

SOLDIERS NEED TOBACCO FROM MEN AT HOME

Men in Trenches Are Largely Dependent Upon What Home Folks Give

Ma's a-callin' from the milk house, Callin' stern; "Jim, yer lazy good fer nuthin', Come and churn."

Pa's a-callin' from the corn-patch, Callin' loud, "James, yer hukkin' stupid loafer, Time yer ploughed."

Woods are callin' from the trout brook: "Hear the stream? "Son, yer poor tired lazy feller, Come and dream."

France is callin' from the battle Day and night: "Man, come here and join your brothers, Come and fight!"

—Melandburgh Wilson.

And they are coming to fight. Every draft station in the country tells the same tale. Whereas some months ago one could detect a considerable element of youth who were not enthusiastic about going to war, at this critical moment sentiment is all the other way. An officer returning from France recently told how it is almost impossible to find the men in line. In one instance two daring lads took French leave and joined another unit in order to get a "whack at the Hun. The same is true of the spirit at the camps. Timid at first, fearful of the consequences of going abroad, one sees only impatience now to get right in the fray with both feet. Reading between the lines of General Pershing's report it is easy to conclude that he is just as keen to try his forces in supreme combat.

Now, the man who prefers to dream along the trout brook or turn the churn for Ma, instead of joining his brothers, should at least have enough consideration for those who are fighting for him to send some cheer. Make of yourself a half-and-half society. Smoke once where you are now smoking twice and give that "cher cigar to your friend the fighter. By so doing you will feel a warm spot in the left breast; your health will improve, and some poor devil over in the trenches will hug the smoke you denied yourself, sending up a grateful prayer for you.

BUSINESSMEN'S TEAM TO PLAY LANCASTER

The Businessmen's volleyball team of the Central Y. M. C. A. will play the Lancaster Y. M. C. A. Businessmen's team at Lancaster, Wednesday evening. The local team will be accompanied by their wives and sweethearts and will be the guests of the Lancaster team on a sight-seeing tour of that city. They will be under the direction of C. W. Miller, physical director of the Central Y. M. C. A.

"THE TWINS OF TRUCK CO. NO. 1"



THOMAS MIDDLETON AND FRED CHALLENGER

Thomas Middleton and Fred Challenger, two Harrisburg boys, are now serving in the One Hundred and Third Motor Supply Truck Train, Company No. 1, at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia. They are known as "The Twins of Truck Co. No. 1." When this photograph was taken their tent was covered with ice and several inches of slush was on the ground. Thomas Middleton's home is at 1202 Penn street, and he is a nephew of Thomas Marshall. Fred Challenger lives at 1403 1/2 Regina street.

TIME EXTENDED FOR SOLDIER TO INSURE

The Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety is authorized by the government to announce that Congress has extended the time limit in which applications may be filed for war risk insurance until April 12. This will enable soldiers and sailors who reflected the insurance opportunity until the original time limit barred them out, still to take advantage of this liberal and low-priced protection against the hazards of war.

The government's automatic insurance has been discontinued and no man is now insured unless he makes application. Under the latest deed it is possible for every man in the service to afford a \$10,000 policy. Soldiers and sailors unable

to attend to their own applications may cable or telegraph their relatives to make application, for them and such messages will be accepted as personal applications by the War Risk Insurance Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Dependents or relatives of men who have not applied for insurance are urged to write requesting them to invest in protection which may eliminate years of hardship later.

APPOINT FOOD ADMINISTRATOR

Liverpool, Pa., Feb. 19.—The Rev. William Dorwart, of Newport, food commissioner of Perry county, has appointed Burgess H. E. Ritter food administrator for Liverpool and vicinity.

Use McNeil's Cold Tablets.—Adv.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

Jim—A Soldier of the King

By Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," Etc. (Copyright, 1918, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(Continued)

We were machine gunners of the British Army stationed "Somewhere in France" and had just arrived at our rest billets, after a weary march from the front line sector.

The stable we had to sleep in was an old, ramshackle affair, absolutely over-run with rats—great, big black fellows, who used to chew up our leather equipment, eat our rations, and run over our bodies at night. German gas had no effect on these rodents; in fact, they seemed to thrive. The floor space would comfortably accommodate about twenty men lying down, but when thirty-three, including equipment, were crowded into it, it was nearly unbearable.

The roof and walls were full of small holes. When it rained a constant drip, drip was in order. We were so crowded that if a fellow was unlucky enough (and nearly all of us in this instance were unlucky) to sleep under a hole, he had to grin and bear it. It was like sleeping beneath a shower bath.

At one end of the billet, with a ladder leading up to it was a sort of grain bin, with a door in it. This place was the headquarters of our guests, the rats. Many a stormy cabinet meeting was held there by them. Many a boot was thrown at it during the night to let them know that Tommy Atkins objected to the matter under discussion. Sometimes one of these missiles would ricochet, and land on the upturned countenance of a snoring Tommy, and for about half an hour even the rats would pause in admiration of his flow of language.

On the night in question we flopped down in our wet clothes, and were soon asleep. As was usual, No. 2 gun's crew were together.

The last time we had rested in this particular village, it was inhabited by civilians, but now it was deserted. An order had been issued, two days previous to our arrival, that all civilians should move farther back of the line.

I had been asleep about two hours when I was awakened by Sailor Bill shaking me by the shoulder. He was trembling like a leaf, and whispered to me:

"Wake up, Yank, this ship's haunted. There's some one aloft who's been moaning for the last hour. Sounds like the wind in the rigging. I ain't scared of humans or Germans, but when it comes to messin' in with spirits it's time for me to go below. Lend your ear, and cast your deadlights on that grain locker, and listen."

I listened sleepily for a minute or so, but could hear nothing. Coming to the conclusion that Sailor Bill was dreaming things, I was again soon asleep.

Perhaps fifteen minutes had elapsed when I was rudely awakened.

"Yank, for God's sake, come aboard and listen!" I listened, and sure enough, right out of that grain bin overhead came a moaning and whimpering, and then a scratching against the floor. My hair stood on end. Blended with the drip, drip of the rain, and the occasional scurrying of a rat overhead, that noise had a supernatural sound. I was really frightened; perhaps my nerves were a trifle unstrung from our recent tour in the trenches.

I awakened Ikey Honney, while Sailor Bill roused Happy Houghton and Hungry Foxcroft. Then out, I suggested cutting, the low man to go up the ladder. They agreed. I was last to cut. I got the ace of clubs. Sailor Bill was stuck with the five of diamonds. Upon this, he insisted that it should be the best two out of three cuts, but we overruled him, and he was unanimously elected for the job.

With a "So long, mates, I'm going aloft," he started toward the ladder, with the candle in his hand, stumbling over the sleeping forms of many. Sundry grunts, moans, and curses followed in his wake. As soon as he started to ascend the ladder, a "tap-tap-tap" could be heard from the grain bin. We waited in fear and trembling the result of his mission. Hungry was encouraging him with "Cheer, mate, the worst is yet to come."

After many pauses, Bill reached

the top of the ladder and opened the door. We listened with bated breath. Then he shouted: "Bliss my deadlights, if it ain't a poor dog! Come along side, mate, you're on a lee shore, and in a sorry plight."

Oh, what a relief those words were to us! With the candle in one hand and a dark object under his arm, Bill returned and deposited in our midst the sorriest-looking specimen of our dog you ever set eyes on. It was so weak it couldn't stand. But that look in its eyes—just gratitude, plain gratitude. Its stump of a tail was pounding against my mess tin, and sounded just like a message in the Morse code. Happy swore that it was sending S. O. S.

We were like a lot of school children, every one wanted to help, and make suggestions at the same time. Hungry suggested giving it something to eat, while Ikey wanted to play on its internal Jew's harp, claiming it was a muzzled dog. Hungry's suggestion met our approval, and there was a general scramble for haversacks. All we could muster was some hard bread and a big piece of cheese.

His ribs wouldn't eat bread, and also refused the cheese, but not before sniffing at it for a couple of minutes. I was going to throw the cheese away, but Hungry said he would take it. I gave it to him.

We were in a quandary. It was evident that the dog was starving and in a very weak condition. Its tail was lacerated all over, probably from the bites of rats. That stump of a tail kept sending S. O. S. against my mess tin. Every tap went straight to our hearts. We would get something to eat for that mutt if we were shot for it.

Sailor Bill volunteered to burglarize the quartermaster's stores for a can of unsweetened condensed milk, and left on his perilous venture. He was gone about twenty

minutes. During his absence, with the help of a bandage and a capsule of iodine we cleaned the wounds made by the rats. I have bandaged many a wounded Tommy, but never received the amount of thanks that that dog gave with its eyes.

Then the billet door opened and Sailor Bill appeared. He looked like the wreck of the Hesperus, uniform torn, covered with dirt and flour, and a beautiful black eye, but he was smiling, and in his hand he carried the precious can of milk. We asked no questions, but opened the can. Just as we were going to pour it out, Happy butted in and said it should be mixed with water; he ought to know, because his sister back in Blighty had a baby, and

she always mixed water with its milk. We could not dispute this evidence so water was demanded. We would not use the water in our water bottles, as it was not fresh enough for our new mate. Happy volunteered to get some from the well that is, if we would promise not to feed his royal highness until he returned. We promised, because Happy had proved that he was an authority on the feeding of babies. By this time the rest of the section were awake and were crowding around us, asking numerous questions, and admiring our newly found friend. Sailor Bill took this opportunity to tell of his adventures while in quest of the milk.

(To be Continued)

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