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WATCH THE DATE—After your  
 name is renewed promptly, and not miss  
 a number. The Postal regulations  
 require subscriptions to be paid in  
 advance.  
  
 This paper has enlisted  
 in the government in the  
 cause of America for the  
 period of the war.

**SEED CORN.**  
 Apparently the situation in Ken-  
 tucky in regard to seed corn is as  
 serious as it is in any other part of  
 the country, and because there has  
 been so little trouble in getting good  
 seed in past years, it is going to be  
 difficult to awaken farmers to the  
 present danger. Probably there is  
 enough good seed in the State to  
 supply all needs, but only if a large  
 amount is obtainable by making in-  
 creased use of the best late  
 maturing varieties in the eastern  
 counties. It is necessary to make  
 use of the best seed available, and  
 to be sure that other agri-  
 culturists are helped to do so.

In addition to the war  
 emergency, the fact that the  
 main corn belt States, State authori-  
 ties have set a scale of prices for  
 seed based upon its germinating  
 quality. Unfortunately these figures  
 will determine the prices in the  
 States contiguous or wherever the  
 varieties of corn grown are adapted  
 to the States where a price has been  
 set. In Illinois the price of the high-  
 est grade corn giving a germination  
 test of 95 to 100 percent has been  
 fixed at \$10 per bushel retail. The  
 price that a farmer is justified in  
 paying depends not only upon the  
 quality of the seed from the stand-  
 point of vitality, but as to whether  
 it is of a variety known to be adapt-  
 ed to his soil, and seed of a  
 variety produced in the near  
 neighborhood is not worth \$10 per  
 bushel, but if the variety is unknown  
 especially if it comes from a  
 southern locality, it should sell for  
 less. Certainly no one should ask  
 more than \$10 per bushel for the  
 highest grade of seed, and certainly  
 no one should offer to pay more.  
 To do so would encourage profiteer-  
 ing and in such an emergency as  
 the present profiteering is treason of  
 the worst kind.

Measured by what it costs to plant  
 other crops, seed corn at \$10 per  
 bushel does not make the cost of  
 sowing exorbitant. A bushel of  
 seed will plant seven acres, which  
 makes the cost less than \$1.50 per  
 acre. When we remember that it  
 cost at least \$2.50 per acre for seed  
 wheat last year, this looks cheap.

One of the greatest swimming con-  
 tests for women that has been staged  
 in the United States, is to take place  
 in Detroit on March 30. Miss Thel-  
 ma Durby, the young diver from In-  
 dianapolis; Olga Dorfner of Phila-  
 delphia and Claire Gillman of New  
 York will meet in the tank of the  
 Detroit Athletic club. All are swim-  
 ming stars of the first magnitude.

**"Over the Top"**  
 By An American Soldier  
 Who Went  
**ARTHUR GUY ENPEY**  
*Machine Gunner Serving in France*

CHAPTER I.—Fired by the news of the  
 sinking of the Lusitania by a German  
 submarine, Arthur Guy Enpey, an Ameri-  
 can, leaves his office in Jersey City and  
 goes to England where he enlists in the  
 British army.

CHAPTER II.—After a period of train-  
 ing, Enpey volunteers for immediate ser-  
 vice and soon finds himself in rest billets  
 "somewhere in France," where he first  
 makes the acquaintance of the ever-pres-  
 ent "Tommy."

CHAPTER III.  
**I Go to Church.**  
 Upon enrollment we had identify  
 disks issued to us. These were small  
 disks of red fiber worn around the neck  
 by means of a string. Most of the Tom-  
 mies also wore a little metal disk which  
 they wore around the left wrist by  
 means of a chain. They had previously  
 figured it out that if their hands  
 were blown off, the disk on the left  
 wrist would identify them. If they lost  
 their left arm the disk around the neck  
 would serve the purpose, but if their  
 head and neck were blown off, so it  
 did not matter. On one side of the  
 disk was inscribed your rank, name,  
 number and battalion, while on the  
 other was stamped your religion.

C. of E., Brethren Church of Eng-  
 land; R. C., Roman Catholic; W., Wes-  
 leyan; P., Presbyterian; and if you  
 happened to be an atheist they left it  
 blank, and just handed you a tick and  
 stuck it on. The disk was stamped C. of  
 E. While I had I got it. The lieutenant  
 who collected my religion, "Oh, my  
 old thing," and he promptly put down  
 C. of E.

Now, just imagine my hard luck. Out  
 of two religions I was unlucky enough  
 to pick the only one where church  
 parade was compulsory!

The next morning was Sunday. I  
 was that in the billet writing home  
 to mother telling her of my wonder-  
 ful exploits while under fire—all re-  
 counts of this. The sergeant major put  
 his hand in the door of the billet and  
 shouted, "C. of E. outside for church  
 parade!"

I went on writing. Turning to me, in  
 a loud voice, he asked, "Enpey, aren't  
 you C. of E.?"

I answered, "Yes."  
 In an angry tone, he commanded,  
 "Don't you 'yes' me. Say, 'Yes, ser-  
 geant major!'"

CHAPTER IV.  
**"Into the Trench."**  
 The next morning the draft was in-  
 spected by our general, and we were  
 assigned to different companies. The  
 boys in the brigade had nicknamed  
 this general Old Pepper, and he cer-  
 tainly earned the sobriquet. I was as-  
 signed to B company with another  
 American named Stewart.  
 For the next ten days we "rested,"  
 repairing roads for the French, drill-  
 ing, and digging bombing trenches.  
 One morning we were informed that  
 we were going up the line, and our  
 march began.  
 It took us three days to reach re-  
 serve billets—each day's march bring-  
 ing the sound of the guns nearer and  
 nearer. At night, way off in the dis-

tance, we could see their flashes, which  
 lit up the sky with a red glare.  
 Against the horizon we could see  
 groups of observation balloons or "sun-  
 umbrellas" as they are called.

On the afternoon of the third day's  
 march I witnessed my first airplane  
 being shot. A thrill ran through me  
 and I stood in awe. The airplane was  
 making wide circles in the air, while  
 little puffs of white smoke were burst-  
 ing all around it. Those puffs appeared  
 like tiny balls of cotton while after  
 each burst could be heard a dull  
 "boom." The sergeant of my platoon  
 informed us that it was a German air-  
 plane and I wondered how he could tell  
 from such a distance because the plane  
 seemed like a little black speck in the  
 sky. I expressed my doubt as to  
 whether it was English, French or Ger-  
 man. With a look of contempt he fur-  
 ther informed us that the allied anti-  
 aircraft shells when exploding emitted  
 white smoke while the German shells  
 gave forth black smoke, and, as he ex-  
 pressed it, "It must be an Alledmann  
 because our pom-poms are shelling, and  
 I know our batteries are not off their  
 belly nappers and are certainly not  
 strafing our own planes, and another  
 piece of advice—don't chuck your  
 weight about until you've been up the  
 line and learnt something."

I immediately quit "chucking my  
 weight about" from that time on.

Just before reaching reserve billets  
 we were marching along, laughing, and  
 singing one of Tommy's trench ditties:



A Bomb Proof.

I want to go home, I want to go home,  
 I don't want to go to the trenches no  
 more.  
 Where sausage and white-bangs are giv-  
 ing.  
 Take me over the sea, Where the Alle-  
 mands can't get at me,  
 Oh, yes, I don't want to die,  
 I want to go home."

When overhead came a "swish" through  
 the air, rapidly followed by three oth-  
 ers. Then about two hundred yards to  
 our left in a large field, four columns  
 of black earth and smoke rose into  
 the air, and the ground trembled from  
 the impact—the explosion of four German  
 gas shells, or "conchboxes." As sharp  
 white blast, immediately followed by  
 two short ones, rang out from the head  
 of our column. This was to take up  
 "artillery formation." We divided into  
 small squads and went into the fields  
 on the right and left of the road, and  
 crouched on the ground. No other  
 shells followed this salvo. It was our  
 first baptism by shell fire. From the  
 waist up I was all enthusiasm, but from  
 there down, everything was missing. I  
 thought I should die with fright.

After awhile, we reformed into col-  
 umns of fours, and proceeded on our

area myself in my overcoat, but could  
 not sleep for the rest of that night.  
 Next evening, we took over our sec-  
 tor of the line. In single file we wend-  
 ed our way through a zigzag com-  
 munication trench, six inches deep  
 with mud. This trench was called  
 "Whisky street." On our way up to  
 the front line an occasional flare of  
 bursting shrapnel would light up the  
 sky and we could hear the fragments  
 slapping the ground above us on our  
 right and left. Then a Fritz would  
 traverse back and forth with his "type-  
 writer" or machine gun. The bullets  
 made a sharp crackling noise overhead.

The boy in front of me named Prentice  
 crumpled up without a word. A  
 piece of shell had gone through his  
 shrapnel-proof helmet. I felt sick and  
 weak.  
 In about thirty minutes we reached  
 the front line. It was dark as pitch.  
 Every now and then a German star  
 shell would pierce the blackness out  
 in front with its silvery light. I was  
 trembling all over, and felt very lonely  
 and afraid. All orders were given in  
 whispers. The company we relieved  
 filed past us and disappeared into the  
 blackness of the communication trench  
 leading to the rear. As they passed us,  
 they whispered, "The best o' luck  
 mates."

I set on the fire step of the trench  
 with the rest of the men. In each  
 traverse two of the older men had been  
 put on guard with their heads sticking  
 over the top, and with their eyes try-  
 ing to pierce the blackness in "No  
 Man's Land." In this trench there  
 were only two dugouts, and these were  
 used by Lewis and Vickers machine  
 gunners, so it was the fire step for  
 ours. Pretty soon it started to rain.  
 We put on our "macks," but they were  
 not much protection. The rain trickled  
 down our backs, and it was not long  
 before we were wet and cold. How I  
 passed that night I will never know,  
 but without any unusual occurrence,  
 dawn arrived.

The word "stand down" was passed  
 along the line, and the sentries got  
 down off the fire step. Pretty soon the  
 rum issue came along, and it was a  
 Godsend. It warmed our chilled bodies  
 and put new life into us. Then from  
 the communication trenches came  
 dioxies or iron pots, filled with steam-  
 ing tea, which had two wooden stakes  
 through their handles, and were car-  
 ried by two men. I filled my canteen  
 and drank the hot tea without taking  
 it from my lips. It was not long be-  
 fore I was asleep in the mud on the  
 fire step.

My ambition had been attained! I  
 was in a front-line trench on the west-  
 ern front, and oh, how I wished I were  
 back in Jersey City.

(Continued.)

Metcalf's flowers are the finest  
 ever grown and prices a little lower  
 than you can buy the same stock  
 elsewhere.

**DON'T  
 TAKE A  
 CHANCE  
 ON  
 Seed  
 Potatoes**  
 PLANT THE  
 Best  
 Northern  
 Stock  
 WE HAVE  
 Burbank  
 Early Rose  
 Red River Ohio's  
 and Cobblers  
 Leonard's Garden  
 Seed in Bulk and  
 Onion Sets.  
**CAYCE-YOST CO.**  
 Incorporated

**ALFRED FEARY**  
 BROTHER-IN-LAW OF W. C.  
 BINNS, DIED YESTERDAY  
 AGED 61.—BURIAL HERE.

Alfred Feary died at 1:30 yester-  
 day morning at the home of his  
 brother-in-law, W. C. Binns, at Pee  
 Dee. He was a brick-mason and  
 worked at his trade in this city 49  
 years ago but afterwards went to  
 Texas. Three years ago he came  
 to the home of his brother-in-law a  
 sufferer from Bright's disease. He  
 was born in Earith, Huntingdonshire,  
 England, in 1856 and was 61 years  
 of age.  
 Funeral services will be held at  
 Mr. Binns' today, by Rev. Homer  
 Coleman, of Little River Baptist  
 church, and the burial will be in  
 Riverside cemetery at 2:30 o'clock  
 this afternoon. Mr. Feary was un-  
 married.

**WOMEN TO DO AUTO WORK.**

(By International News Service.)  
 Tulsa, Okla., March 8.—More than  
 twenty women of this city have sig-  
 nified their intention of working in  
 garages, if they can get jobs, and  
 have registered this fact with the  
 Women's Council of Defense. They  
 will enter classes to be conducted by  
 the council.  
 Only women who are used to hard  
 work need apply, is the word sent  
 out by Mrs. J. N. Cooke, in charge  
 of the classes.

**MARRIED, WALK 12 MILES.**

(By International News Service.)  
 Redding, Cal., March 8.—A moon-  
 light walk of twelve miles was the  
 honeymoon trip of Howard Mapin,  
 aged twenty-six, and Miss Neida  
 White, a blushing maiden of only  
 sixteen. Summers. The couple  
 walked here from their home in Bella  
 Vista, and after the ceremony, late  
 in the afternoon, started back. Their  
 day's hike totalled twenty-four miles.

**BIG POTATO CROP LOSS.**

(By International News Service.)  
 Seattle, Wash., March 8.—Potato  
 growers of Washington declare they  
 face a big loss, unless a method is devised  
 for using the tubers. Growers are  
 urging the establishment of factories  
 for making flour from potatoes.  
 Large quantities of potatoes are still  
 held in storage because of the great-  
 ly increased acreage planted last  
 year at the request of the Govern-  
 ment.

The ban on the use of eggs by  
 barbers in Shampoos has been lifted  
 in Indiana since the drop in eggs.

**Don't Monkey With a Quack**  
**REMEMBER DR. BAKER**  
 When your stove's out of order, no matter  
 from whom you bought it, our physician  
 can diagnose the case and administer the  
 proper treatment.  
**FORBES MFG CO.**  
 Phone 249 Incorporated Phone 249

**The Highest Class Talking  
 Machine in the World**  
**REMEMBER** when you buy a phonograph that  
 you are buying a phonograph—not primarily a  
 piece of furniture, nor a method of payment, nor  
 a collection of mechanical devices.  
*The Instrument of Quality*  
**SONORA**  
*Clear as a Bell*  
 Because of its unequalled tone  
 (which won the highest score  
 for quality at the Panama Pacific  
 Exposition) Sonora is invariably  
 selected when heard in compari-  
 son. You will of course hear the  
 Sonora before you buy any in-  
 strument.  
 \$50 \$55 \$60 \$90 \$115 \$150.  
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**Blakey, Bass & Barnett**  
 Incorporated  
 Sonora is licensed and operates under BASIC PATENTS  
 of the phonograph industry.

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 Practical Jeweler and Graduate Optometrist  
 ESTABLISHED 1886  
 THE INTELLIGENT, and WISE people always patronize the  
 business houses of established reputation for honest and square  
 dealing, and the reliable workmanship which is acquired only by  
 long years of experience. Such is the house M. D. Kelly. Es-  
 tablished in Hopkinsville in 1883.  
 A Watchmaker of Acknowledged Superiority.  
 A DIAMOND EXPERT.

**LOOK HERE**  
**YOU NEW HOUSEKEEPERS**  
 No doubt you've been thinking about  
 and wishing for a nice set of china, but  
 haven't purchased it because---my, my, how  
 high China has been since Kaiser Bill went  
 up the hill.  
**kaiser or no kaiser**  
 we have a few patterns of high grade china  
 that we are going to throw on the market  
 at prices that will soon sweep us clean.  
**DON'T WAIT, get in on the ground floor.**  
**FORBES MFG CO.**  
 Incorporated



Diagram Showing Typical Front-Line and Communication Trenches.