REMEMBER THE BIRDS

When men are embushed by the first flying snow and the first biter temperature they may retreat to the warm security of their closed houses; but birds, whose ancient premonitions have bee.me atrophied through the faults of civilization, have no such swift expedient.

Wild life in general degenerates under the influence of men's society and there has been a remarkable and ominous change in recent years in the migrating habits of many New England birds. M.re and more feathered citizens (or at naturalists say) are overruling the natural pull of the southland in the early winter and are attempting to brave out the frigid months in the North. And more and more of them are being trapped after the snow flies by their inability to reach that rich supply of food upon which they had counted.

Now is the time to get out the door-yard dining hall, and to begin the daily business of supplying it with food. Bread crumbs, crackers, grain, suet, meat scraps and a dozen other items, chiefly looked upon as waste in the kitchen, will serve very well indeed. Here's a charity that costs nothing and repays the little effort involved by daily presenting charming pictures outside the window. Few door-yards are so city-bound that they will not invite the birds, and those urban residents who have never ventured the interesting business before will be highly surprised at the number and variety of flying visitors attracted to their bounty. Frost is creeping into the ground. Today is the day to begin.—Providence Journal.

SHE'S A HE-MAN

A Louisville paper represents the opening of Highway No. 60 with a cartoon of Miss Louisville greeting Miss Western Kentucky with an embrace and a kiss. The cartoonist overlooks the fact that western Kentucky is a full grown man.

THE BATTLE AFTER THE ARMISTICE

In the late war there came a terrible moment! A more terrible moment than all the moments of the long years! It was the period during which a battle was in progress and men were wounded and men were killed while and after the armistice was signed by the powers involved.

It was not that suffering was worse. It was not that death was more lasting than before. Wounds and the snuffing out of life were just the same.

But it was a thing of deep, deep tragedy that men should be maimed and youths should die—unnecessarily.

Today mankind, which has been fighting a pestiferous world battle with the germs of tuberculosis, stands in the position of the troops—still fighting after the leaders have signed an armistice. To fall disabled by tuberculosis, incapacitated by it for months or years, at a lifetime, to die from it is as tragic as it was to have lost soldiers during that solemn Eleventh of November, 1918. "It is no longer necessary."

There was once a time when we fought tuberculosis in the dark. We did not know what caused it. We knew not how it got from one to another. We knew nothing that we could do which would prevent it from causing death. It was not very long ago that we found the germ that is the cause. We were shown beyond a shadow of a doubt that tuberculosis people spread it by coughing and spitting and sneezing without covering the mouth; that food handled by those who had the germs in their sputum and who were not particular about cleanliness, helped to disseminate it; that the milk-products and improperly prepared flesh of tuberculous cattle spread some forms of the disease in human beings; that crowded, insanitary living under minded peoples' resistance to the germs and that improper treatment resulted in death.

There are still those who fight in ignorance of this newer knowledge; there are yet victims succumbing to the disease and many are dying.

It is for the elimination of this tragically unnecessary suffering; it is to prevent the terrible grief that comes when people learn that their loved ones have contracted or died from a wholly unnecessary disease; it is to make this world a safer and healthier, and happier place into which to bring children that the great National organization and the State associations, the local county and small community groups are working every day of every month throughout every year.

Tuberculosis is not conquered. It can be.

There is not one who has a sensitive imagination, not one who has a great and sympathetic heart, not one who has a loved child in his family or acquaintanceship but must generously support the work of shortening the battle which is going on.

Now is the time of year when that support is asked, and until the end of January the funds should keep "coming in."

Tuberculosis is no longer necessary. Let each one do his part toward shortening the fight still too tragic to thousands of us.

RULES FOR MEASURING GRAIN AND HAY ON FARM

Rules for measuring grain and hay on the farm are given by H. A. Ward, farm management field agent for the College of Agriculture.

It is important to know the correct amount of feed and supplies on hand, in taking the annual farm inventory, he points out. Otherwise results for the year will be misleading.

It is impossible to weigh all feed on hand, but the quantity can be determined accurately by measuring like bin, crib or mow and the quantity determined from the number of cubic feet of space occupied.

To find the number of bushels of shelled corn or grain, find the total cubic feet of space occupied by multiplying the length by the width by the average depth or height of grain, and divide this result by 1¼.

The number of bushels of ear corn is determined by dividing total cubic feet by 2¼.

The number of tons of hay can be determined by dividing the total cubic feet of hay by 400, if the hay is not well packed, and 450 where hay is well packed.

The amount of silage remaining in a silo can best be determined by consulting a silage table chart. These tables and instructions are given in both the Kentucky Farm Inventory Book and the Kentucky Account Book, which can be obtained from county agents or writing to the College of Agriculture at Lexington.

Red Stars, which will soon appear in the east as a conspicuous feature of the winter evening skies, are probably spotted like the sun.

Each enormous bearing of a great bridge span, Sydney Harbor, Australia, will take a 25,000 ton thrust from the foot of the tremendous steel arch butted against it.

IN STARTING in the New Year of 1928, we wish to take this opportunity of thanking those who have favored us in the past year and hope that our friendly relationship may continue.

We also welcome any new friends who have not been calling on us and assure them that they will find the most modern and complete line of dress goods, clothing and shoes that can be found anywhere, with prices that will suit every purse.

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Spanning mountains, valleys, forests, farmlands, rivers, creeks and swamps—from end to end of the state—the electric power transmission lines of this company cover 1,600 miles.

These power lines carry electrical energy from several large generating stations to 183 cities, towns and villages, lighting streets, homes, stores and offices.

This energy also turns the wheels in more than 2,000 factories, mills, mines and other industrial plants, and operates labor-saving machinery and appliances on hundreds of farms.

Wherever it goes, this flow of electricity increases wealth, encourages industry, speeds progress, provides comforts, reduces drudgery and hardship.

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The earth has 430 active volcanoes according to recent count.

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The wish of a Kafer is the only woman who is always glad to see her husband down and out.

Purchased in Quantities
Red tape doesn't come in the yard. —Detroit Free Press.

SUMMARY

The Combined Bridge Meets the Whole Need. Vehicular Bridge Less Than Half of It.

The future of Maysville and the country from Paris, Ky., to Dayton, O., depends on a north and south railway acrossth e Ohio From Maysville, Ky. to Aderdeen, O.

For the present this concludes our public statements on the matter of a combined railway and vehicular traffic bridge from Maysville to Aberdeen. We think we have clearly shown that the bridge is essential to the development of this whole section from Paris to Dayton.

We have shown that:

First, the supreme need of this section is a north and south main railroad tapping the Kentucky coal fields and giving us a direct outlet to the Great Lakes and the entire middle west; also this mainline can logically be established by utilizing the L. & N. Paris-Maysville division, hooking up with the bridge at Maysville, then the construction of 87 miles of line on to Dayton.

Second, this north and south mainline would interconnect with fifteen other railroads, the C. & O. and L. & N. in Kentucky and thirteen in Ohio, including Henry Ford's road, the Pennsylvania, Erie, B. & O. and other lines, necessarily making this north and south mainland one of the important carriers of freight, especially coal, for over it would go much of the Kentucky mining products direct to Dayton, Detroit and the whole Great Lakes and middle west territory.

Third, the cumulative effect of this combined bridge with its endless auto and truck traffic, plus its railway shipments, would probably soon result in hooking up the Licking Valley and giving new impetus to this whole section, adding values to every dollar's worth of property in it, thus spreading the benefits over all alike.

Fourth, this combined bridge with all it means to the development of this section, is demanded by substantial business men all up and down the line, clear to Lexington on the south and Dayton on the north—men who see its necessity to the future of this section.

Finally, this combined bridge can be built and will begun as soon as authorized by Congress. Any statement to the contrary lacks basis in fact as it does good faith.

The men back of this enterprise are well known, successful business men, able and determined to carry through this great public service to completion. They are spending their own money in large sums for the important preliminary work incident in such undertakings. They are doing it because they know that an exclusively vehicular bridge, though an excellent investment, could not possibly meet the great, outstanding need to be supplied by the combined bridge.

If you wish to have a part in thus opening up this great Maysville-Aberdeen Gateway, the greatest enterprise in this section in the last fifty years, we welcome your support and co-operation.

Another bill has been introduced in Congress providing for a bridge for vehicular purposes only. Some proponents of that plan suggest that both bills be passed. That would, of course, defeat the whole purpose of providing for a combination bridge, for, it is evident to all, the two propositions probably could not be financed.

Respectfully,

Maysville Bridge Company

Chevrons

by Leonard Nason

Illustrations by Irwin Myers DSC

WNU SERVICE

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"You march alongside of me, Jake," said Eadie, "I'm rankest man of this battery after the first sergeant and if anyone kicks I'll say I kept you here in case the caisson got mired, to help pull it out again."

The march of the column was more lively, there was an atmosphere of gayety about that had been absent the night before. The men had had a long night's rest, they had eaten three excellent meals, and most of them had managed to replace losses by the simple expedient of plundering replacements or breathless members of other batteries. Their stomachs were full of bacon and canned beans, and cigarettes were plentiful. What more could a man want?

The march was through rolling country and as it grew darker, a half moon lighted the landscape. The column mounted a long hill, the men breasting it bravely, and from its summit Eadie and Jake could see the line of the marching troops for miles, looped up and down the hills, plainly marked by the glow of thousands of cigarettes.

"Man," cried Jake, "the whole Amer-

"Man," Cried Jake, "the Whole American Army Must Be on This Road!"

ican army must be on this road! Look at 'em, as far as you can see!"

"There may not be anyone on the road but our own brigade," said Eadie. "A war strength brigade of field artillery covers two miles and a half of road."

"Yeh, but look at that other road!" Jake pointed across the hills and sure enough, another road was outlined, far, far away, by the tiny red dots of the cigarettes.

"It shows you how far you can see a cigarette butt, doesn't it?" observed Eadie. "I'll remember that the next time I'm at the front."

"Do you know what I think?" said Jake darkly. "I think there won't be no more front. After the way them bochs lit out at Saint Mihiel, the war may be over any day. They're licked. I tell you. The reason we got relieved so quick was because the bochs was askin' for peace. You wait an' see."

"Don't believe all you hear," replied Eadie.

They descended the hill and coming nearer the fields at the bottom, Eadie could see a great number of men and horses, running about in the moonlight, like a hunting scene on an old tapestry.

"What's comin' off here?" muttered Eadie.

"Them?" asked Jake. "Them's men chasin' horses."

"Ah," said Eadie, "I thought they were learning to swim. You great big yuk, don't you suppose I can see? What do they want to chase horses along the sides of a marching column for?"

"Listen to a soldier for a mink," said Jake. "This horse tag is old stuff for us. When we was hikin' up from Mandres we used to play it every night. We must be following a John outfit now like we was then. The Johns don't know how to take care of their goats. D'yah see, and when a goat lays down, they takes the harness off him an' shoves him into the ditch. Well, he gets up in a hour or so, an' gambols about carelessly an' free an' as good as ever he was. Then the old hard-boiled regulars comes along and is in one horse, G. I."

"There seem to be a lot of 'em," said Eadie, looking again at the running men and the galloping horses. The men were strangely silent and Eadie decided that they dared not shout lest some one in authority hear and interrupt them in their chase.

"I learned a lot since I come in this outfit," said Jake. "Tell me, you that's supposed to be a walkin' Handbook for Drivers an' Cannoneers, how many public animiles is there in a division?"

"Twenty-seven thousand," answered Eadie.

"Twenty-seven thousand?" cried Jake. "What the h—l are you givin' us? J—s! Well, maybe there are twenty-seven thousand public animals at that. No, but four-footed ones, how many, now? Answer quick without lookin' it up."

"I don't know," said Eadie. "How the h—l should I know? I have all I can do to handle my own end of the business. How many are there?"

"Well, there's close to eight thousand, and if only two or three out of every hundred fall down and won't get up on a march and then get up after the harness is pulled off 'em, there'll be quite a lot of 'em running around. Well, as it is, about two or three in each ton take a dop. Eadie, the horses the French give us ain't worth the bullet to kill 'em. They ain't worth the coal it would take to melt 'em down for glue."

"I know it," said Eadie. "It's lucky the war is nearly over or we'd be dragging our own guns."

As the night advanced a bank of clouds gradually covered the moon, and shortly after midnight it began to rain heavily, a steady perpendicular downpour.

The column that had been marching silently along broke into a chorus of cries and protestations, a weird melody that died away out of hearing, the curses of the men mingled with the rustle of thousands of slickers being donned and the drumming of the rain on a hundred caisson lids.

"Whoo!" said Eadie, ducking his head against the rush of rain, "this will be nice to go to bed in, won't it? It won't last, though, it's coming down too hard."

"It's begun to run down the inside of my pants already," replied Jake. "U—d, ain't it cold?"

The rain fell through the rest of the march. The slickers issued the Americans had all been cut very short, ostensibly to keep the bottom of them out of the mud and so prevent the slicker from hindering the wearer's marching. There was, undoubtedly, some other reason for this circumcision, because the French army throughout the war furnished its soldiers with an overcoat of comfortable length and the marches of the French were just as long as any other army's. The shortness of the American slicker resulted in the draining of the water from its surface onto a very vulnerable and sensitive part of the soldier, the back of his legs, and from there it seeped down inside the puttee into the shoe.

The march itself was tiring enough, but once the men were thoroughly wet, their progress became torture. The rolling hills that they had so gleefully climbed in the moonlight now became mountains, stretching up to unknown heights in the blackness. Eadie and Jake, too tired to talk, pounded along behind the caisson. Jake was in particularly bad luck, for he was not only unused to marching, but he had a full pack on his back over which he had put his slicker, so that he looked like a particularly fetching bumbleback. He dared not take off his pack, even in the darkness, for while a gas mask and pistol belt can be hung on a caisson unseen, a pack bulks too large and the ghostly horsemen of the previous night still splashed their way down the column, wheeled just beyond the caisson, and splashed their way back, spiraling and curling against the best of the rain.

There were frequent halts, but no one sat down to rest. The two men behind the caisson leaned their weary heads on the cold steel lid and when the caisson moved away from in front of them they knew that the march had begun again. Eadie's feet burned, the back of his legs ached, his shoulders ached, his head reeled from fatigue.

There was not even the changing scenery to relieve the monotony, for he could see nothing but the dim figure of the caisson's driver hunched on the high horse and probably asleep. All else was thick, black chaos, out of which streamed the rain.

"Last night," muttered Jake, during a halt, "I was a corporal an' slept all the bike on a bag of oats."

"You should have known enough not to monkey with the Y. M. C. A.," said Eadie.

"Aw, he was a good lad," replied Jake, "but I never knew it to fail. You go out of your way to do a favor to some one and all yuh get out of it is a stick with the dirty end towards yuh."

"Cheer up," said Eadie. "I've been thinking that I might be able to get you a job on my detail."

"Yeh?" asked Jake with interest. "That'll be fine an' you can get as drunk as you want to and I'll bring you home."

"There's a lot of work to it," admonished Eadie. "This bike detail is a picnic beside what you'll be expected to do."

"I might be scared," said Jake, "if I didn't know you. Anything that you tie yourself up with won't have much more work than would give a man a good appetite."

The march finally came to an end and the carriages were taken off the road and into woods, the leaves of the trees and the underbrush streaming with water. Eadie's caisson was still on the road, waiting its turn to cross the ditch, when the blackness and the falling rain seemed to suddenly crystallize into three figures that Eadie recognized by their shapes to be Baldy, Short and Ham.

"Quick," said the three wraiths, "off with that d—d tarp an' let's get under it. The orders just come from the major to water horses. After a thirty-mile hike in the rain, by G—d!"

"They must be thirsty," said Eadie, "but why all the rush to get to bed?"

"There'll be happy h—l jumpin' here in another minute," said Ham. "The top wun't let any one go to bed before the cuss and he'll have to be with the horses if he doesn't get to bed until tomorrow noon!"

"It's so black he won't know wheth or we're there are not, provided he don't see us. Make it fast!"

Ham seized the tarpaulin from the top of the caisson.

"Under the first tree with it," said Eadie. "Put it down and then we fold the rest over us. It's going to be a sure bed whatever way we fix it."

"Who the h—l is this?" demanded Ham, running against Jake in the darkness.

"It's Red Jake," said Eadie, "the big guy that came back with me to Coetquidan. He's going to be a member of the liaison detail, so he'll sleep with us."

There was a half minute silence.

"Their's room for one more, I think," observed Short Mack finally.

"But he's got two blankets, hasn't he?" cried Eadie. "I've that timber-gut chess you've got in place of brains. With the two we've got already, that's four blankets over us and two extra blankets aren't to be found on every bush this weather."

The five men put down the tarp, spread their slickers on it, lay down and covered themselves with the four blankets, and then pulled the rest of the tarp over themselves. Then snuggling close to each other for warmth, they were soon asleep.

Ten days after the battery had been relieved at Saint Mihiel, they were camped in a mysterious wood, somewhere back of the front. They knew they were not far from the front, for at least once a day an anti-aircraft battery in rear of them would open fire on a hostile plane and trumpeters were stationed at different parts of the wood to blow "attention" every time they heard an airplane. When this call was sounded, everyone was supposed to get under cover.

The men had been in that wood for four days. Six nights they had spent on the march, night after night of rain, and mud, and fatigue, night after night of clubbing tired horses to their feet, of dodging wacks, of snatching a minute's rest by riding the trail of a carriage, of sleeping in wet wooden wet blankets, nights of rumors, of contradictory orders, and of every kind of misery that hastily formed, ignorant staffs inflict on hastily formed armies. There was no system of supply nor even an attempt at one, so that the battery replaced its losses by theft. They stole food meanwhile, blankets, horses, and harness. They even stole transport, with small success, however, for wagons are always marked with the name of their proper organization. Baffled at this, the battery stole carts from the farmhouses along the line of march. This also was a failure, for the inhabitants of that region had become accustomed to soldiers through four long years and knew at once where to look for anything they found missing. Finally, the battery had come to these woods, and had spent a delicious four days there doing nothing.

In the shelter of a pile of hay bales sat four men, Eadie, Short Mack, Baldy and Jake, and they were having a morning's schooling in the duties of the liaison detail. Short Mack was asleep, Jake and Baldy were shooting jawbone crap for their next month's wages, and Eadie was rolling a cigarette and wishing he was with Ham and the machine gunners. They were off in a field learning how to shoot captured German machine guns. Eadie's captain had formed a school for the liaison detail and placed Eadie in charge of it. Red Jake, not without doubt and misgiving on the captain's part, had become a member of the liaison detail.

Eadie had a map, a firing table, and a number of books spread before him in case an officer should appear. From one of these books he read aloud, more to keep Short Mack awake than for any other reason.

"The main objections," read Eadie aloud, "to pigeons as a method of liaison are that they can only be employed from front to rear and not for lateral communications, the messages sent by them must be coded, they cannot be used for carrying messages by night, and they cannot be used in a war of movement because they cannot find their loft if the loft and its whole position is constantly changing."

"How much does a pound of pigeon's milk weigh?" asked Short, without opening his eyes.

"Ugh!" grunted Jake, "comin' out for a point! Hah, six! Jump up, six, four an' two, shoot pennies to daddy!"

"Four an' three, you know me!" chanted Baldy in response.

Eadie put down his book and cranel his neck around the pile of bales to look at the kitchen. The long, folding table had been set up and two pans of bread were already on it. The cook, holding one end of a pole, the other end of which was supported by the K. P., was hoisting out a marmite of coffee, which was placed at the end of the table where the K. P. could ladle out half a cup to each man as he went by.

"It's getting near chow-time," said Eadie. Short at once sat up and the two crap shooters suspended operations for a look at the kitchen. Simultaneously with the appearance of the machine gun detail marching in from the range, a trumpeter took his station in an open place in the woods and began to finger his trumpet, blow out the mouthpiece, and consult his wrist watch. Eadie at once gathered up his map and books and tucked them out of sight under a bale of hay. Then each member of the liaison detail drew a messkit from under his blouse, and waited in the attitude of a man about to run a race.

"He'll blow chow right on top of recall like he did yesterday," said Eadie, "and we'll be first in line. Now you kids will be thankful you've got a man in charge of you that thinks about little things such as holding school right near the kitchen, and giving the tip to bring messkits with you."

"You'll make me cry," remarked Short. "Of course this thoughtful guy never thought about havin' himself right near the slum canoan."

(To be continued)

Aid to Memory

Avoid debt. It seldom happens that man loses his memory and wanders away if his debts are paid.—Detroit News.

200 MORE BOXES!

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7

Promptly at 3 o'clock

Oh! Such Wonderful Bargains

We have found many more wonderful bargains to go in the Suprise Boxes; many articles that we thought too valuable to give away in this manner. But WE MUST CLEAN UP THIS STOCK. So into the boxes they go! There will be 200 of them to be opened, beginning promptly at 3 p. m. Saturday, January 7. What you will find in them will surprise you—one article alone may be worth the price of the entire box. And you may be lucky enough to get one of the boxes containing a Dollar Bill. You remember the fun of our Box Social. It's worth the price to see the boxes opened. Be here Saturday promptly at 3 o'clock

Sale Prices On All Goods

Sale prices are left standing in our store. We must make a clean sweep and though our Great Sale is extended prices remain the same. All goods are displayed as they were during the sale and marked in plain figures. We want to give those who didn't have an opportunity to share in this Bargain Feast before the Holidays a chance. We must dispose of this stock before our lease expires and we want all of our loyal customers to get the benefit of prices that have never been equaled in Carlisle.

Don't Forget the "Box Social" Saturday

Brayfield Dry Goods Co.

Big Burley Headley No. 1 Headley No. 2

"Sell With The Burley"

Shelburne Old Independent Central

Warehouses owned exclusively by Farmers and operated by a Farmer's Organization for the Farmer's Benefit.

Tobaccos promptly unloaded, carefully handled, properly sorted and accurately weighed.

Selling fees--25 cents per hundred and 2 1-2 per cent commission, but no charge over 80 cents per hundred

Below we list the names of a few of the Nicholas County growers who have profited by "Selling With The Burley" since the holidays

Date	Whse. No.	Grower	Pounds	Crop Avr.	High Basket
Dec. 30	63	Walter Stone & W. W. Riggs Carlisle	5845	$36.91	$ .49
Dec. 30	63	T. L. Clark & Walter Stone & W. W. Riggs, Carlisle	2845	41.74	.45
Dec. 30	63	C. S. Whaley & C. T. Whaley Carlisle	2670	33.13	.47
Dec. 30	63	Walter Stone & Wallace Rigg Carlisle	2135	31.13	.44
Dec. 30	52	Forest Dalzell & James Honaker Carlisle	4000	30.49	.42
Dec. 30	63	E. Clinkenbeard & Son Carlisle	3355	30.67	.42

We have sold over our floors in Lexington since the holidays, 375,540 lbs. at an average of $27.16

Boost your own business, Mr. Farmer, and "Sell With The Burley"

THE BURLEY TOBACCO GROWERS' CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION (Incorporated)

LEXINGTON, JAMES STONE, President and General Manager KENTUCKY