

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

By Arthur Guy Empey

(Continued)

On Board

The ship, a huge three-decker, was lying alongside. We were shoved into single file, ready to go up the gang-plank. Then our real examination took place. At the foot of the gang-plank were a group of men around a long table. They certainly put us through a third degree to see if there was any German blood in us. Several men were turned down. Luckily, I got through and signed for the voyage, and went on board.

At the hand of the gangplank stood the toughest specimen of humanity I have ever seen. He looked like a huge gorilla, and had a big, crescent-shaped, livid scar running from his left ear under his chin up to his right eye. Every time he spoke the edges of the scar seemed to grow white. His nose was broken, and he had huge shaggy eyebrows. His hand was resting on the rail of the ship. It looked like a ham, and inwardly I figured out what would happen to me if that ham-like fist ever came in contact with the point of my jaw. As we passed him he showered us with a few complimentary remarks, such as "Of all the lousy scum I have ever seen, this bunch of lubbers is the worst, and this is what they give me to take thirteen hundred horses to Bordeaux." Later on I found this individual was foreman of the horse gang.

We were ordered aft and sat on the after hatch. The fellow on my right was a huge, blue-gummed negro. He was continually scratching himself. I unconsciously eased away from him and bumped into the fellow sitting on my left. After a good look at him I eased back again in the direction of the negro. I don't think he had taken a bath since escaping from the cradle. Right then my uppermost thought was how I could duck this trip to France. The general conversation among the horse gang was: "When do we eat?"

We must have sat there about twenty minutes when the second foreman came aft. I took fifteen guesses at his nationality, and at last came to the conclusion that he was a cross between a Chinaman and a Mexican. He was thin, about six feet tall, and wore a huge sombrero. His skin was tanned the color of leather. Every time he smiled I had the impression that the next minute he would plant a stiletto in my back. His name was Pinero. His introduction to us was very brief: "Get up off that blankety blank hatch and line up against the rail." We did as ordered. Then he commanded: "All both niggers line up alongside of the port rail." I guess a lot of them did not know what he meant by the "port rail" because they looked very much bewildered. "Well, an oath he snapped out: "You blankety blank idiots. The port rail is that rail over there. Come on. Move or I'll shove you." He looked well able to do this and the niggers promptly shuffled over to the place designated. He quickly divided us into two groups. "Get up on the second foreman said: "All right, you're not a straw boss; fall back." I got the cue immediately. My turn came next.

"Do you know what a straw boss is?"

I said: "Sure."

I said: "All right, you're a straw boss."

I had not the least idea of what he was talking about, but made up my mind that it would not take me long to find out. Then he passed down the line, picking out straw bosses. I asked one of the men in my gang what were the duties of a straw boss. He handed me a stick of straw, and told me that a straw boss meant to be in charge of the gang to feed the horses and to draw and keep careful check on the straw, hay, oats and bran. Having served in the Cavalry, this job, as I figured, would be a regular pie for me.

In about an hour and a half's time Pinero had selected his straw bosses and divided the men into gangs, and assigned us to our quarters on the ship. These quarters were between the decks and very much crowded. The stench was awful. Iron bunks, three deep, with filthy and lousy mattresses on them, were set into the sides of the ship. The atmosphere in that dirty hole turned my stomach and I was longing for the fresh air of the deck. A dirty bum, with tobacco juice running out of the corners of his mouth, turned to me and asked: "Do the gray backs bother you much, matey?" A shudder ran through me as I answered: "Not so much as I got them, which I know in a very short time would occur, they certainly would be on my mind, but I had to keep a stiff upper lip if I wanted to retain their respect and my authority as straw boss.

One old fellow in my gang was a trouble maker. He must have been about forty years old and looked as hard as nails. He was having an argument with a pasty-faced looking specimen of humanity, about twenty-

six years old. To me this man appeared to be in the last stages of consumption. I told the old fellow to cut out his argument and leave the other fellow alone. Upon hearing this he squirted a well-directed stream of tobacco juice through his front teeth, which landed on my shoe. Instantly I saw the quick steps forward and swung on his jaw with my fist. His head went up against the iron bunk with a sickening sound and he crumpled up and fell on the deck, the blood pouring from the cut in his head. I felt sick and faint, thinking that he had been killed, but it would not do to show these signs of weakness on my part, so without moving toward him I ordered one of the men to look him over and see he was all right. He soon came around. From that time on he was the most faithful man in the section and greatly respected me. The rest of the men grew very numb and I thought I was in for a terrible beating. Lying close at hand was an iron spike about 15 feet long. Four others besides myself stepped out. The first man he came to be informed: "You're a straw boss. Do you know what a straw boss is?" This man sneaked around me. "No sir." With another oath, the second foreman said: "All right, you're not a straw boss; fall back." I got the cue immediately. My turn came next.

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I'm a "Straw Boss"

DR. FRANK F. D. RECKORD
Will Discontinue Offices
922 North Third Street
Beginning January First
Temporary Offices, Residence
220 Kelker Street

TUBE SALE

28x4 1/2	... \$5.90	Knight
35x4 1/2	... \$5.55	
34x4	... \$4.30	Empire Red
32x3 1/2	... \$3.10	Goodyear
30x3 1/2	... \$2.85	

Closing Out Tube Stock
Front-Market Motor Supply Co.
109-111 Market Street

Greetings To Our Many Friends

May your New Year be filled with goodness and prosperity beyond measure. And may your thoughts and prayers—as ours—be given to our brave boys and Allies "Over There."

FACKLER'S
1312 DERRY STREET

To Our Many Friends and Patrons

WE EXTEND NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS and thank you for past favors, wishing you all success and prosperity during 1918, hoping to have the pleasure of your continued patronage at our new location, 10 South Market Square, about February 1, 1918, with larger quarters, larger stocks. We again thank you.

UNION CLOTHING CO.
New Location about February 1, 10 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE, Next to Kaufmann's. 32 South Fourth Street

A New Year Wish

The best thing we can wish you is success and happiness. And one way to attain them is through preparation for your future. We will serve you in the years to come with the same efficiency.

School of Commerce
—AND—
Harrisburg Business College
15 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE

RED CROSS MEETING
Shiremanstown, Pa., Dec. 31.—A meeting of the Red Cross Society will be held this evening at the fire enginehouse.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE this morning and evening. It falls to cure. E. W. GROVES' signature is on each box. 30c. Advertisement.

CITIZENS ASKED TO SAVE STEAM TO KEEP NERVES FIT IN TRENCHES

Power Company Calls on Churches to Abandon Evening Services

Conservation of steam heat during the present severe cold snap was asked by C. M. Kaltwasser yesterday, of the patrons of the Harrisburg Light and Power Company yesterday. Private consumers are requested by Mr. Kaltwasser to turn off the city heat in the rooms they are not actually using and thus concentrate the heat in one or two rooms, at the same time saving the Power Company the additional steam needed to heat the whole house. Churches using city steam were requested to suspend their evening service in an effort to conserve steam for private users. A number of churches suspended their evening service to co-operate with the Power Company.

Additional relief for uptown users was promised through the boiler plant of Blough Brothers, which the Power Company is arranging to be connected with its mains at Third and Reily streets.

In a statement issued last night, Mr. Kaltwasser makes the following explanation:

Unusual Weather

"The prevailing winter season is one of extreme severity and the present unusual zero weather is most unusual for December in this city and according to weather forecasts is likely to continue for several days. Because of these weather conditions and unavoidable delay in installing of the stoking equipment ordered January 11, 1917 (almost a year ago), our heating equipment has been operating under adverse conditions the past few weeks. We do not feel it safe to operate these stokers to their full capacity. Under the present operating conditions we can very readily take care of such steam demands as our customers may put upon us under normal winter conditions.

"The additional demand, however, placed on our equipment on account of the extreme cold weather, when the temperature went below zero, requires that we operate our stokers to their full capacity in order to give an adequate steam supply. We do not consider it safe, because of the operating condition of our stokers, to run them to their full capacity at the present time, since it would in all probability result in a complete shutdown of this equipment.

"Since this present weather promises to continue until next Wednesday, we communicated with practically all of our steam customers and advising them to be very careful with the request that they help us relieve the strain on our plant by reducing their demand.

"In order to do this effectively, we asked the customers to heat only such rooms that must absolutely be heated and to take care that the temperature of such rooms does not exceed 70 degrees. All radiators in rooms which are not in actual use should be shut off and the doors of such rooms closed during the present severe weather.

"By receiving this help we will be in a position to supply heat during the present cold and will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. This will greatly relieve the situation and should enable us to give good service during the remainder of the winter.

"We wish to thank our consumers for their hearty and unanimous co-operation in our effort to meet this emergency and to assure them that we have done and will continue to do everything in our power to avoid team interruption."

Use McNeil's Cold Tablets.—Adv.

PALESTINE FUND TO KEEP NERVES FIT IN TRENCHES

Zionists Start World-Wide Drive to Restore Holy Land

New York, Dec. 31.—In every state in the Union this week the big drive begins under the auspices of the Zionist Organizations of America to raise a million dollars as a preliminary fund for the re-establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine and the restoration of the Holy Land. Local organizations are being formed in 400 cities to push the campaign. The first million dollars will be devoted to immediate needs for reconstruction work in Palestine, and to ascertain the costs for permanent re-establishment. It will be followed by the organization of a huge fund of possibly \$100,000,000, to be raised by Zionists in all parts of the world.

The National Finance Commission of the Palestine Restoration Fund, which will have charge of the campaign, has opened headquarters at 44 East Twenty-third street, Eugene Meyer Jr. is chairman, Louis Robison administrative chairman and Daniel G. Alberg, secretary, and among the committee members are Nathan Straus, Mrs. Mary Pels, Prof. and Mrs. Richard Judge, Julian Mack and Max Shulman, of Chicago; Louis Kirestein, of Boston; Israel E. Brodie and Dr. Frederick Sonnenheim, of New York; Neure de la Roche, Orleans, and Clarence J. DeSola, of Montreal.

The million dollars will be used to re-establish the Jewish colonies in Palestine which have been crippled by war conditions, to start their re-establishment as going concerns, and to take initial steps looking toward the Zionist administration of Palestine.

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, chairman of the provisional executive committee of the Zionist organizations of America, declared yesterday that the present campaign was the most important ever organized by the Jews in America.

"We face the opportunity to re-establish a homeland for our people," he declared. "This year promises to mark a historic turning point in the history of the Jew. All over the world, impoverished by war, Jews are looking hopefully to us in America for a means to realize their age-long dream of repatriation. We have a wonderful privilege and a grave responsibility."

TO KEEP NERVES FIT IN TRENCHES

Yankees in France Write Home How Much Cigarettes Are Needed

I hear the hemlock chirp and sing As if within its ruddy core It held the happy heart of spring; E'gadous never sang like that, Nor Saadi grave, nor Hafiz gay. I lounge and blow white rings of smoke And watch them rise and float away.

Imagine a zero day like this without a smoke, generous reader. Not much lounging, as our poet liked to indulge in. Well, hardly! Read in the columns of the Telegraph the narratives of Alrman Shaffer of how these birdmen put in their day. Read the accounts of the American engineers, fine, well-hatched chaps who do nothing for months but dig ditches standing in the filthy water up to the waist. Read of the recruits and their constant drill, in artillery, cavalry and infantry, and then deny yourself a pack of cigarettes. It is your duty. You may think you have a hard, tedious daily job, but you are still flirting with death every moment. You have the time to "lounge and blow white rings of smoke, generous reader. Letters from the front emphasize that a smoke over in that sort of fury is no luxury, no plaything, but genuine tonic and soother which you need in times of stress or when off duty and your nerves are still strung up. "When I landed over here," writes a sergeant in a machine gun company, "I determined to keep my pledge not to smoke. I held out for nearly three weeks, and then one night I came back from six hours' tramping in the rain, chilled to the bone, and once again dry, I suddenly got so mad for a smoke that I think I would have stabbed anybody who objected. This is the way one craves a cigarette in this sort of life."

A pipe and fragrant smoking tobacco are beginning to be most popular, according to the bulk of letters, Cigaretts are always in demand, but many soldiers have discovered that there is more satisfaction in a pipe. Don't you bother about this, but send your contribution and let the men you know decide what should be shipped. You will get a personal acknowledgment which will fully repay you for your sacrifice.

Old-Time New Year Calls Described by Well-Known Publisher


"In the late sixties," says G. H. Putnam in "Memories of a Publisher," New York had not yet outgrown certain of its old-fashioned or so-called provincial habits. One of the customs was that of making New Year's calls, a practice that had been inherited from the Dutch founders of the city. Long before the beginning of the twentieth century the growth of the metropolis had made impossible this pleasant and convenient habit of coming into touch at least once a year with a circle of family friends, but in 1866 the ladies still stayed at home on New Year's day, and old men and youngsters did what they could in the hours between 11 in the morning and midnight to check off with calls of from five to fifteen minutes their own visiting list with that of their wives, their sisters or their mothers.

"In my own diary for January 1, 1866, I find the entry, 'Made thirty-five calls.' I remember on that day coming back in the middle of the afternoon for a word with my mother and finding old Mr. Bryant in her parlor. It was sleeting violently outside, and the luxurious young men of the day were going about in couples. It was the practice, in order

Aged Cousins Die Within Few Hours of Each Other

Wrightsville, Pa., Dec. 31.—James S. Grim, of near town, aged 78 years, died Thursday night from the effects of a stroke, and a few hours later his cousin, Rufus Grim, 75 years of age, died from a complication of disease. Both men saw service during their sixteenth wedding anniversary effort in coming out in such weather when they were married a short time when the war broke out. Five or six years ago, besides the wife and a brother, Rufus Grim is survived by his wife, two sons and two grandsons. Both men were members of the Grand Army.

1917 1918



Everybody at Our Place Wishes Everybody a Happy & Prosperous New Year

Dives, Pomeroy & Sons
Store Closed All Day Tomorrow

ACCIDENTS AT LEWISTOWN
Lewistown, Pa., Dec. 31.—John Reynolds, badly injured at the Standard Steel Works, is in a serious condition.

While coasting on a small hill at Yeagertown, Roy Shontz, aged 13 years, son of John Shontz, had his left leg broken. The sled struck a stone and in the mixup the youngster received the fracture.

J. W. BILLOW BURIED
Newport, Pa., Dec. 31.—Funeral services were held on Saturday for J. W. Billow, the Pennsylvania railroad trackwalker, who was killed last Wednesday when struck by a train at Irigois. Services were held at his late home in Howe township.

NISSLEY-HEISEY WEDDING
East Donegal, Pa., Dec. 31.—Miss Jean M. Heisey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phares Heisey, was married yesterday to Samuel K. Nissley, of Elizabethtown, by the Rev. L. O. Musser, at his residence. They were attended by Miss Susan Nissley and Norman N. Nissley.

DR. CHASE'S Blood and Nerve Tablets
Weigh Yourself Before Taking.
Price 60 Cents, Special 90 Cents.
Dr. Chase, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Greetings to Our Many Friends

WE THANK YOU

May we show our appreciation to you for the splendid patronage that we have enjoyed during the past year.

MAY YOU ENJOY A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Buttorff & Co.
Furniture, Floor Coverings, Etc.
NEW CUMBERLAND, PA.

1918 Greeting

It is a pleasure to us at this time to express our gratitude to the many people who have patronized this store during the year just past.

It is not the business we received from them, alone that we are thankful for.


We appreciate the confidence imposed in our store, the good feeling towards the store, shown by the public.

In view of these sentiments—for there is sentiment in a healthy and going business—we sincerely wish

Your New Year To Be a Happy One And Prosperous For You

Gately & Fitzgerald
31 SOUTH SECOND ST.

Lost!



"SPOT" WAS THE NEIGHBORHOOD PET. All the children loved this friendly, playful little pup.

ONE DAY when "Bobbie," the proud owner of "Spot," came home from school there was no "Spot" to see him from afar and come tearing down the street to meet him.

"SPOT" HAD evidently strayed too far from familiar scenes and got lost.

BUT "SPOT" simply had to be found—for Bobbie and all the other kids took his loss mighty hard.

Bobbie's father finally hit on the plan that succeeded. He bet-thought himself of the "LOST AND FOUND" column in the "TELEGRAPH." And sure enough the day following publication of the ad, "Spot" was returned and all the kids are happy again. So is "Spot."

"IT BEATS ALL," said Bobbie's father that night, "HOW WANT ADS IN THE TELEGRAPH TURN THE TRICK."