs over the point he wanted to get. He was also a bit fearless and would fly so low that they would be potting at him with revolvers, but it didn't seem to bother him.

I have heard that he did more damage with his battery than a whole brigade of ordinary artillery could under ordinary circumstances. I don't know what became of him in the end, but the last of his stunts that I heard about was this: There was a big seventeen inch howitzer doing us an awful lot of damage. It was out of range of our guns, and we were much put about as to how to get it out of action.

The "mad major" went out alone in his aeroplane and took with him just one bomb, a hundred pounder. He located the gun he wanted while flying at an altitude of 3,000 feet. He got right over the position and stopped his engine. He did a nose dive to within 400 feet of the gun. Then he dropped his bomb and blew the thing to atoms. He got back safely, but the planes of his machine were riddled with bullets.

Soon after this we were on the move, and as it happened, we went from bad to worse. The first day we entered a little place that was unoccupied by troops, and we decided to spend the night there. The Germans must have heard of our arrival promptly, for before we had been there an hour shells began to drop in on us.

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He was such an old man he had not been out to the front before in this war, but from the colors he was wearing on his breast I would be willing to wager that this was the first one he hadn't been in for a good many years.

We reached the churchyard without anything exciting happening, but I was not at all fussy about poking around among those graves. The place had been all shelled to pieces and the bodies blown out of the graves. After about fifteen minutes' search we found the grave we were looking for by the inscription at the base of a crude monument and marked it so we would be sure to find it again. The body of the prince will probably be reburied elsewhere in more peaceful times.

When we left the graveyard the officer asked how far it was to our trenches. I told him that it was less than a mile, but that it was mighty risky business going up in the daytime. When the colonel found that it was such a short distance he wanted to go up and see what they were like. I was under his orders, so there was nothing for me to do but take him there. I spoke of the snipers again, but he didn't seem to care for all the snipers in the German army, so we started up the road.

We hadn't gone 200 yards before a bullet plinged by close enough to give a wooden man heart failure. Of course I ducked, and the old man noticed it. You can imagine how I felt when he said: "If you hear any snipers you might let me know. I'm getting rather deaf lately."

Well, I admit that I swore.

CHAPTER VII. The Attack on Hill No. 60.

At last we came to the place where the communication trench began, and I explained it to him. The trench lay about 100 yards off the road, running parallel to it. It was awfully muddy and one of the dirtiest holes to get to that I ever saw. He noted this and wanted to stick to the road, so I shut up and said no more for a few minutes.

Pretty soon a few shells began to come over, and I could see them bursting farther up the road. I spoke again and pointed out the danger we were running into. He had to consent then, so we slipped and slid through the mud and finally got into the trench. It was easy after that, and we reached the trenches just in time to have some lunch.

In the afternoon he was shown all through the trenches there and then came back and asked to see some bombs thrown. They threw some bombs for him and then started firing rifle grenades. Everything was lovely until about 4 o'clock. Suddenly something whizzed over and landed in a trench not a dozen feet from where we were standing. I didn't wait to see what it was. I didn't even hesitate. My feet just acted automatically, and I think I broke the world's record for the standing broad jump right then and there. As it happened, the thing didn't explode, and it's a good thing it didn't, for the colonel just stood and watched it.

Soon after this he decided to go back, so we returned the same way we had come, and all the way back he had me picking up shell noses and pieces of shell until, when we reached the car again, I resembled a junk wagon.

To put the finishing touches on it all they were shelling Vlamertinghe when we returned, and we passed through that place as fast as that car could travel, while the houses were tumbling down on either side of us. Taken all in all, it was about as exciting a day as I wanted.

But my troubles were not over yet. For I was informed that I was to take him to the Ploegsteert trenches the next day. I did not mind that so much for the Saxons were holding the trenches opposite us on that part of the line, and they did not bother us very much. Sometimes days would pass with hardly a shot being fired. Of course the German artillery gave it to us just the same as everywhere else, but the Saxons themselves are pretty decent chaps.

The village of Ploegsteert is a very interesting place, as there had been a great deal of hand to hand fighting there in the earlier days of the war and the houses and trees left standing were all scratched and cut by bullet marks.

We started out about 10 o'clock the next morning, and by 11 we were on our way up to the trenches. In going to the trenches one passes through a big wood, and this place, too, was alive with snipers. We arrived without mishap, however, but things were warmer than usual, for it seems that there were some Bavarians in against us at this time.

While the colonel was mousing around I picked up one of the new periscope rifles that had just come out and started peering at a chap who was digging a sniping trench out in front of the German parapet. I could only see the flash of his trenching tool as he threw the dirt out, and once in awhile his head would show for a fraction of a second. But I kept peering away more to kill time than anything else.

He soon knew that I was after him, for every once in awhile he would wave his little shovel at me just after I had taken a shot. All afternoon I kept this up, and about 4:30 I was beginning to get rather tired of the game. I just happened to glance into the glass of the periscope, and there was his whole head and shoulders showing above the little parapet.

I pulled the trigger, and he seemed to disappear almost at the same instant. It sounds rather long to tell about, but it all happened in the fraction of a second. I didn't know whether I had hit him or not, and I was beginning to doubt it when someone threw his body over a trench and landed in his place. I had fired nearly 400 rounds of ammunition to get one German, but I felt

rather sick at having finally been successful.

Around 5 o'clock we started back to the car, and as we were going through the wood we saw one of our poor fellows sniped. We had several batteries of artillery in the vicinity, and this chap was an artilleryman. He was walking up a path which joined the one we were on, the junction of the paths being about 100 yards ahead of us. We could hear the poor devil whistling as he came along, but his whistle was cut short by the crack of a rifle. We rushed to the spot where he had gone down, and we found that he had a bullet through his right lung.

I got out my field dressing bandages, and we bound him up, tying the pad on the bandage tight over the bullet hole. We carried him down until we



He Picked It Up and Came Dashing Into Camp With It.

came to the artillery quarters, and there we gave him over to his comrades, who rushed him to the nearest field ambulance. I do not know whether he recovered or not; I have often wondered about it.

We found our car where we had left it, and we were back at headquarters before dark. On the way back the old colonel made a remark that I believe he really meant. He said: "I've enjoyed these two days immensely, and it brought back the days of my youth. Fate has decreed that my body shall remain in England, but God knows that my heart lies with you boys out here in the trenches."

A rather funny thing happened soon after this which shows what a man who doesn't know the ropes will do when he gets excited. There was a very strict order to the effect that no man other than one detailed for the work should touch or in any way disturb an unexploded enemy's shell. A heavy penalty was imposed for disobeying this order, and no one but a man who didn't know any better would think of doing it.

A new regiment came up and went straight into rest camp before going into action. A private in this regiment happened to run across an unexploded shell one day, and, being the first he had ever seen, he was greatly excited. He picked it up and came dashing into camp with it. Before showing it to any one else who knew any better he went straight to his commanding officer to exhibit his find.

"Oh, look what I found sir," he said. "It's a German shell that hasn't exploded."

"Is it really?" said the officer. "Well, I'll tell you what you can do with it. You will take it into that field, and you will dig a hole five feet deep, and you will bury your find there, providing, of course, it doesn't explode in your hands before you have time to carry out this order. Corporal, fall in two men and see that this man obeys the order."

You may be sure that that man never so much as looked at an unexploded shell after that.

During the time I was at the front I put six automobiles out of commission. According to an estimate made after a year of war, the average life of an automobile is eight days and the life of a horse is about thirty hours.

The first auto I lost was due to engine trouble, and I had to abandon it for the salvage companies to take care of. The second one was destroyed by a shell in the city of Ypres while I was having some dinner. The third one I lost during the scrap for hill 60. I got stuck in the middle of a field, and as it was in a doubtful position I set fire to it and trusted to luck that I had done the right thing. The other three were used up by the fearful condition of the roads.

We knew several days before the attack came on hill 60 that there was something in the wind. Our mining and tunneling companies had been working day and night, and I noticed that the artillery seemed to be concentrating in that vicinity. Reinforcements were brought up, and everything seemed to point toward some doings in the near future.

Two days before the attack came off I was warned to hold myself in readiness to take a motorcycle machine gun to action, but it was not told anything about when I was likely to be wanted.

Hill 60 itself had hardly any right to be called a hill, for to me it looked like a little rising ground and that's all, but we had ninety-two batteries of artillery playing all over it, and they kept up the heaviest possible bombardment for thirty-five minutes. When you think of 368 cannon pouring shells into such a small place as one little hill it may give you some idea of what we gave the Germans who were trying to hold it against us.

The bombardment stopped as abruptly as it started, and as soon as it ended the mines we had laid under the hill were set off. The earth seemed to tremble for a moment, and then came a great rumbling roar, followed by an upheaval of earth which seemed to reach the clouds. The moment the mines had been set off our chaps left their trenches on the dead run, and they charged across the crater where hill 60 had been but a few moments before.

The heavy artillery fire we had given the Germans had partly demoralized them. The explosion of the mines finished the job, and they fled like sheep. Our machine gun was pouring steel into them for a few moments, but we had to stop, as our own men were pursuing them, and it was not safe to continue our fire any longer. It was all over in a very short time and, while we had to stand by all night, our work did not last long during the actual battle.

Soon after this battle I secured my first "leave" to go to England for a rest of seven days, and though this is supposed to be a story of experiences while on the fighting front, I will relate something that happened while I was in Glasgow, Scotland.

Of all the cities in the British Isles Glasgow has sent more men to the front than any other in proportion to her size. The business firms of the city encourage their men to enlist and do all they can to make things easy for them to leave their families. In many cases firms continue to pay men their salaries while they are at the front. The street car company in Glasgow has sent thousands, and their places are taken by women while the men are away.

Not only are there women conductors on the street cars, but women drive the cars too. When one arrives at the station in Glasgow it seems very odd to have a woman step up and ask to carry your bag. Women have taken the places of the porters in the stations.

Scotland has responded nobly to the country's call. In many of the small villages the entire male population has gone to the war, excepting, of course, the men who are too old or those who are physically unfit.

In the British Isles during this war a great many of the women have been "helping recruiting" by walking the streets and putting a white feather in the buttonhole of every man they meet who is not wearing khaki.

I was standing just outside the Central station in Glasgow when a woman walked up to a man who was standing near me, and without a word she pulled a white feather through his buttonhole. He was a great big fellow, and she had to do some reaching to get at him. He smiled when he saw what she had done and said "Thank you, madam," very politely.

That was like waving a red flag before a bull, and she grew crimson and started telling him what she thought of him. He listened until she was all through, and then he asked, "Have you another one of those feathers, by any chance?"

"Yes, I have, you coward," she snapped, and she put another feather on him. As she did so he pulled a Victoria cross from his pocket and pinned it right under the feathers.

That woman gasped and stuttered and stammered trying to make an apology, and she reached out to take the feathers back, but he stopped her. "No, madam," he said, "I'll keep these as souvenirs, if you don't mind, but I'd like to say a few words to you about what you are doing."

"Because I am in civilian clothes does not signify that I am a coward," he said. "For all you knew I might have been medically unfit for service. I might have been a married man with ten or a dozen small children depending on me. I might have been any number of things that would have prevented me from joining the army, but you didn't even wait to inquire."

"You simply thought that because I was not in khaki I was a coward," and you thought to shame me into joining the army. As a matter of fact, I have been at my home recovering from wounds I received when I won this little cross, and I am now on my way back to join my regiment."

"If you will accept a suggestion from a man who knows what you will stop this silly business, for you are doing more harm than anything else, and if I were a civilian and you had done it to me then, I would have faced a firing party before I would join the army. I trust you have learned something 'Good afternoon'."

I found out later that he was a sergeant plier in one of the most famous Scottish regiments and that he won the cross for saving three officers when wounded himself.

CHAPTER VIII. Second Battle For Calais.

My rest of seven days seemed very short, and I was back on the job at Poperinghe all too soon.

Ypres—Calais was six miles away and been comparatively quiet all winter. In fact, it had been so quiet that our Twenty-seventh divisional headquarters had moved in there. As the spring drew near the Germans began to shell around the city again, but very few shells landed directly in the city proper.

There was a big gas attack on the outskirts down toward Krustadt, and around this place the shells were

rather heavy at times. The city was much knocked about even then, but it was nothing to what it was at the end of the "second battle for Calais."

Before the beginning of this battle the Kaiser was quoted as having said that if he failed to break us this time he would lay the city of Ypres to the ground street by street. He failed to break us, all right, and he kept his word, for today the fine old city of Ypres is nothing but a shapeless heap of broken bricks.

For weeks before the attack our men were bringing in reports that the Germans were massing heavy bodies of fresh troops just in front of our position. All our transport trains went through the city, our men were billeted there, and one of our divisional headquarters had moved into the city.

The Germans still continued to bombard our positions in this vicinity, but they left the city itself severely alone. All winter it had been as safe to go through Ypres as it would be to go to church, consequently an order to go to Ypres did not bother anybody very much.

I was at the divisional headquarters in Ypres with a staff officer on the afternoon the bombardment started. We had gone to the city on horses, and we naturally expected to come back that way. I suppose it was about 2 o'clock when we arrived there, and I put the horses in the yard behind several buildings.

As I was still on duty, I didn't dare go very far away, for I didn't know at what moment the officer might show up. The first inkling I got of anything unpleasant was when I heard the scream of several shells coming through the air at once.

Right then I acted on the impulse that seizes every one at such a time and went through the nearest cellar window, where I landed on a pile of potatoes. I was content to stay there, too, until an orderly found me and told me that my officer wanted me. The Germans had been bombarding us about half an hour then, and there was no sign of any letting up yet.

The orderly told me that the shells were dropping in at the rate of forty-one to the minute, and I remember wondering who on earth would be fool enough to count the number of shells falling. I reported to my officer and found him as cool as a cucumber. He asked me where the horses were, and when I told him he said for me to leave them there and to go and find a car of some kind.

I knew it was mighty serious when he would abandon the horses, and I started out with the fear of God in my heart and wondering where in the dickens I would find a car in that inferno. As a matter of fact, I did find one, or at least it had been a car at some time or other. It was an ambulance which had had the body blown off, and some one had built a couple of little bucket seats out of empty bacon boxes.

Bacon boxes or not, it certainly looked like a million gold dollars to me at that moment, and I wasn't so slow about nabbing it. The engine was all right, so I decided to take a chance on the rest of it holding together until I got my officer through the city anyway. I pulled around in front of the headquarters, and the officer jumped in.

It seemed as though the whole city was being torn from its very foundations so terrible was the din. The



The Houses Were Going Down in Every Quarter.

houses were going down in every quarter, and on the face of it it looked like pure madness to go through at all. Wagons, horses, autos, bicycles, were piled up everywhere. Men, women and children, soldiers and civilians were lying dead and dying in every street. I should say that about 50 per cent of the shells were landing in the Grand place, and the buildings were falling all around and practically covering up the road.

We had a straight run of about 200 yards before we got to the worst part of it, and I certainly saw to it that the old bus made the most of what she had. We were going at a pretty good pace when we hit the main square of the city, but it seemed to me that we were just crawling.

There is a sharp corner as one turns out of the square, and I knew it would be impossible to twist her around it at the pace we were going, so I tried a stunt I had read about racing drivers doing on the hairpin curves. I gave her more power, jammed on the brake, and we skidded around on two wheels. We were between the devil and the deep sea, and I felt that no chances

we could take were too long considering the fix we were in.

The bacon boxes held together all right, and we got out of it without being touched, but it was more by pure luck than anything else. What got my goat was that during the whole thing the officer sat there with a cigar in his mouth and a monocle in his eye and didn't even look as though he was nervous.

When we got back to our own headquarters he said "Thank you" and remarked to another officer that "our d—d fool" had escaped wearing a wooden uniform that day "by the breadth of a gnat's eyelash." I presume he was referring to me, and I agree with him heartily. Believe me that ride did me out of a year's growth.

I certainly pitied our transport men during this time as I never pitied them before. They could not help being nervous while waiting to go through the city, which they had to do, as there was no other way for them to go. The ambulances, too, suffered heavily.

All night the bombardment continued with unabated fury, yet our supplies went through the city to the men just the same.

The next morning I was ordered to report in my car to a young officer of the intelligence department. The officer told me that he had orders to go through Ypres to a little place called Potijze and to report himself to the divisional commander there.

There was absolutely no other way to get to Potijze except through Ypres, and you may be sure we were feeling none too pleasant about the prospects. We had to go slowly, even at the start, as the road was filled with all kinds of transports. After we got through the village of Vlamertinghe we found the going a little better, and we got along faster. The road from Vlamertinghe to Ypres is almost straight, and one can see right into the city before one comes within two kilometers of it.

As we swung into this straight stretch I noticed several German aeroplanes over the city, and it was plain to be seen that they were dropping bombs. This time they were dropping petrol bombs, and the instant they exploded they would spray petrol all over the place and a flame would shoot up into the air. In this way they were setting fire to the city.

It was a sight that I shall never forget. The shells were falling just the same, and what with the ground fairly trembling from the terrific explosions, the smoke from the bursting shells and burning houses, the flames and dust that filled the air, it made a scene that would need a Dante to describe and do it justice.

The thought that we were to attempt the passage through all this was terrifying. An awful fear, almost panic, seemed to grip me, and I longed to jump from that car and hide my face from the flaming hell which seemed to be stretching out its tentacles of fire to draw us into its gaping maw.

I felt weak all over and was wet with cold perspiration. I looked at the officer, almost praying that he would give the order to stop, but even as I looked I knew there was no chance of that. He was as white as death, but there was a look of determination on his face, and the clenched teeth and set jaws gave no promise of his backing down.

I think the bulldog grit that he was showing helped me, for I resolved that, while I might get so weak as to be unable to drive that car, I would stick by him as long as I could hold out. And he certainly showed that he was "white" clear through, for he told me to stop a moment. I did, and he got out of the car.

"Robinson," he said, "I've just been thinking that there won't be any need for you to come any further. It is a rotten business, and as there are ambulances going up all the time, I can get a lift in one and will stand just as much chance of getting through as though you were to take me. I don't believe in any one taking unnecessary risks, and in this case it would be risking an extra man and a car, too, and I don't mind going on in an ambulance the least bit."

I thought it was just about one of the finest things I had ever heard of a man doing, and I want to say right here that such things as this are typical of the true British officer. There are men holding commissions who couldn't do such a thing as this to save their necks, but they are the "pikers" found in every country, "temporary gentlemen," as they are called by the real men who are obliged to associate with them.

My officer's generosity did not help me any, but I appreciated it more than I can tell. I had orders to take him to Potijze and to bring him back, and if I stayed behind and anything happened to him I would be worse off than if I were lying beneath the ruins of Ypres.

I explained this to him and said that I would rather take him. God knows whether it was true or not, but I said it anyway. While we were talking another car passed us, and as my officer jumped in I resolved to follow the man who was now ahead of me.

I noticed as the car passed us that there were two officers in it. One of the major, was sitting beside the driver and the other, a colonel, was in the back. The car was about 200 yards ahead of us, and I let him keep about that much ahead all the way up to the outskirts of the city. As we got nearer the noise became deafening and the smoke began to bother us too.

Before one enters the city proper one must cross a double line of railroad tracks. The machine ahead of us had just crossed these when a big fifteen inch shell screamed over and burst just beside the car in front. From where we were it looked as if the car and its occupants must have been wiped off the face of the earth.

I stopped, our car to wait until the smoke cleared away before going on. It seemed like hours before we saw

the spot again, but when the smoke was finally gone you can imagine our surprise at seeing the car turned completely around and coming toward us.

The chauffeur was gathering speed all the time, and when he passed us his car was going at a fairly decent pace. We had time enough, though, to see one of the most horrible sights that I witnessed during the whole time I was at the front.

The car itself was in awful condition. The two rear doors were torn away, the body was full of jagged holes, the front and rear mud guards and the running board on one side were torn off and the wind screen had been swept away.

The major, who was sitting with the driver, had his head and the whole side



I Resolved to Follow the Man Who Was Now Ahead of Me.

of his body torn away, and the rest of him was leaning on the driver, who was being covered with the blood which was gushing from this awful thing beside him. The colonel, who had been sitting in the back of the car, was curled over on the seat, and his head and part of his shoulder were lying in a pool of blood in the bottom of the car. To me the most terrible part of it was the driver. He was as white as a ghost, and his eyes seemed to be sticking an inch out of their sockets. His teeth were bared, and his whole face was twisted into the most hellish expression one could imagine.

"Good God, he's gone mad!" cried my officer. And I was sure of it. The officer ordered me to turn around and follow him and to catch him if possible. The car was going down the road by the time I got turned around, but I set out after him for all I was worth. I gained on him, too, but as I went through Vlamertinghe he was just stopping in front of the field dressing station there.

The orderly rushed out when he heard the car, and I heard that driver say, "For God's sake take this thing away from me!"

It was horrible beyond description. I saw that poor fellow a couple of weeks later, and he was bad enough to look at even then. He was walking around alone all right except that his face was continually twisting and twitching horribly. His nerve was completely gone, and he was discharged almost at once. For all the shock he had his was a miraculous escape.

When we saw that the driver being taken care of we started back to make our attempt to pass through the burning city.

As we got nearer the city I seemed to have lost all feeling of fear, and in fact I didn't have any feeling at all.

I tried to think about what was going to happen to us, for it worried me that I didn't seem to have a nerve in my body. I kept telling myself that I was going to my death and that in a few minutes I would be lying somewhere in those smoking ruins. But it was no use, I didn't care one way or the other. Before one comes to the railway track just outside Ypres there is a road which branches off to the left and leads to the village of Elverdinghe. Before we came to where this road branches off the officer spoke.

"I think it would be worth while trying to get to the canal bank through Elverdinghe," he said, "and from there we would perhaps be able to leave the car, swim the canal and get through to Potijze on foot. It will take longer, of course, but the main thing for us to do is to get there safely, no matter if it takes a great deal longer. Let us try that way, anyway."

I was willing to try anything, and so we turned off the road and headed for Elverdinghe. It was only a few kilometres, and we didn't take long getting there, but when we arrived we found that we had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, for Elverdinghe was getting it hot and heavy from the German field batteries.

We rushed into the town, and as we swung into the village proper we came very near having one grand smashup. A field ambulance was moving out of the place, and the road was blocked by ambulances which were loading up with wounded. I jammed on the brakes and pulled over almost into the ditch, but the brakes stopped the car before we got clear in.

A sentry informed us that the road through the village was closed and that we would have to turn around and go back. I tried to turn up, but my two front wheels were stuck away down in the ditch, and she wouldn't pull out under her own power.

I appealed to the driver of an empty ambulance to help me, and he quickly got his towrope around my back axle, and we came out with the first heave. I noticed while we were taking the

CIRCUS

BIGGEST IN THE WORLD

Will Exhibit At
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SATURDAY OCT. 13.

HAGENBECK-WALLACE CIRCUS

THE WONDER OF THE AGE
THE LIKE OF WHICH YOU NEVER SAW BEFORE
ALL NEW AGAIN! ALL RIGHT AGAIN!

A CIRCUS GATHERED FROM 12 NATIONS
6 ARENAS USED FOR CAPITAL INVESTED
ITS 1,001 WONDERS. \$3,000,000

3 RAILROAD TRAINS—3. YOU 60 RIDERS—60.
22 TENTS—22. HAVE 60 AERIALISTS—60.
8 BANDS—8. 500 HORSES—500.
400 PERFORMERS. 200 ACTS—200.
3 HERDS OF ELEPHANTS 3 NEVER WITNESSED A CIRCUS LIKE THIS. 400 WILD ANIMALS

CARL HAGENBECK'S ZOOLOGICAL PARADISE

World's Greatest Trained Beasts
Performing in a Massive Steel-Grated Arena. The Wide World. Civilized and Uncivilized. Ransacked to Amaze and Complete what is now the
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Only Circus With Trained Wild Animals

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WONDERS, NOVELTIES, FEATURES FROM EVERY LAND

OSCAR LOWANDE First person in history of the world turning a somersault from one running horse to another.
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SIX CEVENES Most dextrous performers on lofty double aerial wire in earth's history.

3-MILE GALA, GOLDEN STREET PARADE 10 A. M.
All tents illuminated by electricity at night.
DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 7 P. M. PERFORMANCES BEGIN AT 2 AND 8 P. M. ONE 50c TICKET ADMITS TO ALL. CHILDREN UNDER 10, 25c.

PROGRAM

Of Golden Wedding Anniversary Celebration of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hill, to be Held at Hill's Chapel, Wednesday, October 17th, 1917.

10:00 Invocation Rev. T. C. Newman
10:15 Welcome Address Edward D. Stone
10:30 What It Takes To Make a Man T. Atchison Frazer
10:45 Importance of a Good Life John A. Moore
11:00 Sermon.
12:00 NOON HOUR

The afternoon will be devoted to round table talks. Special singing by Sugar Grove and Cave Spring classes.

"Whosoever will," are invited to attend, and a special request is made by Sister W. F. Hogard, for all members of the Phillips family to be present, that can, and all members of the Hill family are requested to be present.

Dinner on the ground, everybody bring a lunch, and I will bring dinner.
—BILLY JOEL.

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House Votes for War by 373 to 50;
Will Use Draft if Volunteers Fail



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KENTUCKIANS RALLY TO CALL SENT OUT FOR FOOD SAVING

Vast Army of Patriotic Citizens Bend to Task of Conserving Available Supply—Forty County Chairmen are Named—Pledges to Be Signed October 21

GRATIFICATION was expressed to by Fred M. Sackett, Federal Food Administrator for Kentucky, over the early evidences that Kentucky men and women are ready and willing to co-operate with the government in plans to conserve the nation's food supply.

Pledges in large number are being received by Mr. Sackett, the writers promising they will lend the fullest measure of co-operation in eliminating waste and will not lose any opportunity of preaching the gospel of the lean plate.

Mr. Sackett said: "The women of Kentucky have responded splendidly to the call sent out from Washington to conserve vegetables and fruits. They have astonished the world by their remarkable achievement. They have set up a record that will not be approached in a long time. And the women are not through yet. They are still canning and preserving and our own Kentucky women are in the forefront in the truly wonderful record that has been established."

"I think the present is a good time to point out that we are face to face with another problem—that of conserving the supply on hand. I am confident that the women of Kentucky will meet this new problem of eliminating waste in much the same spirit as they took hold of the canning problem. I do not believe that I am overstating the case when I say the mothers, wives and sweethearts of our soldiers at the front will solve this new problem with glory and credit to themselves and with honor to this great nation."

Economy Means Victory.

Attention was directed to President Wilson's proclamation of July 30 last when he told the women of America: "Every pound of vegetable properly put by for future use, every jar of fruit preserved, adds that much to our insurance of victory."

It is time to renew this insurance now that the canning season is drawing to a close, according to Mr. Sackett, and this can be done by simply signing a pledge card like that appearing at the bottom of these columns and placing it in the hands of those in charge of the county organization.

Volunteer workers will distribute these pledges, beginning October 21, and no county securing the signatures of less than 75 per cent of the number of families is that county will have been successful in its campaign, according to the view taken by the Food Administration at Washington.

The work of organizing the counties in Kentucky is in full swing and there is no man or woman in this county who can not help make this great undertaking a complete success. In counties where the larger cities are located the goal fixed by the Food Administration for the number of signatures is 90 per cent of the total number of families. It is hoped by Mr. Sackett that even a larger number than the figures quoted will be obtained and the State Food Administrator believes the minimum figures for signatures will be secured if the willingness to lend a hand now evidenced is indicative of the interest being taken to make the Food Administration's work a success.

County Chairman Named.

County chairmen appointed by Mr. Sackett have been instructed regarding their duties and have reported to the Food Administrator that they are now at work. Call upon your chairman today and volunteer to assist in any way you can. A partial list of chairmen follows:

Anderson—Miss Mary Paxton, Lawrenceburg.
Barren—Mrs. Alice Gorin Taylor, Glasgow.
Bourbon—Miss Lucy Simms, Paris.
Boyd—Mrs. Charles Alexander Slaughter, Ashland.
Boyle—Mrs. J. I. A. McDowell, Danville.
Bracken—Mrs. Marion Landerback, Augusta.
Breckinridge—Miss Elizabeth Skillman, Cloverport.
Clark—Mrs. R. M. Scoobe, Winchester.
Cay—Mrs. Georgia Hatton, Manchester.
Cumberland—Mrs. Ownsley, Burkesville.
Fayette—Mrs. Shelby Harrison, Lexington.
Franklin—Miss Cornelia Weltzel, Frankfort.
Gallatin—Mrs. Rose B. Wood, Glencoe.
Henderson—Mrs. Henry Lyne, Henderson.
Henry—Mrs. Julius C. Helburn, Eminence.
Hickman—Mrs. Jennie Brower, Clinton.

Jefferson—Mrs. George C. Weldon, Eastleigh, and Mrs. Fred Levy, 1823 Third.

Jessamine—Mrs. D. P. Hemphill, Nicholasville.

Kenton—Miss Luella E. Boyd, 213 Wallace Ave., Covington.

Larue—Miss Nettie V. Hansboro, Hodgenville.

Laurel—Mrs. Gene Hackney, London.

Lyon—Floety M. Lynn, Kuttawa.

Magoffin—Mrs. J. H. Gardner, Saltersville.

Marion—Mrs. Thomas F. Cleavor, Lebanon.

Mason—Mrs. W. H. Cox, Maysville.

Mercer—Mrs. Glave Goddard, Harrodsburg.

Nicholas—Miss Jennie Tilton, Carlisle.

Ohio—Mrs. J. S. Glenn, Hartford.

Perry—Mrs. H. C. Faulkner, Hazard.

Pike—Miss Mary Auxier, Pikesville.

Pulaski—Mrs. M. C. Williams, Somerset.

Rockcastle—Miss Mary Bradley, Mt. Vernon.

Shelby—Mrs. George Armstrong, Shelbyville.

Todd—Mrs. Jennie Street, Elkton.

Trigg—Miss Eva Apperson, Cadiz.

Wayne—Mrs. W. W. Kendrick, Monticello.

Whitley—Mrs. M. A. Gray, Corbin.

Your county chairman will tell you that signing a pledge card obligates you in no other way than that you mean to live up to the promise made for yourself and family to waste no article of food. It implies that you are willing to serve at your table the palatable foods that you have been putting away during the past few months and thereby render available to our own soldiers and to those of our allies over the sea every grain of wheat and every ounce of flour it is possible for this country to spare.

Confiscation Lie Nailed.

The Food Administration has denied a widely circulated story, probably emanating from pro-German sources, that the government is planning to confiscate all canned goods in excess of 100 quarts in the possession of one family. There is a further elaboration of this silly rumor to the effect that the government intends to take away from American families vegetables and fruits that have been dried and preserved and ship them to England. This deliberate propaganda is denounced as an unqualified falsehood by the Food Administration. The government urges that canning be continued and says the utilization of this surplus food means that the general supply will then be left for dependent consumers to draw upon.

Kentuckians also are called upon by Mr. Sackett to do what they can in alleviating a condition that approaches a sugar famine in France. The French government has requested the United States to allow them to import 100,000 tons of sugar during the next month. Inasmuch as this country only has sufficient sugar on hand to meet the normal consumption in this country until January 1, at which time the new West Indian crop becomes available, Americans are requested to cut down their sugar ration and reduce by one-third purchases of sugar and candy. The Food Administration states that it does not desire to interfere with the purchasing of sugar for preserving, and that if the suggestion is met to cut consumption one-third the French situation can be saved.

Save on Your Bread.

With regard to the wheat and flour supply, one writer has quoted figures to show that if the 20,000,000 families in the United States will save just one slice of white bread each day, that this insignificant saving will result in releasing 15,000,000 ounces of flour, 937,500 pounds daily, or approximately 4,758 barrels.

According to Mr. Sackett, the saving in bread is only one of numerous plans for conserving the food supply that will be issued from time to time by the Food Administration. He estimates that five per cent of the food that ordinarily goes to waste daily in the United States would feed the State of Kentucky, and that ten per cent, if intelligently utilized, would be sufficient to feed the states of Indiana, Ohio and Illinois.

Readers will understand from these figures the magnitude of the undertaking that confronts America. It will be comparatively easy of execution if the proper amount of co-operation is forthcoming immediately. You can not begin the work too soon. See your county chairman at once, offer your services, make ready to sign the pledge card that appears below, and do everything in your power to interest your neighbors and friends all over the country.

PLEDGE CARD FOR UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION.

TO THE FOOD ADMINISTRATOR:

I am glad to join you in the service of food conservation for our nation and I hereby accept membership in the United States Food Administration, pledging myself to carry out the directions and advice of the Food Administrator in my home, insofar as my circumstances permit.

Name
Street
City State

There are no fees or dues to be paid. The Food Administration wishes to have as members all of those actually handling food in the home. Anyone may have the Home Card of Instruction, but only those signing pledges are entitled to Membership Window Card, which will be delivered upon receipt of the signed pledge.

DAIRY COW SALE

For the purpose of dissolving partnership we will on Thursday, Oct. 11th., sell at public auction our herd of about 50 selected Dairy Cows and Heifers, mostly Jerseys and Holsteins, also a very fine highly bred 2 year old Registered Holstein Bull.

A 4 year old mare mule, sow and pigs, lots of Dairy utensils, farming implements and etc., a practically new very strong long shaft breaking cart with harness. This is a rare opportunity to procure Dairy Stock of unusual merit at your own valuation as every animal is a good one and will positively be sold to the highest bidder.

Terms of sale, on sums of 10 dollars and over, 12 months time, with approved note bearing 8 per cent interest, or cash at option of purchaser.

Sale will begin promptly at 10:00 at our barn near Marion, Ky.

Pierce & Elder.

Letter From a Salem Boy.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 29, 1917.
From First Lieut. John Luke Hayden, Medical Officers' training camp, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind., Co., No. 2.

To my friends of Livingston and Crittenden counties, a few points in brief of my embryonic life as a medical officer of the Reserve Corps of the U. S. army.

We, Co., No. 2, arrived Sept. 15th, per telegraphic instructions, Washington, D. C., and reported for duty, consequently our military discipline and techniques did not begin until Monday, Sept. 18th. Our technical work is composed of surgery, military hygiene, general regulations, French, etc. The constituents of No. 2 Co., are some of the most skilled and learned medical and surgical material of the United States. There is something like 3,000 medical officers in training here now. Several thousand soldiers have been transferred to the various cantonments of the United States in the last few days.

We, as medical officers, are required to supplement our training, with French, who has not been previously taught. We medical officers were given a review parade drill Friday afternoon. It was the most thrilling sight to behold. The music was excellent, and as the sound vibrating through the waves of ether put a feeling of zeal, courage and everlasting force in our discipline.

We, Co., No. 2, having had an occasion to visit the trenches this week. We were all very anxious to see the construction of such. The trenches are of a great spectacular scene, and it's carried on authentically, as if it were in reality, the opposing enemy there, the firing of the modern rifle, and field artillery; so after you are there for a short time, your feeling of emotional fear is soon over.

This we know to be the greatest in the world, i. e., on the one line. Its almost incomprehensible, to think of the rapid progress the United States has made since April last, of the construction of the various cantonments and the number of men preparing themselves for duty. We are excelled by none. Within one year we will have a fighting force that will easily suppress any nation in the world. Germany has had almost one-half century for her preparations, and by April next, we will be ready to meet out the staggering blow, which beyond the peradventure of a doubt, will bring about a regeneration of the whole civilized world and establish a democracy form of government which will forever stand throughout the world. There is no greater cause than showing the same true blood of our forefathers demonstrated during the Revolution for our struggle for Independence, than fighting for our country.

And after 'tis over we will come marching home singing that familiar hymn "Glory Hallelujah."

True democracy is made up of the band of brothers, striking for the sure lofty Gold, that celestial globe

not made with hands eternal and in the Heaven.

First Lieut. JOHN LUKE HAYDEN, M. O. R. C.

BIG SHOW COMING.

The Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, one of the largest circus organization in the world will exhibit in Princeton, Saturday Oct. 13th. Excursion agents of the circus have arranged for round trip tickets on the railroads and other lines of travel, in as much as the Hagenbeck-Wallace shows is the largest circus to visit this section of the country this season, two capacity crowds are anticipated by the management. While the title of the circus remains the same as it has been for many years, yet the organization is an American one, being owned and operated by Edward Ballard.

Three special trains are utilized to transport the circus from city to city. Traveling with the great organization are 1,000 employees, in addition to 108 advance men. Twenty-two tents covering twelve acre of ground shelter the transient city in the daytime. Draft horses to the number of 500 are used, with half as many head of pony and ring stock. The circus has its own doctor, lawyer, dentist, U. S. postman, detectives, and in fact every artisan found in the average small city. The famous Hagenbeck menagerie, declared to be the finest and most complete traveling zoos in the world, is a part of the show. The circus represents an expenditure of \$3,000,000. The daily operating expense is \$7,500 per day.

All through the long months of winter agents of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus have been scouring the continents of the earth, securing novelties and features. The performance this year will be entirely new. More than 400 acrobats, gymnasts, riders, contortionists and athletes, together with fifty, clowns compose the circus end. In addition the big show is augmented with Hagenbeck's trained wild animal exhibition. Hundreds of wild animals, lions, leopards, tigers, pumas, jaguars, elephants, seals, monkeys, etc., will constitute that department.

Performances will be given at 2 and 8 p. m. A three mile long street parade will leave the show grounds at 10 o'clock the day of the exhibition and will pass through the principal downtown streets.

BONDS BONDS BONDS

I represent the FIDELITY AND DEPOSIT COMPANY OF MARYLAND. We write bonds for Administrators, executors, Commissioners for sale of property, Receivers, Trustees and receivers in U. S. Bankruptcy proceedings.

Also bonds for State County and Municipal Officials. Don't embarrass your friends by asking them to endorse for you, just call us. It's a pleasure for us to sign your bond. We also sell Life Insurance, see us about an Income Policy.

E. L. Harpending,
Marion, Ky.