

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

By Arthur Guy Empey

(Continued)

I Peel Spuds
I found that my duties were to peel spuds, wash pots and pans, and be a regular

My Stowaway
On the fourth day, Monday, after peeling a bucket of spuds, while I was read-

ing and smoking he threw down his knife, and with a cunning leer, in a commanding tone told me to get busy and complete the task; that he wished to rest. I started in to "bulldoze" him, but he simply held his hand in my direction, fingers extended and in a majestic voice informed me:

"From now on, work for the American I will not. I tell Meester Captain American Monday, stowed away Meester American to prison go fourteen years British Government." I nearly fainted. From that time on I worked as a stowaway subject slaves. We even waited on him personally. Any article in my possession that Monday desired was his for the asking. The steward wormed the secret out of Monday, and I was also his slave. Bill and I spent a life of hell on board.

After nine or ten days we came alongside at Castries, St. Lucia, British West Indies, a coal ship. At this port the men believed in Woman Suffrage. Long lines of half-naked black women, with huge baskets of coal on their heads, passed by the forward gang plank, dumped their load of coal into the open bunkers, and left the ship by the after gang-

plank. The women threw the coals into their husbands' sweethearts, who would immediately, without washing it, devour it. They spoke in a jibbering patois which I could not understand. Some of them could speak pretty good English. The kids, averaging from seven to fifteen years, were running around naked, or diving off the dock for pennies which they threw overboard.

The natives at St. Lucia had a great appetite for salt pork. I soon got well to this fact and traded about a half a barrel of pork for rum, guava jelly, bay rum, and alligator pears. If the steward or cook had caught me I would never be writing this story. The women threw the coals into their husbands' sweethearts, who would immediately, without washing it, devour it. They spoke in a jibbering patois which I could not understand. Some of them could speak pretty good English. The kids, averaging from seven to fifteen years, were running around naked, or diving off the dock for pennies which they threw overboard.

At Talcahuana we shipped twenty-eight Spaniards, or "hombres," as we called them, to work the cargo. This doubled my work and I prayed that I would die. It was nothing but misery to me. I must have peeled eleven million barrels of spuds; in fact I never turned in before six bells at night, and had to turn out at six bells in the morning. After touching at thirteen ports on the West Coast, discharging our cargo we set for a little island called Lobos, where we were to take on a cargo of guano. While working this cargo it was misery for everyone on board; the strong ammonia from the guano made our eyes red and watery, and we could only breathe by wrapping big handkerchiefs around our noses and mouths. The wind was constantly blowing, and guano was even in our food.

Then, coming back, we touched at Valparaiso, Chile. To me death seemed easier than the homeward bound voyage, so one night Bill and I slid down the anchor chain and swam to a "bumboat" lying near us. We gave the Chileno \$4.00 to row us ashore. He did so. Dripping wet we crawled up onto the stone quay

and made tracks for the town. We found that the dock was enclosed by a tall iron fence. At the gate were two customs officers, who immediately put us under arrest. Bill and I had \$20 in gold between us, and, as is usual in South America, it was a simple matter to bribe the customs officials to let us through. This cost us half of our fortune, but we did not care. Freedom was worth all of it. We were well into the town and feeling secure when we were held up by a Chilean gendarme, who looked like a walking arsenal. This cost us \$2 more for our freedom. He left us in a hurry and went around the block. We had walked about five minutes when, bang! another gendarme. This cost us \$4. After leaving him we were more cautious, hiding our remaining money in my shoe.

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Again we were arrested. We said we had no money, and were haled into the presence of the "Comandante of Police." He had one hundred and seventy-eight medals on his chest and four thousand yards of gold braid on his collar and cuffs. He had us searched, but did not find the money. Very much disappointed, in broken English he informed us that our ship was to sail at four o'clock the next morning, and that if he found us in Valparaiso we would be sent to the mines. Shivering and trembling we wended our way back to the dock and hunted around for a boatman. Bribing him with our remaining money he at last brought us alongside, just before the gangplank was lifted. The black smoke was pouring from the single funnel of the "Cushko." Then we went before the Captain, and he "logged" us ten pounds (\$50) each. On our homeward-bound passage we went around the Horn and ran into a gale. The boat's muffled. Old "One-eyed Gibson" came behind him and laid him low with a marlinpike. Then, carrying him amidships, he chained him to the iron steps leading to the bridge. He remained this way for a day and a half, in a state of morose caution, hiding our remaining money in my shoe. Strict orders were passed through

the ship that no one was to approach him. That night, under cover of darkness, Bill and I sneaked him a steaming pot of stew, and some hot coffee. If he had lived, we would, through this one action, have gained a true friend for life. From exposure he contracted pneumonia and died. He was buried at sea. The carpenter sewed him in a sack, and tying an old iron wheel to his feet, placed him on a plank, and while the Captain read a rough burial service the plank was tilted, and the body of the boat's went down to rest in Davy Jones' locker. The first port we touched at, the Consul's flag was hoisted at the foremast, and a beary-eyed, half drunk little old man came on board and was closeted with the Captain for about an hour. When he came out he was staggering, and his eyes, if possible, were more beary. The Captain lined the crew up, and the Consul, in a thick and stuttering voice, asked the crew if the boat's had died from natural causes. Ninety per cent. of the men could not understand what he said, and a silence prevailed. At sea silence means consent. I butted in and said "No." I was standing next to the mate. I felt that gorilla-like hand of his pinching the back of my neck, and I nearly fainted. Then the Consul went over the side into his boat, and was soon pulling for the shore. We lifted anchor and the port was left behind. Half way up the coast we ran out of fresh water, and had to drink condensed water from an old squeaky condensing engine. It was brackish and stinking. I would have sold my soul for one drink of clear, cold water. Monday became tyrannical and unbearable, and it was up to Bill and me to devise some scheme to keep him in check. "Through listening to Monday's stories, I knew that he was very superstitious and believed in magic, or 'zobi,' as he called it. Bill told him that my father in America was a great medicine man and that I was gifted with magic. (To be Continued)

SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S
New Cumberland, Pa., Dec. 28.—At St. Paul's Lutheran Church the sermon on Sunday will be: Communion at 10.30 a. m.; "Do This in Remembrance of Me" will be the subject of the Rev. Mr. Martin's sermon. Communion at 7 p. m.; subject of sermon, "Facing About."

ENOLA'S COMMUNITY TREE
Enola, Pa., Dec. 28.—Enola's second annual community Christmas tree celebration will be held this evening in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. This is the only celebration of similar nature on the West Shore this season. The program for the evening's celebration follows: Song, "America"; prayer, the Rev. F. Grant Sleep; poem, "Christmas and Children," Miss Margaret, Famous song, "Joy to the World," audience illustrated talk on the life of Christ, the Rev. M. S. Sharp; solo, "Holy Night," Mrs. Emma E. Miller; "Star Spangled Banner"; refreshments.

SNYDER FAMILY DINNER
Shiremanstown, Pa., Dec. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. John F. Snyder gave a family dinner at their residence in Green street on Sunday. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. John H. Snyder and daughter, Charlotte Snyder, of Harrisburg; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Frowell and children, Pauline and Wayne, of New Cumberland; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Snyder, of Elchelberg's Curve, and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clouser, of Shiremanstown.

Teachers' Engagement Announced at Party
New Cumberland, Pa., Dec. 28.—On Monday evening, December 24, the King's Daughters Sunday school class of Trinity United Brethren Church, was entertained by their teacher, Miss Florence Ulrich, at her home at Seventh and Bridge streets. After an enjoyable evening, during which gifts were exchanged between teacher and scholars, the guests were given favors announcing the engagement of Miss Ulrich to Chester M. Wilt, of Harrisburg.

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18.00	14.50	28.00	23.50
20.00	16.50	30.00	24.50
22.00	18.50	35.00	28.50

Boys' Suits, Overcoats and Mackinaws

Regular and Former Price	WM. STROUSE'S CUT PRICE SALE	Regular and Former Price	WM. STROUSE'S CUT PRICE SALE
5.00	4.25	10.00	8.25
6.50	5.25	12.50	10.25
8.50	7.25	15.00	12.25

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ON SALE TOMORROW
200 Pairs Ladies' Brown Kid Lace Boots 10 Inches High (Like Cut) AT \$2.95

Dark Brown Kid Vamps with Rich Dark Brown Cloth Tops. Either Leather Louis Heels, like cut, or New Low Military Heels. Hurry if your want your size.

SPECIAL Ladies' Corduroy Bath Slippers
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