or across No Man's Land. This

shell burst, I asked him why the bed was made up in such a peculiar manner. He told me that the oc-cupant, a Canadian, was up in the "pictures" (operating theater) hav-

was blind, caused by the explosion

In about half an hour four whit clothed orderlies came down the ward carrying a stretcher. In the wake of the stretcher came a Red Cross nurse. They halted before the unoccupied bed on my right. Then I marveled at the efficient and gen-tle way in which the wounded man

from the half open lips of the bandaged form.

In a short time the ether began to die out, and the frothy lips twitched. Then a sigh, and the man began to sing, not "God, Save the King" or "The Maple Leaf Forever," but "Never Introduce a Bloke to Your Lady Friend."

Pretty soon this tune changed to

Arthur Guy Empey, Author, Makes Tremendous Appeal For Contributions to Tobacco Fund

By ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

(Written For "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund.")

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Arthur Guy Empey, author of "Over the Top" and "Tales From a Dugout," is an American who has been in the thick of the great war. He formerly was machine gunner and bomber with H. M. Imperial army, British expeditionary force in France. He knows what war is.

He has written this article for "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund." He speaks for the men in the trenches, for our American soldiers who soon will be in there dying. Mr. Empey not only is aiding the fund by writing for it, but also in all his lectures throughout the country he is, as he says, "putting it right before the public and making them realize that that loose dollar bill in their jeans thould and must go into the Fund which is supplying Smokes for Sammy." Send your contributions to this newspaper.

Our boys, Uncle Sam's boys, are |

ighting in France.

Think it over.

They are not in camp for ten days; hey are not on the Mexican border; hey are not drilling in armories.

They are fighting in the trenches. Many of them will never again see heir homes, this beautiful God's country of theirs and ours. They will lie and be buried thousands of miles way, with a little wooden cross at he head of a mound of dirt to mark heir fall. In time the elements will lestroy this cross, and perhaps a

The public to be convinced must have facts. Well, here are some facts, actual happenings in the trenches of France and in hospitals. These incidents will show the crying need of the soldiers for smokes.

Are we going to send them some or are we going to let them keep on longing?

A wounded Tommy Atkins is lying on the ground, the blood running from a hole in his leg made by a bit of shrappel. He is yelling for stretcher bearers. Here they come at the double. They stop beside hlm, place the stretcher on the ground, open it up, and one of them unbuttons a little pouch he is carrying, sicks in his hand and pulls out—not not a bandage, but a smoke. He hands it to the wounded Tommy, who is grinning. The grin makes cracks in the dried mud on his face. Then the following conversation ensues:

Stretcher bearer: "Want a smoke? Where are you hit?"

Tommy: "Yes. In the leg."

in our comfortable beas, and, we will also a to go and the fleessaries to such as a conversation ensues.

Stretcher bearer: "Want a smoke? Stretcher bearer: "Want a smoke? I muddy; we are not bleeding; we comfortable physically, though rhearts are wrenched. These boys ours are uncomfortable physically, d there is also a tugging at THEIR artstrings. They are longing for other, father, brother, sister, wife, eetheart and perhaps their little les.

The cry rings throughout the middy and the fleessaries to stand our boys ammunition, food. Send our boys ammunition, food. Send our boys ammunition, food, and Tommy is nearly dumped into the mudd.

unpleasant for every one who handled him in his long trip to Blighty. But such is the creed of the trenches—keep our boys warm, their bellies full, give them plenty of smokes, and they will plant the flag in Berlin. Just take any one of the above three away, especially the "smokes," and, although the flag will eventually land where it belongs, it will take much longer.

SEND THEM SMOKES.

ing both hands amputated at the wrists and also that the Canadian We had gone "over the top" in a charge early that morning. It was tough sledding. We were "clicking" casualties so fast that an adding machine was needed to keep count of them. of a bomb while raiding the German

machine was needed to keep count of them.

There were ten of us—a machine gun, a sergeant, six Vicker's machine gun, a sergeant, six Vicker's machine gun, a sergeant, six Vicker's machine gun to the sergeant of the purpose of "bringing up 'ammo'" (ammunition).

Our part in this little affair of "straightening the line" consisted in the operation of a machine gun to help break up the counterattack which the Germans would launch against our captured position.

When the counterattack started it was hot work. Belt after belt was fed through the gun. The water in the barrel casing was boiling. Shells were commencing to drop around our crater, too close for comfort. The German artillery had "taped" us, and we knew it would only be a short time before a shell with our names and numbers on it would come screeching over, but we had to hold our position.

Our ammunition was getting low. The sergeant detailed two men to go back for "ammo," a risky job under that intense fire. The men were about to start when one of the machine gunners shouted into the ear of the sergeant.

"Don't send Collins; he's got the way in which the wounded man was transferred from the stretcher to the bed. The "undertaker's squad" left, but the Red Cross nurse sat beside her patient, every how and then shooling a fly away from the bandaged head or using a piece of gauze bandage to wipe away the white froth which constantly oozed from the half open lips of the bandaged form.

chine gunners shouted into the ear of the sergeant.

"Don't send Collins; he's got the only pipe in this bally crowd. Supposin' he gets a hit?"

The sergeant, with a look of mortification on his smutty face, replied:
"Blime me, so he has. I'm a silly ass to forget it. Wallace, you go after 'ammo,' and, Collins, you get on the gun."

Wallace started grousing, but went. He got hit in the leg. If he had had a pipe he wouldn't have been sent. Collins stayed with us. He wasn't wounded.

During a lull in the firing we each took turns at the pipe. We had our

"The Maple Leaf Forever," but "Never Introduce a Bloke to Your Lady Friend." Pretty soon this tune changed to a shout of "Ammo (ammunition)! Ammo! Ammo forward!" You could hear him all over the ward. The nurse started to sing a crooning little fullaby. The shouting cased. Further twitching and twisting, and the ether was expelled into an ever ready little receptable held in the hands of the nurse. In a few minutes rays of consciousness penetrated to the brain of the wounded man and he started to mutter:

"Turn on the lights; it's dark, it's dark, I can't see. It's dark, dark. Take that damned pillow off my head. It's dark, dark, I tell you. What's the matter with my mitts? They're tied; cobblestones on them. where as I, Smokey? This dugout's dark. Switch on the glim."

The nurse was talking to him in a low voice and crooning her lullaby. My God, how that girl could sing!

It was not long before the blinded soldier fell asleep. He slept for three hours, the nurse beside him. Not for a second did she leave her post. I inwardly wished that the patient would sleep for hours longer. The presence of that nurse made me feel happy and contented all over. The form on the bed stirred, and then in a plaintive voice:

"Where am I? Where am I? Turn on the lights!" The sun was streaming through the window.

The nurse was crying. So was I. The Jock on my left was softly cursing to himself.

The angel of mercy leaned over her patient and in a low voice whispered to him.

mericans, do your bit!
lid I can't rightly remember, but did. I can't rightly remember, but anyway Fritz packed up his artillery and we were safe. But, do you know, usertainl

of safety, comfort and con-

venience on 137 railroads, em-

bracing 223,489 miles of track.

Staunchly constructed, elec-

trically lighted, sanitary, ven-tilated and steam heated, they

include every feature for the

personal convenience and lux-

In addition, the cars of the

Pullman Company afford a

uniform and continuous ser-

vice unequalled by that of

any like organization in the

ury of the passenger.

her patient and in a low voice whispered to him:

"Never mind, dearie; you are in the hospital and will soon be in Blighty for a nice long rest."

The Canadian's mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry. It was a pretty mouth, but the lips were blanched to a bluish white.

He asked the nurse, "What time is it?"

He asked the hurse, what the is it?"

She answered: "Three o'clock, dearle. Try to go to sleep. You'll feel better soon."

The Canadian asked in a piteous voice. "Why is it so dark?" Then he shouted in a terfor stricken voice: "I know! I know! They've put my lights out. Good God, I'm blind! I'm blind! My eyes are gone—gone—gone—And his voice died out in a long sob.

one"— And his voice died out in a long sob.
Three doctors came through and held a low voiced consultation. Two of them left; one stayed.
The Jock whispered to me: "Poor bloke! He's going west. I know the

bloke! He's going west. I know the signs."

The dying man began to mutter. The nurse bent over him. She had a writing pad and a pencil in her-hand. She whispered to him: "Dearle, the mall is going out. Do you want me to write a note home to the folks—best a sheet note telling them that you are all right and will be with a couple of months?"

The patient answered.

"Home? Folks? I've never had any since I was a kid. Home! God, I wish I had one!"

The writing pad in the nurse's hand was wet. Perhaps the blood was soaking through. But blood is red.

The voice of the wounded man

The writing pad in the nurses hand was wet. The bandage on my shoulder was wet. Perhaps the blood was soaking through. But blood is red.

The voice of the wounded man again: "I want—want—I want a"—
The nurse: "What do you want, boy? What can I get for you—a nice cool drink?"

The answer came back:

"A drink? Hell, no; I want a smoke!" Mhere's my makings? I want a fag—a smoke—a smoke!"
She looked at the doctor. He nodded. She left the patient and came over to me. I felt as if I were in the presence of God. She whispered to me: "Have you a cigaret, my dear, for that poor boy? We are all out—have not received any for ten days. If the people at home only realized what a godsend tobacco is for these poor wounded lads they would send them out. They are as important as shells."

I told her to look in my kit bag. She looked through it and found one, all out of shape—a Goldfiake. I think it was the only smoke left in that ward of sixty-nine patients.

With joy in her eyes she went back to her patient, gently put the cigaret between his lips and lighted it.

t.

A contented sigh, two or three weak puffs and the lighted cigaret fell out of his mouth on to the sheet.

fell out of his mouth on to the sleet. He was asleep.

It was getting late. I fell asleep. When I woke up it was morning.

The bed on my right was empty. The nurses in the ward had red eyes. They had been crying.

I turned an inquiring gaze to the Jock on my left. He solemnly nodded and his mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry, but suddenly he looked at me, tears in his eyes, and said, "Aw, go to hell!" and turned over on his side.

Do the men in the trenches want smokes?

Do they want their mothers?
Do they want their wives and weethearts?
Do they want the field and flowers thome?

Do they want the field and flowers at home?
The home?
Do they want SMOKES?
God, do they want them? They need them! They cry for them! They must have them!
Americans, if you could only see with your own eyes, realize the crying need for smokes in France, you would starve in order that they could have them.
Do your bit—send contributions to the "Smoke Fund" and win the gratitude and thanks of the boys who are fighting your fight—our fight—Uncle Sam's fight—the civilized world's fight.
Let your slogan bet "Smokes for 18 mmy."
And turn the words into actions.
DO IT NOW, We are waiting for your contribution, How would you have liked to have been the one who furnished that smoke for the dying man? You can be for another. Will you? The answer is you are an American. That means yes.

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First Floor.

fax, truly I didn't do anything of of temper rather than keep him the sort. Ralph's a bigger, finer, around to torture by means of he stronger, saner person than I am— petty, jealous, irritable suspicious

Beauty As An Asset

HOW MUCH DOES IT REALLY COUNT?

Not a Great Deal, Unless You Have Charm and Brains to Make it Worth While

By Beatrice Fairfax

"What chance have any of us with Midred Hanson in the crowd?"

anked Helen bitterly.

"What chance have you? Just: "State of the protective wonderful looking and handomest man you were saw and all sorts or interesting invitations. He's one of the pretriets thing you ever away."

"Maybe dear, Raiph will still manage to prefer your looks to Milfard?" "An able of the proposition in the bauty is everything."

"Maybe dear, Raiph will still manage to prefer your looks to Milfard?" "Should say not. I stated your hear by that, Helen."

"Maybe dear, Raiph will still manage to prefer your looks to Milfard?" "Should say not. I stated your hear by that, Helen."

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"Maybe dear, Raiph will still manage to prefer your looks to Milfard?"

"Maybe dear, Raiph will still manage to prefer your looks to Milfard?" "Should say not. I was breath only he beauty." I should still around as Milfard?"

"Maybe dear, Raiph will still manage to prefer your looks to Milfard?"

"Maybe dear, Raiph will still manage to prefer your looks to Milfard?"

"And there's some have your seen as well and the proposition of all the things that he whole will be many and the proposition and the proposition of all the things that he will be many or large will be a stated your team of the proposition of all the things that he whole will be many and the proposition of all the things that he will be many or large will be a stated your team of the proposition of all the things that he will be many or large will be a stated your team of the proposition of all the things that he will be many or large will be a stated your team of

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