THE ASHEBORO COURIER **CONSTIPATION** (WFD THE TOD" And Sour Stomach Caused This Lady Much Suffering. Black-Draught Relieved. Meadorsville, Ky .-- Mrs. Pearl Pat-"Yes. In the leg."

rick, of this place, writes: "I was very constipated. I had sour stomach and was so uncomfortable. I went to the doctor. He gave me some pills. They weakened me and seemed to tear up my digestion. They would gripe me and afterwards it scened I was more constipated than before. I heard of Black-Draught and decided to try it. I found it just what I needed. It was an easy laxative, and not bad to swallow. My digestion soon improved. I got well of the sour stomach, my bowels soon seemed normal, no more griping, and I would take a doze now and then, and was in good shape.

I cannot say too much for Black-Draught for it is the finest larative one can use.'

Thedford's Black-Draught has for many years been found of great value in the treatment of stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Easy to take, gentle and reliable in its action, leaving no bad after effects, it has won the praise bad after-effects, it has non have used of thousands of people who have used NC-135

enjoyed by me. It seemed as it I were on furlough, and was leaving behind everything that was disagreeable and horrible. Every recruit feels this way after being relieved from the trenches.

We marched eight kilos and then halted in front of a French estaminet. The captain gave the order to turn out on each side of the road and wait his return. Pretty soon he came back and told B company to occupy billets 117, 118 and 119. Billet 117 was an old stable which had previously been occupied by cows. About four feet in front of the entrance was a huge maits lurid light the barbed wire and nure pile, and the odor from it/was stakes would be silhouetted against its anything but pleasant. Using my light like a latticed window. Then flashlight I stumbled through the door. Just before entering I observed a white sign reading: "Sitting 50, lying 20," but, at the time, its significance moving. My rifle was lying across the did not strike me. Next morning I asked the sergeant major what it meant. He nonchalantly answered:

"That's some of the work of the R. A. M. C. (Royal Army Medical corps). voice. The reply came back instantly It simply means that in case of an attack, this billet will accommodate fifty wounded who are able to sit up and take notice, or twenty stretcher cases."

It was not long after this that I was one of the "20 lying."

I soon hit the hay and was fast asleep, even my friends the "cooties" failed to disturb me.

The next morning at about six o'clock I was awakened by the lance corporal of our section, informing me that I had been detailed as mess orsons, he does not care to have a lighted cigarette in his mouth.

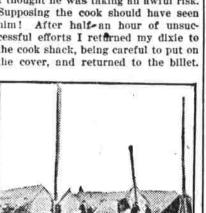
Stretcher bearers carry fags -for wounded Tommies. When a stretcher beaper arrives alongside of a Tommy who has been hit the following conversation usually takes place: Stretcher bearer-"Want a fag? Where are you hit?" Tommy looks up and answers,

Six

reasons

After dismissal from parade, we returned to our billets and I had to get busy immediately with the dinner issue. Dinner consisted of stew made from fresh beef, a couple of spuds, bully beef, Maconochie rations and water-plenty of water. There is great competition among the men to spear with their forks the two lonely potatoes.

After dinner I tried to wash out the, dixie with cold water and a rag, and learned another maxim of the trenches-"It can't be done." I slyly watched one of the older men from another section, and was horrified to see him throw into his dixie four or five double handfuls of mud. Then he poured in some water, and with his hands scoured the dixle inside and out. I thought he was taking an awful risk. Supposing the cook should have seen him! After half-an hour of unsuccessful efforts I returned my dixie to the cook shack, being careful to put on the cover, and returned to the billet.



## Resting Back of the Lines.

Pretty soon the cook poked his head in the door and shouted: "Hey, Yank, come out here and clean your dixie!" I protested that I had wasted a halfhour on it already, and had used up my only remaining shirt in the attempt. With a look of disdain he exclaimed: "Blow me, your shirt! Why in ----- didn't you use mud?"

Without a word in reply I got busy with the mud, and soon my dixie was bright and shining.

Most of the afternoon was spent by the men writing letters home. I used my spare time to chop wood for the



1 - Steadies, nerves

- Allays thirst

[6]

- Aids appetite
- Helps digestion
- Keeps teeth clean
- 6 It's cconomical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied Three Flavors 

Chew it after every meal The Flavor Casts!

**BAKED POTATO** 



I must have slept for two or three hours, not the refreshing kind that results from clean sheets and soft pillows, but the sleep that comes from cold, wet and sheer exhaustion.

and a thunderclap burst in my ears. I over with sticky mud, and men were picking themselves up from the bottom | night's routine. of the trench. The parapet on my left had toppled into the trench, completely My heart stopped beating, and I ducked blocking it with a wall of tossed-up my head below the parapet. A soft earth. The man on my left lay still. I rubbed the mud from my face, and an my senses, and I feebly asked, "For awful sight met my gaze-his head was smashed to a pulp, and his steel helmet was full of brains and blood. A German "Minnie" (trench mortar) felt very sheepish. had exploded in the next traverse. Men were digging into the soft mass of mud in a frenzy of haste. Stretcher-bearers came up the trench on the double. After a few minutes of digging, three still, muddy forms on stretchers were carried down the communication trench to the rear. Soon they would be resting "somewhere in France," with Man's Land waiting for it to burst. In a little wooden cross over their heads. They had done their bit for king and country, had died without firing a shot. but their services were appreciated, darkness. nevertheless. heard a noise and saw dark forms

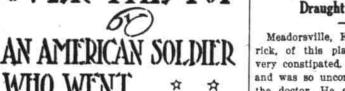
Later on, I found out their names. They belonged to our draft.

I was dazed and motionless. Suddenly a shovel was pushed into my hands, and a rough but kindly voice said :

"Here, my lad, lend a hand clearing the trench, but keep your head down, from the dark forms: and look out for snipers. One of the Fritz's is a daisy, and he'll get you if bloomin' idlot; do you want us to click you're not careful."

Lying on my belly on the bottom of the trench, I filled sandbags with the sticky mud, they were dragged to my in front," had been given to the sentry rear by the other men, and the work of on our right, but he had failed to pass rebuilding the parapet was on. The harder I worked, the better I felt. Although the weather was cold, I was immediately put the offending sentry soaked with sweat.

Occasionally a bullet would crack



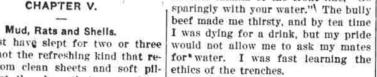
MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

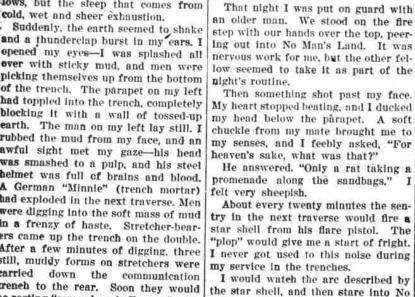
another maxim or the front line. "Go

O 1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

# CHAPTER V.

Page Two





# WHO WEN

Thursday, March 28, 1918.

averhead, and a machine gun would kick up the mud on the bashed-in parapet. At each crack I would duck and shield my face with my arm. One of the older men noticed this action of mine, and whispered:

"Don't duck at the crack of a bullet, Yank; the danger has passed-you never hear the one that wings you. Always remember that if you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

This made a great impression on me at the time, and from then on, I adopted his motto, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

It helped me wonderfully. I used it so often afterwards that some of my mates dubbed me, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

After an hour's hard work, all my ervousness left me, and I was laughing and joking with the rest.

At one o'clock, dinner came up in the form of a dixle of hot stew.

I looked for my canteen. It had fallen off the fire step, and was half buried in the mud. The man on my left noticed this, and told the corporal, dishing out the rations, to put my share in his mess fin. Then he whispered to me, "Always take care of your ss tin, mate."

I had learned another maxim of the

That stew tasted fine. I was as ngry as a bear. We had "seconds." another helping, because three of e men had "gone West," killed by e explosion of the German trench oftar, and we ate their share, but still I was hungry, so I filled in with buily best and biscuits. Then I drained my water bottle. Later on I learned

he received twenty-one days' field punderly, and to report to the cook and ishment No. 1, or "crucifixion," as Tommy terms it.

Once, out in front of our wire, I

sandbagged parapet. I reached for it,

and was taking aim to fire, when my

mate grasped my arm, and whispered,

"Don't fire." He challenged in a low

"Shut your blinkin' mouth, you

Later we learned that the word, "No

challenging or firing, wiring party out

It down the trench. An officer had over-

heard our challenge and the reply, and

under arrest. The sentry clicked

twenty-one days on the wheel, that is

it from the Boches?"

and water.

A few months later I met this sentry "crucified," he had never failed to pass the word down the trench when so ordered. In view of the offense, the fast was served." above punishment was very light, in that failing to pass the word down a trench may mean the loss of many they lined up with their canteens and lives, and the spoiling of some important enterprise in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER VI.

# "Back of the Line."

Our tour in the front-line trench lasted four days, and then we were relieved by the ---- brigade.

Going down the communication trench we were in a merry mood, although we were cold and wet, and every bone in our bodies ached. It makes a lot of difference whether you are "going in" or "going out."

At the end of the communication trench, limbers were waiting on the road for us. I thought we were going to ride back to rest billets, but soon found out that the only time an infantryman rides is when he is wounded and is bound for the base or Blighty. These limbers carried our erve ammunition and rations. Our march to, rest billets was thoroughly

give him a hand. I helped him make the fire, carry water from an old well, This consists of being spread-eagled and fry the bacon. Lids of dixies are on the wheel of a limber two hours a used to cook the bacon in. After day for twenty-one days, regardless of breakfast was cooked, I carried a dizie the weather. During this period, your of hot tea and the lid full of bacon to rations consist of bully beef, biscuits our section, and told the corporal that breakfast was ready. He looked at me in contempt, and then shouted, "Breakand he confided to me that since being fast up, come and get it !" I immediately got wise to the trench parlance, and never again informed that "Break-

> It didn't take long for the Tommies to answer this call. Half dressed I dished out the tea. Each Tommy carried in his hand a thick slice of bread which had been issued with the rations the night before. Then I had the pleasure of seeing them dig inter the bacon with their dirty fingers. The allowance was one slice per man. The late ones received very small slices. As each Tommy got his share he immediately disappeared into the billet. Pretty soon about fifteen of them made a rush to the cookhouse, each carrying a huge slice of bread. These slices they dipped into the bacon grease which was stewing over the fire. The last man invariably lost out. I was the last man.

After breakfast our section carried their equipment into a field adjoining the billet and got busy removing the trench mud therefrom, because at 8:45 a. m., they had to fall in for inspection and parade, and wee betide the man who was unshaven, or had mud on his uniform. Cleanliness is next to godii-ness in the British army, and Old Pepper must have been personally as quainted with St. Peter.

Our daill consisted of close-ord formation, which insted until noo During this time we had two ten-mi ute breaks for rest, and no sooner the word, "Fall out for ten minutes," was given than each Tommy got out a fag and lighted it.

and lighted it. Fags are issued every Sunday m ing, and you generally get best twenty and forty. The brand erally issued is the "Woodhine." Be times we are lucky and get "G faken," "Players" or "Red Human Occasionally an issue of "Life II comme along. Then the older Tom immediately get busy on the rect and trade these for "Woodbines" "Goldfakes." A recruit only he be stuck once in this manner, and he ceases to bby recruit. There es to be a rearult. Tomias is a great He multas under

cook and go with the quartermaster to draw coal. I got back just in time to issue our third meal, which consisted of hot tea. I rinsed out my dixle and returned it to the cookhouse, and went back to the billet with an exhilarated feeling that my day's labor was done. I had fallen asleep on the straw when once again the cook appeared in the door of the billet with : "Blime me, you Yanks are lazy. Who in ---- a-goin' to draw the water for the mornin' tea? Do you think I'm a-goin' to? Well, I'm not," and he left. I filled the dixle with water from an old squeaking well, and once again lay down in the straw.

(To be continued next week.)

GREENVILLE PREPARES FOR THE SUMMER

Gseenville takes a long step forward and will be one of the cleanest, healthiest towns in the State, according to a Bulletin just issued by the State Board of Health, if she enforces the sanitary ordinances just enacted. Ac-cording to this bulletin, ordinances have been passed declaring insanitary closets, unisances providing dramage against mosquitoes and screening of doors, windows, of all groceries, res-taurants and food shops.

taurants and food shops. The sanitary closet ordinance not only declares insanitary closets to be nuisances and subject to a penalty of five dollars, but also distinctly speci-fies that the only kind of a sanitary closet permitted will be a gaver con-nection, a tank privy or a pit privy, the last two types to be such as to meet the approval of the State Board of Health.



Every enlisted man would stand up stronger during the first year's service if he could have the benefits of



because it. fortifies the imge and throat, creates strength to avoid grippe and pneumonia and makes rich blood to avert rheumatic tendencies.

and a bottle of SCOTTS to a relative or fries

DIG, white, mealy—with D butter melting on it. Um-m-m! And you like it because it is baked. Same with Lucky Strike Cigarette

# **IT'S TOASTED**

Cooking makes things delicious-toasting the tobacco has made the Lucky Strike Cigarette famous.

Gugranteed by the American Sobace

EARN BIG MONEY "S BUGINESS COLLEGE CAN EQUIP YOU TO DO I