MACHINE GUNNER SERVING IN FRANCE

© 1917 BY (Continued from last week.)

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded-a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew-their ammunition was exhausted.

But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Rushing over to the gun he saw why it had not opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had decreed they would never fire

Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machinegun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. Anyway he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumbled over the body of one of the gunners, who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed them again and, in a faint voice, said:

"Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around The words cut Lloyd like a knife,

but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied:

"Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D. but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!" A sunny smile came over the coun-

tenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper:

"Good old boy! I knew you wouldn't

disgrace our company-

Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake. if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that d-d gun!"

As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, singsong voice: "Insert tag end of belt in feedblock, with left hand pull belt left' front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle-'

But Lloyd waited for no more. With wild joy at his heart, he took a belt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dving man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working.

Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went

down. Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover. of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had

bit." Releasing the thumbpiece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "3:38." "Ping!"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the

gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead.

"The sentence of the court had been "duly carried out."

The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverently covering the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncoms" and, in a voice husky with emotions, addressed them:

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero-died that his mates might

live." That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery.

two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blighter who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short."

The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Preparing for the Big Push. Rejoining Atwell after the execution I had a hard time trying to keep my secret from him. I think Lamust have lost at least ten pounds worrying over the affair.

Beginning at seven in the evening it was our duty to patrol all communication and front-line trenches, making note of unusual occurrences, and arresting anyone who should, to us, appear to be acting in a suspicious manner. We slept during the day.

Behind the lines there was great activity, supplies and ammunition pouring in, and long columns of troops constantly passing. We were preparing for the big offensive, the forerunner of the battle of the Somme or "Big Push."

The never-ending stream of men, supplies, ammunition and guns pouring into the front lines made a mighty spectacle, one that cannot be described. It has to be witnessed with your own eyes to appreciate its vast-

At our part of the line the influx of supplies never ended. It looked like a huge snake slowly crawling forward, never a hitch or break, a wonderful tribute to the system and efficiency of Great Britain's "contemptible little army" of five millions of men.

Huge fifteen inch guns snaked along foot by foot, by powerful steam tracttors. Then a long line of "four point five" batteries, each gun drawn by six horses, then a couple of "nine point two" howitzers pulled by immense caterpillar engines.

When one of these caterpillars would pass me with its mighty monster in tow, a flush of pride would mount to my face, because I could plainly read on the name plate, "Made in U. S. A.." and I would remember that if I wore a name plate it would also read. "From the U.S. A." Then I would stop to think how thin and straggly that mighty stream would be if all the "Made in U. S. A." parts of it were withdrawn.

Then would come hundreds of limbers and "G. S." wagons drawn by sieek, well-fed mules, ridden by sleek. well-fed men, ever smiling, although grimy with sweat and covered with the fine, white dust of the marvelously well-made French roads.

What a discouraging report the German airmen must have taken back to their division commanders, and this stream is slowly but surely getting bigger and bigger every day, and the pace is always the same. No slower, no faster, but ever onward, ever forward.

Three weeks before the big push of July 1—as the battle of the Somme has been called-started, exact duplicates of the German trenches were dug about thirty kilos behind our lines. The layout of the trenches was taken from airplane photographs submitted by the Royal flying corps. The trenches were correct to the foot; they showed dugouts, saps, barbed wire defenses and danger spots.

Battalions that were to go over in the first waves were sent back for three days to study these trenches, engage in practice attacks and have night maneuvers. Each man was required to make a map of the trenches and familiarize himself with the names and location of the parts his battalion was

to attack. In the American army noncommissioned officers are put through a course. of map making or road sketching, and during my six years' service in the United States cavalry I had plenty of practice in this work, therefore mapping these trenches was a comparatively easy task for me. Each man had to submit his map to the company commander to be passed upon, and I was lucky enough to have mine selected as being sufficiently authentic to use

in the attack. No photographs or maps are allowed to leave France, but in this case it appealed to me as a valuable souvenir of the great war and I managed to smuggle it through. At this time it carries no military importance as the British lines, I am happy to say, have since In the front a stretcher was carried by been advanced beyond this point, so

in having it in my possession I am not breaking any regulation or cautions

of the British army. The whole attack was rehearsed and rehearsed until we hearthy cursed the one who had conceived the idea.

The trenches were named according to a system which made it very simple for Tommy to find, even in the dark, any point in the German lines.

These imitation trenches, or trench models, were well guarded from observation by numerous allied planes which constantly circled above them. No German airplane could approach within observation distance. A restricted area was maintained and no civilian was allowed within three miles, so we felt sure that we had a great surprise in store for Fritz.

When we took over the front line we received an awful shock. The Germans displayed signboards over the top of their trench showing the names that we had called their trenches. The signs read "Fair," "Fact," "Fate," and "Fancy," and so

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

All Quiet (?) on the Western Front At brigade headquarters I happened o overhear a conversation between our G. O. C. (general officer commanding) and the divisional commander. From this conversation I learned that we were to bombard the German lines for eight days, and on the first of July the

"big push" was to commence. In a few days orders were issued to that effect, and it was common prop-

erty all along the line. fags and making out our reports of the previous night's tour of the trenches, which we had to turn in to headquargo over on a trench raid that night to try and get a few German prisoners for information purposes. I immediately volunteered for this job. and shook



Over the Top in a Charge.

on, according to the code names on hands with Atwell, and went to the our map. Then to rub it in, they hoisted some more signs which read, charge of the raiding party. "Come on, we are ready, stupid Eng-I was accepted, worse luck.

lish." It is still a mystery to me how they, obtained this knowledge. There had Instructions from Old Pepper. been no raids or prisoners taken, so it must have been the work of spies

in our own lines. Three or four days before the big push we tried to shatter Fritz's nerves by feint attacks, and partially succeeded as the official reports of July

1 show. Although we were constantly bombarding their lines day and night, still we fooled the Germans several times. This was accomplished by throwing an intense barrage into his linesthen using smoke shells we would put a curtain of white smoke across No Man's Land, completely obstructing his view of our trenches, and would raise our curtain of fire as if in an actual attack. All down our trenches the men would shout and cheer, and Fritz would-turn loose with machine-gun, rifle, and shrapnel fire, thinking we were com-

ing over. After three or four of these dummy attacks his nerves must have been near the breaking point.

On June 24, 1916, at 9:40 in the morning our guns opened up, and hell was let loose. The din was terrific, a constant boom-boom-boom in your ear.

At night the sky was a red glare. Our bombardment had lasted about two hours when Fritz started replying. Although we were sending over ten shells to his one, our casualties were heavy. There was a constant stream of stretchers coming out of the communication trenches and burial

parties were a common sight. In the dugouts the noise of the guns almost hurt. You had the same sensation as when riding on the subway you enter the tube under the river going to Brooklyn—a sort of pressure on the ear drums, and the ground constantly trembling.

The roads behind the trenches were very dangerous because Boche shrapnel was constantly bursting over them. We avoided these dangerous spots by crossing through open fields.

The destruction in the German lines was awful and I really felt sorry for them because I realized how they must be clicking it.

From our front-line trench, every now and again, we could hear sharp whistle blasts in the German trenches. These blasts were the signals for stretcher bearers, and meant the wounding or killing of some German in the service of his fatherland.

night, but after awhile got used to it.

My old outfit, the machine gun comhind the front-line trench—they were to be jolly, still, there was a lurking case of emergency." feeling of impending disaster. Each man was wondering, if, after the slogan, "Over the top with the best of luck," had been sounded, would he still be alive or would he be lying "somewhere in France." In an old dilapidated house, the walls of which were scarred with machine-gun bullets, No. 3 section of the machine gun company had its quarters. The company's cooks prefifth evening of the bombardment a ing it." German eight-inch shell registered a direct hit on the billet and wiped out ten men who were asleep in the supposedly bomb-proof cellar. They were buried the next day and I attended the funeral.

rear to give my name to the officers in

At 9:45 that night we reported to the brigade headquarters dugout to receive

After reaching this dugout we lined up in a semicircle around him, and he addressed us as follows:

"All I want you boys to do is to go ver to the German lines tonight, surprise them, secure a couple of prisoners, and return immediately. Our artillery has bombarded that section of the line for two days and personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied, so just get a couple of prisoners and return as quickly as possible."

The sergeant on my right, in an undertone, whispered to me:

"Say, Yank, how are we going to get a couple of prisoners if the old fool thinks 'personally that that part of the trench is unoccupied,'-sounds kind of fishy, doesn't it mate?"

I had a funny sinking sensation in my stomach, and my tin hat felt as if it weighed about a ton and my enthusiasm was melting away. Old Pepper must have heard the sergeant speak pecause he turned in his direction and in a thundering voice asked:

"What did you say?" The sergeant with a scarlet look on

his face and his knees trembling, smartly saluted and answered: "Nothing, sir." Old Pepper said:

"Well, don't say it so loudly the next Then Old Pepper continued:

"In this section of the German trenches there are two or three machine guns which our artillery, in the last two or three days, has been unable to tape. These guns command the sector where two of our communication trenches join the front line, and as the brigade is to go over the top tomorrow morning I want to capture two or three men from these guns' crews and from them I may be able to obtain valuable information as to the exact location of the guns, and our artillery' will therefore be able to demolish them before the attack, and thus prevent; our losing a lot of men while using tion. these communication trenches to bring

up re-enforcements." These were the instructions he gave

"Take off your identification disks, strip your uniforms of all numerals, insignia, etc., leave your papers with your captains, because I don't want the Boches to know what regiments are against them as this would be valuable Information to them in our attack to-Atwell and I had a tough time of it, morrow and I don't want any of you patrolling the different trenches at to be taken alive. What I want is two prisoners and if I get them I have a way which will make them divulge pany, was stationed in huge elephant all necessary information as to their dugouts about four hundred yards be- guns. You have your choice of two weapons-you may carry your 'perin reserve. Occasionally I would stop suaders' or your knuckle knives, and in their dugout and have a confab with each man will arm himself with four my former mates. Although we tried Mills bombs, these to be used only in,

## (Continued next week).

## His Discovery.

A professor of history met one of or in the world in general. class who had returned from fighting on the western front, and asked him if he had learned any particular lesson from the war.
"I have discovered," replied the young man, "that it is a great deal pared the meals in this billet. On the easier studying history than it is mak-

## Modus Operandi.

"I met your friend Spongely this

"How did he strike you?" "Said he'd left his change at home in his other trousers."

#### 101 GERMAN LIES.

Following is another installment of he 101 German lies run to earth by the St. Louis Republic and reprinted here for the benefit of "Watchman' readers:

LIE No. 50. Among the absurd rumors is one that the United States perts. proposes to confiscate money on deposit in banks.

(The absurdity of this statement is obvious on its face. This rumor is wholly without foundation, and probon the afternoon of the eighth day of Secretary McAdoo has issued a statepositors in banks).

LIE No. 51. From E. L., a St. Loumore because they were killed three as the red ones months ago.'

LIE No. 52. A reader at Christopher, Ill., tells The Republic that it is a common story thereabouts that money contributed to the Y. M. C. A. is not used for the benefit of soldiers, but is turned into a fund for the sun. For the southern tier of Pennsylva-

(There is no truth in the story, nat- pers and eggplants. urally. All money contributed to the and northern parts of the State it may Y. M. C. A.'s war fund is used in mak-

LIE No. 53. The Shelby county Chapter of the American Red Cross, located at Shelbina, Mo., says this report is circulated there: That socks which Red Cross workers knit for the soldiers are thrown aside as quickly as a hole appears in them; that soldiers are not permitted to wear mended hose.

(This is not a difficult story to answer, but the answer must not be misconstrued. Soldiers are not per-mitted to wear mended socks while they are on active tour of duty. It is readily understood that no man could hike any distance at all were he wearing mended socks. However, soldiers who receive socks from the Red Cross nurse them tenderly and make them last as long as they will possibly hold together. Never fear, Shelbina, that American soldiers waste anything given them).

North Newstead avenue, says he over- organism of previously infected crops. heard a conversation the other day in It is therefore important that soils which it was stated as a fact that an known to have produced diseased American transport had been sunk plants be avoided for planting these

(It is understood at once what the effect of such a story would be on a mother's mind—a mother whose son is overseas, or about to go. But there is no truth in the story at all. Secretary Baker is human, and would not reply to a letter in such a flippant manner. Relatives of all more what the spring and treated in the same way have failed to produce as good plants as those plowed in the fall.

Bordeaux mixture of the 4-4-50 formula applied as a dream to the second mediately notified. No effort of secrecy in a case of that kind.

LIE No. 55. From a St. Louis source comes this one: That a Ger-sociated with the influence of war upman doctor in the United States Ar- on all forms of endeavor, those who my at Camp Bowie, Tex., used spinal | want to set out shade trees, turn their meningitis serum instead of typhoid minds to trees which will produce serum, sending 1,400 men to the hospital, and that he was shot for it the

latter part of last week. this to say of the report: "It is the most absurd and one of the wildest stories I have yet heard)."

kill their officers.

cantonments while training and can-blue-stained with Bordeaux mixture not be permitted to handle firearms is not attractive. or ammunition, what will prevent them from doing the same thing when instruction)?

LIE No. 57. Esta York, Elkville, Jackson county, Ill., wants to know if there is any truth in the report that President Wilson will seize all hogs. For lawns, we may enlarge this list in the country, even those which far-mers raise to kill for home consump-peaches, quinces, which are desirable

aganda, nothing more).

LIE No. 58. A Benton, Ill., reader sends The Republic a clipping from his home town paper, which, under glaring headlines, devotes half a column to a story to the effect that Ger- and some parts of western Pennsylvaman prisoners are so well fed that nia face a serious situation due to the women living in the cities near by are up in arms because of waste and the winter. The wood froze to the trunks class of food served. He says this in many cases, while in virtually all particular story is a fair sample of cases buds and small twigs froze. the news this paper prints weekly, in a community of German folk.

(It is not denied by Washington ment is "dehorning." The frozen that German prisoners in America wood may be cut back as far as the damage extends, even to the trunks, no waste, and the women living near although in such extreme cases it is the camps are not up in arms because more practical to remove the injured which the Benton paper says is so apparent).

LIE No. 59. Propagandists are circulating a story that boys in the cantonments are not permitted to see home newspapers, so they cannot tell what is going on in their home towns

(Quite naturally, there is no truth in this story. The Republic is able to nail this lie. This paper circ lates nail this lie. This paper circ lates in cantonments and at traing camps).

# (Continued next week).

## Heard in a Store.

"When's it goin' to come off, Jen?"
"My weddin'? Oh, next month, if
Jim can get a week off frem his job.

Their sow the best cover-crop for the locality, preferably one of the clovers.

Unless the trees are cultivated they will put out a very short growth and I think he'll be able to; you see it ain't as if he were askin' for a vacation to have a good time."

I think he'll be able to; you see it most likely succumb the following winter. Do not cultivate after July 15.—Pennsylvania State College.

#### FARM NOTES.

-Gardening Hints for May .- This is the month in which the bulk of the garden produce is put in. Early cabbage, potatoes and cauliflower plants should all be set by this time. Some

Sweet corn and garden beans may be started soon after the first of the month, if the gardener is inclined to be venturesome. If the late frosts do not get these plantings, there will be extra early sweet corn and snap benas. The safe date is usually May our "strafeing," Atwell and I were sitting in the front-line trench smoking power to confiscate the money of desuccession

Through this month, small weekly plantings should be made of lettuce isian, comes word that he was listen- and radishes, in order to supply the ters the following day, when an order was passed down the trench that Old Pepper requested twenty volunteers to Pepper requested twenty volunteers to more herally earlier to supply the table with these relishes at their best. For the later plantings, use the white rather than the many than the was listening to a conversation the other day, when someone remarked: "You never hear of Morgan or Schwab any more herally earlier than the was listening to a conversation the other day, when someone remarked: "You never hear of Morgan or Schwab any more herally earlier to supply the table with these relishes at their best. For the later plantings, use the white rather than the was listening to a conversation the other day, when someone remarked: "You never hear of Morgan or Schwab any more herally earlier to supply the table with these relishes at their best. For the later plantings, use the white rather than the was listening to a conversation the other day, when someone remarked: "You never hear of Morgan or Schwab any more herally earlier to supply the table with these relishes at their best. They do not become so hot

The early beets, carrots, spinach (Morgan and Schwab are still and radishes started in the latter part transacting business at the old stand). of April should be thinned to stand

is not used for the benefit of soldiers, but is turned into a fund for the suppression of liquor making and saloons.

(There is no truth in the story not Y. M. C. A.'s war fund is used in making life more comfortable for the men at the front. If you want more proof of this, ask the first soldier you meet).

LIE No. 53. The Shelby county Chapter of the American Red Cross,

Chapter of the American Red Cross,

The disease known as "club root,"
"fingers-and-toes," and "club," attacks a large number of our cultivated and native plants that belong to the mustard family—especially cabbage. The estimated loss in Pennsylvania last year was five per cent. of the plants. It is quite as severe on cauliflower and Brussels sprouts and may do much damage to turnips and radishes.

The disease may be readily recognized in the advanced stages by the much enlarged and frequently knotty roots. The plants often become infected in the seedling stage before transplanting. It is therefore of great importance that seedlings be carefully scrutinized and those with root swellings destroyed by beligging destroyed by beligging to ings destroyed by boiling in hot water

or by burning. Plants may also become infected in LIE No. 54. B. Schwartz, 1330 the field from soil infested with the

and that the mother of a soldier aboard wrote to Secretary Baker and asked for information, that Secretary Baker replied: "Don't worry; your son is lying safely at the bottom of the sea."

Experiments conducted by The Pennsylvania State College department of botany and horticulture on limestone soil indicate that fall plowing followed by the application of lime in the spring will prevent the devel-

manner. Relatives of all men who mula applied as a drench to the soil lose their lives in the service are im- at the rate of 440 gallons an acre proved to be somewhat more effective

Lincoln Highway, or the country lane, (Col. F. P. Reynolds, Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C., had this to say of the country lane, or the lane to your front door, but the purpose of a shade tree and the limitations of all tations of all species of trees should be considered before giving up the cherished American elm for a cherry

LIE No. 56. Virgil A. Duff, of Pearl, Ill., classes this one, which he sent yesterday, as the "biggest lie of than that of lawn shade trees. The Our list of shade trees suitable for them all:" That drafted soldiers at ideals are different. On the lawn use the cantonments will not be permitted as many low-branched flower and arms or ammunition during their training because they would rebel and sired, bearing in mind that most fruit trees must be pruned and sprayed reg-(Duff wasn't far wrong about the ularly to produce fruit; that such size of this lie, but it is self-contradictory. If drafted men will rebel in their aesthetic value, and that foliage

We are thus limited to a very few species of orchard trees which might they have completed their course of be used sparingly as shade tree substitutes. They are for highway use the sweet cherries—subject to borers

For lawns, we may enlarge this list peaches, quinces, which are desirable bushes, crab-apples and apricots. As (By no means is there any truth in none of these are long-lived, dignified, the report. It is pure German prop-protective trees, handsome and inspiring in form and dignity, it is questionable how far the idea may be carried of substituting orchard trees for shade.

> -The peach growers of northern extreme low temperatures the past

Heroic measures are necessary to save trees so damaged. The best treat-

of either the food served or the waste which the Benton paper says is so apparent).

tree and plant a new one.

Where the injury extends only to the larger limbs, the dehorned trees will put out a heavy new growth and form a new head in a year. On this new wood there will be fruit-buds, so that in many cases the crop the following year is not much reduced. Dehorning should be done early in May, when the buds are beginning to push out. At that time the ends of the

> Intensive cultivation is essential after dehorning. Cultivate the ground thoroughly every ten or fifteen days so as to maintain a good dust mulch until July 15. Then sow the best cov-