

"SOME WHIN FRANCE" WITH EMPEY

The first of a series of articles by the author of "Over the Top," the best seller of the year. The remaining articles will tell Mr. Empey's experiences during his seventeen months in first line trenches of the British Army in France, the thrilling "great adventures" which hundreds of thousands of young Americans are soon to pass through.

CHRISTMAS IN A DUGOUT

By Arthur Guy Empey
Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," etc. (Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was Christmas Eve, and cold; not the kind of cold which sends the red blood tingling through your veins and makes you want to be "up and at 'em," but that miserable damp kind that eats into the marrow of your bones, attacking you from the rear and sending cold shivers up and down your spinal column. It gives you a feeling of dread and loneliness.

The three of us, "Curly," "Happy," and myself, were standing at the corner of "Yankee Avenue" and "Yiddish Street," waiting for the word "Stand to," upon which we were to mount our machine guns on the parapet and go on watch for two hours with our heads sticking over the top.

"Yankee Avenue" was the name of the fire trench, while "Yiddish Street" was the communication trench leading to the rear. We were occupying "Y" Sector of the front line of our brigade.

The trench was muddy, and in some places a thin crust of ice was beginning to form around the edges of the puddles.

We had wrapped our feet and legs with empty sand bags, and looked like snow shovellers on Fifth Avenue. My teeth were chattering with the cold, and I was trying to reach under my right armpit—no doubt a "cootie" had gone marketing for its Christmas dinner.

Then came the unwelcome "Stand to," and it was up on the fire step for us to get our gun mounted. This took about five minutes.

Curly, while working away, was muttering: "Blime me, Christmas Eve, and 'ere I am somewhere in France, 'alf starved with the cold."

Happy was humming "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Right then to me, any kind of a home fire would have been very welcome.

It was black as pitch in No-Man's Land. Curly stopped muttering to himself and Happy's humming ceased. There was serious work in front of us. For two hours we had to try and penetrate that blackness with our straining eyes to see that Fritz did not surprise us with some Christmas stunt of his.

Suddenly, Happy who was standing on the fire step next to me, gripped my arm, and in a low excited whisper, asked: "Did you see that out in front, Yank, a little to the right of that

Only a Cat

Sure enough, I could make out a slight movement. Happy must have seen it at the same time, because he carefully eased his rifle over the top, ready for instant use. My rifle was already in position. Curly was fumbling with the flare pistol. Suddenly, a plop, as he pulled the trigger, and a red streak shot up into the air as the star shell described an arc over in front; it hit the ground and burst, throwing out a white, ghostly light. A frightened "meow," and a cat, with speed clutch open, darted from the wire in front of us, jumped over our gun, and disappeared into the blackness of the trench. Curly ducked his head, and I saw a gleam of white, squeaky laugh. I was frozen stiff with fear. Pretty soon the pump action of my heart was resumed, and I looked more into No Man's Land.

For the remainder of our two hours on guard nothing happened. From the depths of the earth came the notes of a harmonica playing, "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile." Stumbling about the muddy steps we entered the dugout. About eight boys of our section, sitting on their packs, had formed a circle around a wooden box. In an old ammunition tin six candles were burning. I inwardly shuddered at this extravaganza, but suddenly remembered that it was Christmas Eve. "Sailor Bill" was making cocoa over the flames of a "Tommy's Cooker," while "Ikey" Honney was toasting bread in front of a trench fire bucket, the fumes from which nearly choked us.

As soon as we made our appearance in the dugout the circle stood around a wooden box. In an old ammunition tin six candles were burning. I inwardly shuddered at this extravaganza, but suddenly remembered that it was Christmas Eve. "Sailor Bill" was making cocoa over the flames of a "Tommy's Cooker," while "Ikey" Honney was toasting bread in front of a trench fire bucket, the fumes from which nearly choked us.

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Present from the Queen

Out, and although the trenches were slippery with mud, still it was warm, and we felt the Christmas spirit running through our veins. We all turned in and cleaned up the dugout. Making reflectors out of ammunition tins, sticking them into the walls of the dugout, we placed a lighted candle on each, the rays from which turned night into day.

Bill was bustling about preparing the Christmas spread. He placed a waterproof sheet on the floor, and adding three blankets he spread another waterproof sheet over the top for a table cloth, and arranged the men's packs around the edges for chairs.

Presently the welcome voice of our Sergeant came from the entrance of the dugout: "Come on, me lads, lend a hand with the mail."

There was a mad rush for the entrance. In a couple of minutes or so three boys returned, each carrying a load of parcels. As each name was read off a parcel would be thrown over to the expectant Tommy. My parcel was being with eagerness as the Sergeant picked up each parcel; then a pang of disappointment as the name was read off.

Each man in the dugout received from one to four parcels. There was still one left. I could feel their eyes sympathizing with me.

All for a Churr.

Sailor Bill whispered something to the Sergeant, that I could not get. The Sergeant turned to me and said: "Why, blime me, Yank, I must be goin' balmy. I left your parcel up in the trench. I'll be right back."

He returned in a few minutes with a large parcel addressed to me. I eagerly took the parcel and looked for the post mark. It was from London. Another pang of disappointment passed through me. I knew no one in London.

"I flashed over me in an instant. About two weeks before I had noticed a collection being taken up in the section and at the time thought it very strange that I was not asked to donate. The boys had all chipped in to make sure that I would not be forgotten on Christmas. They eagerly crowded around me as I opened the parcel. It contained everything under the sun, including some American cigars.

"Tears of gratitude came to my eyes but some way or other I managed not to betray myself. Those Tommies certainly were tickled at my exclamations of delight at each of their parcels. Out of the corner of my eye I could see them nudging each other.

A man named Smith in our section had been detailed as "runner"

"Gone West"

Sailor Bill could stand it no longer, and just as the Sergeant was about to leave he asked: "Out with it, Sergeant, what's happened?"

The Sergeant turned around, and in a choking voice, said: "Boys, Smith's gone west. Some bloody German sniper got him through that bashed-in part of Yiddish Street."

Sailor Bill ejaculated: "Poor old Smith, gone west! Then he paused and sobbed out: 'My God, think of his wife and three little nippers waiting in Blighty for him to come for the Christmas holidays.'"

I believe that right at that moment a solemn vow of vengeance registered itself in every heart around that festive circle.

The next day we buried poor Smith in a little cemetery behind the lines. While standing around his grave our artillery suddenly opened up with intense bombardment on the German lines, and as every shell passed prayer of vengeance was his.

As the grave was filled in I imagined a huge rainbow embracing the graves in that cemetery on which, I believe, letters of fire, written "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," on Butch is War."

The title of the next article in the series is "Private Ginger as Seen Through Barbed Wire."

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CASCARA QUININE

No advance in price for this 20-year-old remedy—25c for 24 tablets—Some cost tablets now 30c for 21 tablets—Figured on proportionate cost per tablet, you save 95c when you buy H.W. Cures Cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days—Money back if it fails. 24 Tablets for 25c.

At any Drug Store

ON Christmas, the most joyful of all days, may your heart be merry and your mind free from care.

Let your thoughts turn to the boys in service. Many of them will be home for Christmas, but the great majority of them will be in camp or abroad.

And may the New Year be success for you and yours.

Rotnort's
312 MARKET STREET

Merry Christmas to All!

Is the Wish of the Harrisburg Branch of the largest shoe retailers in the world—

G. R. Kinney Company, Inc.
1921 North Fourth Street

To our Patrons and Friends: We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May nineteen hundred and eighteen hold many good things in store for you.

Russ Bros. Ice Cream Co.

SILVER LINING IN REVELATIONS AT ARMY QUIZ

Delay Clearly Shown, but U. S. Finally Will Be Best Equipped

Washington, Dec. 24.—The net result of the investigation of the progress of the war by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs according to the opinion of official Washington, is that in the matter of ordnance—that is, as the term is applied to machine guns and rifles—while there has been unwarranted delay in production, American troops finally will be equipped with a rifle equal, if not superior, to that carried by the German troops, and with machine guns of the Browning type, unequalled by any now in the field in Europe.

According to testimony given by experts and manufacturers and officials of the Ordnance Department, the Browning gun will not be in production before April, and meanwhile troops in training camps are virtually wasting time practicing with machine guns which the War Department does not intend they shall use.

The committee is firmly impressed with this opinion, and it is expected will use it as an argument for pressing home the fact that the War Department was to say the least, in discredit in not adopting a type of gun months ago. One manufacturer told the committee early last week that gunners should be trained with the weapon they expected to use in the field, as with a different type of gun would serve but one purpose—that of familiarizing them in the handling of machinery. He specifically pointed out that because a man was familiar with a Colt or a Vickers gun was no guarantee that he could successfully operate a Browning or a Lewis gun.

OIL STARTED BLAZE

The overturning of an oil stove yesterday caused a lively blaze in the home of Reuben C. Burton, 1109 North Sixth street, causing damage amounting to \$50. The fire was extinguished before the firemen arrived.

NO SUGAR REQUIRED

Quick, Fruity Desserts, Ready Sweetened and Flavored

Nearly every grocer in this vicinity now has the wonderful Jiffy-Jell for desserts and salads. It is ready-sweetened for instant use. It is the only jelly dessert with three times as much fruit in order to get the rich, fruity taste.

In old style desserts, the flavor came mixed with powder. Of course it deteriorated. You had to add fruit to make them taste like fruit. Artificial flavors cost less than fruit flavors. And dry flavors cost less than bottled flavors. But flavor is everything in a jelly dessert. So this high grade of fruit jelly is so economical. It saves sugar, fruit, butter and costly desserts. It is the most economical dessert you can serve. It will make a salad two to three times as far. Also a delicious pie canned fruits mixed in with fresh fruit.

Remember, all of these advantages belong to Jiffy-Jell only. The way to get them is to ask for Jiffy-Jell and make sure you get it.

SANTA CLAUS TO GET OLD-TIME WELCOME

[Continued from First Page.]

back home and whiff once more the aroma of real home cooking that what may happen in the gayety of Yuletide.

Fate was unkind and father felt that his son home, too, for Christmas dinner, but they had the solace of knowing that the camps have been pretty well supplied with cheer. To Camp Hancock, for instance, where 32,000 men from Pennsylvania are bivouacked eighteen tons of turkey were delivered on Saturday.

Plenty to Eat

The dressed birds will be turned over to mess sergeants to-day and the roasting of them in the field bakery will begin this evening. Most of the soldiers will have four and a half straight days respite from all drill and work, while the cheerful crack crack! of machine gun bullets, as some Boche gunner butted in on the concert. We ducked and returned to our dugout, and the men were all tired out, and soon rasping snores could be heard from under the cover of blankets and over the district line.

The next day was Christmas, and we eagerly awaited the mail, which was to be brought up by the ration party at noon. Not a shot or shell had been fired all morning. The sun had come

TROTZKY MAKES BITTER ATTACK ON U. S. ENVOYS

Accuses Americans in Petrograd of Working Against the Bolsheviki

Petrograd, Dec. 22. (Delayed).—Leon Trotzky, the Bolsheviki foreign minister at a meeting of the revolutionary organizations assembled in congress to-day, read documents and telegrams which he declared contained evidence that Americans were helping General Kaledines, leader of the Don Cossacks.

"We will tell the Bolsheviki minister at a meeting of the revolutionary organizations assembled in congress to-day, read documents and telegrams which he declared contained evidence that Americans were helping General Kaledines, leader of the Don Cossacks.

"Last night," said Trotzky, "we found that American agents in Russia were participating in the Kaledines movement. We arrested Colonel Kolpashnikoff, attached to the American mission in Rumania, who was trying to get a trail load of automobiles, clothing and supplies to Rostov. Among the documents was a letter from David R. Francis, (American ambassador to Russia), requesting that the train be given free passage, as it was bound for the mission at Jassy."

"One letter from Colonel Anderson (head of the American Red Cross mission in Rumania) to Kolpashnikoff said that if money were needed \$100,000 rubles on the account of the Red Cross. We think that the American ambassador must break his silence now."

"Since the revolution he has been the most silent diplomat in Petrograd. Evidently he belongs to the class of men who are taught that silence is golden. He must explain his connection with this conspiracy."

"I will tell all the ambassadors if you think you can with the help of American gold, under the guise of the holy mission of the Red Cross, support and bribe Kaledines, you are mistaken. If you think that you are no longer the representatives of America, but private adventurers, and the heavy hand of the revolution will reach out after you."

"The audience cheered these utterances wildly. Raymond Robins, head of the permanent American Red Cross mission to Russia, on learning of the arrest of Kolpashnikoff prior to Trotzky's speech offered to explain the matter to the Bolsheviki leader, but Trotzky refused to hear him unless he came as the representative of the embassy."

Ambassador Francis in a statement to the Russian press declared that the embassy and the Red Cross are in no way involved in the counter-revolution. He says that Kolpashnikoff received no funds from the embassy.

Pershing Reports Penna. Soldier Dead of Wounds; Second Drowned at Sea

Washington, Dec. 24.—General Pershing reported yesterday the loss of two soldiers aboard and drowned from a transport at sea December 17 and the death of two others from gunshot wounds.

The men lost at sea were: Corporal Samuel H. Kell, Engineers, mother, Mrs. L. W. Andrews, Shenandoah, Pa.

Private William E. Smith, Engineers; aunt, Mrs. Amanda Taylor, Chicago.

Among those who died of wounds were: Sergeant Grover Goodall, Headquarters Train, December 16; mother, Mrs. Ellen Goodall, Sharon, Pa.

China Tackles Bolsheviki; Orders Them From Harbin

Pekin, Dec. 21. (Delayed).—The Chinese commandants at Harbin, Manchuria, delivered an ultimatum to the Bolsheviki headquarters to-day, giving the Extremists forty-eight hours to existing bonds to Harbin. Otherwise, they were warned force would be used.

The Chinese are continuing to strengthen the military forces at Harbin. Lieutenant General Horvath, the Russian military commander at Harbin, is assisting the Chinese. Because of the existing bonds, he has taken up his residence in the area under Chinese control.

To Prevent the Grip

Cold cause Grip—LAXATIVE PROMOTION TABLETS remove the cause. There is only one "Promo Quinine," E. W. GROVER'S signature on box, 30c.—Advertisement.

COLD GONE! HEAD AND NOSE CLEAR

First dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" relieves all grippe misery.

Don't stuff up! Quit blowing and snuffing! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end grippe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute.

GINGEROLE

The Greatest Known Remedy For Rheumatism, Colds in Chest, Lumbago, Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Neuralgia

Stops Headache, Backache, Relieves Stiff Joints Instantly

GINGEROLE is better than any hot water bag—poultice or ointment. Just rub it on, that's all. It is very penetrating but won't blister.

A package that will do the work of 50 blistering, mustard plasters, cost but 25 cents. Use it to banish sore throat, cold in chest, tonsillitis, pleurisy, lumbago, swollen glands, and to drive soreness from varicose veins. Money back if you don't say its results are astonishing.

Nothing so good for swollen, aching rheumatic joints, neuritis, sore muscles, sprains, stiff neck, bruises. It draws out the burning inflammation, from sore feet, bunions, corns and callouses over night.

Gingerole is for sale and recommended by all druggists.

MEN'S AND LADIES' Silk, Linen & Cotton Handkerchiefs

Fancy and Initial in boxes

Conslyman & Co. 1117 N. Third St.

SHIRTS of unusual merit, style and value. \$1.00 to \$3.50

Conslyman & Co. 1117 N. 3rd St.

To the Patrons and Friends of THE Hoff Store

New Cumberland, Pa.

Not because it is an honored custom, but because of the Sincerity of our Appreciation, we take this opportunity to thank you for the part you have played in our business prosperity the past twelve months, and we wish you a good old Merry Christmas

And a Happy New Year

M. A. HOFF, President. J. FRANK BOUSH, Manager.

This First Christmas

following months of trouble—OUR ENTIRE FORCE OF SALESMEN have the highest intentions in their efforts to help win the great war, desiring at the same time to keep industry alive.

They have reason to appreciate your patronage more than ever before and take extreme pleasure in extending the Season's Greetings. At the same time hope is expressed that next year will yield much more happiness and prosperity.

Spangler Music House
2112 North Sixth Street