

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

By Arthur Guy Empey

The Lion Grows

(Continued)
The English Lion was roaring, and his growls could be heard all along the Western Front. No doubt many a German general was stirring uneasily in his large concrete shell-proof dugout, kilos behind the German front line, as the ever-increasing thundering roar reached his ears.

We had a close-up view of His Majesty, the King of Beasts, and to us he was a sorry looking specimen. Patches of hide were worn away, while in his tail were two big knots. If these knots had been labeled it would have been easy to read "Neuve Chapelle" and "Gallipoli." The memory and pain of these two disasters no doubt increased the intensity of his thunder.

The British bombardment of the German lines was on, a bombardment which lasted over eight days and nights. It was the forerunner of the Big Push, or Battle of the Somme.

Atwell and I were sitting in a dug-out of the support trench. Atwell was a great, big, lovable fellow, and was my mate. We both had been detailed to the Divisional Intelligents Department, and were engaged upon "spy work."

Atwell, although of a naturally cheery disposition, occasionally relapsed into fits of despondency.

Joints Swollen; Woman Limped

Relief Came, However, From Tortures She Used to Dread

So badly were the joints and limbs of Mrs. Mary Gardner, of Palmyra, near Harrisburg, swollen, that she walked with a limp.

"I suffered terribly from rheumatism," she said, "and my limbs and joints were badly swollen. I also had awful pains in my arms and shoulders. I was quite constipated and my stomach was in bad shape. I had headaches often and was all run down. I saw the Tanlac ad and went to talk with the Tanlac man. I bought a bottle of Tanlac and all I need to say about the wonders it has accomplished is that I now walk without a limp, can do my own housework without the slightest trouble or pain and have ceased to worry about the tortures I used to dread."

Tanlac now is being specially introduced and explained in Harrisburg at the George Gorgas drug store.

Tanlac is also sold at the Corcoran Drug Store in the P. R. R. Station; in Carlisle at W. G. Stevens' Pharmacy; Elizabethtown, Albert W. Cain; Greencastle, Charles B. Carl; Middletown, Colin S. Few's Pharmacy; Waynesboro, Clarence Croft's Pharmacy; Mechanicsburg, H. F. Brunhouse.—Adv.

In the light from a stump of a candle I was making out my previous day's report to turn into Brigadier Headquarters. Occasionally the entrance to the dugout would light up with a red glare as a shell burst in the near vicinity. Atwell was sitting on his pack, with his back leaning against the wet and muddy wall of the dugout. The rays from the candle lit up his face.

Finishing my report, I got out a "rag," lit it, and with an uneasy feeling listened to the roar of the hell outside. A long-drawn sigh caused me to look in Atwell's direction. Never in my life have I seen such a dejected and woebegone countenance. This, in a way, angered me, because I, myself, right then, had a feeling of impending disaster, a sort of unknown dread, perhaps intermingled with a foreboding longing for the fields and flowers at home. I wanted to be cheered, and Atwell's face looked like a morgue.

Forcing a smile I slapped Atwell on the knee and said:

"Come out of your trance. We've both got a good chance for Blighty with this bombardment on."

Atwell looked in my direction, and in a tone of voice which from him I had never heard before, answered:

"Yank, I've been out since '14. I've buried many a mate and I've stretched bound for Blighty, and never gave it a thought, but right now I feel as if my stay in the trenches will be short. I've heard something on my mind since September, 1914, and it's been worrying me pink. I'm going to tell you the story, and I'll give you my oath that you're the first one that's ever heard it from my lips; but I've got to have your promise that you'll not judge me too harshly. I've just got to get it out of my system."

Just then a sighing moan could be heard overhead. It was one of our "nine-point-two" shells aimed in the direction of Berlin. We both instinctively turned our eyes toward the entrance of the dugout and waited for the burst. Nothing happened.

"Another bloomin' dud," ejaculated Atwell. "A few more hundred pounds gone to sea," and then again the gloomy look spread over his countenance. I was getting nervous and uneasy. Trying to hide my fear I said:

"For th' love o' Mike, Atwell, crack a smile. Give us that story of yours, or else I'll go bushouse. You had better get it off your chest, because I'm thinking that Fritz will soon be replying to our strafing, and if an eight-inch shell ever hits this dugout they'll need no wooden crosses for us, because our names will appear under the caption 'Missing.'"

With another sigh escaping from his lips, which sent a cold shiver up and down my spinal column, he

lighted a rag and started in. This is what he told me:

"It was back in September, 1914. You know I came out with the first hundred thousand, and the time when all the fighting was done in the trenches. The Germans were smashing everything before them in their drive on Paris. Our regiment was one of the few opposed to Yank Kitch. It was a case of retreat—a retreat. We didn't even have time to bury our dead. The grub was rotten, and we were just about fagged out, dead, tired, with no prospect of a relief or rest in front of us.

"It was customary for small patrols of ten to twenty men, in charge of a sergeant, to reconnoitre on our side about fagged out, dead, tired, in charge of one of these parties. Oh, yes, I was a sergeant then, but I lost my stripes—disobedience of orders they called it. I suppose I ought to feel lucky I wasn't shot, but I'll leave it to you whether I did right or not.

"At that time I was in for a commission, but of course, didn't get it. If I had, I'd be pushing up the daisies somewhere in France. In those days officers didn't last long—made fine targets for the Boches.

"This patrol I was in charge of carried rations for three days. We were to scout around just in front of the advancing enemy, but our orders were not to engage them—just obtain information. If the information obtained was valuable enough, I was to send it in by one of the men. There were fourteen of us, and we were mounted. I was in the Lancers then, and was considered a fair rider.

"The first day nothing happened. We just scouted around. By nightfall we were pretty tired, so when we came to a village—wasn't a village either; just five or six houses clustered around a church—I decided to go into billets for the night.

"Riding up to the largest house, which had a four-foot stone wall running across its garden, I dismounted at the gate and knocked with a light upon the door. A door—the house was on a sort of knoll, so this door was in plain view. Then the sweetest voice I fched, in perfect English, too, but please, until I tell father, and then the door shut and the light disappeared. We didn't have to wait long before the door opened, and she called to me:

"Please, until I tell father, and then the door shut and the light disappeared. We didn't have to wait long before the door opened, and she called to me:

"Then she opened the gate. There she stood on the gravel path with the lantern held shoulder high. I trembled all over—thought I saw a vision. I tell you, Yank, she was beautiful. One of the kind you would like to take in your arms, but won't for fear of crushing. No use for me to try to describe her, Yank, it's out of my line; but she captured me, heart and soul. There I stood like a great big boob, shaking and stuttering. At last I managed to blurt out a stammering 'Thank you, miss.'"

"She showed us the way to the stables, and stood in the door holding the lantern so we could see to unsaddle the horses. I was with the buckles, but for the life of me couldn't get that saddle off. One of the men, with a wink and a broad grin, came over and helped me. I kicked him on the shin. He let out an explosive 'Damn.' After that 'camm' the silence was painful. The poor fellow felt like a fool. I was sorry for him, even though I could have killed him for it. His thoughtfulness. Put out embarrassment was short-lived, because a silvery laugh came from behind the lantern. I had a laugh that was not loud, but it echoed and re-echoed among the rafters overhead. I can hear it right now, Yank.

"After the horses had been unsaddled and led, the men pulled up peevishly at me. I knew what they wanted—they were dor tired, and dying to hit the hay. Just as I was about to ask permission for them to turn in, she stepped in with:

"'Poor, tired soldiers, sleepy and hungry. Come right into the house. Jean has some supper and wine ready for you.'"

"We stammered our thanks and followed her into the house like a string of sheep. Yank, to me that meal was a dream. She fitted around the table, filling a glass here and there, laughing with us, and making us feel at home. The war was forgotten. By this time I was madly in love with her, and she knew it, because when she leaned over my shoulder to replenish my glass with red wine, her hair would brush my cheek, and once she rested her hand on my shoulder and gave me the slightest squeeze. I was in heaven.

"It was getting late, and the wine was beginning to tell on the men. They were falling asleep in their chairs. I had a hard job waking four of them to go on guard. They got their rifles and were standing around me for instructions, when our hostess came over to me, and, resting her hand on my arm, with plain the slightest sarcasms and pleading eyes, interposed for them.

"'Sergeant,' she said, 'let the poor boys sleep. They are so tired. There is no danger. The Germans are miles away. I, know wish to be on guard. Do this for me.' And again that squeeze.

"I like a fool, listened to her, and gave an unwilling assent. The men looked their gratitude. Jean, the manservant, led them out to the barn, where an abundance of hay had been spread for their beds. I was following, when a whisper in my ear made my head swim:

"Don't go yet, my sergeant, stay with me.

"I stayed, worse luck.

(To be Continued.)

Special Victrola Offer
\$5.00 CASH
Will place any Victrola XA, priced at \$85, and your choice of \$5.00 in records (total \$90) in your home at once; balance \$5 monthly; no interest.

Other Outfits
Priced from \$25 to \$265, ready for immediate delivery on easy payments. Why not see us about one of these outfits to-day. All the latest records are here.

J. H. TROUP
MUSIC HOUSE
Troup Building
15 S. Market Sq.

Absolutely No Pain

My latest improved appliances, including an oxygenated air apparatus, makes extracting and all dental work perfectly painless and is perfectly harmless. Age no objection.

Full set of teeth, \$5.00
Gold fillings, \$1.00
Fillings in silver, \$1.00
Gold crowns, \$5.00
Bridge work, \$5.00
22K gold crowns, \$5.00
Office open daily 8:30 to 6 P. M. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, till 11 P. M.

BELL PHONE 322-R.

Dr. Phillips, Dentist

320 Market St.
(Over the Hub)
HARRISBURG, PA. It didn't hurt a bit

My Mate's Story

When all the fighting was done in the trenches. The Germans were smashing everything before them in their drive on Paris. Our regiment was one of the few opposed to Yank Kitch. It was a case of retreat—a retreat. We didn't even have time to bury our dead. The grub was rotten, and we were just about fagged out, dead, tired, with no prospect of a relief or rest in front of us.

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WOMEN BESTED MEN IN RED CROSS DRIVE

That women made a better showing than men in the recent Red Cross Christmas membership drive was shown by William Jennings, this morning. Mr. Jennings has just announced the tabulated figures of the campaign. They show that 106 teams of workers were soliciting memberships. Of these there were fifty-three teams of ten women each, and fifty-three teams of twenty men each. The number of women was just half of the number of men. The women's division secured 7,672 memberships, and the men secured 8,079 memberships for the Red Cross.

KAUFMAN'S SEMI-ANNUAL CLEAN SWEEP SALE

Follow The Crowds Here

Women's Flannelette Kimonos — Clean Sweep Sale Price \$1.19

Full-length kimonos. Well made of fast-color, neat patterns and full cut. Sizes 36 to 46.

SECOND FLOOR

BROOM COUPON FOR WEDNESDAY

5 HOURS OF BROOM SELLING

From 8:30 A. M. to 1:30 P. M. From 2:30 P. M. to 5:00 P. M.

4 String 75c Broom For 39c

Sold only to customers purchasing \$2.00 worth of merchandise or more, sold to children, and only one to a customer. None delivered.

Bring THIS COUPON WITH YOU.

BARGAIN BASEMENT

Special Values In Underwear

Women's Muslin Drawers—Clean Sweep Sale Price 21c

Good muslin; open or closed; embroidery ruffle; all sizes.

Muslin Skirts — Clean Sweep Sale Price 45c

Women's muslin skirts; cut full; lace or embroidery ruffle; all lengths.

Combination Suits — Clean Sweep Sale Price 45c

Women's combination muslin suits; lace or embroidery trimmed; nicely made.

Women's Muslin Gowns—Clean Sweep Sale Price 59c

Made of good muslin; embroidery; lace or embroidery; cut full; large sizes.

Women's Muslin Gowns—Clean Sweep Sale Price 89c

Low or high neck gown; made of longcloth; in lace or embroidery trimmed; cut full.

SECOND FLOOR

WORTH WHILE ITEMS IN Men's Furnishings

Men's Hose

Good, heavy cotton hose, in black and colors; all sizes. Clean Sweep Sale Price 12 1/2c

Men's and Boys' Collars

4-ply collars, in all the newest shapes, in all sizes. Clean Sweep Sale Price 9 1/2c

Boys' Suspenders

Made of good, fancy web leather ends; all lengths. Clean Sweep Sale Price 9c

Men's Suspenders

Police and Firemen suspenders; made of wide, fancy web leather ends. Clean Sweep Sale Price 14c

Boys' Suspenders

Heavy rope stitched suspenders; roll collar, wit h pocket, in gray only; sizes 30 to 24. Clean Sweep Sale Price \$1.19

FIRST FLOOR

WOMEN'S HOSIERY

Women's fiber silk boot, cotton garter top; sturdy, firsts, in black only. All sizes. Clean Sweep Sale Price, 27c

FIRST FLOOR

KAUFMAN'S SEMI-ANNUAL CLEAN SWEEP SALE

Follow The Crowds Here

Women's and Misses' COATS \$8.50

Women's and Misses' SUITS \$8.50

Women's and Misses' COATS \$11.50

Women's and Misses' COATS \$13.50

Women's and Misses' COATS \$15.00

Women's and Misses' COATS \$17.50

Girls' Win-ter Coats... \$1.95

Girls' Win-ter Coats... \$3.65

Girls' Win-ter Coats... \$4.65

Girls' Win-ter Coats... \$5.65

Men's Odd Pants \$1.29

Men's Odd Pants \$1.89

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NEED VOLUNTEER WORKERS

A large force of volunteer workers is busy tabulating and filing membership records of the big Christmas membership drive in Red Cross workrooms. Public Library Hall. Volunteer workers are urgently needed to assist. They are required for typewriting and for filing duties.

WOMEN'S BATH ROBES

Made of Beacon cloth; assorted colors; corduroy and flowered designs in Beacon cloth. All cut full; sizes 16 to 44. Clean Sweep Sale Price, \$2.39

SECOND FLOOR

2 MONEY-SAVERS ON Women's Waists

Women's Waists. Clean Sweep Sale Price 79c

Made of good quality of voiles, lace and embroidery trimmed; all new models; sizes 36 to 41.

Women's Waists

Made of China and crepe de chine silks, in white and assorted colors. Plain and lace trimmed. Sizes 36 to 41.

Clean Sweep Sale Price, \$1.69

FIRST FLOOR

WOMEN'S AND MISSES' SHOES

Clean Sweep Sale Price \$2.19

LESS THAN PRESENT-DAY WHOLESALE PRICES

In the lot are Patents and Dull Kid, Button and Lace Models, Kid and Cloth Tops; Goodyear Welt and Flexible Soles; and Leather Louis Heels; sizes 2 1/2 to 7 A to E widths.

Women's & Misses' Shoes

All of our finest shoes included in this lot. Coco tan calf, English boots, wing tip, African brown and gray kid, Black surpass kid, Leather Louis and military heels. High cut models. All sizes. Clean Sweep Sale Price, \$4.97

FIRST FLOOR

Clean Sweep Sale of NOTIONS

10c pearl buttons, dozen, 7c

5c hooks and eyes, card, 3 1/2c

10c paper of pins 5c

10c tape measure 4c

5c wire hair pins, pack, 3 1/2c

10c steel hair pins, box, 5c

20c hair brushes ... 12 1/2c

\$1.00 hair brush 48c

50c hair brushes 24c

10c button moulds, card, 5c

15c hose supporters ... 9c

Clark's heavy cotton, 2 for 5c

Dress buttons, a card ... 5c

8c pearl buttons, a card, 5c

15c dress shields, a pair, 9c

FIRST FLOOR

WOMEN'S AND MISSES' CORSETS

Clean Sweep Sale Price 55c

A well-made and durable corset with 4 hose supporters; all sizes, 18 to 30.

FIRST FLOOR

In The Bargain Basement

CLEAN SWEEP SALE

SHEETS

Special—Muslin sheets, 72x90 inches, hem-med. Each 69c

72x90 Muslin Sheet—Made of good muslin. Special, each, 89c

Fine quality muslin sheets, 81x90 inches, 3-in. hem. Special, each \$1.19

STEP LADDERS

Well made and finished. 5-ft. size, 85c each 6-ft. size, 90c each

GALVANIZED TUBS

Good strong galvanized tubs. \$1.19

GRAY ENAMEL TEA KETTLE

Two good sizes. 49c Each

Wash Benches

Good, strong Wash Bench, holds two tubs. 47c

BREAD BOXES

White enamel Bread Boxes; well made; two sizes, Each, 65c and 75c

GARBAGE CANS

Corrugated Galvanized Garbage Cans; well made. \$1.49, \$1.69 and \$1.89

IRONING BOARDS

Well made and extra strong, folding. Special, 89c

KITCHEN SCALES

Special Kitchen Scales; weigh up to 20 lbs.; well finished. \$1.39 each

BLANKETS

60x76 gray cotton blankets, pink and blue borders. Pair \$1.98

66x80 gray wool finish cotton blanket, blue ends—pink and blue borders. Pair \$3.39

66x80 wooltop gray blankets, bound ends—heavy quality. Special, pair 3.95

Gray woolen blankets, with just enough cotton to the warp to make them serviceable and strong. Special, pair \$4.95

KAUFMAN'S MARKET SQUARE UNDERSELLING STORE

STORE OPENS 8:30 A. M.—CLOSES 5:30 P. M.