

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

By Arthur Guy Empey

(Continued)

Teaching a Chinaman French

We were to form two baseball classes, Stewart in charge of one, I of the other. On the plaster of the bill-let we carefully scratched out a baseball diamond, and then called the Tommies in. They sat around like little children in a school, eagerly intent. For two hours we explained the game to them. When we got through they all knew how to play baseball—on paper. We dismissed them, telling them another class would be held the following after-

noon. That night Stewart and I, around the stump of a candle, went into details for organizing two teams. Everything appeared rosy, and we were highly jubilant. A Tommy eased over in our direction and innocently asked:

"I eye, Yank, isn't it necessary to have baseballs and clubs? We can't very well play without 'em."

This was a bombshell to us. In our eagerness and excitement we had quite forgotten that bats, balls and gloves were necessary. I thought Stewart was going to burst. Letting out a "Well, I'll be blowed!" which nearly blew the candle out, he turned a silly look in my direction, and I looked just as cheap.

At last the Tommies had stumped us, and we could see our reputation fading into nothing. A dead silence reigned for over five minutes. Then Stewart started madly to open his haversack. I thought he had suddenly gone crazy. I reached my hand in the direction of my bayonet, fearing that he was looking for a Mill's Bomb. When he drew his hand out, hanging to his fist was a writing pad. I let go of my bayonet. Borrowing a pencil from me (Stewart was always borrowing), he started writing.

I thought perhaps he was going to commit suicide and was writing a farewell note. I asked him what was up. He whispered to me:

"Emp, we're two bloody fools not to have thought of this long ago. All we've got to do is to write home to one of the New York papers, asking the readers to send out baseball stuff to us, and it will only be a matter of a few weeks when we will have enough to equip two teams."

I offered to write the letter, and with Stewart bending over me, I eagerly wrote an appeal to the readers of the New York Evening Telegram, and turned the letter over to the Mail Orderly.

We then explained to the Tommies that equipment was necessary and that we had written home, but while waiting for the baseball stuff to arrive we would carry on with our instruction classes.

The next day Stewart and I made a woolen baseball out of an old puttee fixed up a temporary diamond and showed the Tommies the general run of the game. Their antics were awful. If we had used a regular baseball I don't think there would have been a black eye. Did you ever watch a girl trying to catch a ball? Well, a girl's team alongside of some of these Tommies would have looked like the winner in our World's Series. It was hard work keeping their interest up.

Two weeks later we went up into the front line; then came back again for another rest. The interest in baseball was dying out and we were at our wit's end. Time passed, and we figured out that we ought to be hearing from our appeal, but nothing came. Then, once again we went into the Front Line Trench.

The Tommies were very skeptical and every time baseball was men-

tioned they would gaze in our direction with a sneering look. This completely got our goats.

One evening we were sitting in a dugout of the support trench; it was raining like the mischief, and we were cold and downhearted. Pretty soon the rations came up. The ration party generally brings the rations down into the dugouts, but the two men carrying our 'dixie' set it down in the mud of the trench and almost 'shot the chutes' down the entrance to the dugout. They were breathless with excitement. One of them yelled out:

"Yank, there's a limber full of parcels down in the reserve dugout. They're all addressed to you, h'Empey, and they're from America." Stewart let out a shout and I felt warm all over. How we lorded it over those poor Tommies. That night we were to be relieved and go back to rest billets. We could hardly wait for the time.

The next morning was Sunday, and after church parade we made a mad rush to the Orderly Room to get our mail.

The Quartermaster Sergeant was waiting for me, and behind him stood every officer in the company, trying to disguise the expectant look on their faces. Every eye was turned in the direction of a heap of parcels. I thought the "Quarter" never would start. Even the Captain did not stand it, and giving way to his eagerness, said: "Sergeant, you had better issue the mail."

Stewart and I were all anxiety. Then, stooping down, the Sergeant took up a parcel and read off: "Empey, No. 5293," and threw it over to me. I caught it on the fly. The Sergeant kept on reading out "Empey," and parcels came through the air like a bombardment.

The first parcel I picked up was stamped, "Passed by Censor," and contained twelve brand new baseballs, or at least, eleven, and the remains of one. This twelfth ball was stamped, "Opened by Censor," but search as I could, I could find no stamp reading "Sewed up by Censor."

We did the sewing up, but that ball looked like a duck's when we had finished. Stewart and I roundly cursed the Censor. Later we both cursed the inventor of baseball.

There was a reason. The readers of The Telegraph had nobly responded to our appeal. There were enough gloves and balls for every Tommie, and even a chest protector and mask. The mask was an article of great curiosity to all. Some of them thought it was a bomb promoter. Everyone in turn tried it on, and everyone, upon learning that the catcher was to wear the mask, wanted immediately to sign up for the position. Stewart and I could have been elected to Parliament right there, if these Tommies could have had their way.

The next afternoon, the candidates, forty in all, and the whole company turned out en masse on the baseball field, which we had laid out during our previous stay in rest billets.

From that day on, Stewart and I led a dog's life. Though on paper everything looked bright, and the candidates were letter perfect in the game, or thought they were, on the field they were dubs of the worst caliber—regular bunched. If McGraw of the Giants had had that mob vished on him, he would have chucked up his job and taken the stump for Woman Suffrage; so you can appreciate our fix.

Stewart was a really good pitcher; plenty of curved stuff, having played semi-pro ball in the United States. It was my intention to catch for him and fill in the other positions with the most likely candidates. This scheme did not work in with the popular version a little bit. Out of the forty trying for the team, twenty-eight insisted on being catcher. If there had been a camera, each of the forty would have had a photo taken of himself wearing the "wire cage." Here was a great dilemma. At that time I was only a private, and there were Sergeants, Corporals, and even an officer, who wanted to catch. Stewart again came to the rescue. Calling me aside he said:

"Leave it to me, Emp, I'll fix 'em. I'll try out each one in turn. Let them wear the mask, and I'll send in some curves, and when the ball cracks them on the shins a couple of times you couldn't pay 'em to put on the cage."

The Tommies were strange to the curved balls, and Stewart had speed. It did my heart good to see him dampen their ardor and dent their eagerness at the same time. The Tommies would see the ball coming to them and would reach up their hands to get it. Then the ball would "break" and hit them on the shin or knee. After five or six had retired, rubbing sore spots and cursing Stewart out, no one else wanted to catch, and the matter was saved.

[To be Continued.]

THE MAN WHO WAS A FINGERBOARD

The International Sunday School Lesson For January 6 Is "John Prepares The Way For Jesus"—Mark 1:1-11

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A six months' journey through the Gospel of Mark now opens with the new year to every student of the International Sunday school lessons. And Mark's message to the man or woman of to-day is aglow with an illumination that sheds a flood of light upon the intricate ways over which we are passing.

This gospel was put into the soul of John Mark to go to the world. He was a son of Mary of Jerusalem, a Jewish woman, and he was a cousin of Barnabas. Peter was his father in the faith (I Peter 5:13) and it is evident from the character of the gospel that it bears heavy sings of Peter's quickening influence upon his convert.

It is probable that Mark's gospel was written about 55 A. D., and for Gentiles particularly, rather than for the Jews. It is distinctly, as Dr. Griffith Thomas points out, the gospel that "Emphasizes the activity, authority and energy of Christ. His deeds rather than His words. Here we get the very frequent repetition of 'straightaway,' indicative of the constant movement and activity of Christ, as He is doing deeds of kindness, teaching the truth, and fighting evil."

Into the study of an inspired message with such marvelous fitness for our own age and conscious need, we may well enter with high expectation of discovering therein divine ideas of service for the application to the complex and challenging days in which we live.

The Forerunner

Once upon a time there lived that rare wonder, a man who did not pretend to be what he was not. There was almost as much posing and pretence in his life as there was in ours; but nevertheless this remarkable man would not "put up a front" that was not genuine. With all the opportunity in the world to pass as some great one, and to receive honor and reward, he doggedly stuck to the statement that he was only a "servant," and he went all over he Orient, running ahead of a Somebody's vehicle to prepare the way for him.

Pressed to declare himself a distinguished personage, he persisted in protesting that he was not a man on horseback, not the man in the royal vehicle, not the man behind the palm branches, but only the forerunner, the servant who ran ahead on foot. He was not "It," he merely cried aloud that the One was coming, and that all should be prepared for Him, and everyone, upon learning that the catcher was to wear the mask, wanted immediately to sign up for the position. Stewart and I could have been elected to Parliament right there, if these Tommies could have had their way.

All this is enough to make this hairy man of the wilderness, John the Baptist, a unique character in history. Of course, we see now—in his case, not in ours—that it is real wisdom, and at least the glimmering of greatness, not to pretend anything. The person who sets himself up to be somebody that he is not is invariably "taken down." It is better to seek less than you are, rather than more than you are; the discovery of your real merits startles people into paying you high honor.

If the twentieth century could go to school to this uncouth desert prophet, the Baptist, it might give less time and substance to beauty doctors, manicurists, barbers, manicurists, tailors and jewelers, but it assuredly would give greater heed to the real qualities which make for essential manhood and womanhood. It would care deal less of a man's position in "society," and deal more about its standing before God. Utter honesty, which enabled him to respect himself in the solitudes of the wilderness as well as amid the crowds by the Jordan's bank, was John's first characteristic.

Some men make their living by hunting up, or making up, distinguished genealogies for persons—antipodes of the Baptist—who, having acquired money or power, want also social distinction. They desire to be prepared to answer the world's inevitable question, "Who art thou?" That was the query flung at him as soon as he began to make a stir. The doctors of the law and the ecclesiastical aristocrats would have liked him to produce such credentials that they could "recognize" him.

John was drawing crowds straight-way the same peril loomed before him which confronts every personality, that the Good Society of his time would open its arms to him and take him into its suffocating embrace, and soon reduce him to its own level of mediocrity. "Social recognition" has been the end of many a promising career. The Pharisees who went out to examine John wanted to make him of their own crowd. They would honor him with office and standing and their own gracious favor.

Holding a Job or Doing It

These Pharisees were known for the jobs they held and the positions they occupied; and contemporaneous religious life has plenty of analogies in figures. But John was a person to be reckoned with because he was himself. He did not need an ecclesiastical job or a rich or fashionable pulpit; he had a message. And a man with his own message may go to the sands of Sahara and lift up his voice (not a voice trained in a school of elocution, either), and the world will resort to him. The man with a vital message, which possession makes a true preacher—is as rare as the sartorially immaculate, carefully drilled pulpit ornament is common.

This man claimed to be merely a "voice"—crying in the wilderness. He was only himself, and claimed nothing but his true work. He was no chameleon. He flew his own flag and stood by it. A servant forerunner, a mere messenger of the great Coming One was he, and nothing more.

A Stick May Point So Long as It Is Not Crooked, may point. John conceived of himself as a fingerboard. For that office he did not need polish or social graces, or the approving seal of the Sanhedrin. Nobody was expected to pay attention to him, but only to look and to go where he pointed. The world conceived of this man, girl with camels' hair, and subsisting on anchorite's fare, as pointing, pointing, pointing to the Coming One, and crying "Behold!—The Lamb of God!"

Everybody points somewhere. The least of us cannot escape standing for something. The very first office of life is bearing witness. One's "do-as-I-please," devil-may-care attitude is rather checked by the thought that one is pointing somebody somewhere. At a railway station I saw a boy thoughtlessly and ignorantly misdirected a woman with a bundle through the wrong tunnel. Later, I saw her telling back with her head. Her useless and overburdened tramp due to my misdirection; and through all these years I have remorsefully carried that memory in

How the Liggett Stores Were Founded

In the American Magazine, Louis K. Liggett, the drug store man, says: "Our entire string of business enterprises is founded on a simple idea of co-operation. A few years ago I was on the road selling a line of goods to drug stores. Shortly before that I had suffered business reverses, due to temporary ill health, and I had known what it was to walk to save car fare. So I was looking about for opportunities to get ahead. On the train one day, it seemed as if the car wheels developed a rhythmic click that made my thoughts run faster, and a number of ideas came into my mind. I wondered why a lot of druggists in different cities, not in direct competition, shouldn't co-operate with one another, combining their buying, manufacturing and advertising."

"I interested forty druggists in the idea, and they came together for a business meeting. Each one chipped in \$4,000 and the co-operative plan was launched. To-day, we have 8,000 stockholders, distributors in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and provide our members with a complete line of goods running all the way from drugs and perfumes to brushes and stationery. We manufacture our own perfumes and make contracts to buy all the flowers of certain varieties raised in one entire province in France."

Alkali Makes Soap Bad For Washing Hair

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle. The best thing to use is just plain unsifted coconut oil, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Pennypacker Said



"I had a dread of Roosevelt coming into the State"

In these words the late Governor introduces one of America's most forceful citizens and describes him as a man of "impulse and lack of self-restraint."

But he was delighted with "Little Miss Ethel" and says so in his autobiography now attracting State-wide attention to the columns of the Evening Public Ledger.

His strictures on the Colonel will interest you.

Important!
Three ways in which to be absolutely certain of receiving your copy of the Evening Public Ledger:
1. Order your newsdealer to see that it is delivered to your home daily.
2. Reserve your Evening Public Ledger at your favorite news stand or with your newsboy.
3. Write direct to the Evening Public Ledger (Box 1526, Philadelphia), and enter a six months' subscription to it now.
Do not delay to act on one of these three methods of procuring the daily installments of the greatest life story ever written by the man who lived it. Already we are receiving complaints of friends who are confronted with "all sold out" at news stands.

Evening Public Ledger

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PUBLISHER

8th Year Christmas Savings Club
Now Enrolling
\$1,586,850.59
Saved by Members in Last 7 Years
8 Different Classes
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF PENNA.

Closing Out Our Entire Clothing Stock
We have some very desirable Suits, Overcoats and Raincoats left, in order to dispose of these quickly we will clean them up at **HALF PRICE** and less. Come in and look them over.
1/2 Price
SIDES-SIDES