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"It actually irritated me to have anyone talk to me, I was so nervous. Vinol ended this and I feel wonderful now."—Wm. Fahy.

Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how QUICK the iron, phosphates, etc., give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious. Hopkins Drug Co.

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$50 will be paid if R. V. Turner's Quick Relief Salve fails to relieve croup, head colds, catarrh, sore throat, headache, earache, eczema, itch, burns, risings, bruises, cuts, sores, rheumatic pains or piles. It is one of the most powerful, penetrating, germ-killing, pain-relieving and healing salves known to science. Removes corns in a few hours without pain; also need warts. Large box by mail, 60c. Agents wanted. Write for special terms. R. V. Turner, Box 1122, Montgomery, Ala.

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Because we KNOW this tire, we offer you

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THE CARLISLE AUTO LAUNDRY

Notice to Farmers!

Land and Hillside Vulcan, Syracuse and Chattanooga Plows, rights and lefts, wood and steel beams. Also disc and peg tooth Harrows, and the latest Improved Cream Separators.

Curry & Cameron

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By Leonard Nason

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS, D. S. C.

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(continued from last week)

Daylight. An orderly, smoking a cigarette, was sweeping the floor and picking up blankets and folding them. Another nurse appeared, an elderly one, rubbing her hands with the cold. "Good morning," she said to the orderly. "My, it's cold." She took a thermometer from her pocket and shook down the mercury. "Well, here's the first one," she remarked, sitting down beside Eadie's stretcher. She gave him the thermometer and began to take his pulse.

"How do you feel, son?" She was kindly-faced and gray-haired and her hand, for all it was cold as ice, felt very nice on the sergeant's wrist. She removed the thermometer and glanced at it.

"I feel fine," said Eadie. "When do they whittle on me?"

"Pretty quick," smiled the nurse. "I wouldn't like to be forgotten," said Eadie, grinning. "I've been here since yesterday."

"I know it's hard to wait," said the nurse, "but we're doing the best we can. The doctors work two and three days without sleep and I know a lot of nurses that haven't had their clothes off since the drive started." She got stiffly to her feet and went to the next man.

It was not very long after that before the stretcher was lifted again and they bore the sergeant into a black room. This he knew was the X-ray. Hands felt his dressings, scissors snipped, more cold hands.

"Foreign body," said a mysterious voice and something about centimeters.

"Ow!" cried Eadie. "Let us know the next time you want to run anything into me!"

"Steady now," said the voice, "it won't hurt you if you don't tense your muscles that way."

"What's In there?" asked the sergeant.

"A little bit of shrapnel. You can hardly see it."

"I saw the hole it went in," remarked Eadie. "That's enough for me."

Once more Eadie felt the stretcher seized, a door banged, and he was in a sudden glare of light. White walls, a host of people in white clothing, and a cold table on which he was laid. The sergeant's heart beat very fast for a little while, for this was the cutting room. A man with spectacles looked at Eadie with great interest.

"I think you're a goldbrick," said the man with spectacles suddenly "You don't look as if you were wounded the slightest bit."

"I am, though," grinned Eadie.

"So it appears," muttered the doctor, reading Eadie's card. "How long since you were wounded?" he asked.

"Yesterday, some time. In the morning. It's on the card," replied Eadie.

"That's the time you were treated that's marked on the card. You might have been wounded last week. Well, it's long enough, anyway. Go ahead with that ether."

"Now at first on that ether stuff," said Eadie, "I won't fight it if you go a little easy on it."

"Trust me," said the man at the head of the table. "Now. Take a whiff of it. How's that?"

"By G—d, it smells good!" replied Eadie. It did, too. The first breath of it brought him a pleasant sensation of sleepiness and the second he drew in deeply as a man might a breeze from the ocean.

"Getting sleepy, Eadie?" asked the man at the ether, having read the patient's name on the card.

"Yup. Don't start to whittle before I get tatsey, though."

"No, we won't. You're going fine, Eadie. Let's hear you count."

There was a roaring in Eadie's ears now, a rushing of many waters. Count? Let them count themselves A hand seized his arm. Eadie struggled up out of the waves of sleep as a man returns to the surface after a dive.

"Don't cut yet?" he cried. "I'm not asleep!" The roaring in his ears swelled louder.

CHAPTER VIII

Treating Gunshot Wounds

Eadie began to awaken as a man does after a long night's sleep. His first thought was that it was all over, whatever Iron he carried had been removed, and now there was nothing to be done but to get well. He opened his eyes. There was a nurse beside him, a young one, who looked at him seriously.

"Waked up?" she asked. "How do you feel?"

"Great," said Eadie weakly.

"What was the matter?" asked the nurse. "Appendicitis?"

"Appendicitis h—ll! I was shot through the belly!"

The slightest flicker of annoyance passed over the nurse's face. She stepped quietly to the foot of the bed and read the card there. When she came back her expression had changed completely.

"Don't talk any more!" said the nurse quickly. Not a word. If you have any pain, put up your hand and I'll come right down to you. Don't groan. Don't drink any water." She put a basin on a chair where Eadie could reach it easily and went swishing away.

"Appendicitis?" thought Eadie. "Where did she get that?"

There was a great wide roll about his middle, a pile of bandages like a feather bed. It was satisfying to have a real wound for once, a wound you could point to and say, "There it is!" or "If you don't believe it, read the card." And the whole outfit had seen him struck down! The major would be sorry. Tough on the major. He would send pompously for Sergeant Eadie and would learn that Sergeant Eadie had been seriously wounded, and the same shell had killed two other men. He slept again, came back to consciousness and found a thermometer in his mouth, and slept once more.

It was broad daylight when Eadie opened his eyes again. He was in a bare wooden structure, a portable house, one of those things that are put up by sections. It had a floor that boomed like a drum. Men in bobnails ran up and down this floor in a morning endeavor to make all the noise possible. Doors banged incessantly. There was a steady flow of stretcher bearers past the foot of Eadie's bed. Clomp, clump, clump.

The place was thick with cigarette smoke, making the stingiest cough. His head began to spin with the noise and the cigarette smoke burned like fire. A doctor and a nurse appeared and stopped at the next bed. They looked at the man there in silence and then the nurse did something with the sheet. Eadie turned for a better look. They had covered the other man's face.

"Now then," said the doctor, "this man."

The nurse turned back the blankets, pulled up Eadie's shirt and cut away the bandage. Eadie raised up and regarded himself. He had a long seam in his abdomen, neatly sewed in criss-cross stitches. It looked a lot like the lacing on a football and the resemblance was the more remarkable because a piece of rubber protruded from one end of the lacing. The doctor gave a tentative tug with a pair of tongs at this bit of rubber and a steady stream of blood leaped out of the hole into which the rubber disappeared. The doctor deadened.

"When do you want him to go?" asked the nurse.

"Let's see. He came in yesterday noon. Let him stay a day or so. Chests and abdomens aren't supposed to be moved immediately."

"No, send me out!" requested Eadie. "This place will kill me. Haven't you got a boiler factory somewhere where I can rest in peace?"

"I don't see why we can't give you a private room and a special nurse," snapped the doctor with unnecessary sarcasm. "We only handle about two thousand cases a day. Send him out if he wants to go." The doctor went on to the next case.

The banging doors and the clattering bobnails and the smoke and the shooting pain continued, but late in the day stretcher bearers appeared and brought their weapon alongside Eadie's bed.

"By golly, this is quick work!" said Eadie. "This is the fastest I've moved since I was in the army! Where do we go from here?"

"Hospital train. Take you to the base."

The sergeant, then, hanging on a bearer's neck and moving his feet sideways, transferred himself from bed to stretcher, two blankets were put over him, and he was borne out of the noisy ward. A long swaying journey, marked with much grunting on the part of the bearers, and great clattering of board runways under foot, brought them to a dark shed. This must be the loading platform for the hospital trains, for Eadie could hear an engine panting somewhere and the clash and rattle of shifting cars. The stretcher was laid down on some wooden horses, the blankets removed, and the bearers left him. The shed was very cold and the stretcher became after a while extremely uncomfortable. The brace that held the stretcher open ground into his shoulders. He found that by pulling up his legs and crawling down a way, this pressure was relieved, but such a position cannot be maintained for any length of time by anyone but a snake. If he shoved the other way his head and shoulders bothered. He tried resting his head on a handle of the stretcher. This worked until he dropped into a doze and his head rolled off, nearly breaking his neck. A man went by and to him Eadie called.

"Hey, guy, how long have I got to wait here?"

"Couple of minutes, buddy," said the other over his shoulder, not even pausing to see who had called.

"Couple of minutes! I've been here a couple of hours already!"

"You're right, soldier," said a weak voice. "What the h—l are we waiting for here? This is no way to treat a wounded guy! You'd think we was on the town or something!"

(continued on page 8)

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Are you one of thousands of Kentucky women constantly overworked by necessary household duties—washing, ironing, sweeping, cooking, sewing?

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Our local manager will gladly give you full information

(NOTE: The figures above are based on an average rate of 11 cents per kilowatt hour)

KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY

Important Announcement

to every owner of a

Model T Ford

"By Golly, This Is Quick Work!" Said Eadie. "This Is the Fastest I've Moved Since I Was in the Army."

ON MAY 25, 1927, when Henry Ford first announced his plans for making a new car, he announced also that he would continue to make parts for the Model T Ford. He said:

"The Model T Ford car was a pioneer. It blazed the way for the motor industry and started the movement for good roads everywhere. It broke down the barriers of distance in rural sections, brought people in these sections closer together, and placed education within the reach of everyone. We are still proud of the Model T Ford. If we were not, we would not have continued to make it so long."

For twenty years, the Model T Ford led the automobile industry and it still serves more people than any other automobile. Over one-third of all the automobiles in use today are Model T Fords — an indication of the sturdy worth of the car and its value to people in all walks of life the world over.

The Ford Motor Company will continue to make replacement parts for these cars "until the last Model T is off the road." That is a part of Ford service. That is what Henry Ford meant when he said: "We believe that when a man buys one of our cars we should keep it running for him as long as we can and at the lowest up-keep cost."

Because of this policy a considerable part of the Ford manufacturing plants is given over to the making of parts for the Model T Ford. These replacement parts are made of the same material and in the same way as those from which your car was originally assembled.

Make it a point, therefore, to see the nearest Ford dealer and have him look over your Model T Ford. You may find that a very small expenditure will enable you to get thousands of miles of additional service, and at the same time protect the money you have invested in your car.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Building for the Ages

Built centuries ago, yet built so well that it will withstand many more centuries, the Sphinx stand as a lasting monument to honest effort

So may we of Carlisle build, not alone the material creations which go toward making up this community, but may we also build good will upon a foundation of honest trading with our fellow men, so that it will outlast even the most substantial of concrete erections. To make our dreams of a greater community come true, we must start to build from the very foundation. Confidence in our home institutions, as evidenced by our trade relations with them, is the cornerstone—careful and conscientious regard for our credit standing in our dealings, and a willingness to do our full share in any and every enterprise that tends to the good of our community, are the materials we should use in our building, if it is to outlast the ages.

And Remember This

Carlisle is the logical town in this section of the White Burley Belt for a Tobacco Market. With a Redrying Plant, with Three Large Brick Warehouses, with an enormous Storage House and a surrounding territory that grows some of the finest white burley in Kentucky, there can be no question of the continued success and maintenance through the *years of a tobacco market here, once it is established.*

The Ohio is to be bridged at Maysville. What has that to do with a Tobacco Market? Just this, in our opinion. Railroads build for the future; great railroad corporations look far ahead. The routing of freight from the Kentucky mountains through Carlisle and Maysville means a saving of many days in the hauling of coal to the Great Lakes. It is conceivable that this will become a mighty important branch of the L. & N., with the completion of the Maysville bridge. Shipping facilities will be tremendously improved. That will be another talking point for

Carlisle—The Logical Tobacco Market

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