The Enemy Within; or, Rounding Up Spies on the Western Front

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

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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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We were in rest billets in the little French village of S-, about ten kilos from the front-line trench. Number 'Two's gun crew were sitting on the ground in a circle around their machine gun, while a sergeant, newly, returned from a special course in machine gunnery at St. Omer, was expounding the theory of scientific machine gunnery. He himself had never actually been under fire with a machine gun, but from the theoretical point he sure could throw out the book stuff. I must confess that his flow of eloquence passed over my head like a Zeppelin, and I noticed an uneasy squirming among the rest of our crew.

Happy Houghton, who was sitting next to me, leaned over, and with his eye on the sergeant, whispered in my

"Blime me, Yank, isn't it arful the way he chucks his weight about?"

I agreed with Happy. with our mascot, Jim, in his lap. Every now and then Jim would take his hind leg and furiously scratch at a spot behind his ear. Honney, noticing this action, would reach under his armpit and also scratch.

Sailor Bill was intently watching Jim and Honney; he, too, started scratching.

In a minute or so Hungry Foxcroft started on a cootie hunt; and I had an irresistible desire to lean back against the barrel casing of the gun and also scratch.

It is one of the chief indoor sports on the western front, especially during a monotonous lecture by some officer or noncom, for one of the fed-up This generally causes the whole gang to do the same, the instructor included. It is just like a minister in the midst of a very dry sermon suddenly stopping, stretching himself, and yawning, this action causing the rest of the congregation to do likewise.

As the whole circle scratched, our sergeant instructor commenced to shift his weight from one foot to the other in an uneasy manner. We all gazed at him intently and each began to scratch furiously. Sure enough, the sergeant gave in and started unbuttoning the front of his tunic to get at some real or imaginary cootie. A nudge went the rounds of the circle. We had accomplished our purpose. The sergeant's mind took an awful drop from the science of machine gunnery to that of catching that particular cootie.

We constantly glanced at our wrist watches. Fifteen minutes more and the lesson would be over. The sergeant was becoming confused, and was trying to flounder through the rest of his talk. We had no mercy on him, but kept up the scratching. At last, in desperation, the sergeant said:

"You men have actually been under fire with machine guns several times. Can't one of you relate some incident of how, through some ruse, you put it over on the Boches?"

Ikey Honney, grasping this golden opportunity to break up the lecture, and slyly winking at us, started in and told how a certain gun's crew located and put out of action a German machine gunner by playing a tune on their gun, which the German tried to imitate, reby indicating to 'em by sound xact location of man gun which was later

action by concentrated machine-gun fire from their section.

Of course we all listened very intently, but it was an old story to us, because we were the gun's crew which had accomplished the feat that Honney was describing; but anything was better than listening to that sing-song ironing of book knowledge which the sergeant had been pumping into us for the last hour and a half.

The sergeant glanced at his watch and dismissed us. We dismounted our gun, put it in its box and stored it away in our billet: then we reassembled under an apple tree in the orchard, and, while the rest of us indulged in a shirt hunt, Hungry went after our ration of tea. Hungry was sure on the job when it came to eating. Pretty soon he returned with a dixie one-fourth full of tea, two tins of jam, a loaf of bread, a large piece of cheese, and a tin of apricots which he had bought at a nearby French estaminet. He dished out our rations, not forgetting a generous share for himself. After we had finished, out came the inevitable fags, a few puffs from each man, and the ball of conversation started rolling.

Curly Wallace cleared his throat and started in with:

"Remember that village we passed through on our march up the line about two weeks ago; you know, the one where that big church with all the shell holes in it was right on the corner where we turned to the left to take the road at St. A---?" We all remembered it and turned in-

quiring glances in Curly's direction. "Well, this morning, when I went

down with the quarter (quartermaster sergeant), to draw coal, I met a fellow at division headquarters who told me a mighty interesting story of how he and another fellow rounded up a couple of spies.

"This bloke, through modesty, and to cover up his own good work, tried to make me believe that it was only through a lucky chance that he stumbled over the clue which lead to the spies' arrest, but I'm a-thinkin', and I know you'll all agree with me, that it was not so much luck as it was clever thinking. I'm not much at telling a story, but I'm going to try and give it, as far as I can remember, just the way he handed it to me.

"It seems that this fellow, who told me the story, and another chap, had been detailed to the divisional intelligence department, and were hanging around division headquarters waiting for something to happen.

"Now, here's the story as he reeled It off to me:

"'About three kilos behind division headquarters was the old French village of B---. One of our important roads ran through it. This road was greatly used by our troops for bringing up supplies and ammunition for the front line. It was also used by large numbers of troops when relieving battalions in the fire sector.

"'Of course, on account of this road being in range of the German guns, it could only be used at night: otherwise the enemy airmen and observation balloons would get wise and it would only be a short time before the road would be shelled, thus causing many casualties.

"'For the last ten days reports had been received at division headquarters that every time troops passed a cer-Across from me sat Ikey Honney, tain point on this road, marked by an old church, they were sure to click heavy shell fire from the Boches. On nights when no troops passed through there would be very little shelling, if any, but if a battalion or brigade happened to come this way they suffered from heavy shell fire.

"'Upon receipt of the first two or three of these reports we put it down as a strange coincidence, but when the fifth report of this nature reached us It was evident to us that a spy was at work, and that in some mysterious way the information of the movements of our troops were communicated by him to the enemy. .

"'Myself and another bloke, who had been working with me for the last listeners to start scratching himself. two weeks, were assigned to the task of discovering and apprehending this spy. To us it seemed an impossible job, as there were no clues to work upon. As is usual, our general, "Old Pepper," called us in, and said:

""There is a spy working in the village of B--: go get him."

"'Foolishly, I butted in and asked for further information. I got it, all right. With a lowering look which made me tremble, he roared:

""Go and dig up your own clues. What are you with the intelligence department for? Intelligence department! It ought to be called the 'brainless department' if you two are a sample of

"'Somehow or other we didn't stop to argue with "Old Pepper.""

At this point Sailor Bill butted in: "Blime me, he's just like an admiral we had in our navy, this 'Old Pepper.' " A chorus of, "Oh, shut up, you're in the army now," cut off Bill's story. We knew Sailer Bill. If he ever got started talking navy, nothing short of a gas attack could stop him.

Sailor Bill, with an indignant glance around the circle, relapsed into silence. Curly Wallace exclaimed:

"To 'ell with your admiral: do you want to hear this story? If you do, shut up and let me tell it."

"Go on, Curly, never mind; he's harmless," ejaculated Happy Hough-

Curly carried on, with: "'Getting our packs and drawing three days' rations, we started hiking it for the village of B——. We arrived there about four in the afternoon, and after putting our packs and rotions in an old on a which we inter as our let during our stay

lage, we left on a general tour of inspection.

"There were about three hundred civilians in the place, who preferred to brave the dangers of shell fire, as there was a rich harvest to be reaped from the sale of farm produce, beer and wines to the troops billeted all around. Two estaminets (French saloons) were still open and did a thriving busi-

"Occasionally a shell would burst in the village, but the civilians did not seem to mind it; just carried on with their farming and business as usual.

"'We decided to make a thorough search of all houses, barns and buildings for concealed wires, and did so, but with barren results. Nothing suspicious was found. This search wasted five days, and we were in desperation. Watch and question as we would,

not a single clue came to light. "'During this time two large bodies of troops had passed through and each time they were heavily shelled, with dire results.

"'On the sixth night of our assignment, utterly disgusted, I, being in charge, had decided to chuck up the whole business and report back to fair, or perhaps send an innocent man

Old Pepper that we had made a mess out of the investigation. My partner pleaded with me to stick it out a couple of days more, and after he gave me a vivid description of what Old Pepper would hand out to us I decided to stick it out for six months, if necessary. To celebrate this decision my side-kicker offered to blow to several rounds of drinks. Now, this fellow had never, during my acquaintance with him, offered to spend a ha's penny, so I quickly accepted his offer and we went to the nearest estaminet.

"'Sitting around a long table, drinking French beer and smoking cigarettes, was a crowd of soldiers, laughing, joking, arguing and telling stories.

"'We sat down at the end of the table, and in a low tone tried to work impossible theories as to how the spy, if there was one-by this time we were doubtful-could get the information back to the German batteries.

"'Right across from us were two soldiers arguing about farming. Suddenly my side-kicker pinched me on the knee and whispered:

""Listen to what those two fellows across the table from us are saying. It sounds good."

"I listened for about a minute and then paid no further attention. At that time farming in no way interested me. I wanted to catch that spy, and started devising impossible theories as to the ways and means of doing so. At last I gave up in disgust. My partner was still attentively listening to the two across the table from us. Another poke in the knee from my partner and I was all attention. One of the fellows across the way was talking:

""Well, I don't see why this French blighter should change horses in his plow every afternoon. I've watched him for several days. Now, in the morning he uses two grays, and then about two in the afternoon he either hooks up two blacks or a gray and a black. French ways may be different, but this frog-eater is very partial to the colors of his team. He works the grays all morning and then changes them in the afternoon. Now, figure it out for yourself. He starts work with the two grays about six o'clock in the morning; works the two beggars up till noon. That's six hours straight. Then he sticks them in the stable, lays off for two hours, and in the afternoon about two o'clock the new relay of animals comes on and works up till four. Now, anybody with any brains in their nappers knows that is no way to keep horses in condition, working one team over six hours and the other team only two hours. I know, because we have been farmers in our family back in Blighty for generations."

"'I was all excitement, and a great hope surged through me that at last we had fallen on the clue that we were looking for. Restraining my eagerthe fellow who had just spoken:

""Well, mate, I don't like to intrude this French farmer."

"'He answered: "Well, blime me there might be a reason for this blighter doing this, but I can't figure it out at all. If you can explain it, go ahead."

"I answered: "Well, perhaps if you can give a little more details about it, it would be easy enough to explain. Who is the farmer, and where is his farm located?"

"'He swallowed the bait, all right, and informed me that the farmer was plowing a field on a hill about five hundred yards west of the church at a point where our troops were being shelled.

"'Buying a round of drinks, I nudged my partner and he came in on the conversation. The two of us. by adroit questioning, got the exact location of the field and a description of the farmer.

"'I pretended to be sleepy, and, yawning, got up from the table, saying that I was going to turn in, and left. My partner soon followed me. Upon reaching our billet, we outlined our plan. We decided that next morning we would get up at daybreak and scout around the field to see if there was a hiding place.

"'Sure enough, along one edge of the field ran a thick hedge. We secreted ourselves in this and waited for developments.

"'At about six in the morning, the farmer appeared, driving two grays, which he hooked to the plow, and carried on his work. To us there appeared nothing suspicious in his actions. We watched him all morning. At noon he unhooked the horses and went home. We remained in hiding, afraid to leave, because we wanted to take no chances of being seen by the farmer. We had forgotten to bring rations with us, so it was a miserable wait until two o'clock, at which time the farmer reappeared, driving two blacks, which he hitched to the plow, and carried on until four o'clock, and then knocked off for the day. That night troops came through and, as usual. were shelled.

"Next morning, at daybreak, we again took our stations in the hedge, this time bringing rations with us. The farmer used the same grays in the morning, but in the afternoon he appeared with a black and a gray, and again knocked off around four o'clock. No troops came through that night,

and there was no shelling. "'Next day the farmer repeated the previous day's actions—two grays in the morning and a black and a gray in the afternoon. No troops, no shell-

"'We were pretty sure that we had him, but this arresting a spy on slim evidence is a ticklish matter. We didn't want to make a mess of the af-



Hocked to the Plow, and Carried on His Work.

to his death, so the following day we again took up our stations. Sure enough, it was two grays in the morning, but in the afternoon he used two blacks. That night troops came through and were shelled. We had solved the problem. Two grays in the morning mean nothing. The actual signal to the enemy was the change of horses in the afternoon: two blacks meaning "troops coming through tonight, shell the road:" a gray and a black, "No troops expected, do not shell.'

"When it got dark and it was safe to leave the hedge, we immediately reperted the whole affair to the town major (an English officer detailed in charge of a French village or town occupied by English troops) who, accompanied by us and a detail of six men with fixed bayonets, went to the farmer's house that night and arrested him. He protested his innocence, but we took him to military police headquarters where, after a grueling questioning, he at last confessed.

"'It was a mystery to us how this farmer knew that troops were coming through, because he never made a mistake in his schedule. After further questioning he explained to us that if we searched in his cellar and raised up an old flagstone with a ring in it, we would find a telephone set. The other end of this set was established in an estaminet in a little French village eleven kilos distant. His confederate was so situated on the road that troops coming into the village had to pass the door. As troops march only at night while in the fire sector, his confederate could

accordingly. The hill on which he did his plowing could be easily observed from an observation balloon in the German lines, and thus the sig-

nal was given to the German artillery. "'We still carried on with our third degree, and got further valuable information from him.

forses were used on two consecutive



'I Have a Good Mind to Send You Back to Your Units."

afternoons, it meant that the use of the road had been indefinitely discontinued for troops and supplies.

"'Under a strong guard, which concealed itself in the hedge, the farmer was made to use two grays for two afternoons. The scheme worked. For weeks afterward that road was only occasionally shelled, and our troops and supply trains used it at will. The spy at the other end was rounded up and both were taken to the base and shot.

"We reported back to Old Pepper, expecting to be highly commended for our work, and we were-I don't think. All the blooming blighter said was: "Well, you certainly took long enough to do it. I have a damn good mind to send you back to your units

"We saluted and left. "You see, we didn't deserve any great credit, because it was only through a lucky chance that we stumbled over the clue, so I guess "Old Pepper" was right after all."

for incompetency and inefficiency."

After finishing his story, Curly turned to us and asked: Don't you think it was pretty nifty

work?" We agreed that it was. After a few minutes more the party broke up and turned in.

---Subscribe for the "Watchman."

BROUGHT BOY TO HIS DAD

Red Cross Workers Set Out to Find the Young Soldier and of Course They Succeeded.

Dad was from some little town near Cincinnati. He had come all the way to Indianapolis to see his boy, his only son who had been away from home for four years. The boy was in the army and was being transferred. He was to be in Indianapolis on Sunday and wired his father to meet him. Somehow, father and son missed connection in the arion station. Dad decided to appeal to the women of the Red Cross canteen booth.

"I was to meet him here," dad said. 'He hasn't shown up. I know he's in

Indianapolis somewhere." The canteeners got busy. Dad and nis boy had to be brought together. First the canteeners summoned the military police. They got a description of son. The M. P.'s started out to find him. The canteeners also started scouts. They visited every downtown corner and haunt of the soldiers. An hour later the canteeners looked up toward the station door. In came dad and his boy-arm in arm.

"I did just as you told me," the father said. "You told me to go uptown and stand on that corner. You said he'd pass there, and pretty soon he did. The military police kept coming by to ask if I had a trail of nim. And then he came. My, but he was glad to see me!"

Of course he was glad to see him. The boy's smile told how glad he was to see his dad.-Indianapolis News.

BACK TO HIS OLD FREEDOM

Stormy Petrel, After Brief Stay With Tame Birds, Returns to His Accustomed Place.

"The stormy petrel has left us," said Sergeant McGee of the park police. "He appeared to be getting along with the mudhens like a house on fire, but on Monday or Tuesday last he just faded away, and now he is back on his ocean wave or wherever else petrels go when they get tired of the company of mudhens.

"But a successor has come from the briny deep to keep up the traditions of the blue-water birds on Stow lake. He is only a seagull, and a seagull is not such a rara avis on terra as our lost friend, the stormy petrel. Nevertheless he is the first wild one of his kind that has ever tarried with us for two weeks, and seemed to keep comfortable.

"He has no use for either the ducks or the mudhens. That is to say, he does not mix with them. But he has safely figure out that the passing struck up a friendship with Anthony troops would be quartered in his vil- and Cleopatra, the two pelicans of ness as much as possible I addressed lage until the next night, when, under the Nile, and there is no driving him cover of darkness, they would start away from them. Maybe he thinks for the next village, and would have they will protect him from the mudinto your conversation, but I've also to pass the point in the road by the hens, maybe it is a case of 'the debeen a farmer all my life and I don't old church. He would immediately sire of the moth for the star,' and he see anything queer in the actions of telephone this information to the is in love with one of them. If so, it farmer, who would change his horses is only a matter of time when one or the other of them will get jealous and gobble him up in one gulp."-San Francisco Bulletin.

Chip of the Old Block.

It is curious how episodes of the Boer war are recalled by the world conflict, says a writer in the Yorkshire "If, in the plowing, two gray Post. In our issue for May 16, 1900, for instance, we published an account of the bravery in the field of Private E. Wischusen, who threw a live shell over a cliff during an engagement.

Now his son, Private Eric Wischusen, duke of Cambridge's Middlesex regiment, has proved himself to be no less brave. As a parchment certificate from his commanding officer shows, in a raid near Voormezeele. on June 19-20, he was "conspicuous for his determination and bravery." Despite a heavy artillery and machinegun barrage, he reached the enemy trenches, cleared them, and finally covered the raiders' withdrawal, "showing complete disregard to his own safety."

Private Wischusen, who is only twenty, is now in hospital at Lowestoft with a shot wound in his leg. His home is in Hornsey.

Oi! Near Old Indian Cemeteries. Geologists are unable to explain the fact, proven in Osage county, that oil wells drilled adjacent to Indian ceme-

teries are good producers. Many such burial sites have been invaded by drillers and in more instances than one riches in crude oil have spouted forth. The largest producer in the vicinity of Pawhuska was drilled beside an Indian graveyard. It is on the summit of a high, rocky hill that overlooks the town.-From the Oklahoman.

Records Seeds' Value.

In a patented seed tester of A. F. Esslinger, a Michigan inventor, a strip of cloth or other material is folded over a pad and then stitched across and lengthwise so as to form little square sections. The seeds to be tested are placed in these squares. The pad retains moisture for a considerable time, long enough to produce germination of the good seeds, and numbers on the squares give a means of record and identification.

More Uses for Electricity.

As might be expected, the use of wire resistances in fabrics to give electric heating has suggested a great variety of applications. Besides the electric pad as a substitute for the hot water bottle these devices include electrically heated bath robes, sweating robes, heating bags, rugs, foot warmers, ear warmers, motorman's gloves and even an electric blanket for the old and rheumatic horse. Electric current may be taken from lighting circuits or special batteries.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Hail to thy returning festival, Old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thous venerable arch flamen of Hymen. Like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar .-Charles Lamb.

St. Valentine was a saint of the Church who suffered martyrdom under Emperor Claudius about A. D. 270, and as a diligent ancient writer sagely observed, "We have no occurrence in his life that could give rise to the custom practiced on February

If you have decided to give a tea on St. Valentine's day the tea table must be heart shaped to be appropriate to the occasion. A heart-shaped tea table sounds difficult, but in reality it is not at all hard to arrange. Take an ordinary kitchen table and screw to the top a huge heart cut from very thick pasteboard or fashioned from thin boards. Cover this with a white cloth which is decorated with festoons of hearts cut from red cardboard and strung on red baby ribbon. The candles and shades also should be red. To each candle shade there should be tied a heart-shaped shield made of red paper carnations, each shield being pierced with an arrow made of silver cardboard. The centerpiece should be formed of a flat heart of red carnations. Sandwiches should be cut in heart shapes, ice cream frozen in heart-shaped moulds. and bon-bons should be red and white

VALENTINE GAMES.

Get a list of famous lovers. Among these are Romeo and Juliet. Robert Burns and Highland Mary. History and fiction provide many

Write the names of each on a slip of paper.

Pin a name on the back of each player, who must try to guess whom he represents. He may ask questions of other play-

ers, who can only reply to his queries by the words "yes" or "no." After all have guessed their identity, each tries to find his mate, who becomes his partner for refreshments. For the Valentine dance the programs should be as dainty as possible. They may be of water color pa-

per and hand painted with Cupids, doves, flowers and hearts. For place cards for a dinner have large double roses of red tissue paper with green foliage. From the center of each should peep a small china doll decked out as Cupid. He should have a necklace of tiny hearts around his neck, and the name should be gilded on an end of white satin ribbon tied around the stem.

A fetching ornament for a Valentine tea table is a tall red rose supported by two Cupids rampant. This can be used to hold candles or from the heart can stick a narrow ribbon which, drawn, reveals a valentine

For a Valentine pie for a children's party there is a big heart-shaped affair, apparently a dish of carnations, real or artificial. Ends of red ribbons peep out from the flowers which, when pulled, show favors pertaining to the day.

Valentines or the valentine postcards make appropriate place cards or score cards for the bridge party.

For favors there are hearts covered with white satin printed with masses of blue forgetmenots. These make dainty jewel or trinket boxes when the candy is eaten.

How to Announce an Engagement at Such an Affair.—A Valentine luncheon or supper is an appropriate time to announce an engagement, as it can be cleverly managed in keeping with the decorations.

A novel idea is to have a slender Cupid poised over a plateau of pink carnations arranged in heart shape. Over his shoulder should be slung a quiver of gold paper filled with tiny white envelopes, each decorated with two pink hearts instead of postage stamps. From each of these notes a pink

baby ribbon or gilt cord runs to each plate, where it ends in a big question mark made of pink carnations, resting against a wired lattice strung with greens. The meaning of this pretty decoration will arouse much When the table is cleared for des-

sert the guests will be told to carefully draw the ribbon, when each will receive a note from the quiver containing the names of the affianced. Another announcement is to have the ices frozen in the form of two big pink or red hearts placed on a silver platter. Frozen in each is an announcement card wrapped in paraf-

fine paper. The guest who finds it in

her slice opens and reads it aloud. A novel decorative method is to have at each plate two small cakes in heart shape, one in white, iced in red, with the name of the girl, the other iced in red, with white decorations, and the name of the lover in white. The cakes should be placed side by side on a small tray decorated with

silver paint. Instead of cakes, plain white satin candy boxes in heart shape may be substituted, the lettering done in raised gold. Set the heart boxes side by side on the doilies of paper lace, with Cupid or other appropriate decora-

A simpler method will be to send in a tray covered with valentines directeach guest. These may be bought or original—the latter are more fun if witty verse can be managed. Each guest is supposed to read her valentine aloud. One of these mottoes is a rhyme telling of the engagement, and is read by the hostess at her turn.

One hostess who will announce the engagement of a girl friend at a luncheon has arranged to have her three-year-old sister, dressed as Cupid, appear at dessert carrying a gilded basket of pink roses, one for each guest. Tucked in the heart of each rose are two tiny cards, with the names of the engaged couple, tied together with pink ribbon, through which is thrust a small pierced heart

and dart.