

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

By Arthur Guy Empey

(Continued)

The Pasty-Faced Doctor

The man still paid no attention. The foreman was speechless. In a few seconds the stooping man straightened up, and looking the foreman straight in the eye, calmly replied: "He's dead."

This did not seem to faze the foreman in the least and he belted out: "How do you know he is dead?" The man answered simply: "I'm a doctor." Then the foreman once again exploded: "A doctor! Blawst my deadlights, a doctor! Well, if you're a doctor, what in h— are you doing on a horse ship? You ought to be rolling pills for the high-brows."

The doctor never took his piercing look from the eye of the foreman. The foreman was now like an enraged bull. Spitting all over himself, he blustered out: "Well, if he's dead, there is no doctor that can do him any good. A couple of you skunks over there (addressing two negroes who were almost blanched to a bluish white and who were trembling nearly), get hold of him and drag 'im out of the way."

One of the negroes, with a leering grin, replied: "I shipped on this here ship to handle horses, and I don't allow nohow that it's my work to toe corpses around."

Just then the second foreman rushed over, gave the negro the heels of the dead man, pulled him away from the run. I turned away, sickened with disgust. The foreman then took an empty oil sack and spread it over the bloody head.

Just then the clanging bell of an ambulance was heard and a white-clothed doctor, followed by two men with a stretcher, pushed their way through the crowd of horses and horsemen. They were accompanied by a policeman. The body was put into the ambulance and taken away, while the police officer went on board the ship.

The pasty-faced doctor was holding onto the rail of the runway and coughing. I thought each gasp would be his last. The second foreman was talking to him. The doctor paid no attention. Going up behind the doctor, the foreman coolly measured his distance and swung on the point of his jaw. The doctor rumbled up and reeled on the deck. At this cowardly and dastardly act I saw red and made a leap at the foreman. An orange light flashed in front of me and a huge locomotive, going 60 miles an hour, hit me between the eyes; then blackness. When I came to, I was lying in my bunk in the hold. I had an awful headache. Then everything came back to me with a flash. I could hear the gurgling water on the ship's side and knew we were under way. Night then and there I decided never again, especially while aboard ship, to interfere with the foreman. Among that gang of human wrecks and cutthroats it was every man for himself and the survival of the fittest. I had two beautiful black eyes, and my nose felt like a football.

I went up on deck. The moon and stars were out and the twinkling lights of New York harbor were gradually fading into the distance. Leaning over the side, the foreman and the veterinarian, "Doc" Casey, by name. The foreman was talking. Snatches of his conversation reached my ears:

"Load horses? Why that bunch of scum they wished on me 'couldn't load lump sugar, one lump at a time. How Brown expected me to deliver 1,200 horses into Bordeaux with this scurvy outfit. I don't know. We're lucky, I'm thinkin', if five hundred o' them don't die, why, they're not one o' the blighters knows which end of a horse eats hay. I tell you, Doc, your work is cut out for you. If, in a few days, you don't have a couple of hundred cases of colic on your hands, then I'm a bloomin' liar."

"Doc" Casey answered: "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Goorty, this is my third trip over and I have seen some tough bunches, but this one is the limit, and I sure have a

Always Caught Cold

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says Mrs. L. Baltimore, 554 Schafer street, Harrisburg.

"For several years I have been bothered with indigestion and nervousness.

"In fact was all broken up, for my kidneys gave me considerable trouble. I was stiff and sore and filled up with rheumatic pains.

"My stomach would fill up with gas after eating, and I felt tired and worn out and would get very nervous.

"I felt cold and creepy, and was always catching cold. It seemed I always had a cold; this I think was due to my run down condition.

"Well, I took a chance on Sanpan, and it was a good bet for me, as it fixed my stomach, restored my nerves and kidneys, drove out all pain, and I no longer catch cold as before."

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job on my hands. It's too bad that Pinero let out on that young fellow, because in my mind, that was a pretty cowardly blow. He seemed to know how to handle horses. What do you say if I give him the job of assistant veterinarian? He's had six years' cavalry experience."

"Throw him over the side, if you want—I don't care. But I guess you'll need someone to help you out, so go to it."

I was overjoyed. Just then Pinero came aft. The horse doctor turned to him and said: "Look here, Pinero, I've seen lots of dirty work in my life, but that exhibition of yours on the dock is about the filthiest I've seen in a long time. Now, just take a tip from me. That young fellow from now on is working for me, and you lay your hands off of him. I'll push that silly grin of yours down your throat until it chokes you. Now, that's all I got to say, lay off of him. Do you understand?"

The doctor started to mumble excuses, but the doctor shut him up with, "I don't want to hear any more. I'm weary of you for life, but remember what I tell you. Steer clear from the two of us, sabb!"

I guess the second foreman "sabbled" all right, because he vouchsafed no answer. My heart warmed

to "Doc" Casey and I slipped away unobserved.

The next morning the doctor fixed me up with court plaster and I was installed as assistant veterinarian at \$30 for the trip. I was to sleep in "Doc" Casey's stateroom, where he had his medicine stock, but before entering the room "Doc" told me, "Take this bucket of water; put a few drops of creosote in it, and go aft on the hatch and take a good bath, and throw your underwear away."

I asked him what for. He answered: "When you take your shirt off, take a good look at it and you'll be glad to feel itchy all over but minutely followed his instructions. Upon taking my shirt off, one look the rail it went. Doc loaned me a white suit and took charge of my outer clothing. What he did with them I don't know, but that afternoon he returned them to me. They were shrunken a size smaller, but were clean. I was satisfied. So was Doc. Five days out we ran into a squall and our work was cut out for us. We even had horses on the decks in wooden stalls. The ship was lurch-

ing and pitching, and huge seas would burst over the gunwales. Several of the wooden stalls gave way, and the horses were loose on the deck. With every lurch of the ship a couple of horses would fall, and kicking and snorting, would slide down the inclined deck, hitting against winches and the hatchway, scraping their hide off. It was worth a man's life to get into that mess.

Then I had more or less respect for the foreman and second foreman. Into the midst of that struggling and kicking bunch of horses they went, assisted by Doc Casey. Four of the horses received broken legs, and Pinero, instead of shooting them, cut their throats with a sharp dagger he carried.

One of the negroes from the lower hold staggered to the upper deck with his face blanched almost white, and his eyes popping out of his head. Between gasps he informed us that a whole section of stalls, twenty-four in all, had carried away between decks, and that the horses were loose. He said three negroes of his gang were caught in this stampede.

The foreman mustered most of the men, and dividing them into three groups, in charge of himself, the second foreman and Doc Casey, they went below. I followed. An awful sight met my eyes.

The ship was lurching in a horrible manner. All I could see was, one minute a pile of kicking horses, smashed-up planks and the three negroes piled up in one corner of the lower decks, and that the horses of the ship, they would slide into the other. Nothing could be done by us. It was madness to attempt anything. The three negroes were dead.

That night and the following day was a perfect hell on the ship for men and horses. The ship rode

through the quall and when it became calm we all got busy. Out of the twenty-four horses between decks we had to shoot seventeen on account of injuries. Beside the seventeen, three had died from broken legs. The four remaining horses were still alive but hardly had a square foot of hide left. They were a pitiful sight.

The next day the three negroes were buried at sea without a word of prayer.

For the next couple of days nothing of importance happened. About four days out of Bordeaux one of the large steam pipes in the lower hold burst. In this hold there were sixty-four horses. The engineer the ship tried to repair the break, but it was almost worth a man's life to go down there in that hissing and scalding steam. The cries of the horses went straight to my heart. All we could do was to turn streams of cold salt water from three pair of hose into the hold, thus trying to keep the heat down and save as many horses as possible.

Why the engineer did not shut off the steam I don't know. I noted this fact in my report. After about four hours the steam was shut off and the two foremen, Doc Casey and myself, followed by twelve other men, went into the hold. I will never forget the sight as long as I live. Nearly every one of the horses was dead, and those which still remained alive had to be shot. Some of them were practically boiled alive. The weather was hot, and it was not long before the rotting bodies of the horses made the stench on board unbearable. We had to get these bodies out. Long tackles were rigged up, a chain around the neck of a dead horse, and I worked the winch. The bodies were snaked along the passageways in the hold and up to the

hatch. Some of the bodies would not hold together, and it was a common sight to see a dead horse suspended in the air by his hind leg dropping suddenly into the hold below, leaving his leg hanging to the tackle.

Every horse sent to France is branded with a different brand. They have a system of indexing them. As each dead horse was snaked to the upper deck, Doc had to stoop over and make a note of the brand before the horse was thrown overboard.

As the dead horses were dropped over the side, a resounding splash could be heard and the water was churned into a foamy white as the body momentarily sank from view. Then the bloated body of the horse would reappear and disappear in the wake of the ship, the sea gulls hovering and screaming around it.

The grub on that ship was awful, and a day out of Bordeaux the gang of horsemen refused to work. The foreman mustered them on the main deck, and standing on the bridge let out about twenty minutes of religion and advice in their direction. The whole gang immediately got religious and returned to their duties.

I was heartily sick and disgusted with the rest of the trip because the stench was awful, there being about twelve dead horses that we could not get out.

Just outside of the entrance of the river leading to Bordeaux, a small, rakish boat, flying the tricolor of France, came alongside. We hoisted up the gangplank and three French officers. They were dressed with the captain of the ship and our foreman, and after about twenty minutes' talk and we continued on our course.

ARMY HAS A RAINBOW CO.

Engineer Unit Recruited From Men in Every State of the Union

In a letter to a friend in this city, C. K. McCormick, of this city, a member of Company C, Twenty-fifth Engineers, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., said that the company with which he is connected is known among the National Army camps as the Rainbow Company. This does not mean that it is a part of the Rainbow Division, far be it from such, for that gallant division of former National Guardsmen has long since landed in France, but that the members of this company have been gathered from all corners of the globe.

A part of his letter follows: "Company C, Twenty-fifth Regiment, has the unique distinction of having in its ranks men from every state in the Union, including Alaska. The occupations of the men in civil life is almost as diversified as their names."

"In the ranks of the company are men who helped harness the mountain torrents to haul the trains over the Rockies. They have bridged chasms in the Andes, dug for gold in Alaska, shot oil wells in Mexico and Rumania; the Sphinx of Egypt has

looked into many of their faces and the Eskimo has shared his seal blubber with some. Were they passing in review their description would run like this: The tall fellow was general manager of a power plant in South Africa; the short, muscular fellow following was special duty man for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Here comes the mechanical engineer for Blank and Company; beside him marches a young fellow who can whip his weight in wildcats—and so on the kaleidoscope description would run. Do you wonder there are no vacancies in Company C? When the fellows get together in the evenings and swap experiences, their adventures sound like the tales of the Arabian Nights. The leadership of this cosmopolitan bunch of energy has been assigned to Captain Rhodes, and to say the boys are proud of their captain is putting it mildly. When the word comes to go over the top, Captain Rhodes will have a bunch behind him that will leave its impress on the phiz of some of Kaiser Bill's Huns.

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Advices received from our New York Offices—where we are enabled to feel the pulse of the business world — predict that the cost of Winter Underwear, Hosiery, etc., will advance 50 Per Cent to 100 Per Cent; Blankets 70 Per Cent to 100 Per Cent higher; and practically all other merchandise will be similarly affected because of abnormal war demands. Regardless of the constant rise of the market, the prices on our entire stocks—with few exceptions—will be reduced to the lowest Clean Sweep Prices. This will also afford an unparalleled opportunity to every good housewife for the buying of dependable merchandise at the most reduced prices.

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