

# DULL AND SHARP SHOOTING PAINS

### Michigan Lady Suffered Such Pains In Back and Head, But Says Cardui Stopped These Bad Spells.

Palmyra, Mich.—Mrs. Chas. T. Fuller, of this place, writes: "In 1911 I got run-down, and I suffered great pain...with both dull and sharp shooting pains...also back and head. I was weak and could only drag around, and should have been in bed, for I really wasn't able to be up. At times I would have spells that would be so bad I'd have to go to bed, and suffered intensely..."

I decided to try Cardui, and saw a great improvement in less than a month's time. I used 7 or 8 bottles and was stronger. I got so much better that my strength returned and my work was easy for me. Cardui did me a world of good. It built me up in health and strength. I haven't had one of those bad spells since. I haven't had to take any more medicine since or have any doctors either, and have been able to do my work right along...I recommend it to other women highly as the best medicine I know of for women who suffer from female trouble."

If you suffer from female troubles, follow this advice. Get a bottle of Cardui today and give it a thorough trial. It should help you, as it has helped thousands of other women in the past 40 years. At all druggists.

# FIRST AID CLASS WILL START MAY 1

A first aid instruction class is to be organized May 1. It is suggested by the Red Cross that men who are subject to early draft take this course as soon as possible. All other persons above the age of 16 years may also avail themselves of this opportunity. Mrs. Philip Helmer has been appointed enrolling secretary and will be pleased to take the names of all those desiring such instruction. The course will consist of 15 hours instruction divided into about ten lectures and demonstrations.

## COUNTY TREASURER'S CALL FOR ROAD WARRANTS

All Josephine County (pink) road warrants issued prior to and including March 15th, 1918, and protested prior to that date, are hereby called in and are payable at the County Treasurer's office on or after the 25th day of April, 1918, on which date interest will cease.

GEO. S. CALHOUN, County Treasurer.

## REMOVAL NOTICE

On May 6th the assay office will be moved from the Hall building to the Schmidt building on southwest corner Sixth and I streets.

E. R. CROUCH, assayer.

## COMING EVENTS

May 1, Wednesday—May breakfast at Bethany Presbyterian church. May 3, Friday—Field day exercises for all the schools of the city.

# "Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went ARTHUR GUY EMPEY Machine Gunner Serving in France

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "Cooties."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German Fokker circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

CHAPTER VII—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII—Back in the front-line trenches, Empey sees his first friend of the trenches "go West."

CHAPTER IX—Empey makes his first visit to a dugout in "Bulldog Ditch."

CHAPTER X—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

CHAPTER XI—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a bayonet thrust.

CHAPTER XII—Empey joins the "soldier club" as the bombing squad is called.

CHAPTER XIII—Each Tommy gets an official bath.

CHAPTER XIV—Empey helps dig an advanced trench under German fire.

CHAPTER XV—On "listening post" in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVI—Two artillerymen put over on Old Pepper, their regimental commander.

CHAPTER XVII—Empey has narrow escape while on patrol duty in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVIII—Back in rest billets Empey writes and stages a farce comedy.

CHAPTER XIX—Soldiers have many ways to amuse themselves while "on their own."

CHAPTER XX—Empey volunteers for machine gun service and goes back into the front-line trenches.

CHAPTER XXI—Empey again goes "over the top" in a charge which costs his company 11 killed and 21 wounded.

CHAPTER XXII—Trick with a machine gun silences one bothersome Fritz.

CHAPTER XXIII—German attack, preceded by gas wave, is repulsed.

CHAPTER XXIV—Empey is forced to take part in an execution as a member of the firing squad.

CHAPTER XXV—British prepare for the Big Push—the battle of the Somme.

When we took over the front line we received an awful shock. The Germans displayed signboards over the top of their trench showing the names that we had called their trenches. The signs read "Fair," "Fact," "Fate," and "Fancy," and so on, according to the code names on our map. Then to rub it in, they hoisted some more signs which read, "Come on, we are ready, stupid English."

It is still a mystery to me how they obtained this knowledge. There had been no raids or prisoners taken, so it must have been the work of spies in our own lines.

Three or four days before the big push we tried to shatter Fritz's nerves by feint attacks, and partially succeeded as the official reports of July 1 show.

Although we were constantly bombarding their lines day and night, still we fooled the Germans several times. This was accomplished by throwing an intense barrage into his lines—then using smoke shells we would put a curtain of white smoke across No Man's Land, completely obstructing his view of our trenches, and would raise our curtain of fire as if in an actual attack. All down our trenches the men would shout and cheer, and Fritz would turn loose with machine-gun, rifle, and shrapnel fire, thinking we were coming over.

After three or four of these dummy attacks his nerves must have been near the breaking point.

On June 24, 1918, at 9:40 in the morning our guns opened up, and hell was let loose. The din was terrific, a constant boom-boom-boom in your ear.

At night the sky was a red glare. Our bombardment had lasted about two hours when Fritz started replying. Although we were sending over ten shells to his one, our casualties were heavy. There was a constant stream of stretchers coming out of the communication trenches and burial parties were a common sight.

In the dugouts the noise of the guns almost hurt. You had the same sensation as when riding on the subway you enter the tube under the river going to Brooklyn—a sort of pressure on the ear drums, and the ground constantly trembling.

The roads behind the trenches were very dangerous because Boche shrapnel was constantly bursting over them. We avoided these dangerous spots by crossing through open fields.

night, but after awhile got used to it.

My old outfit the machine gun company, was stationed in huge elephant dugouts about four hundred yards behind the front-line trench—they were in reserve. Occasionally I would stop in their dugout and have a confab with my former mates. Although we tried to be jolly, still, there was a lurking feeling of impending disaster. Each man was wondering, if, after the slogan, "Over the top with the best of luck," had been sounded, would he still be alive or would he be lying "somewhere in France." In an old dilapidated house, the walls of which were scarred with machine-gun bullets, No. 3 section of the machine gun company had its quarters. The company's cooks prepared the meals in this billet. On the fifth evening of the bombardment a German eight-inch shell registered a direct hit on the billet and wiped out ten men who were asleep in the supposedly bomb-proof cellar. They were buried the next day and I attended the funeral.

CHAPTER XXVI.

All Quiet (?) on the Western Front.

At brigade headquarters I happened to overhear a conversation between our G. O. C. (general officer commanding) and the divisional commander. From this conversation I learned that we were to bombard the German lines for eight days, and on the first of July the "big push" was to commence.

In a few days orders were issued to that effect, and it was common property all along the line.

On the afternoon of the eighth day of our "strafing," Atwell and I were sitting in the front-line trench smoking fags and making out our reports of the previous night's tour of the trenches, which we had to turn in to headquarters the following day, when an order was passed down the trench that Old Pepper requested twenty volunteers to go over on a trench raid that night to try and get a few German prisoners for information purposes. I immediately volunteered for this job, and shook hands with Atwell, and went to the rear to give my name to the officers in charge of the raiding party.

I was accepted, worse luck.

At 9:45 that night we reported to the brigade headquarters dugout to receive instructions from Old Pepper.

After reaching this dugout we lined up in a semicircle around him, and he addressed us as follows:

"All I want you boys to do is to go over to the German lines tonight, surprise them, secure a couple of prisoners, and return immediately. Our artillery has bombarded that section of the line for two days and personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied, so just get a couple of prisoners and return as quickly as possible."

The sergeant on my right, in an undertone, whispered to me:

"Say, Yank, how are we going to get a couple of prisoners if the old fool thinks 'personally that that part of the trench is unoccupied,'—sounds kind of fishy, doesn't it mate?"

I had a funny sinking sensation in my stomach, and my tin hat felt as if it weighed about a ton and my enthusiasm was melting away. Old Pepper must have heard the sergeant speak because he turned in his direction and in a thundering voice asked:

"What did you say?"

The sergeant with a scarlet look on his face and his knees trembling, smartly saluted and answered:

"Nothing, sir."

Old Pepper said:

"Well, don't say it so loudly the next time."

Then Old Pepper continued:

"In this section of the German trenches there are two or three machine guns which our artillery, in the last two or three days, has been unable to tape. These guns command the sector where two of our communication trenches join the front line, and as the brigade is to go over the top tomorrow morning I want to capture two or three men from these guns' crews, and from them I may be able to obtain valuable information as to the exact location of the guns, and our artillery will therefore be able to demolish them before the attack, and thus prevent our losing a lot of men while using these communication trenches to bring up re-enforcements."

These were the instructions he gave us:

"Take off your identification disks, strip your uniforms of all numerals, insignia, etc., leave your papers with your captains, because I don't want the Boches to know what regiments are against them as this would be valuable information to them in our attack tomorrow and I don't want any of you to be taken alive. What I want is two prisoners and if I get them I have a way which will make them divulge all necessary information as to their guns. You have your choice of two weapons—you may carry your 'persuaders' or your knuckle knives, and each man will arm himself with four Mills bombs; these to be used only in case of emergency."

A persuader is Tommy's nickname for a club carried by the bombers. It is about two feet long, thin at one end and very thick at the other. The thick end is studded with sharp steel spikes, while through the center of the club there is a nine-inch lead bar, to give it weight and balance. When you get a prisoner all you have to do is just stick this club up in front of him, and believe me, the prisoner's patriotism for "Deutschland ueber Alles" fades away and he very willingly obeys the orders of his captor. If, however, the

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O. & C. GRANT LANDS—Blue print plats showing lands in Josephine county, \$1.50. Address A. E. Voorhies, Grants Pass. 4f

FOR SALE—Good modern house, close in, north side. Inquire No. 2333, care Courier. 28tf

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prisoner gets high-toned and refuses to follow you, simply "persuade" him by first removing his tin hat, and then, well, the use of the lead weight in the persuader is demonstrated, and Tommy looks for another prisoner.

The knuckle knife is a dagger affair, the blade of which is about eight inches long with a heavy steel guard over the grip. This guard is studded with steel projections. At night in a trench, which is only about three to four feet wide, it makes a very handy weapon. One punch in the face generally shatters a man's jaw and you can get him with the knife as he goes down.

Then we had what we called our "come-alongs." These are strands of barbed wire about three feet long, made into a noose at one end; at the other end, the bars are cut off and Tommy slips his wrist through a loop to get a good grip on the wire. If the prisoner wants to argue the point, why just place the large loop around his neck and no matter if Tommy wishes to return to his trenches at the walk, trot, or gallop, Fritz is perfectly agreeable to maintain Tommy's rate of speed.

We were ordered to black our faces and hands. For this reason; At night, the English and Germans use what they call star shells, a sort of rocket affair. They are fired from a large pistol about twenty inches long, which is held over the sandbag parapet of the trench, and discharged into the air. These star shells attain a height of about sixty feet, and a range of from fifty to seventy-five yards. When they hit the ground they explode, throwing out a strong calcium light which lights up the ground in a circle of a radius of between ten to fifteen yards. They also have a parachute star shell which, after reaching a height of about sixty feet, explodes. A parachute unfolds and slowly floats to the ground, lighting up a large circle in No Man's Land. The official name of the star shell is a "Very-light." Very-lights are used to prevent night surprise attacks on the trenches. If a star shell falls in front of you, or between you and the German lines, you are safe from detection, as the enemy cannot see you through the bright curtain of light. But if it falls behind you and, as Tommy says, "you get in the star shell

## BUYERS OF NATIVE PLATINUM

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## PHOTO STUDIO

THE PICTURE MILL open daily 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. For Sunday sittings call Mill 283-R or residence 140-J. 782f

## DENTISTS

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## MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

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## DRAYAGE AND TRANSFER

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## The California and Oregon Coast Railroad Company

TIME CARD

Effective December 1, 1917. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

Train 1 lv. Grants Pass. 1:00 p. m. Train 2 lv. Waters Creek 3:00 p. m.

All trains leave Grants Pass from the corner of G and Eighth streets, opposite the Southern Pacific depot.

For all information regarding freight and passenger service call at the office of the company, Lundberg building, or phone 131 for same.

none," then the fan begins; you have to lie flat on your stomach and remain absolutely motionless until the light of the shell dies out. This takes anywhere from forty to seventy seconds. If you haven't time to fall to the ground you must remain absolutely still in whatever position you were in when the light exploded; it is advisable not to breathe, as Fritz has an eye like an eagle when he thinks you are knocking at his door. When a star shell is burning in Tommy's rear he can hold his breath for a week.

(To Be Continued)

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