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WASHKOWSKY'S OLD SHOE

We call the attention of the American Bankers Association to the case of Mr. Washkowsky of Smallire. Mr. Washkowsky is hard working and thrifty, but like so many of us his education is defective; who is to blame for that we don't know. Mr. Washkowsky has been saving a part of his weekly wages for a long time, but hadn't told Mrs. Washkowsky where he was depositing his nest egg. That was a mistake, probably, but an inquiry into it belongs to another branch of attraction with which it is probable the bankers association cannot be held to have any concern.

But with Mr. Washkowsky's depository it has. He chose for that purpose an old shoe. He kept the shoe and its mate in his closet, and up to the other day had tucked away in one of them savings amounting to $750. On that same other day Mrs Washkowsky, rummaging Mr. Washkowsky's closet like a good housewife, seeking what she could throw away or transfer to another place where Mr. Washkowsky couldn't find it, as is the habit of good housewives, found this same pair of old shoes. We suppose she said to herself Mr. Washkowsky not being present to have it said to him, "Isn't that just like a man?" and acting thereupon just like a woman she sent the shoes to the cobbler to be repaired. It was either that or the ash barrel for them, and being frugal and Mr. Washkowsky pay tho the cobbler bills anyway, she sent them to the cobbler.

A distraught man was Mr. Washkowsky when he next went to make a deposit in his old shoe. "What new place," he asked in that matter tone affected by husbands on similar occasions, "have you found for my old shoes?" Mrs. Washkowsky told him, expecting to be praised for her thoughtfulness. Women—but that's another branch of education.

Mr. Washkowsky went to the cobbler and found his shoes, but not the money, which he cannot but feel he has confiscated and processively compelled to pay off the national debt. Now that we advise paying it off, because that would have congress nothing to toss with Mr. Mellon about, but if deposited in banks our banker might have some to lend when we want it, which he now never has, he says, money is very scarce. We hold it is not; it is merely in Mr Washkowsky's shoe.

Seeing that we have been pursuing education, or something called that for several centuries, we cannot but feel this is a bad showing and that the bankers association is somehow responsible. It hasn't sufficiently impressed on the people that it has banks and what they are for. Mr Washkowsky hasn't heard. And there are a lot of him in this country.—Kansas City Star.

Daudy Was Too Smart

It was little Barbara's first experience with tunnels and her first visit was on the train with her said in fun. "Now watch, dear; papa's going to make a sign and it will get dark, but in a little while the light will come back." Immediately the train entered the tunnel, and the child was deeply impressed by exhibition of "the awful magic power. But the few minutes' time seemed interminable to Barbara. It seined as if it would never end, and at length she burst out in dismay, "Oh, gracious, daddy; now just look what you've done!"—Boston Transcript.

Never Make a Golfer

Sandy, the caddie, watched the latest convert to the royal and ancient game with contempt.

"Noddy," whispered the club "pro." "What's up now?"

"Him," indicated Sandy. "He'll never make a player!"

"Not so sure," said the other. "He's doing rather well for a beginner."

They watched him miss his stroke in heavenly silence.

"I tell ye," snorted Sandy, "that yon'll never mak' a player. D'ye ken what he says when he misses his ba'? He just says 'Tut-tut!'"

Dark Story

Two men who had traveled were comparing their ideas about foreign cities.

"London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."

"Oh, no, it's not," said the other. "I've been in a place much foggier than London."

"Where was that?" asked his interested friend.

"I don't know where it was," replied the second man, "it was so foggy I'—Youth's Companion.

Crippled Industry

"Judge," a very large and determined colored woman announced as she ushered a frightened colored man into his honor's chamber, "dis nigger ain't paid me one cent on alimony for seben months."

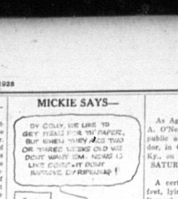
"What's the matter, Sam?" sternly inquired the Judge. "Haven't you been working lately?"

"Nosah," was the response. "Ah ain't bin able to find mah dice."—Country Gentleman.

Scientific Institute

The British academy is to flutting ton house London. It was organized as the outcome of a meeting of the principal European and American academies at Wiesbaden in October 1900. Its purpose is for the promotion of historical, philosophical and philological studies." All members are entitled academic fellows. The membership is restricted to 100

MICKIE SAYS—



A CONSTRUCTIVE BILL

(The Ave- Digest)

It is an agreeable change to turn from Mr Wilbur to the Hon. Fred M. Vinson, Member of Congress from the Ninth Kentucky District. It does not come to the floor of the House with any demand for millions to be spent on useless steel flotillas that would be transformed into sunkellilas by the judicious application of a few small bombs. Instead he appears bearing in his strong right hand Bill House 471 to provide for an Aircraft Procurement Board.

That might go a long way toward assuring for the various services the best aircraft that can be had in the United States, and, by coordination, would do away with a lot of useless effort. The Board is to be entrusted with the procurement of all aircraft purchased by the Government, naval, military and commercial. This Board will be a great thing for the industry and it certainly will be a good thing for the Government.

In originating and fighting for this Bill Congressman Vinson offers the country a plan calculated to eliminate waste and assure valuable planes for every department. By assuring all of the air service the very best equipment he also will achieve another useful, necessary service.

It passed the House on January 16, and doubtless will pass the Senate. Howard Coffin, who was active in aircraft procurement during the war and a member of the President's Aircraft Board, stated in a letter to Congressman Vinson:

"I have read with much interest your speech on the floor in favor of the proposal for the establishment of an Aircraft Procurement Board to consist of the Assistant Secretaries of the War, Navy, Commerce and Post Office Departments.

"I should say that one of the greatest difficulties of the past, both during and since the War, has been the fact that there has not previously been lodged in any one place of high authority a definite executive responsibility for the handling of aviation affairs. This has been peculiarly true with regard to the procurement of aeronautical material. This has been one of the main causes of the inability of Congress to obtain dependable information and for the distrust and misunderstandings thereby engendered. These activities have, during the past several years, certainly had a destructive effect upon the progress of the art in this country, and greatly delayed the passage of constructive legislation. The creation by the Board of Assistant Secretaries, whose job it is to devote their attention to the subject of aviation, will go a long way to offset these abuses and will provide for Congress with a definite and authoritative point of contact with all phases of aviation, both governmental and civil.

"It's a fine job. Good luck to you."

Mr. Vinson deserves the thanks of the whole aircraft industry for having devised this highly progressive and constructive measure, which will bring into closer cooperation the various arms of the Government which make purchases in this field, thereby not only assuring economical use of money, but exercising a good influence in various directions.

Those who are interested in a continuous policy of progress in our air effort should communicate at once with their United States senators.

BIRGER TO DIE

Charles Birger, notorious southern Illinois gang leader and gunman must pay with his life for the murder of Mayor Joe Adams, of West City, Ill., the supreme court of Illinois ruled last Friday in affirming his conviction and Friday, April 13, was set as the date for his execution.

San Francisco Chronicle—All bill collectors think man is made of dust. Dust settles slowly.

PUBLIC SALE

As Agent for the heirs of James A. O'Neal, I will offer for sale at public auction at the Court House door, in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Ky., on

SATURDAY, MARCH 3RD 1928
at 2 o'clock, P. M.

A certain lot of ground, 50x150 feet, lying on Morgan Street, in Dorsey's Addition to Carlisle, Nicholas County, Ky.

There is situated upon this lot a six tier barn, with tier rails, two box stalls, carriage room in same, and water in same.

Also 2500 to 3000 tobacco sticks.

Terms will be made known on day of sale.

Anyone desiring to look at the property may call upon the undersigned some Saturday afternoon in Carlisle or they may look at same on the premises.

HENRY O'NEAL,
Agent for the heirs of James A. O'Neal.
2-16 3t.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of W. G. Irvin, will call upon the undersigned at once and settle same; and those having claims against said estate will present same properly proven according to law, with the undersigned, or his attorney.

J. R. Bell,
Executor of estate of W. G. Irvin
Carlisle, Ky., R. 2.
I. B. Rose, atty. 2 23 3t

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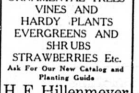

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Throw Heavy Burdens on the Kidneys.
COLDS put extra burdens on our kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, impurities remain in the blood and are apt to make one tired and achy with headaches, dizziness and often nagging backache. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions.
Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!
DOAN'S PILLS 60c
A STIMULANT DIURETIC for KIDNEYS
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Special Price!
2 tall cans 33c

Large Size—Special!

Prunes	3 lbs.		25c
Cheese	Full Cream Aged	lb.	35c
Macaroni	or Spaghetti bulk	lb.	10c

New Low Prices!
Cigarettes Pack 12c
Carton of 10 packs $1.19

Bread	Grandmother's Twin loaf, 8c	loaf	5c
Peaches	Argo Brand	large can	19c

Franco American — Special!
Spaghetti 3 cans 25c

Crackers	Fresh soda	2 lb. box	25c
Coffee	8 o'clock	lb.	33c

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Chevrons

By Leonard Nason

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS, D. S. C.

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This road went over a hill as a surcingle goes over a saddle, and two banks, one like the pommel and the other the cantle, stuck up on either side. The field that the men had crossed was a plateau, for the road plunged away on one side to the valley of the Meuse, and took an abrupt drop to a dry water course on the other side. The saddle itself was a hundred yards or so long and this hundred yards was filled with men, all busy digging themselves holes in the side hill. There was a dressing station, a row of clay-faced wounded, and another row of men covered with blankets. Eadie, unable to restrain the temptation to look, glanced at the shoes that stuck out from under the blankets. There were a dozen pairs of shoes and only two were hobnailed.

Suddenly the guards halted and Eadie found himself confronting a soldier who sat against the bank, his feet braced on the edge of the ditch. This man was shaved, but his once expensive uniform was ragged and stained with yellow mud. There were little straggling threads of silk on collar and shoulder straps where the ornaments and rank insignia had been cut away.

"What's this?" asked the man, looking up at the newcomers.

"They was sneakin' across the field an' we brung 'em in," explained the guard.

"Well?"

"We're a wire-layin' detail from the artillery," explained Lieutenant Connor. "I have been directed to find the foremost Infantry unit of the Fourth division. I assume this is it. If it isn't, I want to go on."

"The Fourth division?" cried Eadie, "We don't belong to the Fourth, we belong to the Third. Why, the Fourth have got artillery of their own! The 77th is with the Fourth, our old brother outfit from Ethan Allen!" The sergeant paused, for the eyes of all were on him, especially those of the man on the bank.

"Would you like to see a doctor?" asked the latter. "If you're feeling lumpy or seeing double or anything—"

Eadie shook his head. Even as he spoke several things had become clear to him. The Infantry that he and Jake had been with the day before had not made a tremendous advance, but he and Jake had again wandered across the line into the right division's sector, and were now with infantry from that division. "Bill, the wire stringers had belonged to Eadie's brigade, which would mean that the brigade was now backing up the Fourth instead of their own division. That would also explain why no relief had been sent to Eadie. There had been a switch during the night, and probably Baldy and Short Mack had been rushed out to the new division. Well, they were here now, and must make the best of it.

"Ah, d—n the luck!" muttered the general. "Now they're off." He bit his lip a moment, then turned to Eadie and Jake. "Is either of you a non-com?" he asked.

"I'm a sergeant, sir," replied Eadie.

"Good. We're in for a red hot fight. I'm going back to get the wounded out of the road and to see how things are there. Stay here and when my messengers come back don't let them go away again. I'm leaving you in charge now. Don't let anyone start a panic."

The Germans, recovering from the shock of their surprise, unable to retreat, because of the number behind, and unable to go forward because of lack of cover, began to ascend the hill in the face of the American fire. Eadie had heard somewhere that the Germans did not know how to shoot, but these he now found were an exception to the rule. Their rifle fire was hot and accurate, and the explosions of the grenades were unpleasantly close. The Americans, firing downhill and wildly excited, were firing too high, but as the range became more and more pointblank their bullets began to find marks and the advance slowed. It slowed but it continued, nevertheless.

Eadie, on his stomach in the middle of the road, watched the enemy commander and nearer. An explosion at his head nearly split the drum.

"Who the h—l was that?" cried the sergeant, looking around with his hand to his head.

"Me," said Jake. "I didn't mean to scare you, but I'm so near you. I took the squarehoods fixin' their bayonets. They're about ten rods up the road."

"Lieutenant!" said the general quickly and sharply, "you and I are the only officers here. Go down to the other end of the road and take charge. Have everyone stop what he's doing and find cover. Under no consideration let any shooting start. Jump! The rest of you, follow me!"

Eadie, Jake, the men who had guarded them, and two others that he had not noticed before, went hurriedly to the edge of the hill. Here they cautiously looked down.

There was a deep gulch there that ran diagonally across the road, winding away to the southwest. Through this gulch marched a great many German soldiers, rifles slung, full packs, all helmeted with that dark steel hood that looks so much like a coal scuttle. They flowed along the gulch like a stream running uphill, not in any kind of formation, but just as any crowd of men would scramble along over rough ground.

Eadie tried to remember something he had learned a long time ago about the number of men in columns of fours that would pass a point in a given time. He couldn't remember. Figures were not necessary, anyway. There were a whole lot of Germans there, and that was enough.

"You," said the general in an undertone to the two Infantrymen, "jump out and tell those men in the ditch the foremost Infantry unit of the Fourth division. I assume this is it. If it isn't, I want to go on."

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"Jumpin' Jupiter!" muttered Eadie, with his left hand. Then he drew a careful bead on where he thought the German would appear the next time. A pause. The German with the blond mustache obligingly put his head and shoulder out of the ditch.

Bang!

"I hit him!" shrieked Eadie. "By G—d, I hit him!"

There was no doubt of that. The German was slammed back against the bank as by a powerful unseen hammer and he remained there, semi-outstretched as though he had been nailed to the ground. One or two men took the time to look curiously at Eadie over their rifle butts, but the greater part paid no attention. The air was full of unintelligible cries and shouts, both in German and English and the men had other things on their minds than to heed them.

To Be Continued

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All those having claims against the estate of E. M. Hill, deceased, will file same, properly proven as required by law, with the undersigned or my attorney and those knowing themselves indebted to the estate will call upon the undersign ed at once, and settle same.

Taylor Bowen,
Admr. of E. M. Hill.
I. B. Rose, Atty.
2-16 3t.

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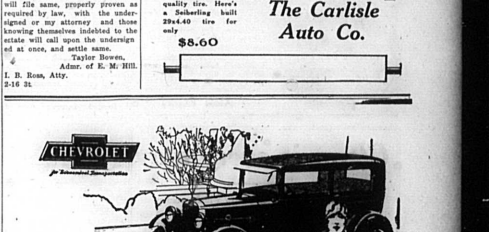

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