



OVER THE TOP AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

CHAPTER XIV.

Picks and Shovels.

I had not slept long before the sweet

voice of the sergeant informed that "No. 1 section had clicked for another blinking digging party."

"Don't you bomb throwers think you are wearing top hats out here. 'Cordin' to orders you've been taken up on the strength of this section, and will have to do your bit with the pick and shovel, same as the rest of us."

I put up a howl on my way to get my shovel, but the only thing that resulted was a loss of good humor on my part.

We fell in at eight o'clock, outside of our billets, a sort of masquerade party. I was disguised as a common laborer, had a pick and shovel, and about one hundred empty sandbags.

The party moved out in column of fours, taking the road leading to the trenches. Several times we had to string out in the ditch to let long columns of limbers, artillery and supplies get past.

The marching under these conditions, was necessarily slow. Upon arrival at the entrance to the communication trench, I looked at my illuminated wrist watch—it was eleven o'clock.

Before entering this trench, word was passed down the line, "no talking or smoking, lead off in single file, covering party first."

This covering party consisted of 30 men, armed with rifles, bayonets, bombs, and two Lewis machine guns. They were to protect us and guard against a surprise attack while digging in No Man's Land.

The communication trench was about half a mile long, a zigzagging ditch, eight feet deep and three feet wide.

Now and again, a sharp shrapnel would whistle overhead and burst in our vicinity. We would crouch against the earthen walls while the shell fragments "rained" down and above us.

Once Fritz turned loose with a machine gun, the bullets from which "cracked" through the air and belted up the air on the top, scattering sand and pebbles, which hitting our steel helmets, sounded like rain.

Upon arrival in the fire trench an officer of the Royal Engineers gave us our instructions and acted as guide.

We were to dig an advanced trench two hundred yards from the Germans (the trenches at this point were six hundred yards apart).

Two winding lines, five feet wide, had been cut through our barbed wire, for the passage of the diggers. From these lines white tape had been laid

on the ground to the point where we were to commence work. This in order that we would not get lost in the darkness. The proposed trench was also laid out with tape.

The covering party went out first. After a short wait, two scouts came back with information that the working party was to follow and "carry on" with their work.

In extended order, two yards apart, we noiselessly crept across No Man's Land. It was nervous work; every minute we expected a machine gun to open fire on us. Stray bullets "cracked" around us, or a ricochet sang overhead.

Arriving at the taped diagram of the trench, rifles slung around our shoulders, we lost no time in getting to work. We dug as quietly as possible but every now and then the noise of a pick or shovel striking a stone would send the cold shivers down our backs. Under our breaths we heartily cursed the offending Tommy.

At intervals a star shell would go up from the German lines and we would remain motionless until the glare of its white light died out.

When the trench had reached a depth of two feet we felt safer, because it would afford us cover in case we were discovered and fired on.

The digging had been in progress about two hours, when suddenly hell seemed to break loose in the form of machine-gun and rifle fire.

We dropped down on our bellies in the shallow trench, bullets knocking up the ground and snapping in the air. Then shrapnel butted in. The music was hot and Tommy danced.

The covering party was having a rough time of it; they had no cover; just had to take their medicine.

Word was passed down the line to beat it for our trenches. We needed no urging; grabbing our tools and stooping low, we legged it across No Man's Land. The covering party got away to a poor start but bent us in. They must have had wings because we lowered the record.

Panting and out of breath, we tumbled into our front-line trench. I tremble my hands getting through our wire, but, at the time, didn't notice it; my journey was too urgent.

When the roll was called we found that we had gotten it in the nose for 63 casualties.

Our artillery put a barrage on Fritz' front-line and communication trenches and their machine-gun and rifle fire suddenly ceased.

Upon the cessation of this fire, stretcher bearers went out to look for killed and wounded. Next day we learned that 21 of our men had been killed and 37 wounded. Five men were missing; lost in the darkness, they must have wandered over into the German lines, where they were either killed or captured.

Speaking of stretcher bearers and wounded, it is very hard for the average civilian to comprehend the enormous cost of taking care of wounded and the war in general. He or she gets so accustomed to seeing billions of dollars in print that the significance of the amount is passed over without thought.

From an official statement published in one of the London papers, it is stated that it costs between six and seven thousand pounds (\$30,000 to \$35,000) to kill or wound a soldier. This result was attained by taking the cost of the war to date and dividing it by the killed and wounded.

It may sound heartless and inhuman, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that from a military standpoint it is better for a man to be killed than wounded.

If a man is killed he is buried, and the responsibility of the government ceases, excepting for the fact that his people receive a pension. But if a man is wounded it takes three men from the firing line, the wounded man and two men to carry him to the rear to the advanced first-aid post. Here he is attended by a doctor, perhaps assisted by two R. A. M. C. men. Then he is put into a motor ambulance, manned by a crew of two or three. At the field hospital, where he generally goes under an anesthetic, either to have his wounds cleaned or to be operated on, he requires the services of about three to five persons. From this point another ambulance ride impresses more men in his service, and then at the ambulance train, another corps of doctors, R. A. M. C. men, Red Cross nurses and the train's crew. From the train he enters the base hospital or casualty clearing station, where a good-sized corps of doctors, nurses, etc., are kept busy. Another ambulance journey is next in order—this time to the hospital ship. He crosses the channel, arrives in England—more ambulances and perhaps a ride for five hours on an English Red Cross train with its crew of Red Cross workers, and at last he reaches the hospital. Generally he

News From Old Trinity

There was a meeting of the Red Cross Sunday evening. Mr. R. J. Reddick, of North Dakota, arrived in town Friday night. R. J. is one of our home boys. He has been making his home in Dakota for the last three years, he expects to go into some training camp.

All the high school boys and girls are gone home, and Trinity is very quiet indeed now. Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Coltrane were visiting friends in town last Wednesday evening.

Gardens are all looking had about here. Beans are turning yellow, and nothing is growing to do much good on account of cold rainy weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ballance, of Greensboro, were in town last Tuesday.

Mrs. McGlamery, of Durham, is back to Trinity for awhile, with Andrew and "little Billy."

Mrs. Ellis has gone to spend some time in Salisbury with her daughter Mrs. Fisher.

LEMON JUICE IS FRECKLE REMOVER

Girls! Make This Cheap Beauty Lotion To Clear and Whiten Your Skin

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quart of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

Swindlers' Trick Takes Money Sent to Soldiers

Relatives and friends of several soldiers in Army camps have been victimized by swindlers who wired or wrote for funds under soldiers' names. In each instance it was requested that money be sent by wire waiving identification, or by mail to general delivery, the customary explanation being that the soldier had been discharged and would have no way of securing identification, nor of getting mail addressed to his company.

The following is a typical telegram, sent to the father of a soldier in a southern camp:

"Have been discharged. Coming home. Going to Atlanta through country tonight. Please wire me \$60 at Atlanta so I may pay for uniform and come home direct. Waive identification as I am not known in Atlanta. Wire cash quick so I can get it tomorrow morning."

Before being complied with, any request for money to be sent under such conditions should be verified by a letter or telegram to the commanding officer of the camp in which the man whose name is signed to the request is stationed.

State Geological and Economic Survey Announces Lectures Suitable for Commencements

The North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey announces the following lectures relating chiefly to the relation of certain of our natural resources to war needs and to the present and future development of the State. These are suitable for school commencements, clubs, civic meetings, teachers' and farmers institutes, etc.

Application for lectures should be addressed to the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey, Chapel Hill, N. C., and should be made well in advance of the occasion.

By J. S. Holmes, State Forester:

- 1. The Forests of North Carolina. 2. Conservation of our Natural Resources. 3. Forest Fire Prevention, a War Necessity. 4. Wood and War.

By Miss H. M. Berry, Secretary:

- 1. North Carolina's War Minerals: Their Development a Patriotic Duty. 2. North Carolina's Contribution to our Food Supply. 3. Utilizing our Raw Materials. 4. Women's War Work.

Help Win the Great War

The United States will not be able to bear its part of the financial burden of the war and effect the release of sufficient labor and materials for war purposes, unless local and personal interests are subordinated to public welfare and the most rigid economy in matters of public and private enterprise is enforced.

It is indicated by reports received by H. W. Miller, of Atlanta, Ga., that the Southern Railway employees will go "over the top" in supporting the Third Liberty Loan.

The Director General of Railroads has announced that railroad companies would be allowed to invest in the Third Liberty Loan any funds not needed by them for railroad purposes and available for investment in securities.

BACK GIVES OUT

Plenty of Asheboro Readers Have This Experience

You tax the kidneys—overwork them—They can't keep up the continual strain.

The back may give out—it may ache and pain; Urinary troubles may set in. Don't wait longer—take Don's Kidney Pills.

Asheboro people tell you how they act. S. W. Pressnell, S. Fayetteville St., Asheboro, says: "I used to have bad spells with my back and my kidneys acted too freely at times, and then again they were congested. I felt restless and nervous and had dizzy spells. I have taken Don's Kidney Pills off and on for ten years when I have always found them just as represented. They have given me quick relief. When a cold gives me a headache, Don's Kidney Pills never fail to help me right away."

Price 50 cents at all dealers. Don's Kidney Pills are sold everywhere.

CALOMEL SALIVATES AND MAKES YOU SICK

Acts Like Dynamite On a Sluggish Liver and You Lose a Day's Work

There's no reason why a person should take sickening, salivating calomel when a few cents buys a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic—a perfect substitute for calomel.

It is a pleasant, vegetable liquid which will start your liver just as surely as calomel, but it doesn't make you sick and can't salivate.

Children and grown folks can take Dodson's Liver Tonic, because it is perfectly harmless.

Calomel is a dangerous drug. It is mercury and attacks your bones. Take a dose of nasty calomel today and you will feel weak, sick and nauseated tomorrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tonic instead and you will wake up feeling great. No more biliousness, constipation, sluggishness, headache, neuralgia, indigestion or sour stomach.

One of the earliest banks was founded at Venice in 1158. That is over 750 years ago. And yet there are lots of people who never avail themselves of the advantages of a bank. This bank was founded in April, 1907. Its officers and directors are men of responsibility and known integrity. And yet there are hundreds of people who daily take chances with their money at home—lose it by robbery, loss of fire, loss of it in one of a hundred ways, whereas all they have to do to enjoy ABSOLUTE SAFETY is to deposit it at the

The CORRECT TREATMENT FOR COLDS

Colds are contracted when strength is lowered and the inflammation easily develops bronchitis or lung trouble, while grippe and pneumonia frequently follow and any cold should have immediate treatment with

SCOTT'S EMULSION The National Strength-Building

which first builds up the forces by carrying rich nourishment to the blood streams and creates real body warmth. Its cod liver oil is the favorite of physicians for correcting bronchial disorders and chest troubles.

The imported Norwegian cod liver oil always used in Scott's Emulsion is pure, refined in our own American laboratories which guarantee it free from impurities. Scott & Brown, Bismarck, N. D.

LUZIANNE coffee Luzianne and Corn Pone -Yum-Yum!

WHEN you see your mammy, Honey, bringin' in the coffee and the pone, you can tell before you taste it that the coffee's Luzianne—sure-nuf—by the whiff a-streaming, steaming in the air.

It's the coffee—Luzianne—you remember and you hanker after it until you get another cup.

Luzianne Coffee (your grocer has it) comes put up in tins. Try it tomorrow morning for breakfast. If it isn't all you expect, you can get your money back.

Luzianne for aroma, fragrance and snap. Try it

"When It Pours, It Reigns"



Attention! Men Who Smoke We have a splendid line of Cigars Anything in smoking goods Asheboro Drug Co.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY An Ambition and a Record THE needs of the South are identical with the needs of the Southern Railway; the growth and success of our nation the upbuilding of the South.

An Early Bank One of the earliest banks was founded at Venice in 1158. That is over 750 years ago. And yet there are lots of people who never avail themselves of the advantages of a bank. This bank was founded in April, 1907. Its officers and directors are men of responsibility and known integrity. And yet there are hundreds of people who daily take chances with their money at home—lose it by robbery, loss of fire, loss of it in one of a hundred ways, whereas all they have to do to enjoy ABSOLUTE SAFETY is to deposit it at the BANK OF RAMSEUR RAMSEUR, N. C.



Trench Digging

At the time of the capture of the trench, the machine was used to dig a trench for the purpose of establishing communication with the front.