

# AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

MACHINE GUNNER, JERVING IN FRANCE

Q1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPLY

barmaid waiting to fill 'em up again?" "Cassell had a fancy for that par-

ticular blonde. The answer came back in the shape of a volley of cusses. I changed the subject.

"After a while our talk veered round to the way the Boches had been exposing themselves on the road down on the chart as Target 17. What he said about those Boches would never have passed the reichstag, though I believe it would have gone through our censor easily enough.

"The bursting shells were making such a din that I packed up talking and took to watching the captain. He was fidgeting around on an old sandbag with the glass to his eye. Occasionally he would let out a grunt, and make some remark I couldn't hear on account of the noise, but I guessed what it was all right. Fritz was getting fresh again on that road.

"Cassell had been sending in the 'tap code' to me, but I was fed up and O. S., and I was all attention, for this target. Four black clouds of dust rose meant that something important was column. Four direct hits another on. I was all ears in an instant. Then record for D 238. Cassell turned loose.

"You blankety blank dud, I have Just listen.'

"'Are you game for putting something over on the Boches and Old Pepper all in one?

"I answered that I was game enough when it came to putting it over the Boches, but confessed that I had a weakening of the spine, even at the mention of Old Pepper's name.

"He came back with, 'It's so absurdly easy and simple that there is no chance of the old heathen rumbling it. Anyway, if we're caught, I'll take the blame.

"Under these condition I told him to spit out his scheme. It was so daring and simple that it took my breath away. This is what he proposed:

"If the Boches should use that road again, to send by the tap system the and range. I had previously told him about our captain talking out loud as if he were sending through orders. Well, if this happened, I was to send the dope to Cassell and he would transmit it to the battery commander as officially coming through the observation post. Then the battery would open up. Afterwards, during the investigation, Cassell would lutely certain on that point, sir.' swear he received it direct. They would have to relieve him, because it was impossible from his post in the battery dugout to know that the road was being used at that time by the Germans. And also it was impossible for him to give the target, range and degrees. You know a battery chart is not passed around among the men like a newspaper from Blighty. From him the investigation would go to the observation post, and the observing officer could truthfully swear that I had not sent the message by 'phone, and that no orders to fire had been issued In him, The investigators would then be up in the air, we would be safe, the Boches would receive a good bashing, and we would get our own back on Old Pepper. It was too good to be true. I gleefully fell in with the scheme, and told Cassell I was his meat.

"Then I waited with beating heart nd watched the captain like a bawk. "He was beginning to fidget again and was drumming on the sandbags with his feet. At last, turning to me,

be said: "Wilson, this army is a blankety lank washout. What's the use of hav-ng artillery if it is not allowed to fire? he government at home ought to be hanged with some of their red tape. It's, through them that we have no

"I answered, 'Yes, sir,' and started ending this opinion over the wire to assell, but the captain interrupted

Seep those infernal fingers still.
To the matter, getting the nerves?
The talking to you, pay atten-

y heart sank. Supposing he had ad that tapping, then all would with our plan. I stopped drum-with my flagery and said;

What a pretty target for our Arms down Rye lane with a bottle of '4.5's.' The beggars know that we Bass in front of you, and that blonde won't fire Ad-d shape I call it. won't fire. A d-d shame, I call it. Oh, just for a chance to turn D 238 loose on them.'

"I was trembling with excitement. From repeated stolen glances at the captain's range chart, that road with its range was burned into my mind.

"Over the wire I tapped, 'D 238 battery, Target 17, Range 6000, 3 degrees 80 minutes, left, salvo, fire.' Cassell O. K.'d my message, and with the receiver pressed against my ear, I waited and listened. In a couple of minutes very faintly over the wire came the voice of our battery commander issuing the order: 'D 238 battery. Salvo! Fire!'

"Then a roar through the receiver as the four guns belched forth, a screaming and whistling overhead, and the shells were on their way.

shot, e d let out a great big expressive each other. -n, and eagerly turned his glasses in the direction of the German road. didn't bother with it. Then he sent I also strained my eyes watching that was a call used between us which up right in the middle of the German

"The shells kept on whistling over head, and I had counted twenty-four been trying to raise you for fifteen of them when the firing suddenly minutes. What's the matter, are you ceased. When the smoke and dust asleep?' (Just as if anyone could clouds lifted the destruction on that have slept in that infernal racket!) i road was awful. Overturned limbers Never mind framing a nasty answer, and guns, wagons smashed up, troops fleeing in all directions. The road and roadside were spotted all over with little field gray dots, the toll of our

"The captain, in his excitement, had slipped off the sandbag, and was on his knees in the mud, the glass still at his eye. He was muttering to himself and slapping his thigh with his disengaged hand. At every slap a big round julcy cuss word would escape from his lips followed by:

"'Good! Fine! Marvelous! Pretty Work! Direct hits all.'

"Then he turned to me and shouted: "Wilson, what do you think of it? Did you ever see the like of it in your life? D-n fine work, I call it.'

"Pretty soon a look of wonder stole

over his face and he exclaimed: "'But who in b-l gave them the order to fire. Range and everything correct, too. I know I didn't. Wilson. did I give you any order for the battery to open up? Of course I didn't,

did I? "I answered very emphatically, 'No, sir, you gave no command. Nothing went through this post. I am abso-

"'Of course nothing went through,' he replied. Then his face fell, and he

muttered out loud: "But, by Jove, wait till Old Pep-

per gets wind of this. There'll be fur flying." Just then Bombardier Cassell cut in on the wire:

'General's compliments to Captain -. He directs that officer and signaler report at the double-to brigade headquarters as soon as relieved. Relief now on the way.' "In an undertone to me, Keep a

brass front, Wilson, and for God's sake stick. I answered with Rely on me, mate, but I was trembling all over. "I gave the generalls message to the captain, and started packing up. "The relief arrived, and as we left

the post the captain said: "Now for the fireworks, and I know

they'll be good and plenty.' They were "When we arrived at the gun pits the battery commander, the sergeant major and Cassell were waiting for us. We fell in line and the funeral march

to brigade headquarters started. "Arriving at headquarters the battery commander was the first to be interviewed. This was behind closed doors. From the roaring and explo-

### **GLAD TO TESTIFY**

Says Watoga Lady, "As To What Cardui Has Done For Me, So As To Help Cthers."

Watoga, W. Va .- Mrs. S. W. Gladwell, of this town, says: "When about 15 years of age, I suffered greatly ... Sometimes would go a month or two, and I had terrible headache, backache, and bearingdown pains, and would just drag and had no appetite. Then . . . it would tast ... two weeks, and was so weakening, and my health was awful.

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and terr.

"Then the sergeant major's turn came. He didn't come out our way. Judging by the roaring, Old Pepper must have eaten him.

"When the door opened and the general beckoned to me, my knees started "The captain jumped as if he were to play 'Home, Sweet Home' against

> "My interview was very short. "Old Pepper glared at me when I entered, and then let loose."

"'Of course you don't know anything about it. You're just like the rest. Ought to have a nursing bottle around your neck and a nipple in your teeth. Soldiers-by gad, you turn my stomach to look at you. Win this war, when England sends out such samples as I have in my brigade! Not likely! Now, sir, tell me what you don't know about this affair. Speak up, out with Spit it out.'

"I stammered, 'Sir, I know absolutely nothing."

up. Get out; but I think you are a powder, one cup wheat flour, seven-d—d liar just the same. Back to your battery.'

"That night the captain sent for us.
With fear and trembling we went to his dugout. He was alone. After sa-"I saluted and made my exit. luting we stood at attention in front

of him and waited. His say was short. "'Don't you two ever get it into your heads that Morse is a dead language. I've known it for years. The two of you had better get rid of that nervous habit of tapping transmitters; it's dan-

gerous. That's all.' "We saluted, and were just going out Bake in hot, greased muffin

tain called up back and said: "'Smoke Goldflakes? Yes? Well, rice. there are two tins of them on my table.

Go back to the battery, and keep your

tongues between your teeth. Understand?

"We understood.

"For five weeks afterwards our bat-We were satisfied and so were the men. It was worth it to put one over on Old Pepper, to say nothing of the injury caused to Fritz' feelings."

When Wilson had finished his story I looked up and the dugout was fammed. An artillery captain and two officers had also entered and stayed for the finish. Wilson spat out an enormous quid of tobacco, looked up. saw the captain, and got as red as a carnation. The captain smiled and left. Wilson whispered to me:

"Blime me, Yank, I see where I click for crucifixion. That captain is the same one that chucked us Goldfinker in his dugout and here I have bee chucking me weight about in his hearing."

Wilson never clicked his crucifixion. Quite a centrast to Wilson was another character in our brigade named Scott; we called him "Old Scotty" on account of his age. He was fifty-coven, although looking forty. "Old Scotty" had been born in the Northwest and had served in the Northwest Mounted police. He was a typical cowpuncher and Indian fighter and was a dead shot with the rifle, and took no pains to disguise this fact from us. He used to take care of his rifle us if it were a interviewed. This was behind closed doors. From the roaring and explosions of Old Pepper it sounded as it raw meat was being thrown to the lions. Cassell, later, described it as sounding like a bombing raid. In about two minutes the officer reappeared. The swent was pouring from his forshead, and his face was the color of a beet. He was speechless. As he passed the captain he jerked his thumb in the direction of the hone den and went out. Then the captain went in, and the lions were once again fed. The captain stayed about twenty minutes and came out. I couldn't see his face, but the droop in his shoulders was enough. He locked like a wet hen.

"The door of the general's roun opened and Old Pepper sport in the doorway. With a roar he shouted:

"Which one of you is Cassell?

D—n me, get rous beels togsther when I speak! Come in here!"

"Cassell came not in fire minutes and same as to join your descripting officer not shouted:

"The Old Pepper reared. That up?"

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"Cassell came not in fire minutes. The got an amount for he fire and same the licor he went up to recruiting officer not shouted:

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"The state of the rearing and explored to the stock. We betide the who by mistake happened to get of this rifle; he soon found out error. Scott was as dean as a nand it was amusing at parade to whim in the manual of arms. I should be a seed to whim in the manual of arms. I should be a seed to whim in the manual of arms. I should be a seed to whim in the manual of arms. I should be a seed to whim take care of his rifle us if it were baby. In his spare moments you con always see him cleaning it or pollsing the stock. Woe betide the me who by mistake happened to get he of this rifle; he soon found out it error. Scott was as deaf as a mound it was amusing at parade to wat him in the manual of arms, shy glancing out of the corner of his eat the man next to him to see with the order was. How he passed the doctor was a mystery to us; he me have bluffed his way through, because he cortainly was independent. Beart him the Fourth of July looked.

s a-d muo-crunching outfit, but the cavalry's full, so I guess this regiment's better than none, so trot out your papers and I'll sign 'em." He told them he was forty and slipped by. I was on recruiting service at the time he applied for enlistment.

It was Old Scotty's great ambition to be a salper or "body snatcher," as Mr. Atkins calls it. The day that he was detailed as brigade sniper he celebrated his appointment by blowing the whole platoon to fags.

Being a Yank, Old Scotty took a liking to me and used to spin some great yarns about the plains, and the whole platoon would drink these in and ask for more, Ananias was a rookie com-

The ex-plainsman and discipline could not agree, but the officers all liked him, even if he was hard to manage, so when he was detailed as a sniper a sigh of relief went up from the officers' mess,

'Old Scotty had the freedom of the brigade. He used to draw two or three days' rations and disappear with his glass, range finder and rifle, and we would see or hear no more of him until suddenly he would reappear with a couple of notches added to those already on the butt of his rifle. Every time he got a German it meant another notch. He was proud of these notches.

But after a few months Father Rheumatism got him and he was sent to Blighty; the air in the wake of his stretcher was blue with curses. Old Scotty surely could swear; some of his outbursts actually burned you.

No doubt, at this writing, he is 'somewhere in Blighty" pussy footing it on a bridge or along the wall of some munition plant with the "G. R." or Home Defense corps.

(To be continued next week.)

## GIVES QUICK RELIEF FOR OLDS and

PRICES 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE

re rereperenter renererenter re USEFUL RECIPES

**Buckwheat Muffins** 

"That's easy to see,' he roared; one tablespoon syrup, one egg, one teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking

Sift dry materials together. Add to the cup of milk the melted fat, syrup

a moderately hot oven. Corn-Rice Muffins One cup cornmeal, one cup boiled rice, one cup milk, one tablespoon fat, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons bak-

ing powder, two eggs.

Mix cornmeal, rice, milk and shortening together; beat five minutes, then add well-beaten eggs; beat two min-utes, then add the baking powder. the door of the dugout when the cap shallow pan. Boiled hominy may be used in the above recipe instead of

> Spoon Bread One cup white cornmeal, one and one-half cups boiling water, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon salt, two

teaspoons baking powder, two eggs. Sift meal into a bowl. See that the water is boiling vigorously. Pour "For five weeks afterwards our bat-tery did nothing but extra fatigues. time. When lukewarm add the sweet milk, the well-beaten egg yolk and beat thoroughly. Add the baking powder and last fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a hot, well-greased baking dish and bake in a moderately hot oven thirty minutes. Serve from the baking dish with a

> Oatmeal Muffins One cup milk, one tablespoon fat, two tablespoons syrup, one egg, one teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, one-half cup wheat flour, one

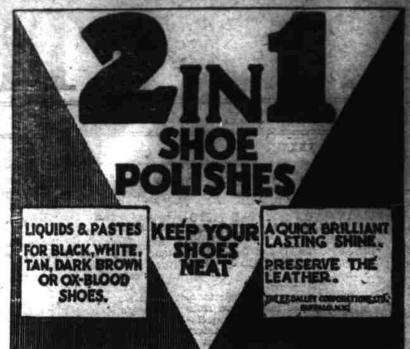
powder, one-half cup wheat flour, one and-one quarter cups oatmeal.

Sift the salt, baking powder and the flour together, mix in the oatmeal. Add to the cup of milk the melted fat, syrup and beaten egg. Combine these two mixtures, stirring lightly without beating. Bake about thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven. Use granulated oatmeal or put rolled oats through a food chopper.

It was reported that 18 persons were killed in a tornado at Calmar, Iowa, Iest Thursday night and that three were killed and one injured severely at Mason City, Iowa.

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