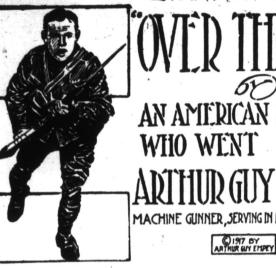
THE ENTERPRISE WILLIAMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA



FOREWORD

story of trench warfare on

the French front, written by

an American soldier who

got into the great war two

years ahead of his country.

Sergeant Empey tells what

the fighting men have done

and how they have done it.

He knows because he was

one of them. His experi-

ences are grim, but they are

thrilling, and they are light-

ened by a delightful touch of

CHAPTER I.

From Mufti to Khaki.

I was sitting at my desk talking to

Meutenant of the Jersey National

opposing armies on the western front

LIVES LOST!

Through the open windows came the

strains of a hurdy-gurdy playing in the

street-"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be

The lieutenant in silence opened one

of the lower drawers of his desk and

took from it an American flag which

he solemnly draped over the war map

on the wall. Then, turning to me with

better get out the muster roll of the

Mounted Scouts, as I think they will

be needed in the course of a few days.'

evening writing out emergency tele-

grams for the men to report when the

call should come from Washington

I crossed over to New York, and as

I went up Fulton street to take the

subway to Brooklyn, the lights in the

tall buildings of New York seemed to

be burning brighter than usual, as if

they, too, had read "Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!" They seemed

"How about it, sergeant? You had

We busied ourselves till late in the

The windows were open and a feel-

AMERICAN

It was in an office in Jersey City.

humor.

headlines

a Soldier "

Be a Soldier."

a grim face, said:

Theu we went home.

seem to jibe.

LUSITANIA SUNK!

"Over the Top" is a true

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER \$ MACHINE GUNNER SERVING IN FRANCE-

With a wink he replied: "There was no damage; we missed them again."

After several fruitless inquiries of the passersby, I decided to go on my own in search of ruined buildings and scenes of destruction. I boarded a bus which carried me through Tottenham Court road. Recruiting posters were everywhere. The one that impressed me most was a life-size picture of Lord Kitchener with his finger pointing directly at me, under the caption of "Your King and Country Need You." No matter which way I turned, the accusing finger followed me. I was an American, in muftl, and had a little American flag in the lapel of my coat. I had no king, and my country had seen fit not to need me, but still that pointing finger made me feel small and ill at ease. I got off the bus to try to dissingte this feeling by mixing with the throng of the sidewalks. . Presently I came to a recruiting office. Inside, sitting at a desk was a

lonely Tommy Atkins. I decided to interview him in regard to joining the British army. I opened the door. He looked up and greeted me with "I s'y, myte, want to tyke on?" I looked at him and answered, "Well,

Guard. On the wall was a big war whatever that is, I'll take a chance map decorated with variously colored at it." little flags showing the position of the

Without the aid of an interpreter, I found out that Tommy wanted to know in France. In front of me on the desk if I cared to join the British army. He lay a New York paper with big flaring asked me: "Did you ever hear of the Royal Fustliers?" Well, in London, you know, Yanks are supposed to know everything, so I was not going to appear ignorant and answered, "Sure." ing of spring pervaded the air. After listening for one half-hour to Tommy's tale of their exploits on the firing line, I decided to join. Tommy took me to the recruiting headquarters, where I met a typical English captain.

"Lusitania Sunk! American Lives He asked my nationality. I immedi-Lost !"-"I Didn't Raise My Boy to ately pulled out my American passport To us these did not and showed it to him. It was signed



With a smile, I repfied, "Well, It's up the state a little." Then I was taken before the doctor

and passed as physically fit, and was issued a uniform. When I reported to the lieutenant, he suggested that, being an American, I go on re-cruiting service and try to shame some of the slackers into jo'ning the army." "All you have to do," he said, "is to go out on the street, and when you see young fellow in mufti who looks physically fit, just stop him and give him this kind of a talk: 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a Britisher, physically fit, and in mufti when your king and country need you? Don't you mow that your country is at war and that the place for every young Briton is on the firing line? Here I am, an American, in khaki, who came four thousand miles to fight for your king and country, and you, as yet, have not Why don't you join? Now enlisted. is the time.'

"This argument ought to get many recruits, Empey, so go out art see what you can do."

He then gave me a small rosette of red, white and blue ribbon, with three little streamers hanging down. This was the recruiting insignia and was to be worn on the left side of the cap. Armed with a swagger stick and my patriotic rosette. I went out into Totenham Court road in quest of cannon

fodder. Two or three poorly dressed civilans passed me, and although they appeared physically fit, I said to myself, "They don't want to join the army; perhaps they have someone dependent on them for support," so I did not accost them.

Coming down the street I saw young dandy, top hat and all, with a fashionably dressed girl walking beside him. I muttered, "You are my meat," and when he came abreast of me I stepped directly in his path and stopped him with my swagger stick. saying:

"You would look fine in khaki: why not change that top hat for a steel helmet? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a husky young chap like you in mufti when men are needed in the trenches? Here I am, an American, came four thousand miles from Ogden, Utah, just outside of New York, to fight for your king and country. Don't be a slacker, buck up and get into uniform: come over to the recruiting office and I'll have you enlisted."

He yawned and answered, "I don't care if you came forty thousand miles. no one asked you to," and he walked The girl gave me a sneering look; was speechless.

I recruited for three weeks and nearly got one recruit.

This perhaps was not the greatest tant in the world, but it got back at the officer who had told me, "Yes, we take anything over here." I had beep spending a good lot of my recruiting time in the saloon bar of the Wheat Sheaf pub (there was a very attractive blonde barmaid, who helped kill time-I was not as serious in those days as was a little later when I reached the front)-well, it was the sixth day and my recruiting report was blank. I was getting low in the pocket-barmaids haven't much use for anyone who cannot buy drinks—so I looked around for recruiting material. You know a man on recruiting service gets "bob" or shilling for every recruit he entices into joining the army, the recruit is supposed to get this, but he would not be a recruit if he were wise to this fact, would he?

Down at the end of the bar was a young fellow in mufti who was very patriotic-he had about four "Old Six" ales aboard. He asked me if he could join, showed me his left hand, two fingers were missing, but I said that did not matter as "we take any-The left hand is ing over here." the rifle hand as the piece is carried at the slope on the left shoulder. Nearly everything in England is "by the left." even general traffic keeps to the port side. I took the applicant over to head quarters, where he was hurriedly ex-Recruiting surgeons were amined. busy in those days and did not have much time for thorough physical examinations. My recruit was passed as "fit" by the doctor and turned over to a corporal to make note of his scars. I was mystified. Suddenly the corporal burst out with, "Blime me, two of his fingers are gone." Turning to me he said, "You certainly have your nerve with you, not 'alf you ain't, to bring this beggar in."

NEW REGISTRATION IS 28,000

Twenty-Offe of the Local Boards Conducted Registration Without Extra Help.

Approximately twenty-eight thousand young mn who have reached the age of twenty-one years since June 5, 1917, registered under the selective service act Wednesday, according to reports received from most of the 109 exemption boards by the adjutant general yesterday. The total registration in the jurisdiction of 88 boards was 22.562. The boards reporting showed a total of 9,192 white men, 3,824 negroes, and 27 aliens.

Twenty-one local boards according towinformation received by the Adjutant General, conducted the registration without additional help, the members of the boards an dthe clerks doing all the work. Eighty-one local boards required additional registrars, but their services were free. Regis trars in only six local boards out of theh total of one hundred and nine required compensation.

Camp Greene Aviation Camp.

Special from Washington .--- Senator Lee S. Overman received the following letter from General P. C. March relative to the ultimate decision of the war department as to the conversion of Camp Greene into an aviation concentration camp:

The Secretary of War directs me to advise you that in compliance with his orders, a board of officers conduct ed a thorough examination of the site of Camp Greene to determine upon its suitability for future use by our milltary forces.

'As the result of its investigation the board found the site to be unsuit able for a division camp or a remount depot or for theh training of troops. excepting small units to the total num ber of 15,000 men, and has submitted a recommendation in conformity with its findings which has received the approval of the Secretary of War.

"The removal of the remount depot to another point has been ordered. "Camp Greene has been assigned to

the department of military aeronautics as an aviation concentration and training camp whose maximum capacity will be 15,000 men."

Commencement at University. Chapel Hill.-A crowd that almost taxed the capacity of spacious Memorial Hall, heard Dr. Frederick C. Howe, commissioner of immigration of the port of New York, deliver the 123d commencement address during the closing hours of the exercises of University of North Carolina the finals. Degrees were conferred on 103 candidates by Governor Thomas Walter Bickett, the candidates being presented by the deans of the various schools of arts, science, law, medicine, and pharmacy.

The honorary degrees of doctor of law were conferred by President Graham on His Excellency, Governor Thomas Walter Bickett; Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University, for three years a professor of English literature at the University of North Carolina; Senator Lee S. Overman, of Salisbury, a member of the United States senate for the past fifteen years; and Bishop Edward Rondthaler, of Winston-Sa-lem, bishop of the Moravians of the South since 1891, and formerly president of Salem College. The Rev. Wilof the Chapel Hill byterian Church, received the honorary degree of doctor of divinity. He is a scholar, a speaker and thinker of great distinction. Doctor Charles Lee Raper presented them.



(By REV. F. E. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.) the

LESSON FOR JUNE 16

THE SON OF GOD GIVING HIS LIFE A RANSOM FOR MANY.

LESSON TEXT-Mark 15:1-47. GOLDEN TEXT-Truly this man was the Son of God.-Mark 15:39. DEVOTIONAL READING-Isaiah 52:13-

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS-Mathew 27:32-61; Luke 23:26-66; John 19:16-42 PRIMARY AND JUNIOR TOPIC-Jesus

ives his life for others. INTERMEDIATE TOPIC-The suffering

Savio SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC-Christ

The grand climax of the year's lessons thus far is reached in this one. If the significance of the crucifixion is not apprehended, all the lessons thus far are meaningless. It is not a matter of learning lessons taught by a great teacher, or imitating the example of a great and good man, but of apprehending the vicarious atonement made by the world's Redeemer. Christ saves, not by his ethics, but by his shed blood. His death was purposeful and absolutely voluntary.

I. Jesus Arraigned Before Pilate (vv. 1-15).

In the early morning, after the mock trial before the high priest, they bound Jesus and delivered him to Pilate. They act freely in this according to the evil desires of their own hearts. II. Jesus Crowned With Thorns (vv. 16-29).

Knowing that Jesus had been condemned for claiming to be Israel's king, they in mockery crown him with a wreath of thorns, and salute him "King of the Jews." Not only this, but they smote him on the head and spit upon him and went through a process of mock worship. The crown of thorns typifies the curse which he bore for man's sin.

III. Jesus Crucified (vv. 21-41). 1. Led away to the place of crucifixion (vv. 21-23).

At first they compelled him to bear his own cross, but when physical weakness made this impossible, they compelled Simon the Cyrenian to bear it for him./ It is beautiful to note that the son of this Cyrenian who bore the cross of Jesus came to believe on him (Romans 16:13). Because of the scourging and cruel indignities heaped upon him, they actually were obliged to bear him to Golgotha. His face was marked by the thorns and cruel blows, so that there was "no form or comeliness" (Isa. 53:2). All this he endured for us. He drank this bitter cup to its very dregs and refused to drink the "wine mingled with myrrh," which would have deadened his pain. He went all the way in his sufferings. 2. Gambling for the clothing of the

Lord (vv. 24, 25).

Having nailed him to the cross they gambled for the seamless robe under the very cross where he was dying, and in their heartless cruelty they sat down to watch him die (Matt. 27:36). 3. The superscription (v. 26).

It was customary to place over the victim on the Cross the name and crime of the offender. Though Pilate did this in mockery to vex the Jews, the title was absolutely true. He was indeed their King. They had long looked for him, and now when he came



that I would have to go through an operation before I operation before I could get well. "My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound, advised me to try it before sub-mitting to an opera-tion. It relieved me from my transle

from my troubles to I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound a trial and it will do as much for them."-Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

St., N. E., Canton, Ohio. Sometimes there are serious condi-tions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after joctors have said that an operation was necessary - every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a rying ordeal. If complications exist, write to Lydia

E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years for advice. The result of m experience is at your service.



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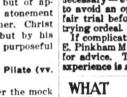
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to be glowing with anger and righteous indignation, and their rays wigwage the message, "Repay !"

Months passed, the telegrams lying handy, but covered with dust. Then, one momentous morning the lieutenant with a sigh of disgust removed the mag from the war map and returned to his desk. I immediately followed this action by throwing the telegrams into the wastebasket. Then we looked at each other in silence. He was

squirming in his chair and I felt depressed at A uneasy.

The tele shone rang and I answered It. It was a business call for me, requesting my services for an out-oftown assignment. Business was not wery good, so this was very welcome. After listoning to the proposition I seemed to be swayed by a peculiarly strong force within me, and answered "I am sorry that I cannot accept your offer, but I am leaving for England next week," and hung up the receiver. The lieutenant swung around in his chair, and stared at me in blank astontshment. A sinking sensation came over me, but I defiantly answered his with, "Well, it's so. I'm going." And I went.

The trip across was uneventful. I danded at Tilbury, England, then got into a string of matchbox cars and proceeded to London, arriving there about 10 p.m. I took a room in a hotel near St. Pancras station for "five and six-fire extra." The room was minus the fire, but the "extra" seemed to keep me warm. That night there was a Zeppelin raid, but I didn't see much of it, because the slit in the curtaina was too small and I had no desire to make it larger. Next morning the ;el ephone bell rang, and someone asked, "Are you there?" I was, hardly. Anyway, I learned that the Zeps had returned to their fatherland, so I went out into the street expecting to see es of awful devastation and a cow ering populace, but everything was normal People were calmly proceed ing to their work. Crossing the street, I accosted a Bobbie with :

"Can you direct me to the place of damage

He asked me, "What damage?" In surprise, I answered, "Why, the damage caused by the Keps

Guy Empey.

by Lansing. After looking at the passport, he informed me that he was sorry but could not enlist me, as it.

would be a breach of neutrality. I insisted that I was not neutral, because to me it seemed that a real American could not be neutral when big things were in progress, but the captain would not enlist me.

With disgust in my heart I went out in the street. I had gone about a lock when a recruiting sergeant who had followed me out of the office tapped me on the shoulder with his swagger stick and said: "S'y, I can get you in the army. We have a 'leftenant' down at the other office who can do anything. He has just come but of the O. T. C. (Officers' Training corns) and does not know what neu-

trality is." I decided to take a chance, and accepted his invitation for an introduction to the lieutenant. I entered the office and went up to him, opened up my passport and said:

"Before going further I wish to state that I am an American, not too proud to fight, and want to join your army." He looked at me in a nonchalant nanner, and answed, "That's all right; we take anything over here." I looked at him kind of hard and replied, "So I notice," but it went over his head

He got out an enlistment blank, and placing his finger on a blank line said, 'Sign here."

I answered, "Not on your tintype." "I beg your pardon?"

Then I explained to him that I would ot sign it without first reading it. I read it over and signed for duration of war. Some of the recruits were lucky.

They signed for seven years only! Then he asked me my birthplace. I nswered, "Ogden, Utah." New York?

The doctor came over and exploded, What do you mean by bringing in a man in this condition?"

Looking out of the corner of my eye noticed that the officer who had recruited me had joined the group, and I could not help answering, "Well, sir, was told that you took anything over here.

I think they called it "Yankee impudence," anyhow it ended my recruiting.

In training quarters, "some where in France," Empey hears the big guns booming and makes the acquaintance of the "cooties." Read about his experiences in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Newport News."

In Virginia's early days communica tion with the mother country was, of course, wholly by ships, and when one was expected the colonists were all eagerness for the news from home. On the occasion of one, it may have been the first, of a certain Captain Newport's expected return from England, at or near the place now bearing his name, a large number of persons collected to receive "Newport's news." He said, "Oh, yes, just outside of Hence the name, now shortened to ity present form

Merchants Pledge Sale of W. S. S. High Point merchants Tuesday night pledged themselves to absorb High Point's allotment of thrift stamps, \$47,949, during a called meeting held at the Masonic hall. Representatives of the war and thrift stamp organization of the State were present and outlined the plan to the mer chants. The plan to be followed is for the merchants to procure their pre rata share of the local allotment and then to offer the stamps for sale to their customers. When change is made the person erceiving the money will be given the opportunity to ac quire possession of a stamp.

Soldiers Given Plenty Cigarettes. The campaign for the procuring of cigarettes for the boys going through on their way to camp or across the water, inaugurated by the Red Cross canteen service in the cities of North Carolina where their trains pass through, has been a great success. Receptacles have been placed in all the drug stores and public places where cigarettes are sold and every man is requested to drop in one cigarette out of each box he buys. Cigarettes were procured in this way and the custom will be continued.

Black Scurf of Potatoes.

Complaints from growers indicate that a disease known as black scurf is present at this season. According to Dr. F. A. Wolf, Plant Pathologist of the North Carolina Experiment Station, this disease can be recog nized by the formation above the surface of the ground of several small notatoes. The same treatment which is employed to prevent scab will control black scurf. Either bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) 1-1000, soaking for one-half hour or formaldesinless Son of God is placed in a new hyde, 1 pint to 40 gallons for 2 hours tomb.

they crucified him. Though he wore a crown of thorns in derision, he will come again wearing a crown of glory, and before him all shall bow. God hasten the day! 4. Between two thieves (vv. 27, 28)

This added to his shame. His identification with two robbers was the fulfillment of the Scripture-"Numbered with the transgressors."

5. The dying Savior reviled (vv. 29-82).

This reviling was engaged in by the passers-by, the chief priests and the thieves who were crucified with him. In this nameless agony and shame they taunted him by bidding him come down from the cross, and derisively saying, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." They uncon sciously uttered a great truth. He could not save himself and others, so he chose to die to save others. Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

6. Darkness upon the land (v. 33). This was at noonday. So shocking was this crime that nature threw around the Son of God a shroud to hide him from the gaze of a Godless company.

7. The cry from the Cross (vv. 84-37).

What awful anguish when God laid the world's sins upon his beloved Son! When the price was fully paid. Jesus dismissed his spirit. No one took his life; he gave it up. His death was unlike that of any other.

8. The rent veil (v. 38). This symbolized the giving up of his life (Heb. 10:20).

9. The centurion's confession (v. 39). 10. The lingering group of women (vv. 40, 41).

They who had lovingly ministered to him in life were waiting to see where they could bury his precious body.

IV. Christ's Burial (vv. 42-47). Loving hands now take the precious body and lay it in Joseph's new tomb. This man who did not consent to the foul treatment of the Lord now risks his reputation, and by his action makes a bold confession of the Lord. The

USED TO SUDDEN GET

Grim Humor in the Trenches by No Means Denotes Callousness of Disposition.

Capt. Leonard C. Wells of Baltimore, who recently permitted himself to be bitten by trench lice, thus contracting trench, fever, that the doctors might study it, said on his return home:

"To submit yourself to the hungry jaws of a trench louse is a grimly humorous procedure, isn't it? Well, war is grimly humorous in many of its aspects.

"They tell over the water a story about a company of tough dough boys from New York's East side who sat playing poker one night in a dugout during a bombardment.

"The game went on, the shells vhizzed and banged outside, and then grenade came through the doorway and finished one of the poker players' playing forever.

"While the rest sat waiting for the stretcher-bearers, the nearest dough boy took up the cards from the dead man's hand, studied them, and then put them down again and said: "'It don't matter, fellers. Poor Bill couldn't a made it, anyway. I had four kings."

Everything comes to him who waits, out the chap who hustles usually gets t first.

