



"Somewhere in France"

with Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "OVER THE TOP"

(Continued from Last Week)

Private "Ginger"—As Seen Through the Barbed Wire

By Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," Etc.

O-O-O

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

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There were six of us. "Curly" Wallace was called "Curly" because he had the cutest little Della Fox, or spit curl, as the gum-chewers 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" Honey, dubbed "Key" because in one of our theatrical attempts he took the part of "Ikey Coheinstein," 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 —th brigade machine company. We were machine gunners and our gun was the Vickers, light, 303, water-cooled.

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 lines.

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 shaft went out. 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 on. After our ammunition, belt-filling machine, equipment, rifles, etc., had been stored 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 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'd sit for an hour without saying a word, listening to a German over in the enemy's front trench playing a cornet. My, how that Boche could play! 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 Honey 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 checked one over the top, but he'd sit and 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 they 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 talkative 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 boil in an hour and a half. A "Tommy's cooker" is a spirit stove which is very widely advertised as a suitable gift to the men in the trenches. Many were sent out, and many were 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 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 eluded twenty-one days' confinement—(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 a 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 hating 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 Honey. "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. Spent it out and get it off your chest."

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

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

"Well, it was this way, but don't ask any 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 five, six in height, stocky, a trifle bowlegged 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, lord of dough, which he never got by working; his rays shined 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 bally blunder. Among the athletes Burton was popular, Huston wasn't.

"Burton was engaged—or thought he was—to a pretty fine girl by 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 hay while the sun was shining.

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

"This state of affairs widened the gap between Huston and Burton. They hated each other pretty fiercely, but Burton never went out of his way to show it, while Huston took every opportunity to vent his spleen. Ginger saw Betty very seldom, and when he did, she was generally accompanied by Huston.

"Then the war came; Ginger immediately enlisted as a private. He could have had a commission, but did not want to take a chance of having to mix with Huston.

"A few weeks after Ginger's enlistment, Huston joined too—was losing prestige in Betty's eyes by staying in mufti. He went into the O. T. C.—(officers' training corps). In seven months he received his commission and was drafted to France. Ginger had been out three months.

"Before leaving, Huston proposed to Betty and was accepted. By one of the many strange coincidences that happen in this world Huston was sent to the battalion and company that Ginger was in and was put in command of Ginger's platoon. Then things happened.

"Ginger could hardly believe his eyes when he first saw Huston and knew he was to be his platoon commander. He

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Dr. King's New Discovery has a fifty year record behind it

It built its reputation on its production of positive results, on its success in relieving the throat irritation of colds, coughs, grippe and bronchial attacks.

"Dr. King's New Discovery? Why, my folks wouldn't use anything else! That's the general nation-wide esteem in which this well-known remedy is held. Its action is prompt, its taste pleasant, its relief gratifying. Half a century of cold and cough checking. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Bowels Out of Kilter? That's nature calling for relief. Assist her in her daily duties with Dr. King's Life Pills. Not a purgative in the usual dose, but a mild, effective, corrective, laxative that teases the bowels into action and chases "blues."

knew he was in for it good and plenty.

"That night Huston sent for Ginger and had a talk with him. Pretend to make him believe that he harbored no animosity, detailed him as mail orderly, the first act of a campaign of petty cruelty. By being mail orderly Ginger would have to handle Betty's letters to Huston and Huston's letters to her. Ginger saw through it immediately and his hate burned stronger. From that night on it was one indignity after another, just a merciless persecution, but Ginger never complained; just stored up each new act and swore vengeance.

"It came to such a pass that Ginger could bear it no longer; he decided to kill Huston and only waited for a favorable opportunity to present itself. I think it was only his love for Betty which had held him back so long; he couldn't bear the thought of her grieving for her dead lover.

"One night, in the front-line trench, orders were received that after an hour's intense bombardment of the enemy's lines the company would go over the top at four-thirty the next morning. Huston was to go over with the first wave, while Ginger was in the second. Here was his chance.

"All that night he crouched on the fire step, musing and brooding, nursing his revenge. He prayed to Betty to forgive him for what he was going to do.

"After the bombardment the next morning over went the first wave, a line of bayonets and madly cheering men. Ginger only saw one in that crowd; his eyes never left Huston. His finger twitched and caressed the trigger of his rifle—his long-looked-for opportunity had come.

(Continued Next Week)

SOLDIER HERO RETURNS—WOUNDED WHILE IN FRANCE

Carl Hoffman, Jr., arrived home in this city from France Saturday. He received his honorable discharge from the service at Camp Lewis. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman of this city, and has seen very hard service while serving Uncle Sam in Europe. Carl was wounded several times while on the front lines in France, and is at present recovering from the effects of his wounds. He was severely wounded several months ago, his name appearing in the casualty list in the newspapers. His brother, Sergeant Henry Hoffman, is still in France.

FINNUCANE HOME FROM OVERSEAS—WAS WOUNDED

Dan Finnuccane arrived in this city Saturday evening after serving his country for the past two years in France. He was one of the first from this city to enlist, and is now suffering from wounds which he received in action. He has been in many engagements and at one time was gassed while going over the top with his regiment. He is home to take a much-needed rest, and will be home to his many friends at the residence of his parents, who live in the Kansas City addition.

LIEUT. HURLEY FELLOWS IS PROMOTED IN EUROPE

Word comes to this city that Lieutenant Hurley Fellows, a well known Clackamas county boy, who is with the Third Army of Occupation in Germany, has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. Lieutenant Fellows first received his commission of second lieutenant at the Presidio at California when the war first started, and was sent to France almost immediately after receiving his commission. He has been in France over a year, and has seen many strenuous times while fighting for his country in Europe.

FOX PAROLED; WILL REPORT TO CHIEF WOODWARD OFTEN

Robert Fox, alias Day McDonald, who was arrested in this city about two weeks ago on a warrant from Medford, charging him with forgery, was paroled Wednesday to Chief of Police Woodward. Fox was arrested here by Night Officer Surfus and Deputy Hughes. He had forged a check for \$180, which later he paid back. He is to report to Chief Woodward the first of each month, and also to the Medford authorities.

SOLDIER AND SAILOR ARE ARRESTED HERE FRIDAY

Two men, one a sailor and the other a soldier, were arrested Friday night by Deputy Joyner, just as the men were entering a theatre in this city. The men refused to give their names, and are charged with stealing an auto. The officer, noticing the men arrive in town in the machine, and who acted very queerly, arrested them and they are being held, along with the auto, until information can be secured clearing up the matter.

Spring-time is Dress-Up Time

When all nature blossoms out in happy spring colorings—then is the time of all seasons when you want to look your best.

The old styles won't do. Spring-time demands fresh new patterns and colorings. You want something entirely different.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

has admirably interpreted the new mood of this happy Spring-time with a myriad of rich colorings and joyous styles galore. They express new ideas in an exceedingly attractive way.

The predominant style feature for Spring is the new waist-seam model. You'll see many pleasing variations of it in the new Kuppenheimer suits we are now showing.

Remarkable values at
\$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45

JOE SWARTZ

New Styles in Shirts, Ties, Haberdashery

Take a Kodak With You

On that trip to the seashore, into the woods on a pleasure trip, out on the country roads for a motor jaunt—no matter where you go, the Kodak is ever ready to act at your bidding and record for the beautiful scenes so numerous in old Oregon.

Our store is amply prepared with a large stock of Kodaks to please your every want. Sizes are here to numerous to mention. Step in and select one now. It will lend countless joys to the home life to you, to friends far and near, who are favored with the pictures it produces.

Expert Developing, Printing and Enlarging

Do not let the work of finishing pictures keep you from enjoying a Kodak. This work is easily learned. If you prefer to leave this work to us, we will gladly turn out your pictures and do it promptly. We employ only experts in this work and can guarantee that we will please you. Our finishing rooms are strictly modern and are fully equipped. Bring your next films in. You will be pleased with results.

Burmeister & Andresen

The Kodak Service Station

HEHN HOME SCENE OF CARD AND DANCE PARTY

(Contributed)

An enjoyable dance and card party was given by Walter Hehn, at the home of his father, John Hehn, at Alberta, Saturday evening. A mid-night lunch was served and those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Mayfield, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gard, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Traylor, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Fischer, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Grossmiller, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Moehnke, of Shubel, and Mr. and Mrs. Willis Hughes, of Beaver Creek.

The Misses Jennie and Louise Zeigler, Mae Rogers, Olga and Margaret Scribner, Isabelle Vohs, Dorothy and Thelma Mayfield, Ruth Carlisle, Anne Mayfield, Clarabel Hardenbrook, and Alena Hughes.

Messrs. Bernard Berg, John Moehnke, Carrol and Frank Zeigler, G. Conner, William Smith, William Besson, William Washburn, George Zeigler, Albert North, Glen, Avon and Willard Mayfield, H. Bauer, Herbert, Lee and Fred Vohs, Layton Traylor, William Martin, Charlie Moehnke, John Hehn, Veryl and Eldon Gard, Walter and Leroy Hehn and others.

Married

Mrs. Rose McCarter, 41, of Portland, and Robert Walker, 43, of Seattle, were granted a marriage license from the county clerk's office here Friday.

The Oregon City Courier and the Oregon Farmer, both for \$1.15.

Weekly Health Talks

The Many Mysteries of Nature

BY L. W. BOWER, M. D.

You can take an onion seed and a pansy seed, and plant them side by side in the same spot of ground. In one case, you get an onion, with its peculiarly strong odor, and in the other you get a flower of rare beauty. You can plant a poppy seed and get opium (a dangerous, habit-forming drug), or you can plant a rhuibar seed and get something that helps constipation. No scientist, living or dead, can explain these mysteries of Nature. Behind the invisible life germ in each seed is hidden the deep secret that nobody understands. Everything growing out of the ground seems intended for some use in establishing natural conditions. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unicorn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it.

Favorite Prescription should have the full confidence of every woman in America because it contains no alcohol and no narcotic. Dr. Pierce knew, when he first made this standard medicine, that whiskey and morphine are injurious, and so he has always kept them out of his remedies. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. for trial pkg. Tablets.

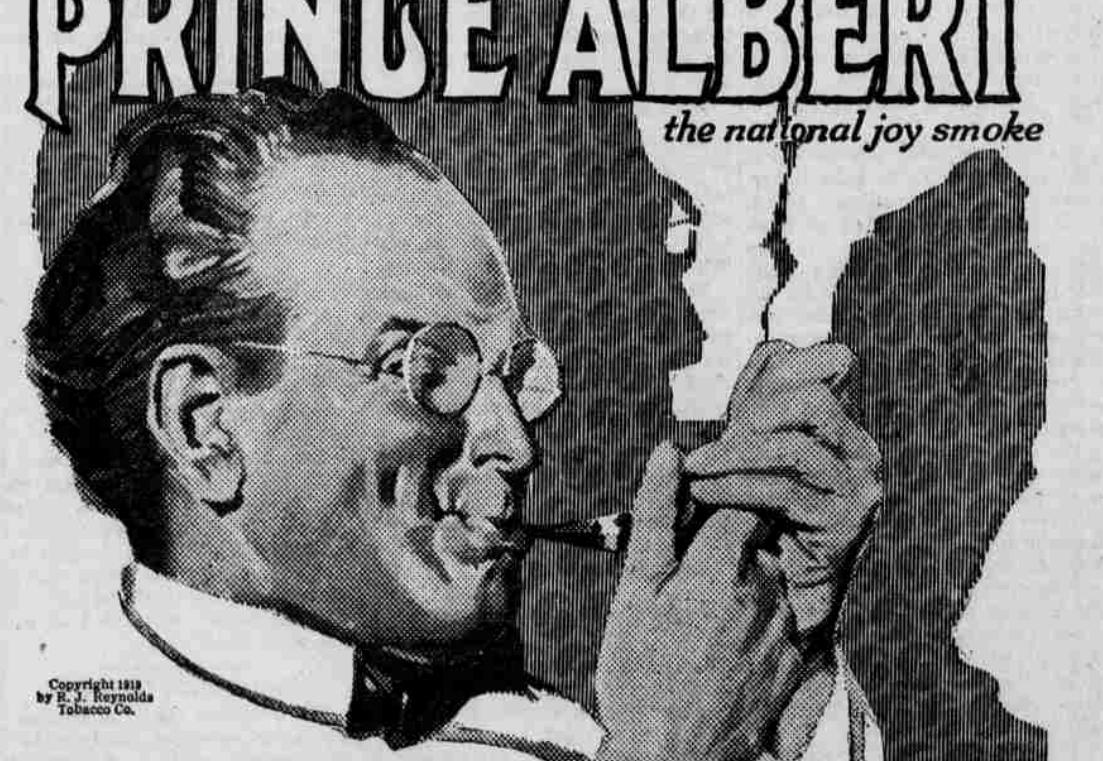
HOSTETTLER VS. ECCLES CASE IN CIRCUIT COURT

The suit of W. M. Hostettler against R. F. Eccles, in which Hostettler is suing for labor and seed of a crop, was continued in the circuit court yesterday. Hostettler claimed that he leased some land and planted it to grain, and that in the lease there was a clause providing that he should receive remuneration for his labor and seed planting, in case the land was sold. The land was sold to Eccles, and plaintiff alleges that Eccles refused to give him the crop, which he (Hostettler) claims is valued at \$2139.25. He asks judgment for this amount and \$250 damages and costs.

CARL MOORE RETURNS FROM EUROPE; IN ACTIVE SERVICE

Sergeant Carl Moore, who for the past several months has been with the 116th Engineers, with the medical department, in France, arrived in this city Friday from France. Before entering the service, Sergeant Moore was a clerk in the county clerk's office here, under the administration of Miss Iva Harrington. He relates many interesting experiences while serving with his regiment in Europe.

PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke



NEVER was such right-handed-two-fisted smokejoy as you puff out of a jimmy pipe packed with Prince Albert! That's because P. A. has the quality!

You can't fool your taste apparatus any more than you can get five aces out of a family deck! So, when you hit Prince Albert, coming and going, and get up half an hour earlier just to start stoking your pipe or rolling cigarettes, you know you've got the big prize on the end of your line!

Prince Albert's quality alone puts it in a class of its own, but when you figure that P. A. is made by our exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch—well—you feel like getting a flock of dictionaries to find enough words to express your happy days sentiments!

Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidior with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.