Chevrons

by

Leonard Nason

Illustrations by

Irwin Myers D.S.C.

WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER II

Field Orders 36. Very Secret

In the morning rain still fell, bucketing down slantwise before a cold wind. The two wanderers looked sadly out of the truck. There were in the yard of a great caserne, a barrack square surrounded by high buildings, empty now and cheerless. A long line of trucks like their own was waiting to unload.

"Where do you go from here?" Eadie asked the driver.

"We unload an' go back to Vancouvers. What place do you want?"

"I don't know," said Eadie, "but I thought I'd go in and ask the billeting officer where the Seventy-ninth Field Artillery is. Ever hear of 'em?"

"Na," said the driver, "I never did. But there's ten million outfits around here. Black Jack himself never heard of half of 'em."

"Come on," called Eadie. "Let's dust out of here."

They went across the yard and out the main gate of the caserne. Their hair was long, their hands and faces begrimmed with coal dust from riding in trains, and road dust from pounding the highways. Their uniforms, happily, were covered by their slicker ers, which, put on over their packs, gave them a decidedly lumpbacked appearance.

The two went down the hill, knowing that this must lead to the center of the town. They crossed a bridge above the railroad and so came to the old-fashioned city gate.

"Look at the M. P.," said Darcy in a whisper, indicating a man in a slicker who twirled a club under the porch of a sort of guardhouse.

"Never mind him," replied Eadie under his breath. "Keep right on going. Just as though he didn't mean anything to you."

"Hey?" yelled the M. P. The two stopped. "Hey, where you guys goin'?"

"Down town," said Eadie. "We want to find the billeting officer."

"Got a pass?"

"No," answered Eadie.

The M. P. waved his club in a gesture that said, "Outside, then!" as plainly as if he had spoken it. The two turned without comment and retraced their steps. On the railroad bridge they halted by common consent and leaned against the railing.

"Don't it beat all?" said Darcy. "You an' me a couple wounded guys tryin' to get back to the front. You'd think every one would give 's a hand. But no! 'How's chances on a flop for the night?' 'Git th—l outta here!' 'Hey, guy, where's the Thir' Division hand out?' 'Show me your pass an' I'll tell yuh.' 'Ain't got no pass.' 'Git th—l outta here!'"

"How's your courage?" asked Eadie. "Come for a hike in the rain?"

"Sure, it's better than sittin' here lettin' our thumbs an'wonderin' when we eat."

"Well, let's go again. Somewhere between here and Germany we ought to find an outfit that'll give two good fighters a job until they find their own."

At sunset of the same day the rain had ceased, but the sky was still lowering, the wind rustled the wet leaves, and a chill cold damp was on all the countryside. Darcy and Eadie tramped through the mud. They had that day progressed twenty-two kilometers, riding in hornicks, on empty caissons, hanging on to anything that would give them a ride. In French country carts, and finally on a truck. They had come to a thickly wooded section, into the depths of whose forests went narrow roads, new, and bearing the marks of much traffic.

"We're gettin' closer to the front of the line," said Darcy. "Slickens an' everything will be hid in the woods. I think we ought to duck down one of these roads—what the h—l is this? you now?"

The sergeant had darted to one side of the road and was looking into the air with intense earnestness.

"What's the matter?" asked Darcy again.

"Come here," said Eadie, "and see if you see what I do."

Darcy complied and found the sergeant looking at a piece of new wood half the top of a box in which canned goods had been packed. On the wood, in straggling black letters were the words, "Observatoire F. A. Post of Command." Underneath, an arrow pointed down one of the narrow roads.

"It ain't real," said Darcy.

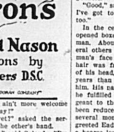
"Sure, it's real," said the sergeant. "We haven't had a drink for weeks. Our outfit's full of that. But how in th' hell can you think of that for hallu'n'?"

"I don't believe it," said Darcy firmly.

"Well, we'll go see." The two of them strolled their way down the road. Beyond the first turn a command narrator became audible and after another minute's walking, they could see a sort of park under the trees, wagons half covered with tarpaulins, a picket line, the horses tethered thereon blinking and munching. Eadie and Darcy turned in the direction of the picket line and discovered that the undertrunk was thick with shelter tents.

"Well, if it ain't Spiegel!" cried Darcy suddenly.

"Well, if it ain't Darcy an Sergeant Eadie!" cried the man addressed as Spiegel. "When did yuh get back?



On Word in Straggling Black Letters, Were the Words, "PC. F. A. Post of Command."

Darcy, slouchy hat on the back of his head, his slicker open, his hands in his pockets, stood looking at the sign. Then, with a sudden movement, he darted to the side of the road, and, with his knife, began to hack away the wood on which the sign was painted.

"Here, what's the matter?" asked the sergeant.

"Nothin'," said Darcy, "only I'm goin' to take this with me. It's a souvenir."

"Where's the Old Man?" asked the sergeant. "We've got to report to him and then we'll see about chow."

"He took over there under that big tree," said Spiegel, pointing. "Well, I gotta hurry away." He shook hands again and hastily took his departure.

"Every one's in a rush," said Eadie. "They must be going to have an inspection. You go over and parley with the gun crew, Darcy, and I'll go tell the Old Man his two prodigals have come home. It's not much later than five o'clock. They're rather early with chow."

"Tell the Old Man we haven't had anything since breakfast," said Darcy. "I'll see if I can't hit these hombres up for some chow."

"Good. I'll be back in a minute."

The sergeant gave a feeble brush or two at the mud on his slicker, looked at himself in a little mute bemetry, and started in the direction of the big tree. He passed a shelter tent from which protruded a pair of feet in soldier's boots. The sergeant coughed slightly and a fore proved out.

"Fly G—d," cried the owner of the feet. "Who's disturbin' Eadie rest again. Well, well. You always come back at the opportune moment. I'll bet the police are at your back door. No? Then the boots arraped on the ground and their owner emerged, a tall man wearing the insignia of a captain of field artillery. He shook violently with Sergeant Eadie. "Speak of the devil," continued the captain, "and he always appears. Yowsir and be d—d! I'm glad to see you. You're good for a gun!"

"Yes, sir," said Eadie, a little mystified.

"Got any bullets for it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, get some presto. Hung a fire-ald packet on yourself, get a can of bully beef to put in your pocket, and drag yourself over to Lieutenant Sawyer. He's got the only other map of the sector. Commit it to memory, sergeant! Ah, boy! I'm glad you're back. I see by your face clear now. Young Mack will figure fire dope and Flim will take sergeant's post. We'll go over your now, snap! One hour is all you've got."

"Sir," said Eadie, "I haven't had anything to eat all day. Could I wait on the map until after I've eaten?"

The captain's lips shut firmly and he turned a cold gaze upon the sergeant. The captain had blue eyes, as expressionless as the mantle of a pistol and fully as alarmi.g.

"We've started a drive tonight, sergeant," said he. "The battery moves at six p. m."

"All right, sir," said the sergeant. "I see. Good. I'll get right at the map."

"Report to me when the battery moves out," directed the captain. Eadie saluted and went away.

An hour! So many things to do! Of the weariness that he had fought against throughout the wet sunday march since they had left Toul descended on him at once. His gas mask was sore and would taste of salt pbut. The eyepieces must be greased, a driver Eadie knew what a drive meant. He had been in one on the Marne. It meant no food, no sleep for days on end, and fighting, fighting, all the time. It meant seeing men killed and lying down beside their unburied bodies to wait for the bodies to rise of shooting machine guns and flares; it meant hunting infantry at night in black woods alone. He must draw ammunition, lots of it! And he did not know a foot of the sector! Five minutes of the hour had already gone.

"Hi, Eadie, home again!" cried a voice. A man called Him, who was a machine gunner, extended his hand to Eadie. "Glad you come back all right sirce if it does screw me outin nop now one to bully.

"Ten, sir," said Eadie.

"What do you mean by loafing in the kitchen when we're all trying so hard to get away on time? Why haven't you eaten your supper long ago?"

"I just rejoined, sir," said Eadie. "Where have you been, sir?"

"I've just come back from hospital, sir." Eadie shifted his arm over slightly so that the officer might see the wound stripe.

"Where were you hit?" asked the officer.

"I wasn't hit, I was gassed."

"Oh," said the officer. There was a short pause. "Have you authority to wear that wound stripe?"

"No, sir," said Eadie, "but I expect—"

"Well, you'd better take it off then. Hurry and finish your meal and do some work. I daresay you've done little enough the past month or so." The officer walked coldly away.

"Go d—n'a sake, who is that?" gasped Eadie. "Where did he come from?"

"Oh, don't mind him, he's simple," said the cook. "Name's Connor. I daresay they got him off a salvage pile somewhere.

"He your boss?" asked Eadie, attacking the stew hungrily.

"Huh!" said the cook, "he thought he was. I had a shin bone couldn't bore the other mornin' an' he says to me, 'Connor, you're a disgrace to the Army.' Says I, 'Sir, you're another.' Says he, 'Sye, you talkin' orders from the mess sergeant.' Don't be insubordinate,' says he, 'or they got him off a salvage pile somewhere.' Says I, 'I'm not the battery commander an' I'm not the mess sergeant.' 'Well we shout that,' says he. 'Wonderful!' says I, 'you're the captain's tent right over there under that big tree.' 'Well, sergeant,' says he, 'you and there and his ears was red as fire. 'Well, when he come out, they was redder's ever. Why, g—d d—n him!' cried the cook, in his fret, 'I was slingin' hash in this man's army before he was pimped!'"

"I'm glad he's staying here," said Eadie. "There'll be enough things at the front to bother him. Then's the battery commander an' I'm mess sergeant." "Well we shout that," says he. "Wonderful!" says I, "you're the captain's tent right over there under that big tree." "Well, sergeant," says he, "you and there and his ears was red as fire. Well, when he come out, they was redder's ever. Why, g—d d—n him!" cried the cook, in his fret, "I was slingin' hash in this man's army before he was pimped!"

"Blood luck," replied the cook, handing him a few sausages.

Eadie ran to where he had left his pack and found the sergeon already drawn out on the road with the machine gunners grouped behind it.

"Come on, Eadie!" cried Him. "Leave your pack. Orders is to leave it here. They come up later if we're in need of 'em. Got your name on it?"

"Yes, sir," said Eadie, seizing his overcoat from the pack. "That isn't much of a bed either. I'll have to hike all night with a full pack. Oh, no, that don't keep it." The sergeant looked desperately around for Lieutenant Sawyer, the officer to whom the captain had directed him to report to receive the map. He discovered the officer, already mounted, riding down the road. The sergeant pursued him.

"Mr. Lieutenant," he gasped, "I'm to report to you for the sector and I couldn't get a second to do it until now. Could I borrow your map while there's a little daylight left?"

"Hullo, sergeant," said the lieutenant, leaning from the saddle to his questioner. "I wouldn't do any such good to borrow the map now, sergeant. I'm about to march the map now, and we won't be allowed any light. I wouldn't dare to lend it to you, because it's the only tre map we have."

"Oh, man!" muttered the sergeant helplessly.

"It isn't really necessary for you to have the map," said the lieutenant, moving out again. "Don't worry. You've got a first aid packet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's all you need."

With a loud cry from the different drivers and the slapping of whips the column moved forward. The battery turned out onto the main road. It began to rain and Eadie put on his slicker.

"Well, so we're driving," said he. "And I broke my neck to get up here in time to go with it. Figure that out! Well, I suppose it'd get here too late for it if I have been [illegible] sent!"

"Wait till you see the place we're at," said one of the machine gunners. "I wouldn't give a Dijon prune for our chances o' goin' ten yards."

"Have you been up on the front?" asked the sergeant in surprise.

"Up on the front?" cried all. "D—n right we've been up. Every night for the last couple weeks."

"Have we got a good place for the night?" asked Eadie.

Everyone tried to answer at once. They all laughed. Finally they set out in No Man's land about fifty yards in front of the trenches.

"And there's a great big hill in front of us," said Him, "so we can't see and on top of it's the boche. Boy, they can lean out of their observatories and spit on the gheezers."

"All right," said the gunners. "Wait till it gets daylight an' see."

Darkness fell and the rain increased. Eadie remembered that his gas mask had not had its eyepieces greased and that the rain would blur his vision so that he could not distinguish the flashes of the previous day that night march was doubly exhausting, even though he could rest by sitting on the steps of the foregun during the frequent halts. Try as he could, he could not shake off a deep depression, which, as the night and the march progressed, began to develop into downright fear.

"What's the matter, sergeant?" asked Him, sitting down beside Eadie during one of the halts. "You don't seem to have much to say."

"I tell you, Him, I'm scared," said Eadie. "I've been running around France for the last ten days or so and I'm all tired out. And then to be wet and cold. This rain gets my goat. They say that a man's first battle is the worst, and after that he doesn't mind. What a d—n lie! This isn't my first rerap by a long shot, but I'm twice as scared as I ever was in the Marne."

"Well I," said Him. "Walt till you see the front, though, and what we've got to drive against. Man, my teeth rattle every time I think of it."

The sergeant began to give shapes of the gunners moved back and forth in the darkness. A horse stamped, rattling his trace chains and his driver cursed softly. From the head of the column came a wailing cry, "For war-rd, hoooooo!"

"Up!" said the drivers, whips slapped, horses stamped, the carriages creaked. The men behind the foregun held little conversation. They were all machine gunners, with the exception of Eadie. There were two machine guns with each battery for aircraft defense, and one man was left with the guns to shoot at rabbing aeroplanes, while the rest bore down heavily on picks and shovels. The machine gunners were restrained on what their particular job would be during the coming attack. One thing they were sure of, that the job would be unpleasant. Eadie, on his part, was too tired to talk. Only once did he speak to Him.

"Him," said he, "did you see Darcy anywhere? Do you suppose they brought him up, or left him?"

"They probably left him to come along somewhere with the mess packs and the rest of the wheeled transport. He was wounded, you know, and just back from hospital."

"Wonderful!" cried Eadie, "what difference would that make? So was I!"

"Aw, you're not," said Him. "You're really hit," said Him. "Anyways, they need you to operate a gun more'n they need you for somethin'."

Eadie responded with a grunt. They marched in silence for some time, and then passed through a ruined town, where clicks of light showed in the cellars. Far off in the distance gleamed a row of lights, like those of a distant boulevard.

"Is that it?" asked Eadie.

"This is us," replied Him. "Them lights is the front line."

"How far further do we go?" asked Eadie.

"Oh, not a ways," said one of the machine gunners. "Yup, quite a drag yet. I've been over this road so many times I know every shell hole by heart."

"Scared, sergeant?" asked another man.

"D—n right, I'm scared, aren't you?"

"No, I ain't scared really, but my kidneys gets to workin' overtime. The minute we leave them last houses."

"Now, now," said Eadie coldly, in the action of the column, a long halt, a forward movement, an advance of a few yards, halt again, advance a few more, halt again, that the end of the march had been reached and that one of the guns were behind the gun of the road, flogged over the ditch and into the field to position in the field.

"Is Sergeant Eadie behind that fourgon?" called a voice from the darkness, that Eadie recognized as the captain's.

"Here, sir!" answered Eadie. He turned in the direction of the voice and found the officer's horse looming like a high bank along the road.

"Careful," said the captain, "there's a trench along the road. There's another one there. Feel around with your foot and you feel the bridge into it. Here, give me your hand."

The sergeant groped about until he found the officer's hand and then managed to get across what felt like a plank leading from the road to the high bank of the water spreading and

(Continued On Page 9)

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MONDAY, DEC. 12

Wm. Howard & Son

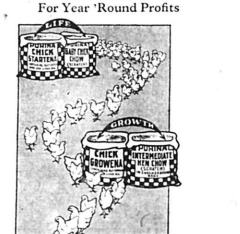
First Body in Graveyard

The first member of congress to be buried in the District of Columbia was Nalsworthy Hunter, a delegate from the territory of Mississippi. His death occurred March 11, 1802, and he was buried in Georgetown.

Boston's Beginning

On September 7, 1630, the city of Boston, Mass., was founded by John Winthrop and a colony of Puritans. These people had come over from England to Salem and Charlestown, Mass., the year before.

Feed a Balanced Ration For Year 'Round Profits



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The Store With The Checkerboard Sign

Pogue's

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In Cincinnati

IT'S worth your while to make a special trip to Cincinnati to buy your gifts from Pogue's! For besides the well-known Pogue quality—a subtle compliment to any recipient—there's a wonderful variety of things to please everybody in our Christmas stocks. Inexpensive, usable gifts are here in cheerful holiday boxes, as well as luxury gifts of the rare and costly kind, assembled from the ends of the earth for your selection.

And if you find it impossible to come in person, Jane Alden—our expert personal shopper—will fill your gift want speedily and satisfactorily. Write or call Main 4700, and she'll use her best skill in your behalf.

THE H. & S. POGUE COMPANY

CINCINNATI, OHIO

STATE NEWS BRIEFS

J. J. Wood, 89, for many years a leading druggist in Maysville, died Sunday.

John Carrington, 77, was found frozen to death in the rear of his country store in Lewis county Friday night.

The postoffice and general store of E. S. Pratt, at Hunter, Floyd county, was robbed and burned one night last week.

Horse racing contributed $285,000 to the state treasury during the year, W. H. Shanks, State Auditor, said last week.

Twenty prisoners in the state reformatory at Frankfort were paroled by the state board of charities and corrections last week.

Fire destroyed a new $25,000 school building at Auxier, Floyd county, with all efforts contents except the desks from two rooms.

Oil operators have secured leases on a number of farms in Grant county and will start drilling for the western section of the county.

Mrs. Ella Young, 87, one of the oldest women in Montgomery county, died Saturday when she was burned to death when her home in Mt. Sterling.

William M. Ward, student at Georgetown College, has been chosen as the Kentucky scholarship student from Kentucky for this year.

Taylor Forrester, son of Circuit Judge J. G. Forrester, of Harlan, was acquitted last week on a charge of killing a man at the August primary.

H. C. Davidson, former well known Lexington man, has been appointed United States attorney for the Phoenix, Arizona, district.

As the result of grand jury investigation of alleged election irregularities in Harlan county, sixteen persons were indicted last week.

Judge J. T. Webb, 74, former county judge of Graves county and for 4½ years a leading attorney of Western Kentucky, died last week at his home in Mayfield.

Approximately 2500 men from throughout the state attended the eleventh annual prayer service given by J. A. Coleman at Danville last Thursday night.

A thief entered the cloak room of the First Baptist church in Lexington Sunday night while services were in progress and took two overcoats and two hats.

The death penalty imposed on William Turner Harrod by the Jefferson circuit court for the murder of his estranged wife, was affirmed by the court of appeals last week.

Approximately thirty cases of tuberculosis, in which bovines are by skinning and dressing rabbits, have been found in Fayette county since the opening of the hunting season.

Fire believed to have been started from sparks from a locomotive caused damage of $75,000 to buildings adjoining the yards of the Southern Railway at Ludlow Friday night.

The Fayette county election commissioners have issued a certificate of election to J. J. O'Brien as Mayor of Lexington. The contest suit of Grant E. Lilly was dismissed in circuit court.

Virgil Kerr, 19, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary by a jury at Newport for stabbing to death his father, Samuel Kerr, following a dispute over a woman in their household.

Dr. Milton Board, of Louisville, last week declared his candidacy for state revenue agent and John Morris, former Congressman from the Seventh district, was named to the place by Governor Fields.

Maxine Miller, four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller, of Perry county, was scalded to death when she fell into a tub of boiling water in which her mother was preparing to wash clothes.

Senator Richard P. Ernst has announced his intention of retiring as a member of the Republican National Committee and John G. Stoll, publisher of the Lexington Leader, is a candidate for the place.

Reuben Deaton, 25, of Perry county, died at a Lexington hospital last week from injuries suffered when he was struck by a concrete mixer which fell from a bridge on which he was working.

The bodies of John Freeman, 75, and his wife, 70, were found in adjoining rooms in their home in Louisville Monday. Police believe Freeman killed his wife and committed suicide.

Ed Shanks, Fayette county tenant farmer, was shot and seriously wounded in a fight at the home of Noland Griffin on the Jack's Creek pike. James Butler, farmer is charged with the shooting.

D. H. Goums, mayor of Olive Hill, and his partner, Daniel Clyde, were arrested by federal prohibition agents last week on charges of violating the prohibition law, following a raid on their restaurant.

Mrs. Mary Adeline Baldwin Cox, 93 years old, who was the first student to enter Midway Female College when it was established in 1847, died at the home of her daughter in Lexington last week.

The home of James A. Brockhoe, sheriff of Estill county, at Irvine, was visited while members of the family were away from home by thieves Sunday, and two watches, rings and a diamond bar pin were stolen.

21 persons in Louisville last Friday required emergency dental and medical attention from the effects of escaping gas from heaters which had been reinlaid under the stands of the winter's first cold spell.

The body of James Strahlt, 65, was found in a barn on his farm in Marion county Monday. The head had been severed with a hatchet which was found in the barn. Robbery is believed to have been the motive.

Sam DeBarrett, William Jones and Harry Wagers, all of Richmond, were arrested last week on charges of holding up and robbing passengers on a Consolidated Coach Corporation bus near Bardstown Junction, it is said.

The seven passenger sedan of Mr. and Mrs. Rodes Sutton, of Lexington, was badly damaged and Mr. and Mrs. Sutton and Miss Mary McCarty were injured when the car skidded and overturned on the Versailles pike.

Through the efforts of the Elizabethtown chapter of the Isaac Walton League, the United States fish commission has stocked Severns Valley Creek, Wm. visited Paris Independent and deposited 10,000 crappies in Stoner and Houston creeks.

N. J. Parsons, county superintendent of schools of Franklin county, was elected president of the department of superintendents of the Kentucky Educational Association at the meeting of superintendents held at Louisville last week.

After being told that he had shot and killed what he was in a drunken frenzy at the home of his father-in-law, Lawrence county last week, George Sloan Willard, 21, went a short distance from the house and ended his life with a revolver.

A fourth trial for Fred E. Stevens, Jr., secretary of the Dixie Jewelry Company in Louisville, charged with complicity in robbing Herman Hamburger, New York jeweler, of $100,000 worth of diamonds two years ago, has been set for March 1. Three juries have disagreed in the case.

An indictment was returned by the Harlan county grand jury last week against the United States Coal and Coke Company at Lynch charging the company with coercing its employees in the recent ballot for Governor Fields.

Jones, who defeated J. G. Forrester for circuit judge in the November election.

The murder indictment against Dr. H. F. White, Owensboro physician, resulting from the death of Miss Katrina Gordon, 20 year old girl from the effects of an illegal operation in March, 1926, was dismissed in the Ohio circuit court last week. He had been tried twice on the charge, both trials resulting in hung juries.

A LITTLE TALK ON THRIFT

(By S. W. Straus, President American Society for Thrift)

At this time of year considerable attention is being given to charitable activities as well as to various thrift and welfare plans promulgated by business organizations to assist their employees. Every winter finds many who are worthy objects of charity. Reverses come to all and those who are not prepared to withstand them must be helped by others. But where there is no actual need of assistance it is no kindness to anyone to make him an object of charity.

The finest service that any man or any business can render others is to help them help themselves. And it may be added with equal truth that in helping others we always help ourselves. Good deeds worthily bestowed are never lost in their effect upon the donor.

It is an indication of progress and broader viewpoints that business is bearing these truths more and more. The tide is within the memory of many of us when the watchword both of employer and employee to a considerable extent was "get all you can from the other fellow." Today, notwithstanding occasional disturbances, a more liberal attitude exists on both sides. Employers have found that higher wages and better treatment brings its rewards in better service. Employees have learned that there are always just rewards for those who are willing to do their work with whole heart and hand.

We believe these conditions will continue more and more. We are far from social and economic ideal-ism but through a broad application of the principles of thrift, we are working constantly in that direction.

Nothing an employer can do for his workers is comparable to his own interests than to assist them in personal thrift. Nothing that the employee can do will more quickly develop efficiency and earn promotion than the practice of thrift with all their stabilizing influences.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS A SOUND INVESTMENT

Tuberculosis can be controlled in Kentucky by the use of three well known methods, measures, — curative, preventive and educational. These are carried out by a variety of agencies. Most important are sanatoria and hospitals for treatment, clinic service for early diagnosis, nurses for the instruction and supervision of patients and contacts in their homes, preventoriums and nutrition work for undernourished children who should not come near enough to develop tuberculosis.

Education is a notable disease fighter. The earlier the diagnosis and the sooner the treatment is started, the better the chances are for a real "arresting" the disease process.

Getting money for the work of tuberculosis examined is one of our most ably tuberculosis clinic service is necessary. This work has been demonstrated successfully in this state for the past six years. Every county wants to have the service continued. The work requires the support of physicians having special training and experience.

The purchase of Tuberculosis Christmas Seals will make possible the continuation and extension of these services. Every antituberculosis purchases the Seals strengthens their power. He not only helps those who are ill and whose lives are unknown to him; he also protects his own health and that of his family. Thus, in turn, he raises the physical standard of the community in which he lives, his state and the nation.

U. S. WAR COST 48 BILLION

The World War cost the United States nearly $48,000,000,000, Secretary of Treasury Mellon estimated last week.

Mellon, in his annual report to Congress, listed the total war cost as follows:

Military activities, $16,282,569,220.

Naval activities, $3,480,781,737.

War Emergency corporations, $4,187,600,269.

War expenditures under other departments and war agencies, $3,141,822, 843.

Interest on war debt to June 30, 1927, $8,116,343,095.

Loss of $16,000,000 worth of diamonds two years ago, has been set for March 1. Three juries

SALTWELL HONOR ROLL

Second grade, Julian Snapp, Garland Lartzwiser, Thirl grade, Vera Jaques, Sue Margaret Barlow, Hester Mattox, Addie Belle Dean; Fourth grade, Hazel Mae Dean, Charlotte Sooby; Fifth grade, H. A. Gaunce, Mark Gaunce, Georgia Allison, Walter Dean; Sixth grade, Catherine Allison, Eugene Earlywine, Eighth grade, Tempa Gaunce, Lelia Mattox, Vaughn Mather, Woodrow Gaunce.

O. R. Fryman, teacher

RAISING QUAIL IN PEN

"Save your winged quail and use them for breeding purposes next spring," is the advice offered sportsmen by Dr. William E. Harris, of Wilmington, Delaware, who has gained quite a reputation as a successful amateur raiser of the partridge "bob-white."

"For a number of years" says Dr. Harris, "I have made it a practice to keep all the quail I winged and I always take a small cage with me when I go gunning. In order that the wounded birds may be preserved. When I return home the birds are put in a pen until spring when they are mated and the eggs taken for hatching.

"A considerable number of settings may be obtained if the nests are robbed at intervals, as bobwhite will continue to lay until she has eighteen or twenty eggs in a clutch. Also, they should be provided with plenty of insects during the spring and summer."

MAMMOTH CAVE DRIVE

Campaign For $250,000 Being Waged Throughout State

Kentuckians are in the midst of their intensive effort to establish a Mammoth Cave area within the state "National Park Week" is on, and volunteer workers in all parts of the state are busy raising funds, through public contributions, the sum of $2,500,000 with which to purchase the Mammoth Cave area in the heart of Kentucky, for presentation to the Federal Government, which will thenceforth maintain and develop it as a National Park. Enthusiasm in behalf of the cause, which means tremendous things for the future progress of the state, is high, and workers are putting forth energetic effort into their solicitation, which is to extend to every man and woman 'n Kentucky.

T. P. Middletown, of Frankfort, has been appointed secretary of legislation to Governor Fields as Commissioner of Securities.

CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE

and the problem of selecting the right gifts. We have assembled a stock of Christmas toys for men, boys and young ladies that we believe is the largest we ever had, and have kept reasonable prices in mind. We don't believe you could find better values even in Cincinnati.

That important question "What to give him" is adequately answered at our store with hundreds of practical gifts, gifts to add to his comfort. Gifts to prize. Gifts that a man just likes to have. Another matter what price you wish to pay there is a gift waiting here for you. They are offered at prices that appeal to everybody.

Come to our store and let us solve your gift problems. It will be a pleasure to help all of us. We will be up Court Day, December 12.

D. Hellinger & Co. Inc

Maysville, Ky.

12 1 2t

PUBLIC SALE

We will sell at public auction on the farm of Mrs. T. W. Ratliff on the Cane Run pike, 2 1-2 miles from Weston, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1927 at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property:

1 dandy good 4 year old saddle mare
1 4 year old Jersey cow, fresh March 25, good one
1 8 year old Jersey cow, fresh Jan 1st
1 4 year old Jersey cow fresh July 1st
1 6 year old Jersey cow, fresh Jan. 15, good one
1 5 year old spotted cow, fresh June 10th; extra good one
1 Poland China sow, farrow Feb. 1
1 Poland China sow, farrow Feb. 20
1 Spotted Poland China sow, farrow Feb. 3
1 red sow, farrow Feb. 5
1 Chester White sow, farrow Feb. 15
1 white sow, farrow Feb. 20
1 spotted sow, farrow March 1
1 Poland China gilts, weigh 125 lbs
1 Poland China boar, weigh 125 lbs
1 spotted boar, weighs 125 lbs
8 good ewes, to lamb Feb.20
1 buck 1 wheat binder
1 Illenois tobacco setter
1 Randall harrow 1 A harrow
1 wagon and bed
1 corn sheller 1 2 horse sled
1 pair horse clippers 1 corn drill
Half interest in mond scraper
2 double shovel plows
1 single shovel plow 1 hillside plow
1 cream separator
25 barrels of picked corn
75 sheeks of fodder
2 tons of hay in barn
50 dozen good backline bound oats
A few household articles and other things too numerous to mention.

Terms—All sums under $10 cash; over that amount three months time with negotiable note.

Mrs. T. W. Ratliff

Help your town and county by patronizing the Carlisle Tobacco Market.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

This Car has been carefully checked and reconditioned where necessary

- ✓Motor
- ✓Radiator
- ✓Rear Axle
- ✓Transmission
- ✓Starting
- ✓Lighting
- ✓Ignition
- ✓Battery
- ✓Tires
- ✓Upholstery
- ✓Top
- ✓Fenders
- ✓Finish

OK by

USED CARS

"with an OK that counts"

Amazing Values And Easy Terms

Come to our salesroom and inspect our O.K.'d reconditioned cars. We have the car you want at a price that will please you—and our terms are unusually reasonable, with the lowest financing charges available through the General Motors Acceptance Corporation.

The red "O.K." tag is attached to the radiator of every one of our reconditioned cars. It means that the car has been gone over completely by expert mechanics, using genuine parts for all replacements. Look for this tag—and buy with confidence.

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Sell Your Tobacco with the Geary Tobacco Co.

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Local Representatives---Bruce Hughes, H. Stanley Blake

Warehouse Number 2 is on Manchester Street just off of the viaduct leading to the Old Frankfort Pike.

Warehouse Number 1 is on South Broadway, and holds over a half million pounds of tobacco and 200 loaded trucks.