

er. On this stretcher a German was

lying with a white bandage around his

knee, near to him lay one of the

stretcher-bearers, the red cross on his

arm covered with mud and his helme

been killed by the same shell-burst.

In our case this proved to be so.

it was worth your life to expose your-

entrances choked.

self an instant.

track of them,

his shovel.

overlook.

the dead.

movement.

by the excessive vibration.

the last the stench was fierce.

He had cut it off with our chain saw

out of the spare parts' box, and had

plastered the stump over with mud.

sation with this officer, used to argue

and point out why Germany was in the

wrong. During all of this monologue

I never heard him say anything out of

the way-anything that would have

hurt the officer's feelings had he been

alive. He was square all right;

wouldn't even take advantage of a

To civilians this must seem dread-

ful, but cut here one gets so used to

awful sights that it makes no impres-

sion. In passing a butcher shop you

are not shocked by seeing a dead tur-

key hanging from a hook. Well, in'

France, a dead body is looked upon

But, nevertheless, when our six days

were up, we were tickled to death to

Our machine gun company lost

seventeen killed and thirty-one wound-

ed in that little local affair of:

"straightening the line," while the

other companies clicked it worse than

After the attack we went into re-

serve billets for six days, and on the

seventh once again we were in rest bil-

dead man in an argument.

from the same angle.

be relieved.

we did.

lets.

suddenly lost a chum.

about among the dead.

the work is to hold it.

knocked about, big square-cut timbers

(Continued from last week.)

It came in five hours, a string of eleven match boxes on big, high wheels, drawn by a dinky little engine with the "con." These match boxes vere cattle cars, on the sides of which was painted the old familiar sign, 'Hommes 40, Chevaux 8."

The R. T. O. stuck us all into one ear. We didn't care; it was as good as a Pullman to us.

Two days we spent on that train, jumping, stopping, jerking ahead, and cometimes sliding back. At three staions we stopped long enough to make some tea, but were unable to wash, so when we arrived at B----, where we were to embark for Blighty, we were is black as Turcos and, with our unshaven faces, we looked like a lot of ramps. Though tired out, we were lappy.

We had packed up, preparatory to letraining, when a R. T. O. held up his: hand for us to stop where we were and came over. This is what he said:



Dead Bodies Everywhere.

CHAPTER XXII.

Punishments and Machine-Gun Stunts. Soon after my arrival in France; in fact, from my enlistment, I had found very strict. One has to be very careful in order to stay on the narrow path

of government virtue. There are about seven million ways

of breaking the king's regulations; to keep one you have to break another. The worst punishment is death by a firing squad, or "up against the wall," as Tommy calls it.

This is for desertion, cowardice, mutiny, giving information to the enemy, looting, rape, robbing the dead, forcing a safeguard, striking a superior, etc.

Then comes the punishment of sixtyfour days in the front-line trench without relief. During this time you have to engage in all raids, working[®]parties in No Man's Land, and every hazardous undertaking that comes along. If you live through the sixty-four days you are indeed lucky.

This punishment is awarded where there is a doubt as to the willful guilt of a man who has committed an offence punishable by death.

filled with blood and brains. Close by, Then comes the famous field punsitting up against the wall of the ishment No. 1. Tommy has nicknamed trench, with head resting on his chest, it "crucifixion." It means that a man was the other stretcher-bearer. He is spread-eagled on a limber wheel. seemed to be alive, the posture was so two hours a day for twenty-one days. natural and easy; but when I got During this time he only gets water, closer I could see a large, jagged hole bully beef and biscuits for his chow. in his temple. The three must have You get "crucified" for repeated minor The dugouts were all smashed in and offenses

Next in order is field punishment splintered into bits, walls caved in and No. 2.

This is confinement in the "clink," Tommy, after taking a trench, learns without blankets, getting water, bully to his sorrow that the hardest part of beef and biscuits for rations and doing all the dirty work that can be found. This may be for twenty-four hours or twenty days, according to the gravity The German artillery and machine of the offense.

guns had us taped (ranged) for fair; Then comes "pack drill" or defaulters' parade. This consists of drilling, Don't think for a minute that the mostly at the double, for two hours with full equipment. Tommy hates Germans were the only sufferers; we were clicking casualties so fast that this, because it is hard work. Someyou needed an adding machine to keep 'times he fills his pack with straw to lighten it, and sometimes he gets caught. If he gets caught, he grouses Did you ever see one of the steam shovels at work on the Panama canal? at everything in general for twentyone days, from the vantage point of a Well, it would look like a hen scratch-

ing alongside of a Tommy "digging in" limber wheel. Next comes "C. B." meaning "conwhile under fire. You couldn't see dayfined to barracks." This consists of light through the clouds of dirt from staying in billets or barracks for twen-After losing three out of six men of ty-four hours to seven days. You also our crew we managed to set up our get an occasional defaulters' parade machine gun. One of the legs of the and dirty jobs around the quarters. The sergeant major keeps what is tripod was resting on the chest of a firing, it gave the impression that the man commits an offense, he is

body was breathing. This was caused "crimed," that is, his name, number and offense is entered on the crime Three or four feet down the trench, sheet. Next day at 9 a. m. he goes to about three feet from the ground, a the "orderly room" before the captain, foot was protruding from the earth. who either punishes him with "C. B." We knew it was a German by the black or sends him before the O. C. (officer leather boot. One of our crew used commanding battalion). The captain that foot to hang extra bandoliers of of the company can only award "C. B." ammunition on. This man always was Tommy many a time has thanked a handy fellow; made use of little the king for making that provision in points that the ordinary person would his regulations.

To gain the title of a "smart soldier,"

two machine guns in trees, in a little clump of woods to the left of our cemetery, and while Fritz was in the middle of his lesson, would open up and trust to luck. By our calculations, it would that in the British army discipline is take at least a week to pull off the stunt.

> If Fritz refused to swallow our bait, it would be impossible to locate his special gun, and that's the one we were after, because they all sound alike, a slow pup-pup-pup.

Our prestige was hanging by a thread. In the battalion we had to endure all kinds of insults and fresh remarks as to our ability in silencing Fritz. Even to the battalion that German gun was a sore spot.

Next day, Fritz opened up as usual. I let him fire away for a while and rifle, when he called out to me: then butted in with my "pup-pup-pupup-pup-pup." I kept this up quite a while, used two belts of ammunition. Fritz had stopped firing to listen. Then he started in; sure enough, he had fallen for our game, his gun was trying to imitate mine, but, at first he made a horrible mess of that tune. Again I butted in with a few bars and stopped.

Then he tried to copy what I had played. He was a good sport all right, because his bullets were going away over our heads, must have been firing into the air. I commenced to feel

friendly toward him. This duet went on for five days. Fritz was a good pupil and learned rapidly, in fact, got better than his téacher. I commenced to feel jealous. When he had completely mastered the tune, he started sweeping the road again and we clicked it worse than ever. But he signed his death warrant by doing so, because my friendship turned to hate. Every time he fired he

The boys in the battalion gave us the "Ha! Ha!" They weren't in on our little frameup. The originator of the ruse and the other two gunners had Fritz's location taped to the minute; they mounted

the grand finale.

opening up together, their bullets would suddenly drop on Fritz fike a hailstorm.

About three the next day, Fritz started "pup-pupping" that tune. I blew a sharp blast on a whistle, it was the signal agreed upon; we turned loose and Fritz's gun suddenly stopped in the middle of a bar. We had cooked his goose, and our ruse had worked. After half-buried body. When the gun was known as the crime sheet. When a firing two belts each, to make sure of our job, we hurriedly dismounted our guns and took cover in the dugout. We knew what to expect soon. We didn't have to wait long, three salvos of "whizz-bangs" came over from Fritz's artillery, a further confirmation that we had sent that musical machine-gunner on his Westward-bound journey. That gun never bothered us again. We were the heroes of the battalion, our captain congratulated us, said it

was a neat piece of work, and, consequently, we were all puffed up over the

down the line in reference to the machine gunners being "windy" and afraid to take their medicine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gas Attacks and Spies. Three days after we had silence? Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas. We had a new man at the periscope,

on this afternoon in question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front, it's coming-'

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, gongs started ringing down the trench, the signal for Tommy to don his respirator, or smoke helmet, as we call it.

Gas travels quickly, so you must not about eighteen or twenty seconds in which to adjust your gas helmet.

A gas helmet is made of cloth, treated with chemicals. There are two windows, or glass eyes, in it, through which you can see. Inside there is a rubbercovered tube, which goes in the mouth. You breathe through your nose; the gas, passing through the cloth helmet, is neutralized by the action of the chemicals. The foul air is exhaled through the tube in the mouth, this tube being so constructed that it prevents the inhaling of the cutside air or gas. One helmet is good for five hours of the strongest gas. Each Tommy carries two of them slung around his shoulder in a waterproof canvas bag. He must wear this bag at all times, even while sleeping. To change a defective helmet, you take out the new one, hold your breath, pull the old one off, placing the new one over your head, tucking in the loose ends under the collar of your tunic.

For a minute, pandemonium reigned in our trench-Tommies adjusting their helmets, bombers running here and there, and men turning out of the dugouts with fixed bayonets, to man the fire step.

Re-enforcements were pouring out of the communication trenches. Our gun's crew were busy mounting

the machine gun on the parapet and bringing up extra ammunition from the dugout. German gas is heavier than air and

soon fills the trenches and dugouts, where it has been known to lurk for two or three days, until the air is purified by means of large chemical spray-

one of the company's pets, was lying

Our artillery had put a barrage of

bursting over their heads. They went

previously been demolished by their

I was awakened by one of my mates

emoving my smoke helmet. How de-

licious that cool, fresh air felt in my

dead, with his paws over his nose.

We had to work quickly, as Fritz generally follows the gas with an inbase fantry attack.

had been driven out by counter-attacks. The trench was filled with their dead and ours. Through a periscope I counted eighteen dead Germans in our wire; they were a ghastly sight in their horrible-looking respirators.

I examined my first smoke helmet. A bullet had gone through it on the left side, just grazing my ear. The gas had penetrated through the hole made in the cloth.

Out of our crew of six we lost two killed and two wounded.

That night we buried all of the dead. excepting those in No Man's Land. In death there is not much distinction; friend and foe are treated alike.

After the wind had dispersed the gas the R. A. M. C. got busy with their chemical sprayers, spraying out the dugouts and low parts of the trenches to dissipate any fumes of the German gas which may have been lurking in same.

Two days after the gas attack I was sent to division headquarters, in answer to an order requesting that captains of units should detail a man whom they thought capable of passing an examination for the divisional intelligence department.

Before leaving for this assignment I went along the front-line trench savlose any time; you generally have ing good-by to my mates and lording it over them, telling them that I had



A Gas Helmet.

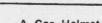
clicked a cushy job behind the lines, and how sorry I felt that they had to stay in the front line and argue out the war with Fritz. They were envious but still good-natured, and as I left the trench to go to the rear they shouted after me:

"Good luck, Yank, old boy; don't forget to send up a few fags to your old mates."

I promised to do this and left. I reported at headquarters with sixteen others and passed the required examination. Out of the sixteen applicants four were selected.

I was highly elated because I was, I thought, in for a cushy job back at the

The next morning the four reported to division headquarters for





played that tune and we danced.

their two guns, and also gave me the

range. The next afternoon was set for Our three guns, with different elevations, had their fire so arranged, that,

A company man on our right was

"Boys, I'm sorry, but orders have just; been received cancelling all leave. If you had been three hours earlier you would have gotten away. Just stay inthat train, as it is going back. Rations. will be issued to you for your return journey to your respective stations. Beastly rotten, I know." Then he left. A dead silence resulted. Then men started to curse, threw their rifles on the floor of the car; others said nothing, seemed to be stupefied, while some had the tears running down their cheeks. It was a bitter disappointment to all.

How we blinded at the engineer of. that train; it was all his fault (so we reasoned); why hadn't he speeded up a little or been on time, then we would have gotten off before the order arrived? Now it was no Blighty for us. That return journey was misery to

us; I just can't describe it. When we got back to rest billets, we

found that our brigade was in the trenches (another agreeable surprise) and that an attack was contemplated. Seventeen of the forty-one will never get another chance to go on leave: they were killed in the attack. Just

think if that train had been on time,

those seventeen would still be alive. I hate to tell you how I was kidded by the boys when I got back, but it was good and plenty.

Our machine gun company took over their part of the line at seven o'clock, the night after I returned from my near leave.

At 3:30 the following morning three waves went over and captured the first and second German trenches. The machine gunners went over with the fourth wave to consolidate the captured line or "dig in," as Tommy calls St.

Crossing No Man's Land without clicking any casualties, we came to the German trench and mounted our guns on the parados of same.

I never saw such a mess in my life -bunches of twisted barbed wire lying about, shell holes everywhere, trench all bashed in, parapets gone, and dead bodies, why, that ditch was full of them, theirs and ours. It was a regular morgue. Some were mangled horribly from our shell fire, while others were wholly or partly buried in the mud, the result of shell explosions caving in the walls of the trench. One dead German was lying on his back, with a rifle sticking straight up in the air, the bayonet of which was buried to the hilt in his chest. Across his feet lay a dead English soldier with a bullet hole in his forehead. This Tommy must have been killed just as he ran his bayonet through the German.

Rifles and equipment were scattered about, and occasionally a steel helmet could be seen sticking out of the mud. At one point, just in the entrance to a communication trench, was a stretch-

The Germans made three counter-Tommy has to keep clear of the crime attacks, which we repulsed, but not sheet, and you have to be darned smart without heavy loss on our side. They to do it.

also suffered severely from our shell I have been on it a few times, mostand machine-gun fire. The ground was ly for "Yankee impudence." spotted with their dead and dying. During our stay of two weeks in

The next day things were somewhat rest billets our captain put us through a course of machine-gun drills, trying quieter, but not quiet enough to bury out new stunts and theories.

We lived, ate and slept in that trench After parades were over, our guns' with the unburied dead for six days, crews got together and also tried out It was awful to watch their faces besome theories of their own in reference come swollen and discolored. Towards to handling guns. These courses had nothing to do with the advancement of What got on my nerves the most was the war, consisted mostly of causing

that foot sticking out of the dirt. It tricky jams in the gun, and then the rest of the crew would endeavor to loseemed to me, at night, in the moonlight, to be trying to twist around. cate as quickly as possible the cause Several times this impression was so of the stoppage. This amused them strong that I went to it and grasped it for a few days and then things came to in both hands, to see if I could feel a a standstill.

One of the boys on my gun claimed that he could play a tune while the I told this to the man who had used it for a hatrack just before I lay down gun was actually firing, and demonstrated this fact one day on the target for a little nap, as things were quiet, and I needed a rest pretty badly. range. We were very enthusiastic and decided to become musicians When I woke up the foot was gone.

After constant practice I became

Conductors Have Big Feet." During the next two or three days, When I had mastered this tune, our two weeks' rest came to an end, and before we were relieved. I missed that foot dreadfully; seemed as if I had once again we went up the line and took over the sector in front of G-I think the worst thing of all was to wood.

watch the rats, at night, and some-At this point the German trenches times in the day, run over and play ran around the base of a hill, on the top of which was a dense wood. This wood was infested with machine guns, Near our gun, right across the parawhich used to traverse our lines at pet, could be seen the body of a Gerwill, and sweep the streets of a little man lieutenant, the head and arms of which were hanging into our trench. village, where we were billeted while The man who had cut off the foot used in reserve. to sit and carry on a one-sided conver-

There was one gun in particular. which used to get our goats, it had the entrance, and every morning, about the time rations were being brought up, its bullets would knock up the dust on the road; more than one Tommy went West or to Blighty by running into them.

This gun got our nerves on edge, and Fritz seemed to know it, because

he never gave us an hour's rest. Our reputation as machine gunners was at stake; we tried various ruses to locate and put this gun out of action, but each one proved to be a failure, and Fritz became a worse nuisance than ever. He was getting fresher and more careless every day, took all kinds of liberties with us-thought he was invincible.

Then one of our crew got a brilliant idea and we were all enthusiastic to put it to the test.

Here was his scheme:

When firing my gun, I was to play my tune, and Fritz, no doubt, would fall for it, try to imitate me as an added insult. This gunner and two others would try, by the sound, to locate Fritz and his gun. After having got the location, they would mount

stunt. There are several ways Tommy uses to disguise the location of his machine gun and get his range. Some of the

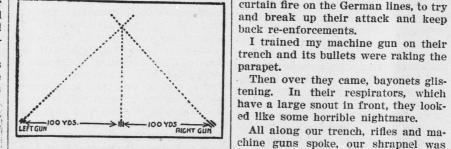
most commonly used stunts are as follows: At night, when he mounts his gun over the top of his trench and wants to get the range of Fritz's trench he adopts the method of what he terms

It's the animals that suffer the most -the horses, mules, cattle, dogs, cats "getting the sparks." This consists of firing bursts from his gun until the and rats-they having no helmets to save them. Tommy does not sympabullets hit the German barbed wire. thize with rats in a gas attack. He can tell when they are cutting the At times gas has been known to wire, because a bullet when it hits a wire throws out a blue electric spark. travel, with dire results, fifteen miles Machine-gun fire is very damaging to behind the lines. wire and causes many a wiring party A gas, or smoke helmet, as it is called, at the best is a vile-smelling to go out at night when it is quiet to thing, and it is not long before one gets repair the damage.

To disguise the flare of his gun at a violent headache from wearing it. night when firing, Tommy uses what is Our eighteen-pounders were bursting in No Man's Land, in an effort, by called a flare protector. This is a stovethe artillery, to disperse the gas pipe arrangement which fits over the barrel casing of the gun and screens clouds. the sparks from the right and left, but The fire step was lined with crouchnot from the front. So Tommy, always ing men, bayonets fixed, and bombs near at hand to repel the expected at-

tack.

resourceful, adopts this scheme: About quite expert in the tune entitled "All | three feet or less in front of the gun he



Showing How Fritz is Fooled.

drives two stakes into the ground, exact range of our "elephant" dugout about five feet apart. Across these stakes he stretches a curtain made out of empty sandbags ripped open. He soaks this curtain in water and fires through it. The water prevents it catching fire and effectively screens the flare of the firing gun from the enemy.

> Sound is a valuable asset in locating machine gun, but Tommy surmounts this obstacle by placing two machine guns about one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards apart. The gun on the right to cover with its fire the sector of the left gun and the gun on floating in the air. The noise was horthe left to cover that of the right rible; I sank onto the fire step, needles gun. This makes their fire cross; they seemed to be pricking my flesh, then blackness.

By this method it sounds like one gun firing and gives the Germans the impression that the gun is firing from a point midway between the guns which are actually firing, and they ac-

"Fritz is a brainy boy, not 'alf he ain't."

But the men in our lines at the spot being shelled curse Fritz for his ignorance and pass a few pert remarks

too slow in getting on his helmet; he tions. Two of the men were sent to sank to the ground, clutching at his large towns in the rear of the lines. throat, and after a few spasmodic with an easy job. When it came our twistings went West (died). It was | turn the officer told us we were good horrible to see him die, but we were omen and had passed a very creditable powerless to help him. In the corner examination. of a traverse, a little, muddy cur dog.

My tin hat began to get too small, for me, and I noted that the other man. Atwell by name, was sticking his chest out more than usual.

The officer continued: "I think I can use you two men to great advantage in the front line. Here are your orders and instructions, also the pass which gives you full authority as special M. P. detailed on intelligence work. Report at the front line according to your instructions. It is risky work and I

wish you both the best of luck." My heart dropped to zero and Atwell's face was a study. We saluted and left.

That wishing us the "best of luck" sounded very ominous in our ears; if he had said "I wish you both a swift and painless death" it would have been more to the point.

When we had read our instructions we knew we were in for it good and plenty.

What Atwell said is not fit for publication, but I strongly seconded his opinion of the war, army and divisional headquarters in general.

After a bit our spirits rose. We were full-fledged spy-catchers, because our instructions and orders, said so.

We immediately reported to the nearest French estaminet and had several glasses of muddy water, which they called beer. After drinking our beer we left the estaminet and hailed an empty ambulance.

down in heaps, but new ones took the After showing the driver our passes places of the fallen. Nothing could we got in. The driver was going to the stop-that mad rush. The Germans part of the line where we had to rereached our barbed wire, which had port.

How the wounded ever survived a ride in that ambulance was inexplicable to me. It was worse than riding on a gun carriage over a rock road.

(Continued next week).

Tickled Their Competitors.

Wall Street Journal-"For the year 1917 the company's morality was the lowest in its history." The victim of this typographical error was the New York insurance company, whose president, directing the Journal's attention to the omission of the "t," says with the greatest good humor: "Gadzook! Don't call it an accident. Our competitors will call it genius."

-Women bank clerks virtually have replaced men in Germany from the early days of the war, but the first case of an embezzling woman bank clerk has just occurred in Berlin. The accused girl, Rosa Neumann, was convicted of stealing \$6,000 in Russian securities from the Dresdner Bank and was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment. She stated during the trial that the had spent all of the progained a foothold in our trench, but 'ceeds on food and theatre tickets.

shells, then it was bomb against bomb, and the devil for all. Suddenly my head seemed to burst from a loud "crack" in my ear. Then my head began to swim, throat got dry, and a heavy pressure on the lungs warned me that my helmet was leaking. Turning by gun over to No. 2, I changed helmets. The trench started to wind like a snake, and sandbags appeared to be

are fired simultaneously.

A strong wind had arisen and dis cordingly shell that particular spot. The machine gunners chuckle and say.

ersed the gas. They told me that I had been "out"

or three hours; they thought I was dead. The attack had been repulsed after a hard fight. Twice the Germans had

lungs.