

Daily Kentuckian

Published Every Morning Except Monday by CHAS. M. MEACHAM

Editor, Chas. M. Meacham, H. A. Robinson, Asst. Editor.

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This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war

OUR SERVICE FLAG



FOKE OR FOSH.

Says Hindenburg To General Foch, I'll dine in Paris. That's no joke. To Hindenburg Says General Foch, Stop where you are. Stop now, be gone.

Daniel W. Hoan, Socialist mayor of Milwaukee, was re-elected Tuesday.

Mayor Frank A. Hagarty, Republican candidate for re-election, was defeated in the Hartford, Conn., city election by Richard J. Kinsella, Democrat, by a majority of 355. The chief fight was over Town Clerk, John A. Gleason, Democrat, winning over Henry F. Smith, Republican, by 3,380.

The allied armies, co-ordinated under Gen. Foch, are determined to hurl the enemy back and force a military victory before Aeneas. The bull on the battlefield now foreshadows the great storm that is to come. The United States has declared that it will give its full strength to the endeavor and thousands of American soldiers now are marching to the front eager to get at the Hun.

Secretary of War Baker on Tuesday visited the Italian front. Accompanied by Ambassador Page, he called upon Gen. Diaz at headquarters, and later saw the Duke of Aosta, brother of King Victor Emmanuel. Mr. Baker visited Venice and saw the destruction wrought in the Adriatic city. He left for Rome, where he will call upon the King, after which he will return to the United States.

Persons who failed to make income or excess profits tax returns by April 1 are to be given one more chance and will be prosecuted yet "Collectors have been directed," Revenue Commissioner Roper announced, "to permit delinquent taxpayers to submit with late returns, if filed immediately, statements showing causes of delinquency. These statements will be given full consideration in the determination of penalties and amount of taxes to be assessed."

The penalty for late returns is a fine of between \$20 and \$1,000, the amount to be determined by the Revenue Commissioners. In practice, however, penalties ordinarily have been omitted. About 7,000,000 income returns are believed to have been filed with revenue collectors. The number was so great that officials in collectors' offices could not begin to tabulate them or estimate the income reported.

SLACKER IS NO SLACKER.

(By International News Service.) Connelville, Pa., April 3.—There is a slacker here who is eager to take a crack at the enemy. He is Howard Slacker, an American citizen. Slacker has passed the physical test for the draft and has expressed a desire to go to the war.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"A SPLENDID TONIC"

Says Hisson Lady Who, On Doctor's Advice, Took Cardui And Is Now Well.

Hisson, Tenn.—"About 10 years ago I was..." says Mrs. J. B. Gadd, of this place. "I suffered with a pain in my left side, could not sleep at night with this pain, always in the left side..."

My doctor told me to use Cardui. I took one bottle, which helped me and after my baby came, I was stronger and better, but the pain was still there.

I at first let it go, but began to get weak and in a run-down condition, so I decided to try some more Cardui, which I did.

This last Cardui which I took made me much better, in fact, cured me. It has been a number of years, still I have no return of this trouble.

I feel it was Cardui that cured me, and I recommend it as a splendid female tonic.

Don't allow yourself to become weak and run-down from womanly troubles. Take Cardui. It should surely help you, as it has so many thousands of other women in the past 40 years. Headache, backache, sideache, nervousness, sleeplessness, tired-out feeling, are all signs of womanly trouble. Other women get relief by taking Cardui. Why not you? All druggists.

NC-133

(Advertisement)

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey) One very nice-looking, overenthusiastic young thing, stopped at my bed and asked, "What wounded you in the face?"

In a polite but bored tone I answered, "A rifle bullet."

With a look of disdain she passed to the next bed, first ejaculating, "Oh! Only a bullet? I thought it was a shell." Why she should think a shell wound was more of a distinction than a bullet, I don't see a whole lot of difference myself.

The American Women's War hospital was a heaven for wounded men. They were allowed every privilege possible conducive with the rules and military discipline. The only fault was that the men's passes were restricted. To get a pass required an act of parliament. Tommy tried many tricks to get out, but the commandant, an old Boer war officer, was wise to them all, and it took a new and clever ruse to make him affix his signature to the coveted slip of paper.

As soon as it would get dark many a patient climbed over the wall and went "on his own," regardless of many signs stenciled in the face, "Out of bounds for patients." Generally the nurses were looking the other way when one of these night raids started. I hope this information will get none of them into trouble, but I cannot resist the temptation to let the commandant know that occasionally we put it over on him.

One afternoon I received a note, through our underground channel, from my female visitor, asking me to attend a party at her house that night. I answered that she could expect me and to meet me at a certain place on the road well known by all patients, and some visitors, as "over the wall." I told her I would be on hand at seven-thirty.

About seven-fifteen I sneaked my overcoat and cap out of the ward and hid it in the bushes. Then I told the nurse, a particular friend of mine, that I was going for a walk in the rose garden. She winked and I knew that everything was all right on her end.

Going out of the ward, I slipped into the bushes and made for the wall. It was dark as pitch and I was groping through the underbrush, when suddenly I stepped into space and felt myself rushing downward, a horrible bump, and blackness. When I came to my wounded shoulder was hurting horribly. I was lying against a circular wall of bricks, dripping with moisture, and far away I could hear the trickling of water. I had in the darkness fallen into an old disused well. But why wasn't I wet? According to all rules I should have been drowned. Perhaps I was and didn't know it.

As the shock of my sudden stop gradually wore off it came to me that I was lying on a ledge and that the least movement on my part would precipitate me to the bottom of the well. I struck a match. In its faint glare I saw that I was lying in a circular hole about twelve feet deep—the well had been filled in! The dripping I had heard came from a water pipe over on my right.

With my wounded shoulder it was impossible to shimmy up the pipe. I could not yell for help, because the rescuer would want to know how the accident happened, and I would be held before the commandant on charges. I just had to grin and bear it, with the forlorn hope that one of the returning night raiders would pass and I could give him our usual signal of "slas-s-a-s," which would bring him to the rescue.

Every half-hour I could hear the clock in the village strike, each stroke bringing forth a muffled volley of curses on the man who had dug the well.

After two hours I heard two men

talking in low voices. I recognized Corporal Cook, an ardent "night raider." He heard my "slas-s-a-s" and came to the edge of the hole. I explained my predicament and amid a lot of impertinent remarks, which at the time I did not resent, I was soon fished out.

Taking off our boots, we sneaked into the ward. I was sitting on my bed in the dark, just starting to undress, when the man next to me, "Ginger" Phillips, whispered, "Op it, Yank, 'ere comes the matron."

I immediately got under the covers and feigned sleep. The matron stood talking in low tones to the night nurse and I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning the night sister, an American, was bending over me. An awful sight met my eyes. The coverlet on the bed and the sheets were a mass of mud and green slime. She was a good sport all right, and hustled to get clean clothes and sheets so that no one would get wise, but "on her own" she gave me a good tongue lashing but did not report me. One of the Canadians in the ward described her as being "a Jake of a good fellow."

Next visiting day I had an awful time explaining to my visitor why I had not met her at the appointed time and place.

And for a week every time I passed a patient he would call, "Well, well, here's the Yank. Hope you are feeling well, old top."

The surgeon in our ward was an American, a Harvard unit man, named Frost. We nicknamed him "Jack Frost." He was loved by all. If a Tommy was to be cut up he had no objection to undergoing the operation if "Jack Frost" was to wield the knife. Their confidence in him was pathetic. He was the best sport I have ever met.

One Saturday morning the commandant and some "high up" officers were inspecting the ward, when one of the patients who had been wounded in the head by a bit of shrapnel, fell on the floor in a fit. They brought him round, and then looked for the ward orderly to carry the patient back to his bed at the other end of the ward. The orderly was nowhere to be found—like our policemen, they never are when needed. The officers were at a loss how to get Palmer into his bed. Doctor Frost was fidgeting around in a nervous manner, when suddenly with a muffled "d—n" and a few other qualifying adjectives, he stooped down and took the man in his arms like a baby—he was no feather, either—and staggered down the ward with him, put him in bed and addressed him. A low murmur of approval came from the patients. Doctor Frost got very red, and as soon as he had finished addressing Palmer, hurriedly left the ward.

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Sold in Hopkinsville and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by L. L. Elgin.

The wound in my face had almost healed and I was a horrible-looking sight—the left cheek twisted into a knot, the eye puffed down, and my mouth pointing in a north by north-west direction. I was very downhearted and could imagine myself during the rest of my life being slurred by all on account of the repulsive scar. Doctor Frost arranged for me to go to the Cambridge Military hospital at Aldershot for a special operation to try and make the scar presentable.

I arrived at the hospital and got an awful shock. The food was poor and the discipline abnormally strict. No patient was allowed to sit on his bed, and smoking was permitted only at certain designated hours. The face specialist did nothing for me except to look at the wound. I made application for a transfer back to Painsdon, offering to pay my transportation. This offer was accepted, and after two weeks' absence, once again I arrived in Munsey ward, all aglow gone. The next day after my return Doc-

tor Frost stopped at my bed and said: "Well, Empey, if you want me to try and see what I can do with that scar I'll do it, but you are taking an awful chance."

I answered: "Well, doctor, Steve Brodie took a chance; he falls from New York and so do I."

Two days after the undertaker squad carried me to the operating room or "pictures," as we called them because of the funny films we see under ether, and the operation was performed. It was a wonderful piece of



The Author Just Before Leaving for Home.

surgery and a marvelous success. From now on that doctor can have my shirt.

More than once some poor soldier has been brought into the ward in a dying condition, resulting from loss of blood and exhaustion caused by his long journey from the trenches. After an examination the doctor announces that the only thing that will save him is a transfusion of blood. Where is the blood to come from? He does not have to wait long for an answer—several Tommies immediately volunteer their blood for their mate. Three or four are accepted; a blood test is made, and next day the transfusion takes place and there is another pale face in the ward.

Whenever bone is needed for some special operation, there are always men willing to give some—a leg if necessary to save some mangled mate from being crippled for life. More than one man will go through life with another man's blood running through his veins, or a piece of his rib or his shinbone in his own anatomy. Sometimes he never even knows the name of his benefactor.

The spirit of sacrifice is wonderful. For all the suffering caused this war is a blessing to England—it has made new men of her sons; has weeded all classes into one glorious whole.

And I can't help saying that the doctors, sisters, and nurses in the English hospitals, are angels on earth. I love them all and can never repay the care and kindness shown to me. For the rest of my life the Red Cross will be to me the symbol of Faith, Hope and Charity.

After four months in the hospital, I went before an examining board and was discharged from the service of his Britannic majesty as "physically unfit for further war service."

After my discharge I engaged passage on the American liner New York, and after a stormy trip across the Atlantic one momentous day, in the haze of early dawn, I saw the statue of liberty looming over the port rail, and I wondered if ever again I would go "over the top with the best of luck and give them hell."

And even then, though it may seem strange, I was really sorry not to be back in the trenches with my mates. War is not a pink tea, but in a worthwhile cause like ours, mud, rats, cooties, shells, wounds, or death itself, are far outweighed by the deep sense of satisfaction felt by the man who does his bit.

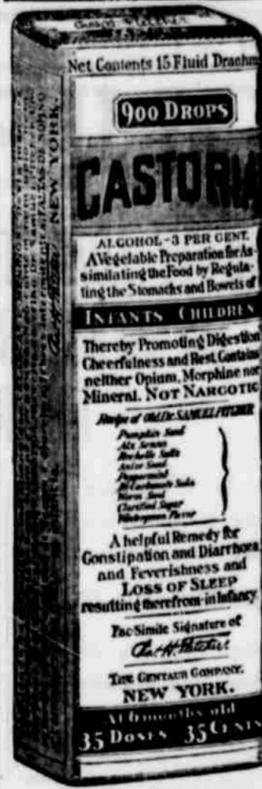
There is one thing which my experience taught me that might help the boy who may have to go. It is this—anticipation is far worse than realization. In civil life a man stands in awe of the man above him, wonders how he could ever fill his job. When the time comes he rises to the occasion, is up and at it, and is surprised to find how much more easily than he anticipated he fills his responsibilities. It is really so "out there."

He has nerve for the hardships; the interest of the work grips him; he finds relief in the fun and comradeship of the trenches and wins that best sort of happiness that comes with duty well done.

THE END.

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