

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

By Arthur Guy Empey

(Continued)

There were six of us. "Curly" Wallace was called "Curly" because he had the cutest little Della Fox, or spit curl, as the gun chasers call it, you ever saw. Wallace was proud of that curl, and gave it the best of attention and care. He was Scotch.

"Happy" Houghton earned his nickname by his constant smile and happy disposition. He was English, a Londoner.

"Hungry" Foxcroft really earned his title. He took special pains that our rations would not become mildewed by lying around too long in the dampness of our dugout. He was English; also from London.

"Key" Honney, dubbed "Key" because in one of our theatrical attempts he took the part of "Key Cohenstein," and made quite a hit. English, via London.

"Dick" Turpin, called "Dick" in memory of the notorious highwayman. He used to help the quartermaster sergeant, so the name was very appropriate. He was Irish, from Dublin.

I was the sixth. The boys put the prefix "Yank" to my name because I was American and hailed from the "Big Town" behind the Statue of Liberty.

The six of us composed the crew of Gun No. 2 of the 4th Brigade Machine Company. We were machine gunners, and our gun was the Vickers light, 303, watercooled.

It was a rainy afternoon in June, and we were sitting in our dugout in the front line trench, about 300 yards from the German line.

If you should ask a Tommy Atkins "What is a dugout?" he would look at you in astonishment and, pitying you for your apparent lack of education, would answer, "What's a dugout? Why, a dugout is a—well, a dugout's a dugout. Only being a Tommy pro tem—pro tem in my case meaning "for duration of war"—I will try to describe to the best of my ability this particular dugout.

A dugout is a hole in the ground. Gets its name because it is dug out by the Royal Engineers, or R. E.'s, as we call them. It is used to shelter the men in the trenches from shell fire. They also sleep in it, or try to. From our point of view, its

main use is to drain the trenches of muddy water, and give us rheumatism. It also makes a good hotel for rats. These guests look upon us as intruders and complain that we overcrowd the place. Occasionally we give in to them and take a turn in the trench to rest ourselves.

Our dugout was about twenty feet deep, or, at least, there were twenty wooden steps leading down to it. The ceiling and walls were braced by heavy square-cut timbers. Over the timbers in the ceiling sheets of corrugated iron were spread to keep the wet earth from falling in on us. The entrance was heavily sandbagged and very narrow; there was only room for one person to leave or enter at a time. The ceiling was six feet high and the floor space was ten feet by six feet. Through the ceiling a six-inch square air shaft was cut. We used to take turns sleeping under this in wet weather.

The timbers bracing the walls were driven full of nails to hang our equipment. After our ammunition, belt-filling machine, equipment, rifles, etcetera, had been stowed away there was not much space for six men to live, not forgetting the rats.

It was very dark in the dugout, and, as we were only issued a candle and a half every twenty-four hours, we had to economize on light. We betide the last man out who left the candle burning!

In this hotel of ours we would sit around the lonely candle and, through a thick haze of tobacco smoke, would recount our different experiences at various points of the line where we had been, or spin yarns about home. Sometimes we would write a letter, when we were fortunate enough to be near the candle. At other times we would listen to a German over in the enemy's front trench playing a cornet. Just to make us hate the war, he'd play "Swanee River," "Home, Sweet Home," or "Over the Waves." The latter was my favorite. During his recital our trenches were strangely quiet. Never a shot from either side.

Sometimes, when he had finished,

Ikey Honney would go into the trench and play on his harmonica. As soon as we'd see that harmonica come out, it was a case of "duck down low," for the Germans would be sure, when the first strains reached them, to send over "five rounds rapid." We hated that harmonica. More than once we chuckled one over the top, but he'd sit down, write a letter, and in about ten days' time would receive through the mail a little oblong package, and we'd know we were in for some more "five rounds rapid." We didn't blame the Germans.

Still, that harmonica had its uses. Often we would get downhearted and "fed up" with the war, and "grouse" at everything in general. Then Ikey would reach in his pocket and out would come that instrument of torture. We would then realize there were worse things than war, and cheer up accordingly.

On this particular rainy afternoon in June we were in a lively mood. Perhaps it was due to the fact that Curly Wallace had made his "Tommy's Cooker" do what it was supposed to do—make water. "Tommy's Cooker" is a spirit stove, which is very widely advertised as a suitable gift to the men in the trenches. Many are sent out, and many are thrown away.

Anyway, the "Cooker" lived up to its reputation for once, though a little behind its advertised schedule in making water boil. "Curly" passed around the result of his efforts in the form of an ammunition tin half full of fairly good tea. We each took a good swig, lighted a Woodbine cigarette—they had "come up" with the rations the night before—and settled back against the damp earthen walls of the dugout to see who could tell the biggest lie.

For a few minutes silence reigned—no one seemed to care to be the first to break in.

Then Dick Turpin, turning to me, asked:

"Remember Burton, of A Company? Think he was in the Third platoon; the fellow that was recommended for the V. C. and refused it. Got the recommendation for rescuing his platoon commander under fire."

I answered in the affirmative and "Dick" carried on with:

"I never could see into that affair, because they seemed to be the worst of enemies. The officer was always picking on him, used to have him on the crime sheet for the least offense. Got him several days of extra pack drill, and once he clicked twenty-one days' 'crucifixion'—(Field Punishment No. 1, tied to a limber wheel two hours per day for twenty-one days).

"No matter what dirty fatigue or working party came along, Burton's name was sure to head the list.

"This Burton appeared to be a surly sort of chap, kept to himself a whole lot, always brooding, didn't have many friends in the company, either. There seemed to be something on his mind.

"Most of the company men said his sweetheart back in Blighty had thrown him down for some other bloke."

Happy Houghton butted in:

"That's the way with this world, always hammering at a fellow. Well, I know this Burton, and there's not a better mate in the world, so let that sink into your nappers."

"Don't get sore, Happy," said Honney. "If you don't mind, let's have the story. I mean no offense."

Just naturally curious, that's all. You can't deny that the whole affair has been quite a mystery to the brigade. Spit it out and get it off your chest.

"Let's have it, Happy," we all chimed in chorus.

Happy, somewhat mollified, lighted a Woodbine, took two or three deep puffs, and started:

"Well, it was this way, but don't ask me questions until I am through.

"You know Burton isn't what you'd call a prize beauty when it comes to looks. He's about 5 feet 6 in height, stocky, a trifle bow-legged and pug-nosed. To top this, he has a crop of red hair and his clock (face) is the boarding house for every freckle in the United Kingdom. But strong! Say, that fellow could make Samson look like a consumptive when he got started.

"In Blighty, before the war, Burton and this lieutenant—his name is Huston—went to the same college. Huston was nearly six feet high and slender. Sort of a dandy, fair-haired, lots of dough, which he never got by working; his papa wheeled it on him when he went West (died). He was good-looking and had a way with the girls, which made them think he was the one and only. Didn't care much for athletics. Girls, dances and card parties were more in his line.

"They were in the same class. Burton was working his way through and, consequently, Huston looked down on him as a boy hounding. Among the athletes Burton was popular, Huston wasn't.

"Burton was engaged—or thought he was—to a pretty fine girl in the name of Betty. She thought Burton, or 'Ginger,' as she called him, was the finest thing out. One day Ginger took her to see a football game at the college; he was playing on the team, so she had to sit it out alone. During this 'sitting it out' she met Huston and the trouble started. He was dead gone on her and she liked him, so he made her while the sun was shining.

"She didn't turn Ginger down, but he was no boob and saw how things were, so he eased out of running, although it almost broke his heart; he certainly loved that girl.

[To Be Continued.]

Young Couple's Engagement Announced at Luncheon

Annville, Pa., Jan. 10.—At an informal luncheon on Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. McGowan, of Lebanon, made formal announcement of the engagement of their daughter, Jane Elden McGowan to Maurice W. Blanch, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Blanch, of Annville.

Miss McGowan is a graduate of the Lebanon High school, class of 1915, and was for several years a student of oratory at Lebanon Valley College. She is a talented reader. Mr. Blanch is a graduate of the Annville High school, and is a senior at Lebanon Valley College. He has been prominent in athletics during the school career, having captained the football team of Annville High school, and was also a member of the varsity football squad of the college. No definite date has been set for the wedding.

Earl K. Romberger, New Burgess of Elizabethtown

Elizabethtown, Pa., Jan. 10.—Earl K. Romberger was sworn in on Monday evening at a special meeting of the borough Council as Burgess of Elizabethtown. The new councilmen, A. E. Grove, Harry E. Hoke and William A. Keefe were also sworn in. John A. Fauber, a new member, was absent on account of illness. With Ray C. Ciller, Amos Walters and George W. Lenker the board is now complete.

A. E. Grove was chosen president; Theodore E. Miller, clerk, and F. W. Kiegle, treasurer. The first regular meeting of the new board was held last evening.

LANCASTER COUNTY DEATHS

Marietta, Pa., Jan. 10.—Miss Emma J. Kohler, aged 70, died Tuesday night at her home on the New Holland pike, after a long illness. She was a member of the Lutheran church. A number of brothers and sisters survive.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brubaker, aged 90, the oldest person in the Landis Valley, died Tuesday night. She was for sixty years a member of the Mononite church, and its oldest member. Two children and a sister survive.

Mrs. Cordella K. Alwine, aged 70, widow of John H. Alwine, died Tuesday night. For fifty years she was a member of the Reformed church and taught in the Sunday school. She is survived by a son, three sisters and a brother.

EVANGELIST HERE

The Rev. E. Knecht, singing evangelist, of Baltimore, will occupy the pulpit of Epworth M. E. Church, Twenty-first and Chestnut streets, at all the services next Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Harrison will tell the story of his own wonderful conversion. He is well-known here, having taken part in evangelistic services at Olivet campus, Harrisburg, Pa., in 1915. His discourse is illustrated with suitable songs, which make the services doubly interesting.

OFFICE OPEN 24 HOURS

Beginning tonight, there will be a clerk on duty all night at the Bureau of Information of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This will give the traveling public good service twenty-four hours each day. Jacob Eckert will be on duty at night from 9:30 p. m. until 6:30 a. m.; Harold W. Eppley, chief clerk, from 6:30 a. m. until 3 p. m.; William Schell from 3 p. m. until 11:30 p. m., and Rufus Schreidley, all day.

TO OBSERVE ANNIVERSARY

The Harrisburg Lodge, 9730, G. U. Order of Odd Fellows, will hold its annual reception on the evening of January 21, when the district grand secretary of Pennsylvania, Professor John W. Field, and W. J. Butler will deliver addresses. The occasion falls on the Diamond Jubilee of Odd Fellows. The chairman of arrangements is the Rev. J. H. Smith, with John B. Sample and H. Churchman, assistants.

BANK OFFICERS

Elizabethtown, Pa., Jan. 10.—At the annual election of directors for the Lykens Valley Bank held on Monday, the following were chosen: J. S. Dancy, Fred Grupp, H. W. Specht, Dr. H. H. Collins, F. W. Pickinger, Michael D. Bonawitz and John D. Hartman. The board will organize later.

LITTLE GIRL BADLY INJURED

Marietta, Pa., Jan. 10.—Helen Ruth O'Neil, a ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar R. Vilee, was badly injured Monday night when she fell and cut a gash in her forehead.

CARRIAGE BUILDER INJURED

West Willow, Pa., Jan. 10.—A. S. Herz, carriage builder, had his right hand caught in a planer while at work on Tuesday. Several fingers were cut off.

SCHOOL TEACHER DRAFTED

Annville, Pa., Jan. 10.—Brandt Ehrhardt, teacher of the Eighth grade, did not return for the opening of the schools last Monday on account of his being drafted into the National Army. His successor will shortly be named.

Help The K. of C. Drive

Your Money Cheerfully Refunded Our Policy: Do It Better Built on Bigger Values

WM. STROUSE

THE MAN'S STORE OF HARRISBURG

Here they are—

The boys behind the sale that will set the town awhirl

SHIRTS TIES



Look at this picture.

Get an idea of the size of this sale.

See the oceans of shirts—oceans of 'em. Beautiful shirts that are made right. And made of the best materials that can be put into good shirts at the regular prices.

Of course they are less than regular prices, now. And that's one of the reasons why you should stock up. But that's not the only reason, by a long shot.

The shirts are RIGHT. That's why they are in this sale. And the values are EXACTLY what we say they are—no more, no less.

Ask the men who deal here what they think of this store and its methods. Ask the men who have attended Wm. Strouse's sales what they think of this store.

And then ask yourself whether you don't think it's time for you to get a move on and get down to this SHIRT AND TIE SALE without losing another minute.

These are the Shirts

1.00 Shirts	→ 85c	3.50 Shirts	→ 2.85
1.50 Shirts	→ 1.15	4.00 Shirts	→ 3.15
2.00 Shirts	→ 1.45	5.00 Shirts	→ 3.85
2.50 Shirts	→ 1.85	6.00 Shirts	→ 4.85

And these are the Ties

50c Ties	→ 35c	2.00 Ties	→ 1.45
1.00 Ties	→ 75c	2.50 Ties	→ 1.85
1.50 Ties	→ 1.15	3.00 Ties	→ 2.15

The New Store of Wm. Strouse—Ever New—310 Market St.

FEEL 100% BETTER BY MORNING—TRY IT!

Get a 10 Cent Box of "Cascarets" for Your Liver and Bowels.

Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated and full of cold. Why don't you get a box of Cascarets from the drug store now? Eat one or two to-night and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You will wake up feeling fit and fine. Cascarets never gripe or bother you all the next day like aloeal, salts and pills. They act gently, but thoroughly. Mothers should give cross, sick, bilious or "perish children a whole Cascaret a day. Time they are harmless and children love them.

Shouldering the Burden of War-Time Telephone Traffic!

THE day before the new year of 1918, a new record for the daily telephone traffic over our lines in Harrisburg was set by upwards of 85,000 telephone calls being handled between midnight of Sunday and midnight of Monday. Moreover, there have been surprising volumes each day since. A glance at the graphic picture below of the greatly increased number of calls per day, in these times of strenuous activity, over the normal telephone traffic will show the task undertaken.



Three things have contributed to the success in handling this tremendous, most exacting demand for telephone service.

First, the Company was fortunate in having fore-armed itself with an ample margin of reserve force with which to meet the operating requirements of the situation; second, the splendid earnestness and enthusiasm of our employes, who count no effort too great; third—though not a bit less important—the public has evidenced both a considerable appreciation of the existing telephone traffic burden and a uniform spirit of helpful co-operation with those who have been shouldering it. Such a combination of factors cannot fail to meet virtually any situation with insured success.

The Bell Company Telephone of Penna.