#### "Somewhere in France" with

**Arthur Guy Empey** Author of "OVER THE TOP"

"Gimme a fag, mate; I'm all out, Come on, chum, don't forget me. That's a good fellow. Let's have

Pretty soon every Tommy who was able had a lighted fag between his lips, and a sigh of content went up as he inhaled deep drafts of the smoke. I certainly enjoyed mine.

The medical men came to attention. In crisp tones he ordered: "Get the convoy for England ready.

Look alive; the ambulances are expected any minute." The stretcher bearers entered, busuproar. Then, outside, could be heard

ambulances. As each fortunate Tommy was carried out the more unfortunate ones, who were to be left behind at the base hospital, bravely wished him a "Good luck, mate; give my regards to Trafalgar square. Be careful and don't lose your watch in Petticoat

lane. Give 'er my love." As I was carried through the door the cold air sent a shiver through me and my wounds began to pain. The effect of the chloroform was wearing off. Outside it was dark and confusion seemed to reign supreme. Lanterns were flashing to and fro and long lines of stretchers could be seen moving toward the ambulances.

I was placed in an ambulance with



the ambulance started. That jerk made me grind my teeth.

that at last I was on my way to that ple of spies. longed-for heaven, Blighty!

# The Enemy Within; or, Rounding Up Spies on

Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey Author of "Over the Top,"
"First Call," Etc.

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

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We were in rest billets in the little French village of S-, about ten kilos from the front-line trench. Number 'Two's gun crew were sitting on the ground in a circle around their machine gun, while a sergeant, newly returned from a special course in machine gunnery at St. Omer, was expounding the theory of scientific machine gunnery. He himself had never chine gun, but from the theoretical point he sure could throw out the book stuff. I must confess that his

Happy Houghton, who was sitting next to me, leaned over, and with his eye on the sergeant, whispered in my

way he chucks his weight about?"

I agreed with Happy. with our mascot, Jim, in his lap, of our troops were communicated by Every now and then Jim would take him to the enemy. his hind leg and furiously scratch at his armpit and also scratch.

eratching.

In a minute or so Hungry Foxcroft
Pepper," called us in, and said:
""There is a spy working in the started on a cootle hunt; and I had an irresistible desire to lean back springs the barrel casing of the gun "Foolishly, I butted in and asked against the barrel casing of the gun

and also scratch. on the western front, especially dur- made me tremble, he roared: ing a monotonous lecture by some offied. It is just like a minister in the the rest." midst of a very dry sermon suddenly stopping, stretching himself, and yawn- to argue with "Old Pepper." " ing, this action causing the rest of the congregation to do likewise.

As the whole circle scratched, our gazed at him intently and each began attack could stop him. to scratch furiously. Sure enough, the sergeant gave in and started unaround the circle, relapsed into silence. buttoning the front of his tunic to get at some real or imaginary cootie. A nudge went the rounds of the circle. want to hear this story? If you do, We had accomplished our purpose. shut up and let me tell it." The sergeant's mind took an awful "Go on, Curly, never mind; he's drop from the science of machine gun- harmless," ejaculated Happy Houghnery to that of catching that particu- ton.

lar cootie. We constantly glanced at our wrist watches. Fifteen minutes more and geant was becoming confused, and was his talk. We had no mercy on him, in desperation, the sergeant said:

"You men have actually been under spection. fire with machine guns several times. The sergeant major again entered. Can't one of you relate some incident of how, through some ruse, you put it over on the Boches?"

Ikey Honney, grasping this golden and slyly winking at us, started in Two and told how a certain gur's crew lotling about, and the ward was in an cated and put out of action a German machine gunner by playing a tune on the chugging engines of the waiting their gun, which the German tried to imitate, thereby indicating to them by sound the exact location of the German gun, which was later put out of action by concentrated machine-gun fire from their section.

Of course we all listened very intently, but it was an old story to us, because we were the gun's crew which had accomplished the feat that Honney was describing; but anything was better than listening to that sing-song troning of book knowledge which the sergeant had been pumping into us for the last hour and a half.

The sergeant glanced at his watch and dismissed us. We dismounted our gun, put it in its box and stored it away in our billet; then we reassembled under an apple tree in the orchard, and, while the rest of us indulged in a shirt hunt, Hungry went after our ration of tea. Hungry was sure on the job when it came to eating. Pretty soon he returned with a dixie one-fourth full of tea, two tins of jam, a loaf of bread, a large piece of cheese, and a tin of apricots which he had bought at a nearby French estaminet. He dished out our rations, not forgetting a generous share for himself. After we had finished, out came the inevitable fags, a few puffs from each man, and the ball of conversation started rolling.

Curly Wallace cleared his throat and tarted in with:

"Remember that village we passed hrough on our march up the line bout two weeks ago; you know, the ne where that big church with all the shell holes in it was right on the corner where we turned to the left to take the road at St. A-?"

We all remembered it and turned inautring glances in Curly's direction. "Well, this morning, when I went

down with the quarter (quartermaster sergeant), to draw coal, I met a fellow at division headquarters who told me a mighty interesting story of how he

"This bloke, through modesty, and to cover up his own good work, tried to make me believe that it was only through a lucky chance that he stumbled over the clue which lend to the spies' arrest, but I'm a-thinkin', and I know you'll all agree with me, that it was not so much luck as it was clever the Western Front thinking. I'm not much at telling a story, but I'm going to try and give it, as far as I can remember, just the way he handed it to me.

"It seems that this fellow, who told me the story, and another chap, had been detailed to the divisional intelligence department, and were hanging around division headquarters waiting for something to happen.

"Now, here's the story as he reeled t off to me:

"'About three kilos behind division headquarters was the old French village of B-. One of our important roads ran through it. This road was greatly used by our troops for bringing up supplies and ammunition for the front line. It was also used by large numbers of troops when relieving battalions in the fire sector.

"'Of course, on account of this road being in range of the German guns, it could only be used at night; otherwise the enemy airmen and observation balloons would get wise and it would only be a short time before the road would be shelled, thus causing many casualties.

"'For the last ten days reports had been received at division headquarters actually been under fire with a matain point on this road, marked by an old church, they were sure to click heavy shell fire from the Boches. On flow of eloquence passed over my nights when no troops passed through head like a Zeppelin, and I noticed there would be very little shelling, if an uneasy squirming among the rest iny, but if a battalion or brigade happened to come this way they suffered from heavy shell fire.

"'Upon receipt of the first two or three of these reports we put it down as a strange coincidence, but when the "Blime me, Yank, isn't it arful the lifth report of this nature reached us it was evident to us that a spy was at work, and that in some mysterious Across from me sat Ikey Honney, way the information of the movements

"Myself and another bloke, who a spot behind his ear. Honney, no- had been working with me for the last ticing this action, would reach under two weeks, were assigned to the task of discovering and apprehending this Sailor Bill was intently watching spy. To us it seemed an impossible Jim and Honney; he, too, started lob, as there were no clues to work upon. As is usual, our general, "Old

for further information. I got it, all It is one of the chief indoor sports right. With a lowering look which

""Go and dig up your own clues. cer or noncom, for one of the fed-up What are you with the intelligence delisteners to start scratching himself. partment for? Intelligence department! This generally causes the whole gang It ought to be called the brainless deto do the same, the instructor includ- partment' if you two are a sample of

"'Somehow or other we didn't stop

At this point Sallor Bill butted in: "Blime me. he's just like an admiral

we nad in our navy, 'this 'Old Pepper.' " A chorus of, "Oh, shut up, you're in sergeant instructor commenced to the army now," cut off Bill's story. We shift his weight from one foot to the knew Sailor Bill. If he ever got startother in an uneasy manner. We all ed talking navy, nothing short of a gas

Curly Wallace exclaimed: "To 'ell with your admiral; do you

Curly carried on, with: "'Getting our packs and drawing three days' rations, we started hiking the lesson would be over. The ser- it for the village of B-...... We arrived there about four in the afternoon, and trying to flounder through the rest of after putting our packs and rations in an old barn which we intended to use but kept up the scratching. At last, in desperation, the sergeant said:

as our billet during our stay in the village, we left on a general tour of in-

"'There were about three hundred civilians in the place, who preferred to brave the dangers of shell fire, as there was a rich harvest to be reaped from the sale of farm produce, beer and opportunity to break up the lecture, wines to the troops billeted all around. estaminets (French saloons) were still open and did a thriving busi-

> "'Occasionally a shell would burst in the village, but the civilians did not seem to mind it; just carried on with their farming and business as usual. "'We decided to make a thorough search of all houses, barns and buildings for concealed wires, and did so, but with barren results. Nothing suspicious was found. This search wasted five days, and we were in despera-

not a single clue came to light. "During this time two large bodies of troops had passed through and each then knocked off for the day. That time they were heavily shelled, with night troops came through and, as usudire results.

tion. Watch and question as we would.

"'On the sixth night of our assignment, utterly disgusted, I, being in charge, had decided to chuck up the whole business and report back to Old Pepper that we had made a mess out of the investigation. My partner pleaded with me to stick it out a couple of days more, and after he gave me a vivid description of what Old Pepper would hand out to us I decided to stick it out for six months, if necessary. To celebrate this decision my side-kicker offered to blow to several rounds of drinks. Now, this fellow had never, during my acquaintance with him, offered to spend a ha'penny, so I quickly accepted his offer and we went to the nearest estaminet.

ing French beer and smoking cigarettes, was a crowd of soldiers, laughing, joking, arguing and telling stories. 'We sat down at the end of the table, and in a low tone tried to work

" 'Sitting around a long table, drink-

impossible theories as to how the spy, if there was one-by this time we were doubtful-could get the information back to the German batteries. "'Right across from us were two soldiers arguing about farming. Sud-

the knee and whispered: """Listen to what those two fellows across the table from us are saying. It

denly my side-kicker pinched me on

"'I listened for about a minute and me. I wanted to catch that spy, and started devising impossible theories as to the ways and means of doing so. At last I gave up in disgust. My partner was still attentively listening to the two across the table from us. Another poke in the knee from my partner and I was all attention. One of the fellows across the way was talking:

""Well, I don't see why this French blighter should change horses in his plow every afternoon. I've watched him for several days. Now, in the morning he uses two grays, and then about two in the afternoon he either hooks up two blacks or a gray and a black. French ways may be different, but this frog-eater is very partial to the colors of his team. He works the grays all morning and then changes them in the afternoon. Now, figure it out for yourself. He starts work with the two grays about six o'clock in the morning; works the two beggars up till noon. That's six hours straight. Then he sticks them in the stable, lays off for two hours, and in the afternoon about two o'clock the new relay of animals comes on and works up till four. Now, anybody with any brains in their nappers knows that is no way to keep horses in condition, working one team over six hours and the other team only two hours. I know, because we have been farmers in our family back in Blighty for generations."

"I was all excitement, and a great hope surged through me that at last we had fallen on the clue that we were looking for. Restraining my eagerness as much as possible I addressed the fellow who had just spoken:

""Well, mate, I don't like to intrude into your conversation, but I've also been a farmer all my life and I don't see anything queer in the actions of this French farmer."

"'He answered: "Well, blime me, there might be a reason for this blighter doing this, but I can't figure it out at all. If you can explain it, go shead."

"'I answered: "Well, perhaps if you can give a little more details about it, it would be easy enough to explain. Who is the farmer, and where is his farm located?"

"He swallowed the bait, all right, and informed me that the farmer was plowing a field on a hill about five hundred yards west of the church at a point where our troops were being shelled.

"'Buying a round of drinks, I nudged my partner and he came in on the conversation. The two of us, by adrolt questioning, got the exact location of the field and a description of

"'I pretended to be sleepy, and, yawping, got up from the table, saythat I was going to turn in, and left. My partner soon followed me. Upon reaching our billet, we outlined our plan. We decided that next morning we would get up at daybreak and scout around the field to see if there

was a hiding place. "'Sure enough, along one edge of the field ran a thick hedge. We secreted ourselves in this and waited for de-

"At about six in the morning, the farmer appeared, driving two grays, which he hooked to the plow, and carried on his work. To us there appeared nothing suspicious in his netions. We watched him all morning.

At noon he unhooked the horses and went home. We remained in hiding. afraid to leave, because we wanted to take no chances of being seen by the farmer. We had forgotten to bring rations with us, so it was a miserable



His Work.

the farmer reappeared, driving two blacks, which he hitched to the plow, and carried on until four o'clock, and al, were shelled.

"Next morning, at daybreak, we again took our stations in the hedge. this time bringing rations with us. The farmer used the same grays in the morning, but in the afternoon he appeared with a black and a gray, and again knocked off around four o'clock. No troops came through that night, and there was no shelling.

"'Next day the farmer repeated the previous day's actions-two grays in the morning and a black and a gray in the afternoon. No troops, no shell-

"We were pretty sure that we had him, but this arresting a spy on slim evidence is a ticklish matter. didn't want to make a mess of the affair, or perhaps send an innocent man to his death, so the following day we again took up our stations. enough, it was two grays in the morning, but in the afternoon he used two blacks. That night troops came through and were shelled. We had solved the problem. Two grays in the morning mean nothing. The actual signal to the enemy was the change of horses in the afternoon; two blacks meaning "troops coming through to-night, shell the road;" a gray and a black, "No troops expected, do no

shell." "When it got dark and it was safe to leave the hedge, we immediately reperted the whole affair to the town major (an English officer detailed in then paid no further attention. At charge of a French village or town that time farming in no way interested occupied by English troops) who, accompanied by us and a detail of six questioning, he at last confessed.

"It was a mystery to us how this tonite. farmer knew that troops were comraised up an old flagstone with a she cud see Slimey she ring in it, we would find a telephone mitey proud of me. set. The other end of this set was the road that troops coming into the littel things. village had to pass the door. As troops would be quartered in his vil- the matter with him. old church. He would immediately supper. Wich he did. And this morn- 8 West 40th Street, New York. telephone this information to the ing his pa charged him a dime for farmer, who would change his horses his brekfast before he wood let him accordingly. The hill on which he did his plowing could be easily observed from an observation balloon in the German lines, and thus the signal was given to the German artillery.

mation from him:



"I Have a Good Mind to Send You Back to Your Units."

afternoons, it meant that the use of the road had been indefinitely discontinued for troops and supplies.

(Continued Next Week)

Coover, which bill was transferred to sap. On this fungus the larvae feed. him.

# Have you ever heard this?

"My baking powder," says the smooth solicitor, "costs less than Royal."

But he omits to say that it often leaves a bitter taste, that food made with it is likely to stale in a day and that it contains alum, which is condemned by many medical authorities for use in food.

England and France prohibit the sale of alum baking powders.

# ROYAL Baking Powder

is made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Royal Contains No Alum-**Leaves No Bitter Taste** 

# Slat's Diary

Friday-just got home frum party wich I attended tonite. J. E. was there & we played a game called post Of-fice wich mostly kissing who Ever you want 2. Wen my turn come 2 call sum called J. E. fer a 3 ct stamp wich is 3 kisses then I got werryed & thought may Be she would get mad. so wen she come

the room I sed now if you dont want me 2 kiss you turn yure hed. She diddent & I did. Man O face in a handfull of fresh Dewey men with fixed bayonets, went to the vilets. & I used 2 think ice cream farmer's house that night and arrest- was good. Wen I went out they ed him. He protested his innocence, ast J. E. to call a kustomer & she

Saturday-Had a nother fite toing through, because he never made a mistake in his schedule. After fur-

Sunday-after sunday skool Jake established in an estaminet in a little & me found a nest of little bitsy French village eleven kilos distant. Robbens wich had just a littel bit His confederate was so situated on of hair on there backs. The cutest sufficient kindergartens have been es-

safely figure out that the passing prized and wanted 2 know wot was their school authorities. The Bulege until the next night, when, under cover of darkness, they would start the meenest pa in this here hole propaganda leaflets. Bessie Locke, for the next village, and would have town, his pa give him a dime if he Director of Kindergarten Extension. to pass the point in the road by the would go 2 bed las nite without his United States Bureau of Education,

eat any. Sed he et 2 much. Wednesday-pa was out pritty late las nite & ma locked the dore on him & wen pa tride 2 get in he cudent. "We still carried on with our third Finely ma went 2 the window & sed Cegree, and got further valuable infor- wot do you want & pa anserred & sed I want 2 stay here all nite & ma "If, in the plowing, two gray horses were used on two consecutive there. Wich he did. It was a nice warm nite tho. But pa diddent seam

2 like it much. Thursday—teecher was explane-ing how you cant add trees & men nor take ottomobeels frum horses and etc. & Jake ast if you cuddent take milk frum cows & I sed ma cud take money frum pa's pocket, if he was

#### SHOT HOLE BORER HITS PEAR AND PRUNE TREES

"Twenty per cent of my five-yearold prune orchard is attacked by shot hole borer," writes a Salem grower. Nearly every pear tree in a large commercial orchard is infested, according to reports from Washington county. Many trees in both orchards were apparently vigorous until a few days ago when the blighting effects appeared. An examination showed many small holes in the bark holding a small, blunt, dark brown beetle busily boring into the heart wood. They were shot hole borers.' "This borer breeds in devitalized

trees affected with sour sap," says A. L. Lovett, entomologist of the O. A. C. experiment station. "The wholesale attack at this time is due Ed. S. Bowman filed suit against to the lack of vigor in the trees from T. W. Linn and O. S. C. Gerber, doing the adverse climatic conditions of the business as Linn & Gerber at Molal- last three years. The beetles tunnel la, to collect \$766.40, claimed due through the trees and plant a fungus him and that \$207.50 is due Ora E. which grows in the presence of sour In spite of the heavy death losses by the ravages of Influenza and War

## The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.

will pay its policy holders large dividends this year. When buying insurance why not buy the best.

### S. O. DILLMAN

Agent for Clackamas County

8th and Main Sts.

**Oregon City** 

increase the vitality of the tree-cultivation, irrigation, drainage, and but we took him to military police headquarters where, after a grueling questioning, he at last confessed.

sed nuthing doing Im sold out & fertilization, irrigation, drainage, and fertilization. Paint the following over infested portions of trees: Water 3 gallons: soft soap—liquid fish oil— 3 gallons; soft soap-liquid fish oil-

gallon; crude carbolic acid 1/2 pint. "Mix thoroughly and apply with brush at intervals of one week, using ther questioning he explained to us sed 2 me youve ben fitting agen & Three treatments are generally that if we searched in his cellar and in ashamed of you & I replyed if

An Appeal to Parents

Your children are all entitled to receive a kindergarten education, but Monday-Jake found a tooth nation's children. In many communtroops march only at night while in Brush & washed his teeth and wen ities the parents have secured a kinthe fire sector, his confederate could teecher seen him she was very Su-dergarten by presenting a petition to reau of Education will gladly furnish

> Build Now. More Americans should own their own homes.

# 'In the Public Eye'

M OST eye-trouble is the direct result



of eye-neglect. When the first signs of eye strain appear a competent optometrist should be consulted. We will thoroughly examine the delicate mechanism of your eyes and prescribe the glasses that will give you comfort and ease. Our moderate charge is regulated by the amount of work on the lenses and the value of the mountings you

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Look in Our Window!

Oregon City Retreading **Vulcanizing Works** 

> 1003 Main St. Oregon City, Oregon

THAT BAD BACK

Do you have a dull, steady ache in the small of the back-sharp, stabbing twinges when stooping or lifting-distressing urinary disorders? For bad back and weakened kidneys Oregon City residents recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Read this Oregon City statement.

Mrs. A. Reddaway, 116 S. Center street, says: "My back ached most all the time. It was so weak and sore that when I got down to do anything, it was all I could do to straighten up. Sharp catches shot through my kidneys and for a minute I could hardly move, they were so severe. My kidneys also acted irregularly. tired all the time and could hardly drag myself around. After I had been taking Doan's Kidney Pills awhile my back felt stronger and my kidneys acted more regularly."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kdney remedy-get Doan's Kidney Pills-the same that Mrs. Reddaway had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y. (Adv.)