

KHAKI COLUMN

The following letter has been received from Private Alexander B. Milby, with the Expeditionary Forces in France, and was written to his wife, who was formerly Miss Polly Reynolds of this city.

"Park Battery, 2nd, Corps, Artillery Park, Am. Ex. Forces, Mrs. A. B. Milby, My Dear Little Wife:—

Just a few more lines this afternoon to let you know I am still well and feeling fine, and truly hope you are well also. I wrote you a letter one day last week for the first time for some time. Was sorry I had to wait so long to write but duty prevented me from writing, so you must forgive me this time. You know I would have written if I had the time.

Well I stopped here to talk awhile, so will now try and finish my letter. Well sweetheart, will try and tell you a few things I have done since over here. I landed here the 21st of July and about the 1st of August went to the front and have been in active service ever since, but am proud I can say I have never been in the front line trenches, but what I have done was just as useful to the U. S. Army to win the victory as anything I could have done. Have done some real hard work, and also have been in quite a lot of danger but thanks to the good Lord I came out unharmed. Have had a good bit of experience since I came over here and if I get back home safe, which I truly hope to do, this trip will be worth a lot to me. The work I have been doing was working with ammunition, but have been real close to the front line at that. I could tell you more about it face to face than I can write with pen and ink, and I hope how soon the day will come when I can tell you all about it. Am sure glad I can face any one and say, I did my part to help win the victory of the great World's War, and truly hope the stars and stripes will ever wave over the land of the free.

Well I can tell you where I am now, am in a little town by the name of Neville France. Have been in Paris and saw one thing that there has been thousands of dollars paid to see and

that is the Kings Palace at Versailles France, and it is a place worth seeing, have also seen some other noted places in France.

You wanted to know in one of your letters if I had ever met up with any one I knew, over here. I saw one boy that I knew but did not get to say anything to him.

Will tell you about one hike I had on the seventh of November. We started on a fifteen mile hike, I mean we hiked about that far but part of the time we were lost. Anyway we hiked all the afternoon and a while that night, and finally we came to a small town, and one of the boys said, "well this is where we will spend the night", so we looked around and found something to eat, which anyone always can do over here. Then we went into a big building where some other boys were living, they had a good fire so we all got to talking and I said "is there any one here from Ky". One boy spoke up "I am". So we got to talking, but I did not know him, but soon found out he knew most every one around Saloma, so even if I didn't know him it did me good to talk to him as he knew so many of my friends. He said there were some boys in his Company that I knew, but they were not there that night so I did not get to see them.

You were saying that mother said she hoped I would meet up with Willie Quisenberry. I sure would like to see the old boy and have been looking for him all the while, but have never seen him. And about your cousin, if I knew his address I might be able to find him.

Well sweetheart, I will have to close as it is pretty late and getting dark and we have to use candles for lights and they are hard to get at this place. Give my love to all and keep plenty for yourself. So goodbye and may God be with you until we meet again. Your loving husband, Milby."

The following interesting letter has been received from 1st. Sergt. R. W. Walker, of Richmond, and was written to his uncle, Mr. R. L. Walker, of this city. This splendid young man is also a nephew of Mrs. W. O. Rigney, of this city where he has often visited.

"Dear Uncle Bake:— I expect you think that I have forgotten you again, but I guess I am just naturally lazy. I do not know much of anything to write about that

would interest you. We are still working hard around these headquarters—even though the war is over with—that is, as far as the fighting is concerned.

I cannot bear anything about when we will be sent home, but from the way things are looking now—some of us will be over here for several months. As for me—I will feel pretty good if I am released in the late spring or early summer. There is absolutely no chance of getting home before then, for there is lots of work now—just sitting around and answering questions about material that has been ordered from the U. S. and making out all sorts of reports to be filed away with records of the Signal Corps in France.

When I first left the States I hardly knew there was such a thing as the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies). My idea of France and war was a front line trench running from the Northern coast of Belgium to Switzerland and then another trench about one hundred yards behind that, then possibly another one behind that and anything back of that,—well, I had never thought of such a thing. The base ports, the railroads, the supply depots, transportation, were never thought of. And now I can see that it takes more men to keep those things running than are on the front. Just mentioning a few of the men who are working around here—experts in different lines; there are the telegraph and telephone men, men who have had years and years of experience in office work, in fact there are men back here who are experts in most anything you can think of in civil life. I can't begin to tell you how big the S. O. S. really is nor of the amount of work they are doing.

My little work has been very interesting but I cannot say that I feel that I have done very much in the fight. I have had five men helping me to keep records of all the Signal Corps supplies ordered from the United States. We had to show when the material was ordered from this side, when Washington placed the orders with the manufacturers, when this material was received at the port of embarkation, when floated, name of the boat, the time it landed in France, what base port, and when and where it was shipped for distribution to the troops.

Until the Armistice was signed we were working six days of the week from eight A. M. until 5:30 or 6 P. M.

with an hour off for dinner and from 8:30 till 12:30 on Sundays, and when rushed were working at night until ten o'clock. I have not had very much night work though since I have been in Tours. For a few weeks I was very busy changing my records to a form that was more complete and during that time we were on the go until late in the night. Up until November 11th, the five men and I had about all we could do to keep our heads above water and since then we have been making out all kinds of reports on the material delivered and not delivered. That is about finished now and I think they will put me on some other kind of work soon.

Had a letter from Mother the other day saying that Dan was in Newport News—getting ready to go out, but have heard nothing further from her so do not know where he is. I think maybe he would be among the crowd that was released from the Service. The men who are in the Navy have a lot of work to do now—getting the A. E. F. back home again. Some of us will be here during Xmas 1919 and I am selfish enough to hope that I will not be among that crowd. But I certainly would like to be with the Army of Occupation during the next few months. I imagine it would be a good feeling to be camped along the Rhine and even beyond that.

I have written to Aunt Ann, Aunt Lucy and Aunt Jennie and will write to Aunt Mec soon. I have about the hardest time of any one in the world writing an interesting letter about anything. I have seen some very interesting country, especially when I was in Paris and while I was on my leave to St. Malo. I have been to Mount St. Michell—President Wilson passed there on the George Washington going to Brest. Things are almost modern in this country if they were built since the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. We were out last Sunday afternoon to see the ruins of an old aqueduct built by the Romans before Christ, stopping by an old castle built during the 12th century. I have sent the kids a good many cards of those things as well as other buildings that are of interest around Tours.

Went out calling on some French people a few Sundays ago and they knew about as much English as I did French. We spent most of our time waving our arms and laughing at one another trying to talk. It takes me several weeks to get up enough nerve for one of these calls and from the way I feel now it is hardly likely that I will ever make another one. Most all these girls are good looking and for a fellow to call on one and not be able to tell her so in about forty different ways—a man had as well stay at home.

I hope you are feeling much better now. Mother wrote me that you were spending the winter with Aunt Ann but said nothing about you going South during the coldest part. Will try to write you again sometime soon. Give my love to all the folks around Lancaster.

Yours, Robert." Sergt. 1st. Cl. R. W. Walker, 34th Service Co., Signal Corps, Am. Ex. Forces, Tours, France.

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Do the right thing at the right time. Act quickly in time of danger. In time of kidney danger, Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective. Plenty of evidence of their worth in this vicinity.

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Early Declines.

If the truth could be discovered probably it would be found that one reason why a woman lives longer than a man is because she doesn't pay any attention to statistics.—Dallas News

World's Lightest Wood.

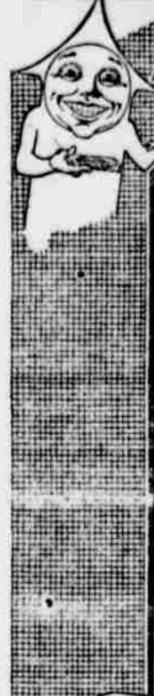
The balsa tree, which is now being cultivated in Costa Rica, produces the lightest-known wood in the world. It is in great demand for all purposes where lightness of construction is of importance. It is very porous and a good insulator and is much used in airplane building, as it offers the minimum amount of air resistance.

A Good Fight.

A good fight is never for its day alone. It is for many days. And it is not alone for him who bears its utmost stress. No man can live his own life bravely and not be an energy of social good, virtue proceeding forth from him to heal some brother's wounded heart. There is a riddle here for us to guess.—John White Chadwick.

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Daily Thought.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.—Canon Farrar.

Dad Knew.

"Dad, what are the silent watches of the night?" "They are the ones which their owners forget to wind, my son."

Rare Visitors Recorded.

The appearance of snowy owls, a rare occurrence, is reported. These remarkably beautiful birds come from the Arctic regions. Only four previous visitations have been recorded in the ornithological history of the country.

Artificial Pearls.

Essence d'Orient, from which artificial pearls are made, is produced from the brilliant scales of the ablet, or blay, a small fish with a green back and a white belly. About four thousand are required to produce a pound of scales, which gives a quarter of a pound of the essence.

Odd Foods.

Sea urchins' eggs are used in Ceylon as we eat raw oysters here. The Mexicans use a variety of scorpion, after removing the sting, in a special sort of omelet, to which they add a peculiar sort of peppery flavor. A large variety of locusts and grasshoppers are dried, then cooked, by people in portions of India, Arabia and Syria.

Balsam Gum.

The gum of the balsam fir, Abies balsamea, is known commercially as Canada balsam, and is largely used in the manufacture of optical instruments and in various other ways about scientific laboratories. There is a constant market for it, the price varying with the quality and the supply. Some time ago a fair quality was worth 20 cents per pound.

Ever Tried It? Half the excitement of being in love is trying to make the other person confess it while you assume a careless indifference.—Record.

Enough Said.

Brother and sister were parted for the first time, he going on a month's trip with their mother and father and she to spend the month with their grandparents. The leave taking was rather strained, as neither one of them quite knew what to say. Finally little brother walked up and putting his arms around his sister said: "Mardret, I'm your brother an' you're my sister."

The Fragrant Weed.

The use of tobacco was first discovered in America when Columbus, in 1492, sent his first party to explore the island of Cuba. It was first observed that these herbs were burned and carried by the natives to perfume themselves. It was later discovered that these herbs were also used for chewing, and later as America was opened up and explored, it was observed that they were smoked in large quantities.

Women!

Here is a message to suffering women, from Mrs. W. T. Price, of Public, Ky.: "I suffered with painful..." she writes. "I got down with a weakness in my back and limbs... I felt helpless and discouraged... I had about given up hope of ever being well again, when a friend fastidied I

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