Christmas in a Dugout

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Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

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It was Christmas eve, and cold; not the kind of cold which sends the red blood tingling through your veins and makes you want to be "up and at 'em," but that miserable damp kind that eats into the marrow of your bones, attacking you from the rear and sending cold shivers up and down your spinal column. It gives you a feeling of dread and loneliness.

The three of us, "Curly," "Happy," and myself, were standing at the corner of "Yankee avenue" and "Yiddish street," waiting for the word "Stand to," upon which we were to mount our machine gun on the parapet and go on watch for two hours with our heads sticking over the top.

"Yankee avenue" was the name of the fire trench, while "Yiddish street" was the communication trench leading to the rear. We were occupying "Y" sector of the front line of our brigade.

The trench was muddy, and in some places a thin crust of ice was beginning to form around the edges of the puddles.

We had wrapped our feet and legs with empty sand bags, and looked like snow shovelers on Fifth avenue. My teeth were chattering with the cold. Happy was slapping his hands on his thighs, while Curly had unbuttoned one of the buttons on his overcoat, and with his left hand was desperately trying to reach under his right armpit -no doubt a "cootie" had gone marketing for its Christmas dinner.

Then came the unwelcome "Stand to," and it was up on the firestep for us, to get our gun mounted. This took about five minutes.

Curly, while working away, was muttering; "Blime me, Christmas eve, and 'ere I am somewhere in France, 'alf starved with the cold."

Happy was humming "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Right then, to me, any kind of a home fire would have been very welcome.

It was black as pitch in No Man's land. Curly stopped muttering to himself and Happy's humming ceased. There was serious work in front of us. For two hours we had to try and nenetrate that blackness with our straining eyes to see that Fritz aid not surprise as with some Christmas stunt of his.

Suddenly, Happy, who was standing on the firestep next to me, gripped my arm, and in a low, excited whisper,

"Did you see that out in front, Yank,



"Did You See That Out in Front, Yank?"

a little to the right of that black patch in the barbed wire?"

Turning my eyes in the direction indicated, with my heart pounding against my ribs, I waited for something to develop.

Sure enough, I could make out a slight movement. Happy must have seen it at the same time, because he carefully eased his rifle over the top, ready for instant use. My rifle was already in position. Curly was fumbling with the flare pistol. Suddenly, "plop!" as he pulled the trigger, and a red streak shot up into the air as the starshell described an arc out in front; it hit the ground and burst, throwing out a white, ghostly light. A frightened "meouw," and a cat, with speed clutch open, darted from the wire in front of us, jumped over our gun and disappeared into the blackness of the trench. Curly ducked his head, and Happy let out a weak, squeaky laugh. I was frozen stiff with fear. Pretty soon the pump action of my heart was resumed, and once more I looked out into No Man's land.

For the remainder of our two hours | sergeant turned to me and said: on guard nothing happened. Then we

"turned over" to the second relief and, half frozen, wended our way through the icy mud to the entrance of our

dugout. From the depths of the earth came the notes of a harmonica playing "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile." Stumbling down the muddy steps we entered the dugout. About eight boys of our section, sitting on their packs, had formed a circle around a wooden box. In an old ammunition tin six candles were burning. I inwardly shuddered at this extravagance, but suddenly remembered that it was Christmas eve. "Sailor Bill" was making cocoa over the flames of a "Tommy's cooker," while "Ikey" Honney was toasting bread in front of a trench fire bucket, the fumes from which nearly choked us.

As soon as we made our appearance in the dugout the circle stood up, and, as is usual with the English, made room for us to get around the fire bucket to thaw out our stiffened joints. In about twenty minutes or so the cold of the trench was forgotten and we joined in the merriment. The musician put his harmonica away, and, bursting with importance, Sailor Bill addressed us:

"Gentlemen, it is now time for this ship's company to report progress as to what they have done for the Christmas feed which is to be held tomorrow at eight bells. Yank, let's hear vours."

I reported one dozen eggs, two bot-

saved his rum issue for the last parcel. It contained nearly everything able to donate to the feast his water can cigarettes. bottle three-fourths full of rum. This sent out to him from London. Each see them nudging each other. man had something to report. I care- A man named Smith in our section Bill, who was to act as cook on the following day.

Just then Lance Corporal Hall came into the dugout, and warming his hands over the fire bucket, said:

"If you blokes want to hear some-

None of us moved. That fire bucket was too comfortable. After much coaxing Sailor Bill, Ikey Honney and myself followed Hall out of the dugout and up into the fire trench. A dead silence reigned, and we started to return. Hall Blocked our way, and whispered:

"Just a minute, boys, and listen." in front, we heard the strains of a German cornet playing "It's a Long, Long Trail We're Winding." We stood entranced till the last note died out. .. 'er about a four or "re-minthe strains of "The

River" were wafted across No Man's Land toward us. I felt lonely and homesick

Out of the darkness from the fire bay on our left a Welsh voice started singing "It's a Long, Long Trail." It was beautiful. The German cornet player must have heard it, because he picked up the tune and accompanied the singer on his cornet. I had never heard anything so beautiful in my life before. The music from the German trench suddenly ceased, and in the air overhead came the sharp crack! crack! of machine gun bullets, as some Boche gunner butted in on the concert. We ducked and returned to our dugout.

The men were all tired out, and soon rasping snores could be heard from under the cover of blankets and overcoats.

The next day was Christmas, and we eagerly awaited the mail, which was to be brought up by the ration party at noon. Not a shot or shell had been fired

all morning. The sun had come out and, although the trenches were slippery with mud, still it was warm, and we felt the Christmas spirit running through our veins. We all turned in and cleaned up the dugout. Making reflectors oft of ammunition tins, sticking them into the walls of the dugout, we placed a lighted candle on each, the rays from which turned night into day.

Bill was hustling about preparing the Christmas spread. He placed a waterproof sheet on the floor, and adding three blankets he spread another waterproof sheet over the top for a table cloth, and arranged the men's packs around the edges for chairs.

Presently the welcome voice of our sergeant came from the entrance of the dugout:

"Come on, me lads, lend a hand with the mail."

There was a mad rush for the en- bashed-in part in Yiddish street." trance. In a couple of minutes or so the boys returned, staggering under a the sergeant picked up each parcel; days." then a pang of disappointment as the I believe that right at that moment a

from one to four parcels. There was tive circle. still one left. I could feel their eyes sympathizing with me.

name was read off.

in the trench. I'll be right back." He returned in a few minutes with



I Eagerly Took the Parcel.

eagerly took the parcel and looked for the post mark. It was from London. Another pang of disappointment passed through me. I knew no one in London.

Then it all flashed over me in an intles of white wine, one bottle of red stant. About two weeks before I had wine, eight packets of Gold Flake noticed a collection being taken up in "fags" (cigarettes), and one quart the section and at the time thought it bottle of champagne, which had cost very strange that I was not asked to me five francs at a French estaminet. donate. The boys had all chipped in This report was received with a to make sure that I would not be forcheer. "Ikey" Honney was next in gotten on Christmas. They eagerly He proudly stated that he had crowded around me as I opened the eleven days, and consequently was under the sun, including some Ameri-

Tears of gratitude came to my eyes, would help out in making brandy sauce but some way or other I managed not for the plum pudding. Sailor Bill in- to betray myself. Those Tommies cerformed that he had a fruit cake, a tainly were tickled at my exclamations bottle of pickled walnuts, and two of delight as I removed each article. tins of deviled ham which had been Out of the corner of my eye I could

fully made a list of the articles op- had been detailed as "runner" to our posite the name of the person donat- captain and was not present at the ing them, and turned the list over to distribution of the mail. Three parcels and five letters were placed on his pack so he would receive them on his return to the dugout.

In about ten minutes a man came from the trench loaded down with small oblong boxes. Each Tommy, inthing that will take you home to cluding myself, received one. They Blighty, come up into the fire trench were presents from the queen of England, and each box contained a small plum pudding, cigarettes, a couple of cigars, matches and chocolates. Every soldier in the British army received one of these boxes on Christmas day. At last Sailor Bill announced that

Christmas dinner was ready and we lost no time in getting to our respective packs, sitting around in a circle. Smith was the only absentee, and his Pretty soon, from the darkness out parcels and letters, still unopened, were on his pack. He was now a half hour overdue.

Sailor Bill, noting our eagerness to begin, hald up his hand and mid: "Now in ys, we're all shi ns to-

gether. Don't you think it would be better to wait a few minutes more for Smith?" We all assented, but in our hearts

we were cursing him for his delay. Ten minutes passed—fifteen—then twenty. All eyes were turned in Sailor Bill's direction. He answered our looks

with: "Go to it, boys, we can't wait for Smith. I don't know what's keeping him, but you know his name is in orders for leave and perhaps he is so tickled that he's going to see his wife and three little nippers in Blighty, that he's lost his bearings and has run aground."

We started in and waxed merry for a few minutes. Then there would be an uncomfortable pause and all eyes would be turned in the direction of the vacant place. Uneasiness seemed to prevail.

out was darkened and a form came stumbling down. With one accord we all shouted: "Come on, Smith, you're missing one

of the best Christmas dinners of your life."

knew he was the beargr of ill tidings. With tears in his eyes and a catch in his voice, he asked: "Which is Smith's pack?" We all

rection of the vacant place. Without a ters, parcels and pack and started to leave the dugout.

Sailor Bill could stand it no longer, and just as the sergeant was about to leave he asked:

"Out with it, sergeant, what's happened?" The sergeant turned around, and in

a choking voice, said: "Boys. Smith's gone west. Some bloody German sniper got him through the napper as he was passing that

Sailor Bill ejaculated: "Poor old Smith! Gone west!" Then load of parcels. As each name was he paused and sobbed out: "My God, read off, a parcel would be thrown think of his wife and three little nipover to the expectant Tommy. My pers waiting in Blighty for him to heart was beating with eagerness as come home for the Christmas holi-

solemn vow of vengeance registered Each man in the dugout received itself in every heart around that fes-

The next day we buried Smith in a little cemetery behind the lines. While Sailor Bill whispered something to standing around his grave our artillery the sergeant that I could not get. The suddenly opened up with an intense bombardment on the German lines, "Why, blime me, Yank, I must be and as every shell passed, screaming finement! -Atlanta Constitution.

goin' balmy. I left your parcel up overhead, we sent a prayer of ven-

geance with it. As the grave was filled in I imagined a huge rainbow embracing the graves in that cemetery on which, in letters of fire was written "Peace on Earth. Good Will Toward Men." But such is war.

JULIA WARD HOWE'S SALON

As Hostess It Was Said of Her With Truth That She Delighted in Contrasts.

When I think of it I believe that I had a salon once upon a time. I did not call it so, nor even think of it as such; yet within it were gathered people who represented many and various aspects of life. They were genuine people, not lay figures distinguished by names and clothes. The earnest humanitarian interests of my husband brought to our home a number of persons interested in reform, education and progress. It was my part to mix in with this graver element as much of social grace and geniality as I was able to gather about me. I was never afraid to bring together persons who rarely met elsewhere than at my house, confronting Theodore Parker with some archpriest of the eld orthodoxy, or William Lloyd Garrison with a decade. perhaps, of Beacon street dames. A friend said, on one of these occasions: "Our bostess delights in contrasts." I confess that I did; but I think that my greatest pleasure was in the lessons of human compatibility which I learned in this wise. I started, indeed, with the conviction that thought and start uneasily. It was nearly as nervecharacter are the foremost values in society, and was not afraid or ashamed to offer these to my guests, with or without the stamp of fashion and position.-Julia Ward Howe.

Not Slaves to Precedent.

Were one to analyze the careers of 200 or 300 of our leading men of They were just silly, thoughtless girls, finance and industry it would probably develop that not half of them continued in the line of business in which they started, but struck boldly out in the direction where they saw the biggest opportunities and where their inclination lay.

One of the earliest and most notable ter an entirely new field at his time of life.

Europeans, as a rule, avoid the new, avoid untried paths; they are inclined to worship precedent.

Historic Old Lusitania.

Among the historical mementoes in old Lusitania, which is an ancient name of the western part of Hispania, including a part of modern Portugal. is an ancient church ruin which stands off the Rue De San Roque. It is the former Carmo Cathedral, a conspicuous object high above the Baixo. The outer walls and piers and arches of the naves still remain. The chancel and chapels retain their roofs, and in the precincts an archeological museum has been established. Here many relics from ruined ecclesiastical buildings have found a refuge, among others two stone fountains in the Arabic style; one from the extinct monastery of Penha Longa, on the serra of Cintra. The other was brought from Barbary after the conquest, in 1462, and given to Prince Henry the Navigator, who presented it to the Faro church as a holy water receptacle. There it had been lying neglected for years in the ceme-

Good That Is Evil Spoken Of. woman who looked askance at a Suddenly the entrance to the dug- stranger who had been shown into her pew did not really mean to hurt that stranger's feelings, to send her away from church that day with the inward resolution never again to en-

ter its doors, but such was the effect of her lack of thought. Our good Our sergeant entered the dugout, is often evil spoken of because of the One look at his face was enough. We unnecessary harshness of our manner. It is an oft-repeated excuse of offenders of this kind, "I was born with an unfortunate disposition; I am brusque, and have no fineness of solemnly nodded our heads in the di- touch; it is hereditary." This is an attempt to dodge responsibility, to word the sergeant picked up the let- transfer the censure to our ancestors -who cannot defend themselves. Harshness of manner may be temperamental, but it is hardly constitutional. It is an ungracious and harmful habit, and it can be cured.

Influence.

The world is only just beginning to understand the extent to which individuals and nations may be and have been swayed by silent mental influence. A man prefers, of course, to believe that he is the master of his own conclusions and the arbiter of his own conduct; but let anyone ask himself how he arrived at any given conclusion or decided upon a certain line of conduct, and unless he can own to an intelligent conception of divine principle upon which he relies for guidance, he will have to admit, if he is equal to the analysis, that he has been swayed throughout his career by influences not his own.—Christian Science Monitor.

ex-Kaiser. All right-solitary con-

Cynthia White -Pest 600

By VINCENT G. PERRY

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With a quick jerk Horace Sangster pulled his line from the water, and then cried out with disgust. The fish, if there had been one, had got away. Three hours without a catch-it was enough to annoy a man with normal nerves, and Horace was far from that. He drew in his line angrily and attempted to wind it up, but something had gone wrong with his reel. That was the last straw. He sat down on

a rock and swore. The sound of the word startled him. He had not sworn for years. His nerves were certainly making a wreck of him. The solitude of the place was aggravating him, too. They had told him the simple camp life, with lots of fishing, would make a new man of him. Such bosh! Why, there was hardly a thing about it that did not make him

feel worse. This was the second day, and he was going to make it his last. To begin with, he had had trouble pitching his tent. The storm in the night had kept him up keeping out the rain. Every crack of the bushes or sound of the birds in the trees caused him to racking as an afternoon session with the fourth-year class. The thought of the fourth-year girls irritated him the more. They had been the cause of his breakdown, he felt confident. For months he had looked with dread on the hour each afternoon that he was forced to teach them mathematics. and would not have been so hard to put up with had it not been for their ringleader, Cynthia White.

Without exaggeration Cynthia was the worst girl he had ever had under his tuition. Her main object in life seemed to be to torment the professor of mathematics. Something always instances of this was Commodore Van- turned up for her to argue about or derbilt, who was so old before he laugh over. There was always someturned to railroading that his family thing for her to ridicule, and she nevand his advisers importuned him to er missed an opportunity to make him let well enough alone and not to en- feel mean-perhaps because she was so large and he was so small.

As he sat there thinking it over, Hor-This readiness of brainy giants to ace made up his mind he had been take up new things and to throw their foolish. It would have been easy to whole selves into them is really one have arranged for her dismissal from of the principal reasons why the the college. Why hadn't he done it? United States has led the world in so There was something he liked about many lines of endeavor. Wealthy Cynthia, in spite of everything. The spirit of fun behind those twinkling black eyes of hers appealed to him, and the warmth of her laugh made him long for something-something that was not in his life.

Suddenly the laugh sounded close beside him. He nearly toppled into the water from the shock it gave him. He turned quickly to confront Cynthia, a little way off, her eyes bulging over with merriment. After rubbing his eyes to make sure he was seeing aright, Horace smiled forth a greeting. Even the pest of his life was welcome in that solitude.

"Oh, Mr. Sangster, you look so funny there," she laughed. "If the girls could only see you in your bare feet!" "Heavens!" Horace tried to hide his feet behind a log. He had forgotten that he had taken off his shoes and socks to wade a creek.

"Don't be alarmed," she smiled encouragingly, "I am going to take off my shoes, too. One can't fish well with shoes on. How do you like my costume?"

She was clad in khaki from head to foot, and her hair was hanging in curls over her shoulders. He had never realized how beautiful she was before.

"Jove! You look peachy," he mur-Our good is often evil spoken of mured, admiringly, not realizing that because of our thoughtlessness. The he had used the word "peachy" for the first time since he had got his degree. That encouraged Cynthia to take a

seat beside him. Not that she needed encouragement, for she would have sat there sooner or later. It did not take Horace long to forget that he was a college professor and she was a mere student. Soon they were chatting Her home was near by and she had

spent every summer fishing in that stream for years. She led him to a place where he was "sure to catch something, no matter how poor an angler he was." When his luck remained poor and he still made vain attempts to land a trout, Cynthia did not fail to laugh at him and assure him that he was as funny as he could be. Somehow it did not bother him to

be laughed at out there. The air seemed to have got into his blood and given him a sense of humor that responded to her witty ridicule. He was not long in catching onto the right way to draw in the line, and before the afternoon was over he was catching as many trout as Cynthia. When they parted he had gained her promise to search him out the next day.

Camping agreed with him after that Fishing was the most wonderful sport in the world when one had a companion like Cynthia, he decided after two weeks of glorious days. Nerves? Why, he had forgotten he had such things! They would have still stayed out of his mind had it not been that a rainy

day broke in on them. It mace it necessary to stay in his tent and try and spend the day reading, wondering all the while what Cynthia was doing. Making fun of him, most likely-the "I want to be let alone," says the thought came to him quickly and left him staggering. Perhaps she was, Perhaps she had spent all those days

with him just to have something to tell the fourth-year girls when she went back to college. He would have

It would be just like Cynthia to do it-but would it? This new Cynthia was not a bit like the old Cynthia who had made his life miserable. But as the rain kept up his mind became more unsettled, and before the night was over he had made up his mind that Cynthia had been making a fool of

The next day he still thought it. When Cynthia appeared he hardly spoke. She saw at once her presence was not welcome. With a toss of her head she started up the bank and ford: ed the stream some way up. After fishing alone for some time Horace realized that he had been a cad. Cynthia was too fine a girl to be insulted like that. He would find her and make amends. He started in the direction she had taken and attempted to ford the stream where he imagined she had crossed. The spot he chose appeared quite shallow from the bank, but as he reached the center, he stepped into a deep hole and sank out of sight.

Cynthia looked up just in time and with a cry jumped into the water and made for the spot. When he came up for the first time she was there to clutch him and a couple of strokes took them to safety. His body remained limp in her grasp, and as she dragged him over to the bank and placed him on the grass, the pallor of his cheeks alarmed her. He lay quite still. She placed her ears to his breast and then cried out with fright, "He's dead!" Madly she tried to shake him back to life, and then she seemed to lose her

"Come back, Horace!" she cried. "Oh, Horace, don't die. There is so much I want to ask forgiveness for. I was just beginning to know you and like you, Horace-like you so much, Horace. Please open your eyes. I have been such a wretch to tease you. Oh, dearest Horace, open your eyes!"

And Horace did. He could not sham any longer after being called "dearest Horace.'

Cynthia's hysteria vanished when she discovered he was alive. She was very angry at first when he confessed he had not been hurt at all and was conscious all the time, but her sense of humor came to the rescue and she joined in his laugh.

"Please call me dearest Horace again," he said as he reached out for her hand. But Cynthia would not until he had told her how much he loved her and how miserable he would be without her.

"Dear old pest," he said just before the kiss that sealed their engagement;

SANTA FE'S PROUD POSITION

Boast is That One Must Go to New Mexico to Find the Real American Art.

The new museum of Santa Fe claims that "one must go to New Mexico to find an American architecture and an American art." The terraced houses of the Pueblos, the Franciscan missions, are ingenious, for they have been produced by the environment, the native building materiai, and the climate. In Santa Fe, through the efports of the School of American Research, there has been fostered a renaissance of this ancient American architecture, one of the fairest results being the Museum building, or Temple of St. Francis and the Martyrs.

Six of the ancient Franciscan mission churches, 300 years old, are reproduced in the facade, without destroying the unity of its appearance; they are Acoma, San Felipe, Cochti, Laguna, Santa Ana and Pecos. The outlines are hard, stiff plumb lines or levels. There are no exact repetitions or parallelisms, such as mark the California mission style. The massive doors of Santa Clara have been reproduced. There are cloisters and, of course, a patio. The new museum is an art gallery, part of the Museum of New Mexico, whose priceless archeological and historical collections are housed in the Palace of the Governors. Here are Taos and Santa Fe art colonies, numbering about 40 artists of international note.

WAS USED TO OUICK ACTION

Moving Picture Scenario Writer Accustomed to Taking Things "on the Fly," as It Were.

He had never seen her before, but he fell in love with her as she stepped from the surface car. "Come," he said, grabbing her by the arm. "We will take a taxi to the nearest clergyman and be married."

While waiting for the minister to put on a clean collar, wash his hands and otherwise prepare for the ceremony, the young man telephoned to the nearest furniture store. "Hello! Is this the general manager? Well, I want you to furnish a three-room apartment for me. There is one advertised in this morning's Planet, No. 42 West One Hundred and 'Steenth street. Yes, it is not very far from you. Have the furniture there in ten minutes, please'.'

Eleven minutes later a taxi raced through One Hundred and 'Steenth street, and the bride and groom entered their new home.

"Doesn't this seem-er-a little bit sudden to you?" asked the bride, as she sat down to get her breath.

"N-no, not exactly," replied the groom. "In fact, it seems the most natural thing in the world. You see, for the last five years I've done nothing but write moving-picture scenarios."-Film Fun.

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