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This number begins a new volume of the Kentuckian, which has long since become one of the oldest business enterprises in Hopkinsville.

Coincidentally with the taking over of the railroads, President Wilson Dec. 28 celebrated his 61st birthday. No special ceremony was planned at the White House as the war time rush of work made impossible any deviation in the President's daily routine.

On the fighting fronts Palestine again has come into a position of first importance, owing to the British having inflicted another severe defeat upon the Turks near Jerusalem. North and northwest of the holy city, General Allenby's forces have made an advance of about two and a half miles on a front of nine miles, after having repulsed a Turkish attack. The Turks suffered heavy casualties.

Women nurses are to be employed on naval hospital ships in this war for the first time in American naval history. It has become known that they will be assigned to two ships soon to be ready for service, the Comfort, formerly the Ward liner Havana, and the Mercy, of the same line. Both liners have been completely remodeled and fitted with accommodations for 300 patients each. There will be special quarters for the women nurses.

Great Britain and France, respectively through their prime minister and minister of foreign affairs, have made known to the world that the terms by which the Teutonic allies seek a general peace are not sufficient. And backing their prime minister the British proletariat, represented by a national labor conference, has reaffirmed without equivocation that it is the determination of labor to continue the war in order hereafter to make the world safe for democracy.

The war department has received a report from General Pershing describing in detail the funeral services for Corporal James S. Gresham, of Evansville, Private Thoms F. Enright, of Pittsburg, and Private Merle I. Hale, of Glidden, Ia., the first three American soldiers to be killed in action in France after the arrival of the American expeditionary forces. In the official report Corporal Gresham heads the lists. Therefore history will record that this Indiana corporal was the first soldier to lose his life in action in the war with Germany. General Pershing relates that the soldiers were buried with religious and military ceremony at Bathelmont on the afternoon of Nov. 4.

An American diplomatic courier on his way to Petrograd has been refused admission to Russia on the ground that his pass had not been vized by M. Borovsky, the bolshevik minister at Stockholm. This is the first time that a regular courier's pass has not been honored. It is assumed that the bolshevik hope in this way to exert pressure and compel the indirect recognition of their foreign representatives. Taken in connection with the news that the American branch bank at Petrograd has been seized by the same crowd, it looks very much like the fixed purpose is to create a breach with the allies and especially the United States, which has held up loans to the Russian government.

Duty and Pleasure.

The path of duty looks harder than it is; that of pleasure is harder than it looks.—Youth's Companion.

A PEACE OFFERING

By LOUISE OLIVER.

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Doctor Wardwell and Miss Erminie Gray had long been enemies. The feud had not started over any dispute about territorial boundaries, although their lots adjoined, nor had it been handed down from another generation over a difference in politics. Although old Henry Wardwell and Miss Erminie had never been able to hit it off on the tariff nor the Missouri question.

No, the doctor and Miss Erminie had a difference all their own, which started when Miss Erminie was sick one time and the doctor had insisted on her taking cod-liver oil to build her up, and she had insisted upon refusing it as well as the egg-nogs he prescribed in conjunction with the other. Miss Erminie had always hated eggs, and she couldn't bear milk, and she simply couldn't swallow cod-liver oil.

"You've just got to, Erminie," the doctor had declared. "You're nervous and anemic and everything you ought not to be, and I'm not going to stand by and let you die."

"If I do, it's my own affair."

"Not while I'm your doctor."

"I'll die anyway. If I had to take those awful doses I'd be dead in two days. So I'm going to die comfortably."

"No, you're not going to die at all. As long as I'm your doctor you'll have to do as I say."

"And what if I don't?"

He spread his hands and shrugged slightly.

"You wash your hands of me, I suppose," she had replied.

"What else can I do?"

"Well, there are other doctors in town; Tom Wardwell. You don't have to waste your time on me. Good morning."

"Now, Erminie, I didn't say that." But she would not reply nor look at him again, so he picked up his hat and left.

Erminie began to pick up suspiciously after that. She put on pounds of flesh, her eyes brightened, the bloom came back to her cheeks, and her lips no longer looked like parchment. But what she kept locked in her closet no one could have told but the local apothecary, and why she suddenly became such a good customer of the Farm and Dairy Produce company no one knew save Sarah, the maid.

But when she had tonsillitis she sent for old Doctor Bradner. That was the only time she had been really ill in the two years since the trouble. But that was enough.

Doctor Wardwell lifted his hat when brought face to face with his combative neighbor, and Miss Erminie bowed stiffly. But never a word passed between them.

She was away all of the second summer and returned in September. The days were hot and oppressive and she sat out on the porch a great deal of the time, knitting on gray or khaki colored yarn, meant for the snappy months ahead when the boys across the water would need them. She had about completed her second set—a sleeveless sweater, a knitted helmet, a scarf and a pair of wristlets.

The afternoon paper was flung up on the porch, landing at her feet. She stooped eagerly and picked it up, anxiously scanning the names of those to go. And then in a section by itself she read: "Noted Local Physician Commissioned. To Leave for France in Four Weeks. Dr. Thomas Wardwell Called to the Colors." There wasn't much more, merely a confirmation of the heading.

The paper fell at her feet unheeded. Her eyes stared before her into space; her knitting slipped off her knee. She knew now—she'd known all along—that she was mean and contemptible and had childishly given way to petty spite, hoping all the time that he would make the overture for peace. She realized, too, that what she had done had hurt him beyond repair, and yet she had expected him to be the one to bridge the gulf.

Just then a paper blew over out of the doctor's yard—a brown wrapping paper which had come on a postal package. It bore his name, address and cancelled stamps as it lay spread below her. Then Miss Erminie suddenly had an inspiration. The last woolsen set was just finished and she determined that Doctor Wardwell should wear the things without an idea of the donor.

She flew indoors with the paper, deftly wrapped the pieces and tied them securely, with the name and address in full view. Then she ran over and laid it in the doctor's vestibule. He'd think the postman had brought it, when he returned from his calls.

But not so. Just as she turned, the door opened and a strong arm drew her into the hall.

"Erminie!" The doctor's voice shook. "What are you doing?"

"I—why I just brought a little peace offering. And I want you to know I'm sorry for everything." The tears were coming.

"Look here, dear girl, we've both been foolish, but that's over now. We've wasted good years, and I've loved you all the time. I'm going away, dear, and I'm coming back, of course. But I'd be happier if I thought you were waiting for me. Tell me, do you think you could love me, Erminie?"

"I always have," she sobbed softly on his shoulder.

GLAD TO TESTIFY

Says Watoga Lady, "As To What Cardui Has Done For Me, So As To Help Others."

Watoga, W. Va.—Mrs. S. W. Gladwell, of this town, says: "When about 15 years of age, I suffered greatly. My stomach would go a month or more and I had terrible headache, backache, and bearing-down pains, and would just drag and find no appetite. Then... it would last... two weeks, and was so weakening, and my health was awful.

My mother bought me a bottle of Cardui, and I began to improve after taking the first bottle, so kept it up till I took three. I gained, and was well and strong, and I owe it all to Cardui.

I am married now and have 3 children. I have never had to have a doctor for female trouble, and just resort to Cardui if I need a tonic. I am glad to testify to what it has done for me, so as to help others."

If you are nervous or weak, have headaches, backaches, or any of the other ailments so common to women, why not give Cardui a trial? Recommended by many physicians. In use over 40 years. Begin taking Cardui today. It may be the very medicine you need.

NC-130

(Advertisement.)

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The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, will be held at the office of the bank, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock a. m., on Tuesday, January 8, 1918, for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year.—Advertisement.

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FRANK BOYD, PROP.

Ale and Porter.

Ale is fermented beverage, said to have been originated in Egypt. Brewed like beer and differs from it chiefly in having smaller proportion of hops. Alcoholic content increases with its age. Porter is dark colored malt liquor of English origin, so called, it is said, because it was once favorite drink of London porters. Brewed from highly kilned brown malt; sometimes colored with burnt sugar or other coloring material. Essentially about same as ale.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Every Woman Wants

Paxtine ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for 25 years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Complete Free Trial. Write for it. Sold by all druggists.

ONE MILE OF BATTLE FRONT

Barbed Wire Used Amounts to Hundreds of Tons—Millions of Sand Bags Required.

Few who read of a "mile of front" have any idea of the enormous labor and material that go to its making, writes a trench correspondent. For a mile of front among the swamps of Flanders, for example, with its first and second lines of trenches, its communications and breastworks, the necessary barbed wire is 900 miles in length—long enough to reach from London to Perth and back—and weighs 110 tons.

The sandbags required for its protection number 6,250,000. So many are they that placed end to end they would stretch across Europe from North Cape in Norway to Cape Matapsa, the southernmost point in Greece; and their weight is more than a thousand tons.

To fill these millions of sandbags and place them in position would keep 500 industrious men at work for twelve months; for the average man cannot fill and place more than 25 sandbags in one night.

In addition to these thousands of miles of wire and sandbags, 12,000 six-foot standards are required; 12,000 small pickets, 35,000 running feet of corrugated iron, more than 1,000,000 feet of timber and vast quantities of riveting material of various kinds.

TRENCH-DIGGING WITH PLOWS

Machinery Used by Both British and German Armies Instead of the Spade of the Soldier.

Whenever and wherever it has been possible to do so, gigantic trench-digging machines have been used for entrenchments instead of the spade of the soldier, writes a correspondent. Many hundreds of "trench-plows," as they are called, were used by the Germans in the early days of the war, and that gave rise to the common belief that the Germans were the first to use them. But so long ago as the Boer war British army authorities experimented with plows and found them so successful that they became part of the equipment of the army.

The smaller plows cut a trench 20 inches wide and 20 inches deep, turning the earth over so as to form a parapet. The larger ones will cut trenches from three to four feet deep, doing the work of 50 soldiers, and in half the time. These plows have proved extremely useful in digging trenches in front of towns and other prepared positions in the path of the enemy.

FLAT OWNERS AS JANITORS.

A scarcity of janitors has compelled hundreds of landlords to take care of their own heating plants, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican states. The trouble is confined to two and three-flat buildings. In most cases the owner lives in the building. Heretofore janitors were paid from \$6 to \$8 a month for taking care of a two-flat building. Now that so many janitors' helpers have been called to war service a great scarcity is said to exist. Janitors are demanding \$9 for the care of a two-flat building, and rather than pay it the owners are doing their own janitorial work.

GOOD INVESTMENT.

An enterprising Western man invested largely in tomato plants and cans last spring, but the crop of fruit or vegetables he raised fell far short of filling the 10,000 cans he had provided. But the price of cans more than doubled in the season, and he finds the empty cans are worth more than he had expected to get for them filled, so his investment has been a profit-making one.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

"What's the matter with Charley Dubson?"

"He says he is suffering from brain fog."

"That's singular."

"Why?"

"He and his tailor decided on Charley's wardrobe for the winter long ago. I've never known him to concentrate his mind on anything else."

A MEAN ESTIMATE

"Why don't you call your dog Tonic?"

"Why should I give him such a name as that?"

"Because the best part of him is whine with the infusion of bark."

Candle Making an Art. The making of candles is not ordinarily considered a fine art, but the Italians have made it such. The distinctive Italian votive taper is made by hand. The materials are pure beeswax, which is kneaded and tempered, and mixed with a secret ingredient to retard combustion, and which has special Egyptian cotton for wicks. The cotton, too, is treated with chemicals to keep it from feeding too fast. Small candles are molded. Large ones are made by rolling up sheets of wax.

Overworked Man Busy. "De man dat thinks he's overworked," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty liable to be wrong. A sure enough overworked man ain't got no time to think."

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