For several Gays, Afwell and I made ourselves scarce around brigade headquarters. We did not want to meet the general.

The spy was never caught.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Firing Squad. A few days later I had orders to report back to divisional headquarters, about thirty kilos behind the line. I reported to the A. P. M. (assistant provost marshal). He told me to report to billet No. 78 for quarters and rations.

It was about eight o'clock at night and I was tired and soon fell asleep in the straw of the billet. It was a miserable night outside, cold, and a drizzly rain was falling.

About two in the morning I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. Opening my eyes I saw a regimental sergeant major bending over me. He had a lighted lantern in his right hand. I started to ask him what was the matter, when he put his finger to his lips for silence and whispered:

"Get on your equipment, and, without any noise, come with me."

This greatly mystified me, but I

obeyed his order. Outside of the billet, I asked him what was up, but he shut me up with: "Don't ask questions, it's against orders. I don't know myself."

It was raining like the mischief.

We splashed along a muddy road for about fifteen minutes, finally stopping at the entrance of what must have been an old barn. In the darkness, I could hear pigs grunting, as if they had just been disturbed. In front of the door stood an officer in a mack (mackintosh). The R. S. M. went up to him, whispered something, and then left. This officer called to me, asked my name, number and regiment, at the same time, in the light of a lantern he

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administratrix, on the estate of John-Austin Phillips, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 4th day of April 1919, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 1 day of April 1918 BETTIE PHILLIPS, Admr. Four Oaks, N. C., No. 3.

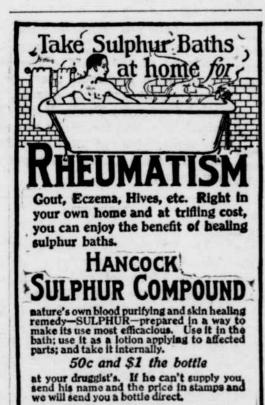
NOTICE.

North Carolina, Johnston County. In a Justice's Court before D. T. Lunceford.

Selma Supply Company vs. L. S. Mixan.

The defendant above named will take notice, that an action entitled as above has been commenced in a Justice's Court before D. T. Lunceford, Justice of the Peace, in Smithfield township, Johnston County account alleged to be due the plaintiff by the defendant, which Summons is returnable before the undersigned at his office in Smithfield, in said County and in said Township, on the 30th day of May 1918, when and where the defendant is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint or the relief demanded will be granted. This March 29, 1918.

D. T. LUNCEFORD, Justice of the Peace



You Say You Can't Advertise?

HANCOCK LIQUID SULPHUR

COMPANY

Hancocs Sulphur Compound Otnomed 23 and 50c for use with the Uguid Compound. Baltimore, Md.

> That's what others have said and all of a sudden found some competitor was doing what they thought they couldn't do. And getting away with it.

Get the bulge on your competitors by telling your story in an attractive manner so it will be read. You'll get the results.

We Are Anxious to Help

.....

Remember that W. J. Bryan will speak in Smithfield Thursday, April

little book.

whispered: "Go into that billet and wait orders,

When he had finished writing, he

and no talking. Understand?" I stumbled into the barn and sat on the floor in the darkness. I could see no one, but could hear men breathing and moving; they seemed nervous and restless. I know I was.

During my wait, three other men entered. Then the officer poked his head in the door and ordered:

"Fall in, outside the billet, in single

We fell in, standing at ease. Then he commanded: "Squad-'Shun! Number!"

There were twelve of us. "Right-Turn! Left-Wheel! Quick -March!" And away we went. The rain was trickling down my back and I was shivering from the cold.

With the officer leading, we must have marched over an hour, plowing through the mud and occasionally stumbling into a shell hole in the road,



Buried With Honors.

when suddenly the officer made a left wheel, and we found ourselves in a sort of enclosed courtyard.

The dawn was breaking and the rain had ceased.

In front of us were four stacks of rifles, three to a stack.

The officer brought us to attention and gave the order to unpile arms. We each took a rifle. Giving us "Stand at ease," in a nervous and shaky voice, he informed:

"Men, you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as a firing squad for the execution of a soldier, who, having been found guilty of a grievous crime against king and country, has been regularly and duly tried and sentenced to be shot at 3:23 a. m. this date. This sentence has been approved by the reviewing authority and ordered carried out. It is our duty to carry on with the sentence of the

court. "There are twelve rifles, one of which contains a blank cartridge, the other eleven containing ball cartridges. Every man is expected to do his duty and fire to kill. Take your orders from me. Squad-'Shun!"

We came to attention. Then he left. My heart was of lead and my knees shook.

After standing at "attention" for what seemed a week, though in reality it could not have been over five minutes, we heard a low whispering in our rear and footsteps on the stone flagging of the courtyard.

Our officer reappeared and in a low, but firm voice, ordered:

"About-Turn !" We turned about. In the gray light of dawn, a few yards in front of me, I could make out a brick wall. Against this wall was a dark form with a white square pinned on its breast. We were supposed to aim at this square. To the right of the form I noticed a white spot

on the wall. This would be my target. "Ready! Aim! Fire!" The dark form sank into a huddled heap. My bullet sped on its way, and hit the whitish spot on the wall; I could see the splinters fly. Some one else had received the rifle containing the blank cartridge, but my mind was at ease, there was no blood of a Tommy on my hands.

"Order-Arms! About-Turn! Pile-Arms! Stand-Clear."

The stacks were re-formed.

"Quick - March! Right - Wheel!" And we left the scene of execution behind us.

It was now daylight. After marching about five minutes, we were dismissed with the following instructions from the officer in command:

"Return, alone, to your respective companies, and remember, no talking about this affair, or else it will go hard with the guilty ones."

We needed no urging to get away. I did not recognize any of the men on the firing squad; even the officer was a stranger to me. The victim's relations and friends in

Blighty will never know that he was executed; they will be under the impression that he died doing his bit for king and country. In the public casualty lists his name

will appear under the caption "Accidentally Killed," or "Died." The day after the execution I re-

ceived orders to report back to the line, and to keep a still tongue in my Executions are a part of the day's

work, but the part we hated most of all, I think-certainly the saddest. The British war department is thought by many people to be composed of rigid regulations all wound around with red a week's rigid training in trench war-

was holding, making a notation in a tape. But it has a heart, and one of fare. On the morning of the eighth the evidences of this is the considerate way in which an execution is concealed and reported to the relative of the unfortunate man. They never know the truth. He is listed in the bulletins as among the "accidentally killed."

In the last ten years I have several times read stories in magazines of cowards changing, in a charge, to heroes. I used to laugh at it. It seemed easy for story-writers, but I said, "Men aren't made that way." But over in France I learned once that the streak of yellow can turn all white. I picked up the story, bit by bit, from the captain of the company, the sentries who guarded the poor fellow, as well as from my own observations. At first I did not realize the whole of his story, but after a week of investigation it stood out as clear in my mind as the mountains of my native West in the spring sunshine. It impressed me so much that I wrote it all down in rest billets on scraps of odd paper. The incidents are, as I say, every bit true; the feelings of the man are true -I know from all I underwent in the fighting over in France.

We will call him Albert Lloyd. That wasn't his name, but it will do:

Albert Lloyd was what the world terms a coward.

In London they called him a slacker. His country had been at war nearly eighteen months, and still he was not in khaki.

He had no good reason for not enlisting, being alone in the world, having been educated in an orphan asylum, and there being no one dependent upon him for support. He had no good position to lose, and there was no sweetheart to tell him with her lips to go, while her eyes pleaded for him to stay.

Every time he saw a recruiting sergeant he'd slink around the corner out of sight, with a terrible fear gnawing at his heart. When passing the big recruiting posters, and on his way to business and back he passed many, he would pull down his cap and look the other way from that awful finger pointing at him, under the caption, "Your King and Country Need You;" or the boring eyes of Kitchener, which burned into his very soul, causing him to shudder.

Then the Zeppelin raids-during them, he used to crouch in a corner of his boarding-house cellar, whimpering DR. JOWETT SPEAKS FAREWELL like a whipped puppy and calling upon the Lord to protect him.

Even his landlady despised him, although she had to admit that he was "good pay."

He very seldom read the papers, but one momentous morning the landlady put the morning paper at his place bestumbled upstairs to his bedroom, with the horror of it gnawing into his

sham sickness, so he stayed in his room soldier's bugle," and said he would go and had the landlady serve his meals back "as ambassador of the hearts of

Every time there was a knock at the 000 persons were excluded from the door he trembled all over, imagining it was a policeman who had come to take him away to the army.

One morning his fears were realized. Lloyd, was ordered to report himself to the nearest recruiting station for physical examination. He reported immediately, because he was afraid to

guardsman he would make, but examined his heart twice before he passed him as "physically fit;" it was beating

From the recruiting depot Lloyd was dershot, where he was given an outfit and without regrets. except for the slight shrinking in his shoulders and the hunted look in his

"windy." In the English army "windy" means cowardly.

The smallest recruit in the barracks looked on him with contempt, and was not slow to show it in many ways.

Lloyd was a good soldier, learned quickly, obeyed every order promptly, never groused at the hardest fatigues. him. They also despised him.

One morning about three months after his enlistment Lloyd's company was paraded, and the names picked out for the next draft to France were read. When his name was called, he did not step out smartly, two paces to the Wood and Straw Getting Scarce in front, and answer cheerfully, "Here, sir," as the others did. He just fainted in the ranks and was carried to barracks amid the sneers of the rest.

That night was an agony of misery to him. He could not sleep. Just cried and whimpered in his bunk, because on the morrow the draft was to sall board to escape, but was afraid of

Arriving in France, he and the rest were huddled into cattle cars. On the side of each appeared in white letters, base of Louen.

day they paraded at ten o'clock, and were inspected and passed by General H-, then were marched to the quartermaster's, to draw their gas helmets

and trench equipment. At four in the afternoon they were again hustled into cattle cars. This time the journey lasted two days. They disembarked at the town of Frevent and could hear a distant dull booming. With knees shaking, Lloyd asked the sergeant what the noise was, and nearly dropped when the sergeant

replied in a somewhat bored tone: "Oh, them's the guns up the line. We'll be up there in a couple o' days or so. Don't worry, my laddie, you'll see more of 'em than you want before you get 'ome to Blighty again, that is, if you're lucky enough to get back. Now lend a hand there unloadin' them cars, and quit that everlastin' shakin'. I believe yer scared." The last with a contemptuous sneer.

They marched ten kilos, full pack, to a little dilapidated village, and the sound of the guns grew louder, constantly louder.

The village was full of soldiers who turned out to inspect the new draft, the men who were shortly to be their mates in the trenches, for they were going "up the line" on the morrow, to 'take over" their certain sector of

The draft was paraded in front of battallon headquarters and the men were assigned to companies.

Lloyd was the only man assigned to D company. Perhaps the officer in charge of the draft had something to do with it, for he called Lloyd aside and said:

"Lloyd, you are going to a new company. No one knows you. Your bed will be as you make it, so for God's sake, brace up and be a man. I think you have the stuff in you, my boy, so good-by and the best of luck to you." (To Be Continued.)

Watson School Closes.

The Watson school, Kenly, R. F. D. No. 2, will close next Friday night, April 26th at 8 o'clock.

MISS MABEL M. ASHWORTH.

Says He Goes Home as "Ambassador of American Hearts."

(New York Times, 15.) With manifest sadness on his own part and on the part of those who fore he came down to breakfast. Tak- crowded the Fifth Avenue Presbytering his seat he read the flaring head- ian church yesterday morning, the line, "Conscription Bill Passed," and Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett said farewell to nearly fainted. Excusing himself, he the congregation to which he has ministered for the last seven years. Dr. Jowett is about to return to Eng-Having saved up a few pounds, he land in response as he explained, "to the American people." More than 2,-

church after every seat had been oc-

cupied. "I am too old to fight and I may Sure enough, there stood a policeman not be able to aid materially in a phywith the fatal paper. Taking it in his sical way," Dr. Jowett said to the trembling hand he read that he, Albert old friends who heard him amid a deep hush, "but there is much to be done morally and spiritually in the land to which I am about to return. Should the morale of a people suffer The doctor looked with approval impairment and the spiritual vision upon Lloyd's six feet of physical per- grow faint, munitions could not win fection, and thought what a fine a victory. In answering the call of my country I am returning to a land that is bleeding. Were I speaking to an English congregation today, half of its members would be bereaved. It taken, with many others, in charge of may seem strange to some, all these a sergeant, to the training depot at Al- heavy sacrifices have been made nobly

of khaki, and drew his other equip- "I do not for one moment believe ment. He made a fine-looking soldier, that we can lose in this struggle, and I feel that our final triumph is as sure as the morning. In taking my At the training depot it does not leave I express the deepest thanks take long to find out a man's character, for the hospitality extended to me and and Lloyd was promptly dubbed mine and when I return to England I will feel myself to be the ambassador of the hearts of the American people. No man will be able to speak as I will speak because I have enjoyed your affections in the fullest measure. I rejoice that I have not been driven away and I also rejoice in the thought He was afraid to. He lived in deadly that I will be welcomed back. May fear of the officers and "noncoms" over grace and love in one Savior rest upon Dr, Jowett is to assume the pas-

torate of the Westminister Congressional Chapel in London.

Wilson County.

Mr. W. T. Bailey, of Kenly, who is well ecquainted in Wilson County, says he hears considerable complaint of the scarcity of wood and straw in Wilson County. In parts of that counfor France, where he would see death ty the land is nearly all cleared and on all sides, and perhaps be killed him- where they have been raising tobacco self. On the steamer, crossing the and using wood freely for tobacco channel, he would have jumped over- curing and home use also, it is getting scarce. He knows farmers who haul wood five to six miles. One man a few miles from Kenly bought a large tract of timbered land several miles away "Hommes 40, Chevaux S." After hours in order to get wood for his home of bumping over the uneven French place. Johnston County people should roadbeds they arrived at the training conserve their wood as much as possible, before it gets too scarce. Consider At this place they were put through how scarce wood is getting in other counties and remember that like conditions are coming to us.

BE MARKETED

Food Administration Calls Upon Farmers to Market All Except Supply Necessary for Own Use.

Raleigh.-State Food Administrator Henry A. Page has been instructed by the Food Administration at Washington, in order to assure the continuous shipment of wheat to our armies abroad and the armies of our Allies, to appeal to the farmers of the State to market the residue of their wheat not later than May 1. No general order requisitionining wheat has been sent out by the Food Administration up to this time and probably will not be sent out before the date mentioned.

In some states the attention of State Food Administrators has been called to reports from loyal farmers that a number of pro-German farmers have determined to withhold their wheat from the market in order to handicap to as great an extent as possible the Government and its Allies in the war against Germany. There have even been a few such instances reported in North Carolina. Such cases will be promptly investigated and persons in this class will be directed to market their wheat immediately upon penalty of having it confiscated by the Government. Administrator Page is confident of

an immediate and patriotic response upon the part of wheat growing farmers in North Carolina who still have wheat on hand. Mr. Page states that there is no pecuniary reason why wheat growers should not market all of their wheat beyond their own requirements until the next harvest. It is possible that a higher price will be fixed by Congress for the coming crop but it would not apply to wheat from the last harvest. Further, there is really some danger that the next crop will not sell at as high a price in North Carolina as wheat is selling at present because the rate of \$2.20 per bushel fixed by President Wilson by proclamation may be made to apply to all sections regardless of freight differentials, etc.

There is a further chance that the smaller mills which are now unrestricted as to the price they may pay for wheat, may be restricted to the basing price minus freight from the decided not to leave the house, and to a call as imperative as the peal of a nearest basing point which would be from \$2.10 to \$2.15 per bushel from most points in North Carolina.

RESTAURANTS AND HOTELS CALLED

While Individual Consumers Are Urged to Use Only 11/2 Pounds of Flour per Week, Public Eating Places Will Be Forced to Rigid Observance of Conservation Program,

Raleigh.-Hotel and restaurant men in North Carolina who do not rigidly observe the food conservation program of the Food Administration hereafter may anticipate with confidence a conference with State Food Administrator Henry A. Page or members of his staff.

Following the receipt of urgent instructions from Washington Mr. Page has announced that rigid adherence to conservation rules will be enforced in all hotels and restaurants and public eating places in North Carolina after to J. D. Bizzell for the purchase price this date. If violations are reported hearings will be held and where the dan farm as will appear from Plot recircumstances warrant it punitive measures will be taken.

Already explanations have been dethe state for their non-conformance or luke-warm observance of the conservation program of the Food Administration and the owners of four cafes in Raleigh were given a hearing to show cause why they should not be punished for their failure to observe wheatless days and wheatless meals.

Every household in the country is requested to confine its consumption to 11/2 pounds per person per week. A large number of households are followfrom this date until the next harvest. The Food Administration has received flour until the next harvest.

DEALER PROMOTES CANNING.

Mount Airy .- North Carolina's record of nine million cans of vegetables and fruits packed last season will be tion to do so would follow the example of one Mt. Airy wholesaler who for the past several years has furnished tin cans to reputable parties to be filled during the season and sold either March, 1919, or this notice will be to this wholesaler himself or to any other dealer without restriction, Pay ment for the cans is made in canned goods or through the sale of canned



When you want the one best drink for good taste and good health.

"Bear" In Mind

Enjoy the good taste of hops, the foam and the sparkle.

Drink all you want-it's non-intoxicating.

At grocers, at druggists, in fact at all places where good drinks are sold. LEMP Manufacturers ST. LOUIS

> Distributors Water and Chestnut Streets WILMINGGTON, N. C.

CRESCENT CANDY COMPANY,

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of L. E. Parker, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 21 day of March, 1919 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 21 day of March, 1918. Q. C. PARKER, Admr. JAMES D. PARKER, Attorney.

MORTGAGE SALE OF LAND. Whereas, R. R. Johnson executed to F. H. Brooks, Trustee, a certain deed of trust on October 15, 1915 to secure payment of \$1,974.15 payable of tract No. 4 of the Lemuel Jorcorded in Plot book No. 1, page 16, Registry of Johnston County, containing 48.15 acres more or less, which deed of trust is recorded in Book No. 8, manded from a numbers of hotels in Page 278, Registry of Johnston Coun-

ty; and Whereas, the said R. R. Johnson has failed to pay the said note and the said J. D. Bizzell, the present owner of the same, has made demand on the undersigned, trustce, to foreclose the deed of trust aforesaid and collect the money due thereunder;

Therefore the undersigned, trustee, will offer for sale at Public Auction to the highest bidder, at the court house door, in the Town of Smithfield, N C., on Saturday the 27th day of April, at 12 o'clock, M., ing the examples of more than 500 of the following described tract or parthe largest hotels of the country at cel of land situated and being in Washington recently when they ban Oneals Township, Johnston County, ished wheat products from their menu N. C., being known as tract No. 4 of the Lemuel Jordan farm as will appear from plot recorded in Plot Book 1 Page 16, Registry of Johnston a number of reports of business men, County, containing 48.15 acres more professional men, farmers and others or less. For meets and bounds and having foresworn the use of wheat a more particular description of said property, reference is made to the plot of said land above referred to. Terms of sale, Cash.

This March 27, 1918. F. H. BROOKS, Trustee.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified greatly exceeded this year if a large as Administrator of the estate of Salnumber of concerns that are in posi- lie J. Powell, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 16 day of pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said esta will make immediate payment.

This 16 day of March, 1918.

W. A. POWELL, Admr.