

The Winning of a D. C. M.

By Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," Etc.

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

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Our gun's crew, as was its wont, was sitting on the straw in the corner of our billet, far from the rest of the section.

Hungry Foxcroft was slicing away at a huge loaf of bread, while on his knee he was balancing a piece of "is-sue" cheese.

Curly Wallace whispered to me: "Three bob to a tanner, Yank, that he eats the cheese before he finishes slicing that 'rooty'."

I whispered back: "Nothing doing, Curly, you are Scotch, and did you ever see a Scotsman bet on anything unless it was a sure winner?"

He answered in an undertone: "Well, let's make it a pack of fags. How about it, Yank?"

I acquiesced. (Curly won the fags.) Sailor Bill was sitting next to Curly, and had our mascot, Jim—a sorry-looking mut—between his knees, and was picking hard pieces of mud from its paws.

Jim was wagging his stump of a tail and watching intently.

a tail and was intently watching Hungry's operation on the bread.

Every time Hungry reached for the cheese Jim would follow the movement with his eyes, and his tail would wag faster.

"Now, don't think that Hawkins was a coward, because he was not, for the best of us are liable to get the 'shakes' at times.

"There were seven in this patrol—Leftenant Newall, Corporal French, myself and four more from B company.

"About six yards from Fritz's trench an old ditch—must have been the bed of a creek, but at that time was dry—ran parallel with the German barbed wire.

"Then, with backs bending low, out of the listening post we went, in the direction of the ditch in front of the German barbed wire.

"About twenty minutes had elapsed when suddenly, directly in front of the German wire we could see dark, shadowy forms rise from the ground and move along the wire.

"Blime me, I know of a bloke who won a D. C. M., and it wasn't accidental or lucky, either.

"I will if you'll just let me play this one tune first," answered Ikey.

He started in and was accompanied by a dismal, moaning howl from Jim. Ikey had been playing about a minute, when the orderly sergeant poked his head in the door of the billet, saying: "The captain says to stop that infernal noise."

Highly insulted, Ikey stopped, with: "Some people 'ave no idea of music." We agreed with him.

Somewhat mollified, he started: Corporal French is the same bloke who just returned from Blighty and joined the Third section yesterday."

"We were holding a part of the line up Fromelles way, and were about two hundred yards from the Germans. This sure was a 'hot' section of the line.

"John French—he was a lance corporal then—was in charge of our section. This was before I went to machine gunners' school and transferred to this outfit.

"On the night that he won his D. C. M. he had been out in front with a patrol for two hours, and had just returned to the fire trench.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Merciful Father, I will not complain, I know that sunshine follows the rain. —Joachim Miller.

How to Make and Use a Fireless Cooker.—A fireless cooker needs not to be expensive, for one made at home at a cost of a few cents is every bit as good as one bought.

Get a box—any old box will do, so long as it is large enough for the pot it is to hold, with plenty of space all around it.

In the bottom of the box pack tightly sawdust, shavings, paper or old rags to a depth of about three inches. Now take the pot, which may be of earthenware, metal or enamel, and place it upon a piece of flannel cloth, felt or other non-conducting material—a piece of an old woollen skirt, a down quilt or a felt table cover will serve as well as anything.

The pot is now ready to be placed in the box, just in the middle, on top of the layer of stuffing in the bottom.

Then, and only then, take out the pot. You will find that this has left a hole into which it fits exactly lined with the cloth or flannel as perfectly as an upholsterer could have done it.

Put stew, soup, mush, vegetables, rice or anything that is to be boiled into the pot; let it boil for a few moments; then, without taking off the lid, remove the pot from the fire, put it at once into the box, fill up with the cushions, close the lid and set it anywhere for as long as you like.

When it is opened the contents of the pot will be found almost as hot as when they went in, perfectly cooked and ready to serve.

The uses of a fireless cooker are manifold. In it water, milk, coffee, tea or chocolate can be kept hot over the fire.

Persons wholly inexperienced with sheep will do well to limit the size of the flock at the start.

A Philadelphia woman lucky enough to have some goods delivered in a packing case divided in the middle by a wooden partition, says: "I lined the bottom and sides of each partition with four thicknesses of newspaper, very neatly nailed in.

This is a good time of year to make it, as the exercise will help keep one warm. It is a necessity, too, if one cooks with gas altogether.

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FARM NOTES. —Ducks for Meat and Eggs.—The Pekin breed is kept almost exclusively by producers of green ducks, and also on many farms where they are grown for meat.

For the general farmer who is more interested in obtaining eggs than producing meat the Indian Runner is a good breed. This duck holds the same relative position in the duck family that the Leghorn does in the chicken family.

Selection of Sheep.—The inexperienced sheep raiser should begin with grade ewes of the best class available and a pure-bred ram. The raising of pure-bred stock and the selling of breeding rams can best be undertaken by persons experienced in sheep raising.

It is highly advantageous for all, or a majority, of the farms in a neighborhood, to keep the same breed of sheep, or at least to continue the use of rams of the same breed.

Yearling or two year old ewes are preferable to older stock. Ewes with "broken mouths"—that is, those that have lost some of their teeth as a result of age—can be purchased cheaper than younger ones, but are not good property for inexperienced sheep raisers.

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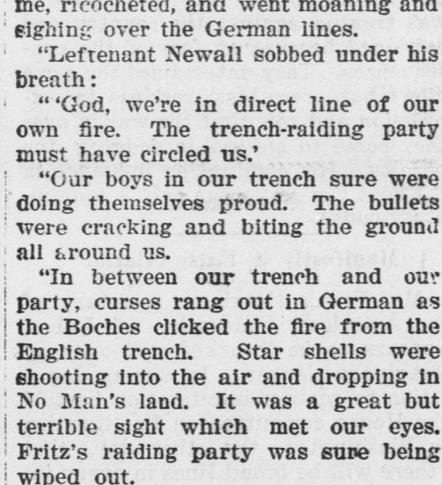
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Jim Was Wagging His Stump of a Tail and Watching Intently.



Holding His Dying Officer's Head.