

SYNUPSIS.

CHAPTER I-Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an Ameri-can, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the pretice arms. British army

CHAPTER II-After a period of train-ing, Empey volunteers for immediate serv-ice and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-pres-ent "cooties."

CHAPTER III-Empey attends his first church services at the front while a Ger-man Fokker circles over the congregation. CHAPTER IV-Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V-Empey learns to adopt the motto of the Brtish Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never

CHAPTER VI-Back in rest billets, Em-pey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

CHAPTER VII-Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed. CHAPTER VIII-Back in the front-line trench, Empey sees his first friend of the trenches "go West."

CHAPTER IX-Empey makes his first visit to a dugout in "Suicide Ditch."

CHAPTER X-Empey learns what con-stitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

CHAPTER XI-Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a bayonet thrust.

After making several bombs the professor instructs the platoon in throwing them. He takes a "jam tin" from the fire step, trembling a little, because it is nervous work, especially when new at it, lights the fuse on his striker. The fuse begins to "sizz" and sputter and a spiral of smoke, like that from a smoldering fag, rises from it. The platoon splits in two and ducks around the traverse nearest to sound of the burning fuse. When that fuse begins to smoke and "sizz" you want to say good-by to it as soon as possible, so Tommy with all his might chucks it over the top and crouches against the parapet, waiting for the

explosion. Lots of times in bombing the "jam tin" would be picked up by the Germans, before it exploded, and thrown back at Tommy with dire results.

manner an order was issued, reading Now that I was a sure-enough

in cricket, throwing it fairly high in the air, this in order to give the fuse a chance to burn down so that when the bomb lands, it immediately explodes and gives the Germans no time to scamper out of its range or to return it.

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As the bomb leaves your hand, the lever, by means of a spring, is projected into the air and falls harmlessly to the ground a few feet in front of the bomber.

When the lever flies off it releases a strong spring, which forces the firing pin into a percussion cap. This ignites the fuse, which burns down and sets off the detonator, charged with fulminate of mercury, which explodes the main charge of ammonal.

The average British soldier is not an expert at throwing; it is a new game to him, therefore the Canadians and Americans, who have played baseball from the kindergarten up, take naturally to bomb throwing and excel in this act. A six-foot English bomber will stand in awed silence when he sees a little five-foot-nothing Canadian outdistance his throw by several yards. I have read a few war stories of bombing, where baseball pitchers curved their bombs when throwing them, but a pitcher who can do this would make "Christy" Mathewson look like a piker, and is losing valuable time playing in the European War bush league, when he would be able to set the "big league" on fire.

We had a cushy time while at this school. In fact, to us it was a regular vacation, and we were very sorry when one morning the adjutant ordered us them. They don't like the looks and to report at headquarters for transportation and rations to return to our units up the line.

Arriving at our section, the boys once again tendered us the glad mitt. but looked askance at us out of the corners of their eyes. They could not conceive, as they expressed it, how a man could be such a blinking idiot as to join the Suicide club. I was begin-

ning to feel sorry that I had become a member of said club, and my life to After a lot of men went West in this me appeared doubly precious.

not be required.

ones were covered with soap, but this umns of limbers, artillery and supplies made no difference to the sergeant, get past.

who chased us into another room, where we lined up in front of a little window, resembling the box office in a theater, and received clean underwear and towels. From here we went into the room where we had first undressed. Ten minutes were allowed in which to get into our "clabber."

My pair of drawers came up to my chin and the shirt barely reached my diaphragm, but they were clean-no

The marching, under these conditions, was necessarily slow. Upon arrival at the entrance to the communication trench, I looked at my illum> nated 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, cov-

ging 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, German shrapnel would whistle overhead and burst in

our vicinity. We would crouch against the earthen walls while the shell fragments "slapped" the ground above us. Once Fritz turned loose with a machine gun, the bullets from which

"cracked" through the air and kicked up the dirt on the top, scattering sand and pebbles, which, hitting our steel helmets, sounded like hailstones.

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 lanes, five feet wide,

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



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 Blighty-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 stays from two to six months, or longer, in this hospital. From here he is sent to a convalescent home for six weeks.

If by wounds he is unfitted for further service, he is discharged, given a pension, or committed to a soldiers' home for the rest of his life-and still the expense piles up. When you realize that all the ambulances, trains and ships, not to mention the man power, used in transporting a wounded man, could be used for supplies, ammunition and re-enforcements for the troops at the front, it will not appear strange that from a strictly military standpoint, a dead man is sometimes better

than a live one (if wounded). Not long after the first diggin our general decided, after a careful tour of inspection of the communication trenches, upon "an ideal spot," as he termed it, for a machine-gun emplacement; took his map, made a dot on it, and as he was wont, wrote "dig here." and the next night we dug.

desire to escape it all, to get to the open fields and the perfume of the flowers in Clighty. There is a sharp, prickling sensation in the nostrils, which reminds one of breathing coal gas through a radiator in the floor, and you want to sneeze, but cannot. This was the effect on me, surmounted by a vague horror of the awfulness of the thing and an ever-recurring reflection that, perhaps I, sooner or later, would be in such a state and be brought to light by the blow of a pick in the hands of some Tommy on a digging party.

Several times I have experienced this odor, but never could get used to it; the enervating sensation was always present. It made me hate war and wonder why such things were countenanced by civilization, and all the spice and glory of the conflict would disappear, leaving the grim reality. But after leaving the spot and filling your lungs with deep breaths of pure, fresh air, you forget and once again want to be "up and at them."

CHAPTER XV.

Listening Post.

It was six in the morning when we arrived at our rest billets, and we were allowed to sleep until noon: that is. if we wanted to go without our breakfast. For sixteen days we remained



Entrance to a Dugout.

in rest billets, digging roads, drilling, and other fatigues, and then back into the front-line trench.

Nothing happened that night, but the next afternoon I found out that a bomber is general utility man in a section.

About five o'clock in the afternoon our lieutenant came down the trench and stopping in front of a bunch of us on the fire step, with a broad grin on his face, asked: "Who is going to volunteer for listening post tonight? I need two men." It is needless to say no one volunteered, because it is anything but a cushy job. I began to feel uncomfortable as I knew it was getting around for my turn. Sure enough, with another grin, he said: "Empey, you and Wheeler are due, so come down into my dugout for instructions at six o'clock." Just as he left and was going around a traverse, Fritz turned loose with a machine gun and the bullets ripped the sandbags right over his head. It gave me great pleasure to see him duck against the parapet. He was getting a taste of what we would get later out in front. Then, of course, it began to rain. I knew it was the forerunner of a miserable night for us. Every time I had to go out in front, it just naturally rained. Old Jupiter Pluvius must have had it in for me. At six we reported for instructions. They were simple and easy. All we had to do was to crawl out into No Man's Land, lie on our bellies with our ears to the ground and listen for the tap, tap of the German engineers or sappers who might be tunneling under No Man's Land to establish a minehead beneath our trench. Of course, in our orders we were told not to be captured by German patrols or reconnoitering parties. Lots of breath is wasted on the western front giving silly cautions. As soon as it was dark. Wheeler and I crawled to our post which was about halfway between the lines. It was raining bucketfuls, the ground was a sea of sticky mud and clung to us like glue. We took turns in listening with our ears to the ground. I would listen for twenty minutes while Wheeler would be on the qui vive for German patrols. We each wore a wristwatch, and believe me, neither one of us did over twenty minutes. The rain soaked us to the skin and our ears were full of mud.



A Bathroom at the Front.

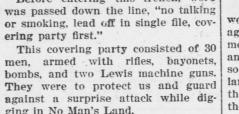
strangers on them, so I was satisfied. At the expiration of the time allotted we were turned out and finished our dressing on the grass.

When all of the company had bathec it was a case of march back to billets. That march was the most uncongenial one imagined, just cussing and blinding all the way. We were covered with white dust and felt greasy from sweat. The woolen underwear issued was itching like the mischief.

After eating our dinner of stew, which had been kept for us-it was now four o'clock-we went into the creek and had another bath.

If "Holy Joe" could have heard our remarks about the divisional baths and army red tape he would have fainted at our wickedness. But Tommy is only human after all.

I just mentioned "Holy Joe" or the chaplain in an irreverent sort of way, but no offense was meant, as there



something like this:

After igniting the fuse and before throwing the jam-tin bornb, count

slowly one! two! three!" This in order to give the fuse time enough to burn down, so that the bomb would explode before the Germans could throw it back.

Tommy read the order-he reads | twenty feet across, and it was a habit them all, but after he ignited the fuse of the company to avail themselves of and it began to smoke-orders were forgotten, and away she went in record the same time thoroughly wash themtime and back she came to the further discomfort of the thrower.

Then another order was issued to count, "one hundred! two hundred! three hundred !" But Tommy didn't care if the order read to count up to a thousand by quarters, he was going

to get rid of that "jam tin," because from experience he had learned not to trust it.

When the powers that be realized that they could not change Tommy they decided to change the type of bomb and did so-substituting the "hair brush," the "cricket ball," and later the Mills bomb.

The standard bomb used in the British army is the "Mills." It is about the shape and size of a large lemon. Although not actually a lemon, Fritz insists that it is; perhaps he judges it by the havoc caused by its explosion. The Mills bomb is made of steel, the outside of which is corrugated into 48 small squares, which, upon the explosion of the" bomb, scatter in a wide area, wounding or killing any Fritz who is unfortunate enough to be hit by one of the flying fragments.

Although a very destructive and efficient bomb the "Mills" has the confidence of the thrower, in that he knows it will not explode until released from his grip.

It is a mechanical device, with a lever, fitted into a slot at the top, which extends half way around the circumference and is held in place at the bottom by a fixing pin. In this pin there is a small metal ring, for the purpose of extracting the pin when ready to throw.

You do not throw a bomb the way a baseball is thrown, because, when in a narrow trench, your hand is liable to strike against the parados, traverse or parapet, and then down goes the bomb, and, in a couple of seconds or so, up goes Tommy.

In throwing, the bomb and lever are grasped in the right hand, the left foot a half its length to the front, while the right leg, knee bent, is carried slightly to the right. The left arm is extended at an angle of 45 degrees, pointing in the direction the bomb is to be thrown. This position is similar to that of shot putting, only that the right arm is extended downward. Then you hurl the bomb from you with an overhead bowling motion, the same

bomber I was praying for peace and "To all ranks in the British army: | hoping that my services as such would them. There are so many instances of he-

CHAPTER XIII.

My First Official Bath. Right behind our rest billet was a large creek about ten feet deep and an opportunity to take a swim and at selves and their underwear when on their own. We were having a spell of

hot weather, and these baths to us were a luxury. The Tommies would splash around in the water and then come out and sit in the sun and have what they termed a "shirt hunt." At first we tried to drown the "cooties," but they also seemed to enjoy the bath.

One Sunday morning the whole section was in the creek and we were having a gay time, when the sergeant major appeared on the scene. He came to the edge of the creek and ordered: "Come out of it. Get your equipment on, 'drill order,' and fall in for bath

parade. Look lively, my hearties. You have only got fifteen minutes." A howl of indignation, from the creek greeted this order, but out we came. Discipline is discipline. We lined up in front of our billet with rifles and bayonets (why you need rifles and bayonets to take a bath gets me), a full quota of ammunition, and our tin hats. Each man had a piece of soap and a greatly respected by Tommy. towel. After an eight-kilo march along

a dusty road, with an occasional shell whistling overhead, we arrived at a little squat frame building upon the bank of a creek. Nailed over the door of this building was a large sign which

read "Divisional Baths." In a wooden shed in the rear we could hear a wheezy old engine pumping water.

We lined up in front of the baths, around his left arm on which was over in my direction and said: "S. P." (sanitary police) in black letters, took charge, ordering us to take off our equipment, unroll our puttees and unlace boots. Then, starting from the right of the line, he divided us

into squads of fifteen. I happened to be in the first squad. We entered a small room, where we

were given five minutes to undress, then filed into the bathroom. In here there were fifteen tubs (barrels sawed is advanced, knee stiff, about one and in two) half full of water. Each tub contained a piece of laundry soap. The sergeant informed us that we had just baths. Soaping ourselves all over, we took turns in rubbing each other's backs, then by means of a garden hose, washed the soap off. The water was

ice cold, but felt fine. Pretty soon a bell rang and the wa-

were some very brave men among

roic deeds performed under fire in rescuing the wounded that it would take several books to chronicle them, but I have to mention one instance performed by a chaplain, Captain Hall by name, in the brigade on our left, because it particularly appealed to me. A chaplain is not a fighting man; he is recognized as a noncombatant and carries no arms. In a charge or trench raid the soldier gets a feeling of confidence from contact with his rifle, revolver, or bomb he is carrying. He has something to protect himself with, something with which he can inflict harm on the enemy-in other words, he is able to get his own back.

But the chaplain is empty-handed, and is at the mercy of the enemy it he encounters them, so it is doubly brave for him to go over the top, under fire, and bring in wounded. Also a chaplain is not required by the king's regulations to go over in a charge, but this one did, made three trips under the hottest kind of fire, each time returning with a wounded man on his back. On the third trip he received a bullet through his left arm, but never reported the matter to the doctor until late that night-just spent his time administering to the wants of the wounded lying on stretchers.

The chaplains of the British army are a fine, manly set of men, and are

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." I smiled to myself with deep satisfaction. I had been promoted from a mere digger to soaked with perspiration, and piled a member of the Suicide club, and was our rifles into stacks. A sergeant of exempt from all fatigues. Then came the R. A. M. C. with a yellow band an awful shock. The sergeant looked

> "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 twelve minutes in which to take our about one hundred empty sandbags. The rest, about two hundred in all, were equipped likewise: picks, shovels, sandbags, rifles and ammunition.

The party moved out in column of fours, taking the road leading to the trenches. Several times we had to and their machine-gun and rifle fire ter was turned off. Some of the slower string out in the ditch to let long col- suddenly ceased.

Trench Digging.

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 vards 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.

The digging had been in progress

seemed to break loose in the form of

the shallow trench, bullets knocking up the ground and snapping in the air. Then shrapnel butted in. The music

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

Land. The covering party got away

Panting and out of breath, we tumbled into our front-line trench. I fore 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.

There were twenty in the party, myself included. Armed with picks, shovels and empty sandbags we arrived at the "ideal spot" and started digging. The moon was very bright, but we did not care as we were well

out of sight of the German lines. We had gotten about three feet down, when the fellow next to me, after a mighty stroke with his pick, let go of the handle, and pinched his nose

with his thumb and forefinger, at the same time letting out the explosion, "Gott strafe me pink, I'm bloody well gassed, not 'alf I ain't." I quickly turned in his direction with an inquiring look, at the same instant reaching for my gas bag. I soon found out what was ailing him. One whiff was enough and I lost no time in also pinching my nose. The stench was awful. The rest of the digging party dropped their picks and shovels and beat it for the weather side of that solitary pick. The officer came over and inquired why the work had suddenly ceased, holding our noses, we simply pointed in the direction of the smell. He went over to the pick, immediately clapped his hand over his nose, made an "about turn" and came back. Just then our captain came along and investigated, but

after about a minute said we had better carry on with the digging, that he did not see why we should have

stopped as the odor was very faint, but if necessary he would allow us our gas helmets while digging. He would stay and see the thing through, but he had to report back to brigade headquarters immediately. We wished that we were captains and also had a date at brigade headquarters. With our gas helmets on we again attacked that hole and uncovered the decomposed body of a German; the pick was sticking in his chest. One of the men fainted. I was that one. Upon this our lieutenant halted proceedings and sent word back to headquarters and word came back that after we filled in the hole we could knock off for the night. This was welcome tidings to us, because-

Next day the general changed the dot on his map and another emplacement was completed the following night.

The odor from the dug-up, decom posed human body has an effect which is hard to describe. It first produces a nauseating feeling, which, especially after eating, causes vomiting. This relieves you temporarily, but soon a weakening sensation follows, which leaves you limp as a dishrag. Your spirits are at their lowest ebb and you listen." feel a sort of hopelessness and a mad

Every few minutes a bullet would crack overhead or a machine gun would traverse back and forth.

Then all firing suddenly ceased. 1 whispered to Wheeler, "Keep your eye skinned, mate; most likely Fritz has a patrol out-that's why the Boches have stopped firing."

We were each armed with a rifle and bayonet and three Mills bombs to be used for defense only.

I had my ear to the ground. All of a sudden I heard faint, dull thuds. In a low but excited voice I whispered to Wheeler, "I think they are mining,

(Continued next week).

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.

about two hours, when suddenly hell machine-gun and rifle fire.

We dropped down on our bellies in

was hot and Tommy danced.

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

to a poor start but beat us in. They must have had wings because we lowered the record.

Our artillery put a barrage on Fritz' front-line and communication trenches