

(Concluded from last week.) SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Introductory. Pat O'Brien tells of his purpose in writing the story of his adventures.

CHAPTER II—Tells of his enlistment in the Royal Flying corps, his training in Canada and his transfer to France for ac-

CHAPTER III-Describes fights in which he brought down two German airplanes and his final fight in which he was brought down wounded within the Ger-man lines and was made a prisoner of

CHAPTER IV—Discovers that German hospital staff barbarously neglected the fatally wounded and devoted their energies to restoring those who might be returned to the firing lines. Witnesses death in fight of his best chum. Lieut. Paul Rainey.

CHAPTER V—He is taken to the officers' prison camp at Courtrai. There he began planning his escape. By great sacrifice he manages to save and hide away two daily rations of bread.

I plugged wearily along and about 11 o'clock, after I had covered perhaps



"I Found Myself Right in Back Yard."

four miles, I sat down to rest for a moment on a shock of brush which was sheltered from the drizzle somewhat by other shocks which were stacked there. It was daylight when I awoke, and I found myself right in a German backyard. You can imagine that I lost no time in getting out of that neighborhood and I made up my mind right there and then that I would never give away to that "tired feeling"

In the daytime, in my hiding place, wherever it happened to be, I had plenty of opportunity to study my map, and before very long I knew it almost by heart. Unfortunately, however, it did not show all the rivers and canals which I encountered, and sometimes it fooled me completely.

It must have been about the ninth night that I crossed into Luxembourg, but though this principality is officially neutral, it offered me no safer a haven than Belgium would. The Huns have violated the neutrality of both, and discovery would have been followed by the same consequences as capture in Germany proper.

In the nine days I had covered perhaps seventy-five miles, and I was that much nearer liberty, but the lack of proper food, the constant wearing of wet clothes, and the loss of sleep and rest had reduced me to a very much weakened condition. I doubted very much whether I would be able to continue, but I plugged along.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nine Days in Luxembourg.

I was now heading northwest and I thought that by keeping that course I would get out of Luxembourg and into Belgium, where I expected to be a little better off, because the people of Luxembourg were practically the same as Germans.

One of the experiences I had in Luxembourg which I shall never forget occurred the first day that I spent there. I had traveled all night and I was feeling very weak. I came to a small wood with plenty of low underbrush, and picked out a thick clump of brushes which was not in line with any paths, crawled in and lay down

to spend the day. The sun could just reach me through an opening in the trees above and I took off all my clothes except my shirt and hung them on the bushes to dry in the sun. As the sun moved I moved the clothes around correspondingly, because tired as I was I could take only

That afternoon I awoke from one of these naps with a start. There were voices not a dozen feet from me! My first impulse was to jump to my feet and sell my life as dearly as I could.

but on second thought I decided to look before I leapt. Peeping through

up on my first impulse, for I was apparently quite safe as long as I lar where I was. It then occurred to me that if the tree upon which they were working should happen to fall in my direction it would crush me to death! It was tall enough to reach me and big enough to kill me if it landed in my direction and as I could only see the heads of the men who were chopping it down, I

the underbrush I could just discern two

men calmly chopping down a tree, and

conversing as they worked. I thanked

my lucky stars that I had not jumped

planned to have it fall. There was this much in my favor; the chances of the tree falling in just my direction were not very great and there was more than an even chance that the men would be wise enough to fell it so that it would not, because if it landed in the brushes the task of trimming the branches from the trunk would be so much harder.

was unable to tell which way they

But even without this feeling of security, there was really nothing else I could do but wait and see what fate had in store for me. I lay there watching the top of the tree for more than an hour. Time and time again I saw it sway and fancied it was coming my direction, and it was all I could do to keep my place, but a moment later I would hear the crash of the men's axes, and I knew that my imagination had played me a trick.

I was musing on the sorry plight I was in-weak, nearly starving to death, a refugee in a hostile country, and waiting patiently to see which way a tree was going to fall, when there came a loud crack, and I saw the top of the tree sway and fall almost opposite to the place where I lay! I had guessed right.

Later I heard some children's voices and again peering through the underbrush I saw that they had brought the men their lunch. You can't realize how I felt to see them eating their lunch so near at hand, and to know that, hungry as I was, I could have none of it. I was getting tempted to go boldly up to them and take a chance of getting a share, but I did not know whether they were Germans or not, and I had gone through too much to risk my liberty even for food. I swallowed my hunger instead.

Shortly afterwards it began to rain and about 4 o'clock the men left, I crawled out as fast as I could and scurried around looking for crumbs, but found none, and when darkness came I went on my way once more.

That night I came to a river and as it was the first time my clothes had been dry in a long time, I thought I would try to keep them that way as long as possible. I accordingly took off all my things and made them into two bundles, planning to carry one load across and then swim back for the other.

The river was quite wide, but I am a fairly good swimmer and I figured I could rest awhile after the first trip before going back for the second bundle.

The first swim was uneventful. When I landed on the other side I drank till my thirst was quenched and then swam back. After resting awhile I started across a third time, with my shoes and several other things firmly tied to my head. Just about ten feet from the opposite bank one of the shoes worked its way loose and sank in about eight feet of water. There was nothing to do but finish the trip and then go back and dive for the missing shoe, as I could not go on with a single shoe.

Diving in my weakened condition was a considerable strain, but I had to have that shoe and I kept at it for nearly an hour before I eventually found it, and I was pretty nearly all

in by that time. That was the last time I ever took my shoes off, for my feet were becoming so swollen that I figured if I took my shoes off I might not be able to get

them on again. This stunt of crossing the river and diving for the lost shoe had consumed about three hours, and after resting some fifteen minutes I went on my way again. I had gone nearly a mile when I came to another river, about the same size as the one I had just crossed. walked along the bank awhile, thinking I might be lucky enough to find a

boat or a bridge, but after walking about half an hour I received one of those disappointments which "come once in a lifetime." I found that this river was the one I had just swum! I had swum it on the bend and was still on the wrong side. Had I made only a short detour in the first place I would have avoided all the annoyance of the past three hours and saved my strength and time. I was never so

matter of fact, there was really no way of telling. The river was not

shown on the map at all. Now I had to cross it, whereas before I could have turned it. I walked boldly into the water, not bothering to take my clothes off this time, nor did I ever bother to take them off afterwards when swimming canals and rivers. I found it was impossible to keep them dry anyway, and so I might just as well swim in them and save time.

All the next day I spent in a forest, to which my night's travel had brought me about 5 o'clock in the morning. I kept on my way through the woods until daylight came, and then, thinking the place would afford fairly good concealment, I concluded to rest until

The prospects of even a good sleep were dismal, however, for about the time the sun's face should have appeared, a drizzling rain began and I gave up my search for a dry spot which would serve me as a bed. Some of the leaves were beginning to fall, but of course there was not enough of them to form a covering for the ground, and the dampness seemed to have penetrated everywhere.

I wandered around through the woods for two or three hours looking always had beaten me to it, as I never for shelter, but without any success, for, although the trees were large, the forest was not dense, and there was practically no brush or shrubbery. clear view for some distance, and I knew it would be unwise to drop off to sleep just any place, or someone would surely happen on to me.

Once I came very near to the ends of the woods and heard voices of men driving by in a wagon, but I couldn't make out just what they were, and instinct told me I had better not come out of the woods, so I turned back. Here and there small artificial ditches had been dug, which at a dry season might have cradled a weary fugitive, but now they, too, were filled with water. Once I singled out a good big might climb into it and go to sleep, but the longer I looked at it the more I realized that it would require more energy than I had in my present weak and exhausted condition, so didn't attempt that.

Finally I chose a spot that looked a bit drier than the rest, concluded to threw myself down for a nap. I was settled into a comfortable position and of Germany thrown in. doze off for a few minutes when, startled by some sound in the woods, I would suddenly awake.

was going. It ing which direction was just a case of taking a chance. I probably would have been better off if I had simply picked out a place and my ultimate chances of reaching the of it since my leap from the train.

So I left the woods and struck off in the direction which I thought was north. I hadn't been at all sure of my bearings the day before, and as it had rained the sun failed entirely to help me out, but I was almost sure I had the right direction and trusted to luck. That night I found more rivers, canals and swamps than I ever found in my life before, but I had the good fortune to stumble on to some celery, and after my diet of beets it surely was a treat. Perhaps it's unnecessary to add that I took on a good supply of celery and for days I went along chewing celery

like a cow would a cud. Along towards morning, when I supposed I had gotten in a fairly good lap of my journey-perhaps seven or eight miles-I began to recognize certain objects as familiar landmarks. At least, I thought I had seen them before and as I traveled along I knew positively I had seen certain objects very recently. Off at my right-not over a quarter of a mile—I noticed some fairly good sized woods and thought I would go over there to hide that day, because it looked as though the sun was going to shine and I hoped to get my clothes dry, and perhaps get a decent sleep. I had this celery and a large beet, so I knew I would be able to live the day

Finally I made my way over to the woods. It was still too dark in among the trees to do much in the way of selecting my quarters for the day and I could not go a step farther. So I waited on the edge of the forest until I entered Belgium, but that is more dawn and then set out to explore the place, with a view to finding some nook where I might sleep. Imagine my disgust, and discouragement, too, when an hour or so later I came upon the exact place where I had spent the day before, and I realized that all night long I had been circling the very woods I was trying to get away from. I think perhaps I had gone all of a quarter of a mile in the right direction, but then had lost

my bearings entirely, and daylight being followed. found me with nothing accomplished. The sun, however, did come out that

think that I had not paid more atten- night lost means a whole lot, especi- for me. I think I heard them once tion to the course of the stream be- ally when each day keeps him from or twice that day, and my heart nearly fore I undertook to cross it, but as a freedom. Such ill fortune and dis- stopped on each occasion, but evicouragements as this were harder to endure, I believe, than the actual hunger, and the accompanying worry molested. naturally reduced my weight. At times I was furiously angry with myself for was absolutely necessary for me to the mistakes I made and the foolish change my course, even at the exthings I did, but I always tried to see pense of going somewhat out of my something funny about the situation. whatever it might be, that relieved the strain of habit and helped to pass the time away. I think if a man is overburdened with a sense of humor night. I kept away from the reads took would be an excellent remedy for it. Right at this time I would have welcomed anything for a companion. I believe even a snake would have been a Godsend to me.

With a name as Irish as mine, it is only natural that I looked for goats along the way, thinking that I might be able to milk them. There are very few cows in this country, and the opportunities for milking them fewer than the cows themselves because they are housed in barns adjoining the homes and always alertly watched by their fortunate owners. I did hope that I might find a goat staked out some place in the fields, but in all my travels I never saw a goat or a pig, and only a few cows. Several times I searched nests for eggs, but somebody even found so much as a nest egg.

There was no chance of getting away with any "bullying" stuff in Luxembourg. I knew, because the young men Consequently one could get a fairly have not been forced into the army and are still at home, and as they are decidedly pro-German, it would have been pretty hard for me to demand anything in that part of the country. It was not like taking things away from old men and women or robbing people that could not stop me if they chose to do so. I thought at this time that I was suffering about the worst hardships any human being could ever be called upon to endure, but I was later to find that the best of my journey was made along about this time. There were plenty of vegetables, even though they were raw, and these were tree and large branches and thought I | much better than the things I was afterwards compelled to eat or go without.

We frequently hear of men who have lived for a certain number of days on their own resources in the woods just on a bet or to prove that the "backto-nature" theory still has the merits and will still work. My advice to some take a chance on being discovered and of those nature seekers is that if in the future they wish to make a real extremely nervous, though, throughout good record, try the little countries of that whole day, and would scarcely get | Luxembourg and Belgium with a slice

I suppose that during this experiand traveled many unnecessary miles After what seemed like a year or which one with a knowledge of woodmore, night finally came, and with a manship might have avoided and I "dud" sky, low-hanging clouds and still | failed to take advantage of many more rain. There was not a star in the things which would have been quite sky, of course, and that made it very apparent to one who knew. It must bad, because without the aid of the not be forgotten, however, that I did stars I had absolutely no way of know- not undertake this adventure voluntarily. It was "wished on me." I simply had to make the most of the knowledge I had.

At about this time blisters began to staved there until the weather im- appear on my legs and my knees proved, but naturally I was impatient swelled. In addition I was pretty well to be on my way when each day with- convinced that I had lost the sight of out food only lessened my strength and my left eye. I hadn't seen a thing out

When I imagine the villainous appearance I must have presented at this time-my unhealed wounds, eighteen days' growth of bcard and general haggard and unkept visage-I think the fear I felt about meeting strangers was perhaps unwarranted. The chances are they would have been in-

finitely more scared than I! As it was, I was nearly out of Luxembourg before I came face to face with anyone. It was about 6 o'clock in the morning and I was traveling along a regular path. Just as I was approaching a cross-path, I heard footsteps coming down it. I stopped short, stooped over and pretended to be adjusting my shoelace, figuring that if the stranger turned into my path he would probably pass right by me. As luck would have it, he continued on

his way and never noticed me at all. After that I frequently noticed groups of Luxembourg peasants in the distance but I usually saw them first and managed to avoid them.

On the eighteenth day after my leap from the train I crossed into Belgium. It had taken me just nine days to get through Luxembourg—a distance which a man could ordinarily cover in two, but considering the handicaps under which I labored I was very well satisfied with my progress.

CHAPTER IX.

I Enter Belgium. I have said it was about the

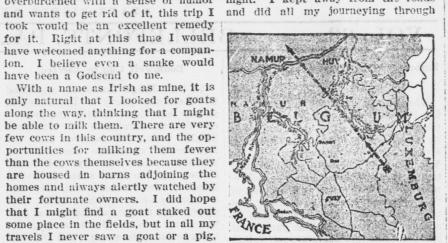
eighteenth day after my escape that or less guess work. I was possibly well into that country before I realized that I had crossed the line.

About the third day after I figured I was in Beigium I started to swim a canal just before daylight. I was then heading due north in the direction of the German lines. I was just about the wade into the canal when I heard a German yelling violently, and for the first time I knew I was

I ran up the bank of the canal quite a distance and then swam to the opday, and I welcomed its warm rays, posite side, as I reasoned they would as they, perhaps, have never been wel- not be looking for me there. I found comed before. I was very tired-just a sheltered clump of bushes that were about all in-but I spent a better day in a swamp near the canal and in the in the woods than the previous one, | driest part that I could find I crawled That night the stars came out; I in and made myself as comfortable located my friend, the North Star, and as possible. The sun come up soon tried to make up for lost time. But and kept me warm, and I planned to when one is making only seven or eight camp right there, food or no food, mad in my life at myself as I was to miles a day, or rather a night, one until the Hun got tired of searching

dently they decided to look in some other direction and I was not further

At the same time I figured that it way. I decided to go due west and I kept in that direction for four days. As I was in a very weak condition, I did not cover more than five miles a



Map Showing the Progress O'Brien Made in Passing Out of Luxembourg Into Belgium. The Heavy Dotted Line Shows the Course of That Part of His Journey Toward Holland.

fields, beet patches, woods, swampsanywhere provided I was not likely to be seen and captured. Food was an important consideration to me, but it was secondary to concealment.

At last I brought up at the Meuse river at a place between Namur and Huy, and it was here that I came nearest of all to giving up the struggle.

The Meuse at this point is about half a mile wide-as wide as the Hudson River at West Point. Had I been in normal condition I wouldn't have hesitated a moment to swim across. San Diego bay, California, is a mile and a half wide, and I had often swam across and back, and the San Jaoquin. which is also a mile and a half wide, had never proven an obstacle to me.

In the wretched shape in which 1 then was, however, the Meuse looked like the Atlantic ocean to me. I looked for a boat, but could find none. I tried to get a piece of wood upon which I hoped to ferry across, but I was equally unsuccessful.

Get across I must, and I decided there was nothing to do but to swim. It was then about 3 o'clock in the morning. I waded in and was soon in beyond my depth and had to swim. ence of mine I made many mistakes After about an hour of it I was very much exhausted, and I doubted whether I could make the opposite bank, although it was not more than thirty or forty feet away. I choked and gasped, and my arms and legs were completely fagged out. I sank a little and tried to touch bottom with my feet, but the water was still beyond my depth.

There are times when everyone will pray, and I was no exception. I prayed for strength to make those few wicked yards, and then, with all the will power I could summon, struck out for dear life. It seemed a lifetime before I finally felt the welcome mud of bottom and was able to drag myself up to the bank, but I got there. The bank was rather high and I was shaking so violently that when I took hold of the grass to pull myself up, the grass shook out of my hands. I could not retain my grip. I was afraid I would faint then and there, but I kept pulling and crawling frantically up that infernal bank and finally made it.

Then for the first time in my life fainted-fainted from utter exhaus-

It was now about 4 o'clock in the morning and I was entirely unprotected from observation. If anyone had come along I would have been found lying there dead to the world.

Possibly two hours passed before I regained consciousness, and then, no doubt, only because the rain was beating in my face.

I knew that I had to get away, as it was broad daylight. Moreover, there was a tow-path right there and any minute a boat might come along given of it:

"For all practical and find me. But it was equally dangerous for me to attempt to travel very far. Fortunately I found some shrubbery near by and I hid there all day, without food or drink.

That night I made a little headway, but when day broke I had a dreadful fever and was delirious. I talked to myself and thereby increased my chances of capture. In my lucid intervals when I realized that I had been talking, the thought sent a chill through me, because in the silent night even the slightest sound carries far across the Belgian country. I began to fear that another day of this would about finish me.

ridiculous conversation I carried on with an imaginary Pat O'Brien-a sort of duplicate of myself. I argued with him as I marched dreatly along and he answered me back in kind, and when we disagreed, I called upon my one constant friend, the North

Star, to stand by me. "There you are, you old North Star," I cried aloud. "You want me to get to Holland, don't you? But this Pat O'Brien—this Pat O'Brein who calls himself a soldier—he's got a yellow streak-North Star-and he says it can't be done! He wants me to quit -to lie down here for the Huns to find me and take me back to Courjust want to follow you-because you From -you are taking me away from the Lands," by Richard Newton, D. D.

Huns and this Pat O'Brien-this fellow who keeps after me all the time and leans on my neck and wants me to lie down-this yellow Pat O'Brein wants me to go back to the Huns!"

After a spell of foolish chatter like that my senses would come back to me for a while and I would trudge along without a word until the fever came on me again.

, I knew that I had to have food because I was about on my last legs. I was very much tempted to lie down then and there and call it a beat. Things seemed to be getting worse for



Kept Pulling and Crawling Up That Infernal Bank.

me the farther I went, and all the time I had before me the spectre of that electric barrier between Belgium and Holland, even if I ever reached there alive. What was the use of further suffering when I would probably be captured in the end anyway?

Before giving up, however, I decided upon one bold move. I would approach one of the houses in the vicinity and get food there or die in

the effort. I picked out a small house because I figured there would be less likelihood of soldiers being billeted there.

Then I wrapped a stone in my khaki handkerchief as a sort of camouflaged weapon, determined to kill the occupant of the house, German or Belgian, if that step was necessary in order to get food. I tried the well in the yard, but it would not work, and then I went up to the door and knocked.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. An old lady came to the window and looked out. She could not imagine what I was, probably, because I was still attifed in that old overcoat. She gave a cry and her husband and a

boy came to the door, They could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, but I pointed to my flying coat and then to the sky and said "Fleger" (flier), which I

thought would tell them what I was. Whether they understood or were intimidated by the hard-looking appearance, I don't know, but certainly it would have to be a brave old man and boy who would start an argument with such a villainous looking character as stood before them that night! I had not shaved for a month, my nothes were wet, torn and dirty, my leggings were gone—they had gotten so heavy I had to discard them-my hair was matted and my cheeks were flushed with fever. In my hand I carried the rock in my handkerchief and I made no effort to conceal its presence or its mission.

Continued next week) .

The Jordan.

The Jordan has nothing to make it specially attractive beyond the historical associations connected with it. But as the stream that is woven in so freely with the thread of the Bible narrative, it will always retain the place it has held so long in the estimation of christians who visit the Holy Land. It is the only river of any importance in all that part of the country which the Jews occupied. And yet there is a great deal of truth in the description which one has thus

purposes which a river is ordinarily applied, the Jordan is useless; so rapid, that its course is to a great extent a continued cataract; so crooked, that in the whole of its lower and main course it has hardly half a mile straight; so broken with rapids and other impediments, that no boat can float for more than the same distance continuously; so deep below the surface of the adjacent country, that it is invisible, and can only be approached with difficulty; resolutely refusing all communication with the ocean, and ending in a lake, the peculiar conditions of which render navigation impossiole." With all these characteristics, the Jordan, in any sense we attach to the word "river" is no river at all. I have a distinct recollection of a | Alike useless for irrigation and navigation, it is, in fact, what its Arabic name signifies, nothing but a "great watering place."

The plain of Jericho, owing to the

want of culture and the neglect of irrigation, has lost very greatly in its former fertility. We found the ride across, hot and uninteresting, and were not sorry when we reached the banks of the sacred stream, and got our first view of its rapidly flowing waters, which are invisible till that position is gained. The banks of the river are fringed with broad belts of tamarisk, oleander, and willow trees, among which reeds and underwood spring up so as to form impenetrable These offer secure dens for iungles. the wild boar and the leopard, and from these in former times, as the trai—after all you've done, North prophet says, "the lion would come up Star? I don't want to follow him—I from the swellings of Jordan."— Through "Rambles