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Filling Station

Cars Washed Motor Oils

Rainey Smith, Prop.

Carlisle Auto Laundry

Men Marooned
by George Marsh

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ANOTHER of George Marsh's splendid tales of the Hudson Bay country—where a handful of white men guard thousands of miles of beaches. Rival outfits battle for the fur trade. Inhospitable nature erects its barriers. Indian superstitions are interwoven with the general mystery of the frozen country. A romance of the snows in which dogs play almost as important parts as the human participants.

This splendid novel starts on Page 7 of this issue.

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A PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, acting in conformity with the law, has officially notified the State Board of Health of Kentucky that smallpox, a dangerous, contagious disease, is increasing in many states adjacent to Kentucky, from any of which persons infected with the disease might travel into any portion of this State before the typical eruption would make it possible to recognize the disease; and,

Whereas, official reports from County Health Officers in several sections of Kentucky show the existence of smallpox within their jurisdiction and indicate that it is appearing in many scattered sections of the State; and,

Whereas, the law requires all persons of the age of twenty-one years and over to procure their own vaccination, and further requires all parents, guardians and other persons having the care, custody or control of any child or children, or who may have control of any minor or minors, to have same vaccinated within twelve months after its birth; and further requires that all persons coming into this State in mode shall have themselves and their children vaccinated; Now, therefore,

Be it known to the citizens of Kentucky that the State Board of Health of Kentucky, acting under the authority conferred upon it by law, recognizing the probability that smallpox will invade this State from the other States of this Union brings to the attention of Citizens and City Boards of Health, County Judges, Sheriffs and School Superintendents, to teachers and to the citizens generally, the following rules and regulations which it has in the exercise of its discretion, decided will be efficient in preventing the introduction or spread of said smallpox within this State and it calls upon said officials and citizens to assist in precautio within a reasonable time the vaccination of all unvaccinated persons in Kentucky.

Rule 74. Every child shall be vaccinated before it becomes one year of age, and this Board recommends that all persons be revaccinated as often as once in seven years.

Rule 75. All corporations, partnerships, companies or persons within the jurisdiction of this Board shall require each employee for any kind of service to be vaccinated previous to employment, unless proof is furnished of successful vaccination within seven years or that the employee has had smallpox, and any one employing a person in violation of this rule shall be guilty of a separate offense for each day that such employee shall be sick with smallpox, and liable for the cost of his maintenance. Every person in Kentucky is required by law to be vaccinated (Sec. 4068, Kentucky Statutes.) This rule is to provide that no one violating the statute shall be employed.

Rule 76. No person shall become a member of any public or private school within the jurisdiction of this Board, to teacher or scholar, without furnishing a certificate from some reputable physician that he or she has been successfully vaccinated, and has been revaccinated at least once each seven years.

Rule 77. Vaccination, a very important procedure, should be done by a competent physician with the cleanliness and septic precautions observed in all surgical operations, at three points an inch apart, half apart on a clean arm, should dry for thirty minutes, read in left eye. No so-called shields of any kind should ever be put on.

Rule 42. It shall be the duty of the Board of Health of every county or municipality to provide, at public expense, free vaccination for all indigent persons in need of the same.

The authority of local Boards of Health to enforce this proclamation and these rules and regulations has been upheld by the court of appeals of Kentucky in the case of Trustees v. McMurtry, 169 Ky. 457, and Hill v. Vickers 171 Ky. 702 and in other following cases.

Given under our hands and the seal of the State Board of Health of Kentucky at its Offices in Louisville, this Fifth day of August, 1927.

J. E. Wells, President
A. T. McCormack, Secretary.

ACCIDENTS

Twelve accidents classified under the heading "Banks and Trust Companies" and 76 under the heading of "Department Stores" in the report of the Kentucky Workmen's Compensation Board for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926, would seem to indicate that the matters of first aid, accident prevention and safety education are live problems to be recognized and solved, so far as possible, by employers in every line of endeavor.

The Board's report was only recently printed. During the fiscal year 25,704 accidents were reported to the Board, 979 less than in the preceding year. The fatal accidents numbered 208, as compared with 193 for the year before. Agreements involving payment of compensation were approved in the sum of $1,317,118.89, and the Board in addition awarded sums aggregating to $501,021.51. During the year 1,010 employers elected to come under the act, bringing the total number of employers accepting the act since the time of its adoption to 14,379.

The coal mining industry contributed a little more than 44 per cent of the total number of accidents, the remainder being distributed covering some 250 lines of endeavor ranging from asphalt production to the manufacture of X-ray machines. Even "Churches" are listed with one accident charged against them.

FILL YOUR SILOS FIRST

(Courier-Journal)

Kentucky, whose largest acreage is in corn, is likely to get high prices for its crops this fall, but the production probably will be lower than for many years. Most of the planting was a month late, due to rains, and varying weather conditions have had their effect. Even in the country seen a marked shortage in all feed crops, which is important in Kentucky because of its dairy and live-stock interests.

Such feeds more livestock than all other grain and forage combined. This crop is of chief importance. Industrial, according to Government estimates, are that the Kentucky crop will be the shortest in the history of the State.

Naturally, the first thing every farmer would do is to fill his silo. There will be plenty of corp for that. This silage is necessary for his stock in winter. It constitutes their life in the winter months when there is no grazing. Fortunately there is a fair alfalfa crop. This is something that can be utilized handily in the corn-less days before the feed bill. A good grain ration, alfalfa and a little corn silage makes ideal cattle feed, alfalfa, of course, forming the bulk.

It is the advice of the Kentucky Experiment Station to dairymen to store all the alfalfa they can use and to meet the lure of market prices of $20 and $30 a ton. Commercial alfalfa hay is often adulterated and imported grain screenings full of refuse.

There is a visible increase in the supply of hogs, and this may further accentuate the shortage. Altogether the corn-feeding methods will be necessary if there are to be net profits.

HOSPITAL CAMPAIGN

(Continued from page 1.)

Bob Hardin
Mrs. R. T. Kirkland
R. E. Asteer
R. B. Palmer

Previously acknowledged:
Clay Crouch Cornehead
Mrs. W. I. Dorsey
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mann
C. W. Kash
C. W. Kash
M. E. Shrout
St. John's Catholic Church
Geo. W. Taylor and wife
W. W. Garner
Charles G. Talbert
W. T. Norton
Miss Maude Scott
Mrs. George C. King
Mrs. E. Hinton
Kate Strabauer
Carlisle Commandery
Nicholas Chapter
Dougherty Lodge
Marie Cloriser
C. E. Cooper
L. M. Griffin
Layrs Christian Bible School
Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan
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CARLISLE COAL AND FEED COMPANY

Men Marooned
by George Marsh

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George Marsh.

Readers are indebted to no current novelist so much as to George Marsh for depicting the reality as well as the romance of that wild region called the Hudson Bay country. He has a thorough knowledge of the great and lonely land and the people that live there. He has a keen sense of humor, a deep sympathy for the underdog and a genius for graphic, rugged, convincing narrative. His many novels of the Canadian wilds are thrilling stories of their everyday lives. The little tragedies, the big heartaches, the pitiful, the deep love, the grim hate and the big adventures of the men and women who live and struggle and die in the frozen north are told in a manner that makes them more truly or more vividly described than fiction.

In the present story the author does not go quite so far afield. He tells of his previous fashion, but in a different setting. The locale, while extraordinarily wild, is still sufficiently wild for the purposes of stirring romance. For Great Slave Lake is a little nearer to civilization and more easily reached than Hudson Bay or Great Bear Lake, but the lake has the famous characteristics of the country in the great northern area. The people of inhabitants and the sort of life they lead remain much the same.

Being the southern extension of the Arctic Circle, the lake is frequently stated as having but a cold climate, but a scarcely less terrifying winter than the colder. Its vastness and no less bleak nor its frozen wastes less intriguing. Winter in the north is a battle and training post the mens of Mr. Marsh's stories.

CHAPTER I

Out where slaster clout banks fused with gray sand the sullen bay moaned fitfully. Along shore, plover, sandpiper and yellow-legs, godwit and the curlew fed behind the retreating tide, while restless flocks of teal and gadwall patrolled the falls between the marshes and the sea. Inland, where the nine-hunting hawk-owls wheeled and dipped low over the open flats, black duck rose from a pool as a heavily bordened figure made its way slowly toward a tent on the alder-covered tongue of higher land thrusting seaward into the marsh. As the man neared the camp, a dog barked. Then the warning, rough and stern, softened to whines and yelps of recognition. Pranging at a stake, a huge alsatian wolfhound an ecstatic welcome to his gaunt master.

"Hello, Shot, old boy!" With an exclamation of relief the man stretched his arms, for his load had been heavy. He was rangy and well made, his lean, strongly modeled features bronzed by wind and sun. From the corner of the right eye a war crossed the cheek bone to the ear.

Placing his gun in the tent, the goose-hunter freed the plunging dog. Throughout the long hours of the day a prisoner at his stake, none tortured by the scent, eyes hungry with the sight of passing duck and geese, the alsatian went mad at his release.

While the animal worked off his pent energy in threshing through the alders and long grass in the vicinity of the camp, his master started a fire and put on a kettle of water. When he then went in search of drift cedar, for a September northerner on the west coast of James bay may blow for days, and cedar kindlings kept dry in a tent are useful.

In an hour the marshes were purple with dusk. Then over the bay an unbroken curtain of it crept inshore, coupled with thrusts of light, signaled the turn of the tide, and the barrage of wind and rain opened. As the wide beaches thundered the surf. A safe bark in the rocking shelter in the low tent anchored and propped against the pounding of the wind, a man lay with his dog.

As Jason Guthrie listened to the clamor of the wind, the far drumbeat of the advancing tide, the drive of the rain like machine-gun bursts on his tent, his thoughts followed the trails he'd years through which he had just lived. Here, to this end night on the gray coast of the bay, how shadowy it seemed—that war which had caught him up, a boy fresh from college, and dropped him a man, scarred of body—disillusioned. Even Ethel seemed a shadowy, although her last letter brought up the count by canoe packet from Fort Albany hardly two weeks before, had tickled him with remorse—regret, almost, for his decision to winter again on the bay—Ethel whom he had taken by storm (as he thought) at the time of his short leave home, in Montreal, after the tragic Somme.

It had been a typical war wooing. Enlisting as a private, he had gone overseas with the first Canadian division, and returned, late in 1916, a veteran platoon leader, wearing a shoulder strap and the Military cross; for one morning, in his English hospital, Lieut. Garth Guthrie had received a double surprise—a decoration for gallantry and sixty days' home leave while his wounded left arm recovered its strength. This last was a present from the work of his older brother, Charles, whose Montreal machine shops were running night and day on government shell contracts, for home leave was rare among the Canadians.

Then he had met Ethel.

With a boy of twenty-four, who two years before, had carried the dreams of a college senior into the shambles of Flanders, the hours spent with the lovely Ethel Falconer could march to but one fulfilment. A member of the nursing corps organized by Clara Guthrie, Garth's efficient sister-in-law, the girl had captured his imagination at their first meeting. Youth, war, and Mrs. Guthrie had done the rest.

So young Lieutenant Guthrie, wounded and decorated for bravery, the brother of the maker of munitions and member of government boards, had, in those tense, dramatic days, found to his delight that the course of true love often runs surprisingly smooth. In a manner foreign to earlier generations, Ethel Falconer had met the impetuosity of the ardent young soldier with a response equally fervid. The days of his leave were too cruelly short to be wasted. In a week she was wearing his ring.

Then came the parting, and the two ghastly years—nightmares of grime

Nightmares of Grime and Slaughter.

and slaughter, soul-harrowing months in alternate hope and despair, followed by—victory! To the man lying in the tent shaken by the storm returned the face of Ethel, vivid as when, on his return from overseas, he stood at the rail of his ship being warped to its pier.

It had been a proud and happy homecoming for Maj. Garth Guthrie, D. S. O., but the three wound stripes on the sleeve of his tunic were not empty symbols. There remained to the man in the tent the clear-cut memory of the moment when his years-long arm had released her and Ethel had gasped, "Oh, Garth, how thin and old you've grown!" Then, as he kissed her lips and his brother, the ill-concealed start—the look of pain when Ethel Falconer first saw the scar furrowing his cheek from eye to ear. His letters had casually mentioned a scratch on the face, for it was gas which had held him weeks in the hospital. Until he met Ethel that morning on the pier he had forgotten that he was disfigured.

So poignant was the memory that the man, stretched on his blankets in the dim candle light instinctively raised his right hand to trace with his fingers the course of the hurt which had seared his face. Then with mute groaning a hairy body wriggled its way to a place beside him; the moist nose of a massive, leonine head was thrust into his face, while from a deep chest came low noises.

"Etienne is surely making a wet night of it at the bois, Shot," said the man, fo the wind drove the rain in bursts against the streaming flaps of the tent. Then with the hairy bulk of the contented dog sprawled against the length of his recumbent body, head propped on one hand while the other fondled the wolfhound's ears, Guthrie's thoughts were again with his homecoming, two years before.

The tense days following his landing after this, the once poignant memory of Ethel Falconer was growing! How his wife had resented the obsession of Charles Guthrie for money and power to the exclusion of all else! How in the peace of the west coast an opiate for his doubt and disillusion!

Was that prompt at defense of his decision to remain for another year, that unreasoning anger and without regret, had sullied out of the delta of the Mackenzie and Aklavik, a blanket for Elkwan.

The man who had lain beside his sleeping dog with his thoughts while the night roared through the alders, hammering the anchored tent, and the rain beat its intermittent tattoo, sat up, and placing the candle lantern at his elbow, drew a letter from his pocket and read:

"Dearest Garth;

"I don't know what to say—I'm simply stunned. Either you are still the most wonderful liar or the best method to humiliate me before your family and the world is the hope that I shall voluntarily give you up. Of course, if you've found love new, there is nothing to be said. Do you love me still, Garth dear? So long as you do, I shall wait.

"Devotedly—until you wish it otherwise, ETHEL."

This had been her answer to the burning of his bridges—utter abandonment of her pride, and he had once more forgiven her.

Nevertheless, each new reading of the letter brought to Elkwan by the fall packet a fortnight before, had quickened the pessury of what the girl, vibrant with life and physical charm, had meant to him—this girl whom he had humiliated. Often, standing before her vivid likeness in his quarters he had gazed at the silken hair, the faultless modeling of neck and shoulders; and marveled at the spell which held him in the north while such loveliness waited his return. She still had power to stir him, but his moods of self-censure and remorse were short-lived. The north had won.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

MISSING

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May buds sprinkle the green old mound
And the wilds and the birds and the limpid brook
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound,
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and the shadows cross
Through the flickering fringe of the willow?
Who lies, alas!
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier clad in the gay zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his cold, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies here in the shadows cool and dim,
His musket swept by a trailing bough,
With a careless grace in each quiet limb
And a wound on his manly brow;
A wound, alas!
Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass.

The violets peep from their dusky beds
With a tearful dew in their great, pure eyes;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
And the pale lips full of a sad surprise;
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern,
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
Strange birds fly out with a cry to bathe
Their wings in the sunset glory;
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

—Anonymous.

First Plague in 769 B. C.

The first recorded plague general in all parts of the world occurred in 769 B. C.

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"Standard" Motor Oil F is, first of all, a highly efficient lubricant. It is light enough to splash readily. Yet it has sufficient body to protect moving parts against destructive friction.
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Middle Ages Coinage

Mark was the name of a coin formerly general throughout Europe during the Middle ages. The unit of the present coinage of Germany is called the mark. The old English mark was worth 13s 4d. that is $3.25; but, in the Middle ages the purchasing power of money was fully three times that of today.

Lake Changes Color

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, changes its tint to a deep red every ten years. This is caused by a native plant which is found in no other water.

Ink Stains on Hands

A solution of peroxide of hydrogen containing a few drops of ammonia will remove ink stains from the hands.

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